

AIREDALE 911

Rescue and Adoption Committee
Airedale Terrier Club of America

5th Edition
October 1995

From A Lonely Dog by Edith Lassen Johnson

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.

Newsletter Editor

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Fred

by Nancy NgDung
Ohio River Valley ATC Rescue

Fred was adopted by a retired couple who had had Airedales all of their married lives. Due to Mr. Burris' poor health, the couple was unable to see Fred except by photos. Following my visit to their home to take their application and do the house check, they made the decision to adopt him without waiting for me to bring him by just for a visit. Their vet confirmed my suspicion that they were indeed great pet owners and undeniably addicted to Airedales!

The day I delivered Fred their faces beamed with excitement. We went into the house to discuss his feeding, medication, etc. When I asked where they would have him sleep through the night, Mr. Burris said, "Well, that's up to Fred." Well, Fred decided that the plush carpet by Mr. Burris' side of the bed was the spot for him! Mr. Burris said Fred was quite a snorer, but once he was asleep, even fireworks couldn't rouse him!

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I have been fortunate to be a guest in their home many times since Fred's adoption in 1994. I think they could see how attached I had become to him. They even allowed us to use their home for a newspaper photo which accompanied an article about Rescue. I wanted them to be in the photo but they were afraid someone would recognize Fred and try to reclaim him, so they wanted to remain anonymous to avoid any chance of losing him.

The day of the photo shoot I learned they were buying bottled water for Fred because city health commissioners suggested bottled water for infants under six months due to high nitrate levels in the city's water lines. Mr. Burris said, "If the water isn't good enough for kids, it's not good enough for Fred."

The accompanying poem is a tribute to their devotion to seeing that this dog, who had been abused in his former home, spent the rest of his days having nothing but the best. They even had me groom Fred in their living room so that he would be in air-conditioning!

For Valentine's Day, I made the poem into a Valentine which looked as if Fred had sent it to them. I didn't hear anything from them for weeks, but I didn't want to call as I knew Mr. Burris had been in the hospital and I didn't want to disturb the family. One evening I got a call from Mrs. Burris saying that Mr. Burris had passed away the day after receiving Fred's Valentine. Her children and the hospice nurses had never seen a card from a dog to its owners, and Mr. Burris had been very touched by it. Mr. Burris was buried with a picture of Fred and Dixie, their daughter's Airedale, in his suit pocket. Even the obituary included their names as special pets surviving Mr. Burris.

Despite being on Heartgard, Fred contracted heartworm a month after Mr. Burris died. Mrs. Burris, despite her sorrow over losing her husband, got Fred through his illness. It never ceases to amaze me how people are able to rally and get through tough times, as is so typical of the Airedale spirit.

Fred still looks for Mr. Burris in the house and doesn't stray far from Mrs. Burris' side. Perhaps he fears losing her, too. On stormy nights Fred still goes to his master's side of the bed, waiting to be calmed by a pat on the head and "It'll be okay, Fred."

George Bernard Shaw: The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them. That's the essence of inhumanity.

Paradise Found

Hot diggity-dog!
I'm living in style
My tail is a-waggin'
And I'm wearin' a smile!

My new parents are perfect
They treat me like gold
I never get hungry,
Or dirty, or cold.

City water has nitrates
They buy mine at the store
Along with great treats
An biscuits galore!

They take me for walks,
Fun rides in the car
I even get Kids' Meals -
I feel like a star!

I doze on plush carpet
Each evening around nine
Grateful and proud Bill and Ruth
Are ALL mine!

Forever and ever
My heroes they'll be.
I hope that all Airedales
Are as lucky as me.

By Fred, Rescue Airedale
[As told to foster mom Nancy NgDung,
Ohio River Valley ATC Rescue]

Even Superman needed foster parents!

For information on how you can help, contact
West Coast: Melissa Moore (602-996-9648)
Midwest: Linda Dziedzic (313-878-3574)
East Coast: Joey Fineran (610-294-8028)

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 who came into rescue in the following states: Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Florida, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New Mexico, North Carolina, New York, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Texas

Aster	Brigadoon	Homer	Casey	Betsy
Kelly	Tucker	Winston	George	Fergie
Toby	Maggie	Sidney	Grover	Ruby
Megan	Corrie	Dakotah	Hobbes	Katie
Thia	Grover (Fang)	Cassie	Katie	Willie
Bo	Ashley	Ben	Lance	Charlie
Jacob	Guinness	Kerby	Logan	Max
Cadance	Louie	King	Lucy	Babe
Monty	Pia	Otis	Maxi	Alice
Buster	Cherry	Kahlua (Katie)	Mary	Winston
Ben	Max	Gracie	Max II	Zack
Nigel	Kesh	Mattie	Riley	Molly I
Buddy	Lady Maxine	Buster	Servo	Chloe
Splinters	Flurt	Gi-Gi	Winnie	Cocoa
Max	Winston	Max I	Elvis	Katy
Ariel	Susie	Graham	Rocky	Molly II
George	Brandy	Murray	Dandy	Sir (Max)
Jake	Brillo	Gus	Lazarus	Nelson
Irie	Logie	Chance	Bud	Duke
Candy	Mimi	Rollie	Jennie	Jimbo
Phoenix	Kansie	Penny	Roscoe	Roscoe
Buster I	Baba	Clover	Mindy	Bear
Buster II	Doc	Jasper	Bucky	Josie
Lucie	Joe Drake	Bailey	Parks	Corn Dog
Dirk	Alex I	Hobbes	Sage	Mandy
Byron (asterix)	Alex II	Zach	Noelle	Lacey
Toby (Chopper)	Molly	Harley	Tess	Dutchess
Topper	Einstein	Trevor	Penny	Gambler
Rocky	Zack	Kelly	Hector	Topper
Winston	Chumley	Arthur	Sandy	Whiskey
Barney	Max	Hannah	Baxter	Brodie
Jerry	Rosie	Betsy	Louise	Katie
Baker	Annabelle	Colton	Harold	Storm
Baer	Meghan	Nick I	Dallas	Reudy
Sandy	Miles	Nick II	Tyler	Grizzly
Bridgett	Cocoa	Heidi	Magic	Andy
Sonny Boy	Nelson	Myrtle	Max	Randy
Annie	Chloe	Emily	Jake	
Gabby (Gus)	Lady	Mollie	Minnie (Mini)	
T.J.	Malachi	Maxwell	Sophie	
Mac	Tess	Emma	Briar	
Max	Roman	Blarney	Sammy	
Peter	Bonnie	Bensen	Chelsea	
Mary	Ziggy	Blanche	Punkin	
Paul	Buck	Cleo	Kayla	
Thunder	Dale	Corey	Sheba	

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Barnie

by Jim Lamb
Los Lunas, NM

At 6:45 AM I was just leaving work at Motorola. As I came up to the frontage road by I-25, I saw what looked to be an Airedale lying in the grass alongside the road. I thought, "What an unusual place for that dog to stretch out to sleep." Then almost immediately after my first no-brain thought, I realized he had probably been hit by a car.

Sure enough, as I walked over to him, his eyes followed me but the rest of his body was motionless. As I stood over him, I wondered how he would react to a stranger trying to help him. Just then he wagged his tail three times, as much as he could muster under the circumstances. Then I realized that he was glad to see me, or anyone who could help him.

His eyes were glazed and he was salivating heavily, unable to raise his head. I picked him up, put him in the back of my station wagon and sped off to the vet. We rushed Barnie into the emergency room. I had decided to call him Barnie on our drive to the vet. I talked to him constantly so he wouldn't lose consciousness. The vet said that she would stabilize Barney but tit would cost me some money - and that since it was not my dog, I should think about the financial ramifications. I didn't have to think about it at all - I knew what my heart wanted to do. As it turned out, Barnie was in shock and within an hour of death.

When I returned from a trip out of town, the vet bill had begun to approach my wife's monthly earnings. And poor Barnie still needed surgery for his front leg. We couldn't afford it, but Barnie was a survivor. "Go ahead," we said. Luckily Barnie's elbow was only dislocated and the surgery was less than expected. So Barnie came home with Sandra and me for rehab. He did have to stay in the back yard because we have three jealous indoor cocker spaniels. Another male in the house was unacceptable to cocker Charlie.

Barnie helped me with the yard work on the weekend. He helped my wife water her flowers and vegetable garden. He hopped around in his soft cast faster than I could walk. For exercise, my wife walked around the back yard, with Barney close at hand. When I found Barnie, he had only a collar - no tags. We checked the neighborhood around the scene of the accident, watched the lost and found columns, and called every vet in that part of town. No one was looking for Barnie.

Barney was a great dog - around seven years old and very happy to be alive. Our vet said he was a survivor. I was concerned about surviving his vet bill. Salvation came via my sister-in-law in Boise, Idaho. She sent my wife a long list of rescue groups over electronic mail. So we called ATCA Airedale Rescue and Adoption. They were wonderful. They told us they could help with the vet bill and they also had their volunteer in New Mexico, Mary Carrier, find a home for Barnie. And they were the most perfect new "parents," a retired couple named Dick and Alice Starr.

A happy ending, just as it should be. So often rescue attempts don't turn out as you'd like. My thanks to the Airedale Terrier Club, the Rescue Fund, Mary Carrier, and the Starrs for helping me to help Barnie. (We've enclosed three pictures - he was SUCH a ham. You can tell - he looks at the camera and poses with every shot!)

The Rascals of Rescue

(Continued from Page 3)

Max				
J.D.	Spike	Jessie	Max	Krista
Mikey	Lincoln	Stitch	Tyler	Riley
Louie	Marley	Toti	Holly (Brandy)	Brittany
Henry	Molly	Oliver	Shelby	Max I
Terry	Dr. Watson	Roxanne (Abby)	(Herschel)	Max II
Archie	Winnie	Tugger	Emma Moogee	Max II
Bumpy	Jake (Stocker)	Charley (Harley)	Finn McCool	Charlie

Why Are They Getting Rid of Their Dogs?

[From: *SPDR Speaks!* (March/April 1991). * These statistics were compiled by Seattle Purebred Dog Rescue. Information was available for 434 of 1,067 dogs handled by SPDR in 1990. Information on the remainder was unavailable (dogs were strays or from shelters where their history was unknown).]

101 (23%) Owners lacked the time or interest to have a dog

82	Owners had no time for the dog [19%]	4	Dog was a gift, or belonged to a family member who left home
5	Owner travels too much		
1	"Too much hassle"	3	Owner has a new puppy
5	Didn't want a dog or were tired of having a dog	1	Dog was ill

123 (28%) Housing situation changed

66	Owners were moving (only 3 were moving to Hawaii & didn't want dog quarantined) [15%]	16	Didn't have enough space for the dog
29	Owners lived in or were moving to place where dogs were not allowed (only 1 moved to a nursing home)	8	Didn't have a fence (includes one where the dog "runs away")
		2	Redecorated, or it was a brand new house
		1	Owner was being harassed because of dog
		1	Owners were homeless

94 (22%) Family situation changed to preclude owning a dog

21	Divorce	1	New spouse
13	Owner died	7	Allergic to dog
10	Owner was sick, or illness in the family	7	Dogs were confiscated (includes police impounds; owner arrested, cited or in jail; confiscated during a search warrant or closing down a puppy mill)
4	Unable to care for		
11	Can't afford (includes leaving at the vet because owner couldn't afford the bill)	13	Temporary home, owners found stray and couldn't keep
6	New baby	1	Child is too rough for the dog

20 (5%) Breeding issues

13	Owners had too many dogs, including breeders	1	No longer showing the dog
2	Owners bred their bitch, kept one of the puppies and then got rid of the mother	1	Stud dog that was not breeding quality
1	Last of litter and breeder couldn't find a home for it	1	No papers and couldn't breed the dog
		1	Dog was pregnant

71 (16%) Canine behaviors, personality, or lack of training

9	Barking	2	Needs training
2	Fleas	2	Dog does not retrieve or hunt
5	Digs	1	Dog "needs to hunt"
6	Dogs were destructive, chewing or scratching	3	Didn't make it as a police, service or drug scenting dog
2	Too much dog hair	2	Not protective
3	Chases [sheep (1), horses (1), cats (1)]	1	Dog afraid of thunder
3	Kills [cats (2), rabbit (1)]	1	Dog afraid of firecrackers
4	Not housebroken	6	Unusual behavior (these dogs had bad behaviors the owners didn't like or didn't know how to handle, dogs were perfectly ok in another home)
8	"Too much dog"		
4	Dogs were too rough or jumped up on children	7	Owners didn't like the dog

25 (6%) Aggression/temperament problems

7	Fights with other dogs	1	Owner is afraid of the dog
13	Bites [SPDR's policy is to refuse placement for all dogs who are aggressive to humans]	1	Dog did not like children
		3	Dog doesn't get along with other family or neighbors' dogs

Submitted by **Connie Turner**
Oregon Rescue

* [Ed. Note: Statistics were listed by SPDR in random order. Groupings shown here were devised by the editor.]

Irie: Hey, It's Not My Fault!

Doted on for her first two and a half years, Irie's luck changed when her young owners became the parents of twins. The busy parents often didn't find time to take Irie outside. Relegated to the basement, it was inevitable that she would eventually have an accident. Irie was mortified when this happened. When she did get to visit with the family, she loved the babies, licking their faces and gently sharing their toys.

Irie's place in the family was really lost when the her owner found herself pregnant again when the twins were only 10 months old. Thanks to Rescue Irie found a new life on a horse farm, where she is a loving replacement for the family's Airedale who had died. Irie's busy days now even include swimming in her own lake.

Barbara Curtiss
Connecticut Rescue

Sophie, PhD

Sophie's new family reports that she has "just about earned her doctorate in owner control." If she feels they haven't fed her enough, Sophie carries the cup from the dog food bag up to her owners. You just have to know how to train these humans!

Nancy NgDung
Ohio River Valley ATC Rescue

Harley: Motorcycle Mama

Harley was living in a gas station in a small rural town. She had been wandering the main street in town for several days, and the owner of the station had taken her in several weeks earlier, afraid that she would be hit by a car. He advertised in the local paper to find her owner, and Rescue was notified of his ad. It took several phone conversations to convince him to release Harley to us. He had never heard of Rescue and wasn't too sure our intentions were good. After a stop at the vet for some fine tuning, Harley went on to her new home.

From her new family: "Harley is doing beautifully and is now totally a devoted member of our family. She seems to love us all, but she really seems to love my husband, Joe. And she is protective of our son, Peter, already. He dropped a book down the stairs the other morning and Harley got to him before I could make sure he was okay. She seems to be as smart as a whip, too. She has obviously been loved by someone and we are grateful to get to love her now. She is a joy."

Adopters: The Breighners (MI)

Lynda Dzedzic, Carol Domeracki, & Katherine Key
Airedale Terrier Rescue Association (MI)

Tuscany

From Adopter Donald Ives (MA):

"I was glad that we got at least one big snow storm this winter; it allowed me 36 days with Tuscany, and she learned very well the rules of the trail, including 'right' and 'left,' faster and better than any of our other Airedales!

"From the first few small storms it was apparent she loved snow, as she would run along with her lower jaw hanging down, gleefully scooping up mouthfuls of snow. After the big storm she was very helpful breaking trail, and even towing me along sometimes. We had been trying to teach her not to pull on her leash so much, but at least when on skis I sometimes didn't exactly discourage her assistance (except on downhills, where her motto seemed to be "Ever Faster").

"We worked up to several 8 to 11 mile excursions, culminating in a 15 mile trip up and down Mount Greylock. During that trip she happily towed me and two friends at various times, and showed really good pack empathy for slower skiers, never wanting them to get out of earshot."

Topper: Get Me to the 'Burbs!

Topper was deemed "too active" for a family of five living in the city! Not even a year old, Topper had no outlet for his energy since his only exercise was being taken out to eliminate on command. Now zooming around a huge fenced yard, with two teenage boys of his very own, Topper gets the attention and exercise that a growing boy needs.

Candy Kramlich & Helena Epstein
New York Rescue

The Oorang Bang!

Two rescue Airedales made history in LaRue, Ohio. Kayla and Sophie were the first rescue Airedales to march in the parade that commemorates the famous Oorang Airedale Kennels. The t-shirt for the event featured celebrated athlete Jim Thorpe standing in front of the kennel with his Airedale!

Nancy NgDung
Ohio River Valley ATC Rescue

The United Nations of Airedale Rescue

Bonnie: Var Sa Göt!

At 12 years of age, Bonnie found herself in a diplomatic boondoggle. She was owned by Scandinavian diplomats whose tour of duty here was up, and they were returning home for reassignment. Their country now has a 7 month quarantine on any animals coming into the country. No diplomatic immunity here! Due to Bonnie's age, they didn't think she would live through the ordeal. After much soul searching, they decided to put Bonnie down. A neighbor heard about the problem and called Rescue. I said I would do what I could but explained that 12 year olds were hard to place. Several newspaper ads ran to no avail.

As part of the local club meeting, I gave a report on Airedale Rescue, which included a pitch for Bonnie. The following week I received a call from one of the club members. Having adopted three Airedales before, she and her husband wanted to adopt Bonnie. I was almost speechless. There are still a lot of good people in this world. All is well with Bonnie, so lucky to have found a loving home for the rest of her life.

Lou Swafford
ATC Metro Washington Rescue (MD)

Adopters: Pam & David Kusick (MD)

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. We all forget how much work is involved in raising and training 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.

Molly and Zack

Molly (age 10) and Zack (age 6) found themselves "diplomatically displaced" when their owners had to return to South Africa. Molly and Zack had originally arrived in the U.S. via plane from South Africa, with a stopover in England.

The interest in South Africa in exhibiting purebred dogs was evident in Molly and Zack's striking color and conformation, and both dogs were registered with the Kennel Union of South Africa.

While it was not possible to place the two together, both Molly and Zack went on to new homes. Due to Molly's age, she went into foster care for a few months. And you know how those Airedales work their magic - Molly ended up being adopted by her foster family.

Adopter: Peggy Bankester (MD)

Helga Adams (VA)
Rescue, ATC of Metro Washington

Duke: Uff Da!

Referred to Rescue by "PETS" (a volunteer group who walks and feeds animals owned by terminally ill owners), Duke was a handsome Airedale from Norway! Only a year and a half old, Duke sported an uncropped tail (in many European countries cropping tails is no longer permitted).

Duke's new home with a retired couple was perfect, even complete with a six year old female Airedale. His new owners loved him (and his tail). Unfortunately, Duke developed diabetes and the sad decision was made to put him down - a devastating blow to everyone who had gotten to know him during his short life.

Helga Adams (VA)
Rescue Committee, ATC Metro Washington

Baer: Guess who ended up in a Brooklyn shelter, complete with papers showing she had been born in Odessa, Russia!

Candy Kramlich/Helena Epstein (NY)

Maxi

Eight year old Maxi had been owned by an elderly woman who had passed away. Maxi and the house were "on the market" and the realtor notified us that he needed to be rescued. We were contacted by a young couple whose Airedale had recently died. They stipulated that they wanted only a young dog because their last Airedale had been ill for quite some time. They also stipulated that the dog MUST be good with cats. Well, Maxi was neither young nor good with cats, but it was love at first sight anyway. His new owners say he's a joy and have recently become involved in rescue as a foster family. They wanted to give something back to the program that found Maxi for them.

Adopters: Ben & Cherie Smith (MI)

Lynda Dziedzic, Carol Domeracki & Katherine Key
Airedale Terrier Rescue Association (MI)

Drugs Can Ruin a Girl's Life!

Just ask Jessie. Confiscated from her owner's car during a drug arrest, Jessie and her pit bull buddy ended up in a NJ shelter. Signed over to the shelter by her owner, Jessie came to Airedale Rescue after a three-week shelter stay. In dreadful condition grooming-wise, a haircut and bath transformed her into a very handsome lady. She had clearly been very attached to her owner, who had taught her sit, down, and shake. And no one could recline more regally on a couch or curl more compactly in a chair than Jessie. It wasn't her fault that her life suddenly turned upside down.

Adopters: John & Kris Neufeld

Joey Fineran
Airedale Rescue & Adoption (PA)

And Speaking of Pit Bulls . . .

In August, the *Philadelphia Inquirer* advertised Airedale/pit bull cross puppies for sale for \$300. What can people be thinking of? Please help to promote spaying and neutering of pets!

(Lucky) Penny

"Boisterous and untrainable" in the words of her previous owner. "Even hitting her doesn't make any impression on her." Uh oh. Penny had been through obedience training and learned all the lessons, but her folks didn't. She turned out to have a wicked sense of humor and behaved like a real lady when she learned we wouldn't brook any nonsense. Her new family has her in obedience and she's the star of her class. Regular calls tell us how wonderful she is and how she and the five year old son have bonded. Even the trainer called to say what an exceptional girl Penny is, and she's seen lots of Airedales from AARF!

Melissa Moore
Arizona Airedale Rescue Foundation

Buck: The Buckshot Buckaroo

Buck's owner didn't want to put up a fence and couldn't afford the resulting vet bills. Buck had been shot twice, once with birdshot he still carries with him and once with a rifle. He even has a "skid mark" scar on his back. A smart boy, Buck went through basic obedience during foster care, scoring a 152 out of 160. Buck's major weakness in life seems to be porcupines. Even after several unfortunate encounters (for him), Buck The Big Game Hunter just can't seem to leave them alone.

Mary Carrier
New Mexico Rescue

Dirk: Flannel Man

Dirk, a year old pet store boy, had been confined to a kitchen because he was too rambunctious to play with the family's children, ages 1 and 3. His new family is a young couple complete with a two year old Airedale male, with whom Dirk is sharing his repertoire of mischievous tricks. A Land's End kind of guy, Dirk has a penchant for flannel - not a shred of it escapes Flannel Patrol in his new home.

Candy Kramlich/Helena Epstein
New York Rescue

Center Stage

Auditioning for their next role, Rescue dogs step onto the stage - doing their Airedale best to "hit their mark." They are often their own best salesmen!

Playboy

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Playboy . . . don't laugh, it isn't funny, especially since I've been to the vet and only in my dreams will I ever dazzle the ladies in my life. Please feel free to change my name; in fact, I insist . . .

Anyway, I am an adorable four year old Airedale looking for a career change. I have been a farm dog, but now that I am older, I appreciate getting out of that dark horse stable I was kept in. I am loving and gentle but I can be headstrong. With TLC I know that I can behave myself.

My previous owners did not know how to treat a dog and were often mean to me; therefore, I have a few quirks. For instance, I don't want to come when called, because when I did I was hit. I also have a problem with clippers and you will have to give me lots of treats when you use them on me, so that I will learn that something good happens when the clippers come out. You will notice that I have a scar on my ear that was caused by my previous owner's neglect. As you see, I was definitely in need of being rescued.

ATRA came to my aid, and now I am here. I hope you will like me. Please remember that I will bolt and run if given the least opportunity, so I shouldn't be let outside unless I am on a lead.

While I have always been an outside dog, I am adapting well to an indoor environment, and have only committed one or two little discretions. (Well, maybe more, if you want to get technical.) I will even stay in the cage, provided by Fairview Pet Center, when necessary, until I have adjusted to the rules of your home.

Your friend,
*Playboy**

* until you change it

Adopters: David Ford & Gala White (MI)

* and they did: *Playboy is now Nick.*

Kahlua-Loo

My name is Kahlua-Loo, and I would like to tell you a little bit about myself. I have been with Tim & Bonnie Push for one week. I still wander around quite a bit in this strange house and unfamiliar surrounding, but I have found one place I really feel comfortable, THE BED! Boy, oh boy, do I love to lay on the bed.

I don't mind going into my crate, but I love to run around like a maniac and make you lure me in with a dog biscuit. One evening when there was a thunderstorm (I get very anxious during storms), Bonnie put me in my crate, covered it with a blanket and played the radio for me. I cried for a while, but soon I forgot about the storm, felt better, and took a nap.

My other family complained that I begged while they ate dinner. Gee, I learned that in Dog 101. Anyway, tell me to sit, ignore me, and pretty soon I lose interest. I have a very typical Airedale attention span. They just didn't have the patience and love it takes to adopt a rescue dog like me. Oh well, I think that's their loss, don't you? Besides, I am housebroken. What more did they want?

I have to admit I am a little mischievous and VERY curious, which sometimes gets me into trouble. But hey, carpe diem! You may want to dog-proof anything dangerous and toxic that I could get into. Just a tip, keep the lid down on the toilet.

You could be my doggie dream come true.

ATRA (MI)

Jake

Let me introduce ourselves. I am Jake, a handsome and most dignified old gentleman. I must tell you everybody loves me, even though I know it's immodest to say so. I regularly go to nursing homes and get my mustaches stroked by scores of smiling old ladies. Recently, by the way, I was even on television. My sidekick is Muggs Thurber. He's a real rascal with boundless energy. But that's another story.

Our master and mistress are pretty cool. They like our kind so much that they often invite a different one to our house for a week or so. They call it foster care. I guess Airedale rescue is pretty important to them because they never let an Airedale go homeless. You should see some of the great homes they have found for some of our kind. Airedale Rescue is pretty important to us, too, come to think of it, since we both lost our original homes when our masters died. Muggs was on his last day at dog pound when our mistress found out about him. But that's a nightmarish tale . . .

By the way, if you ever want to go for a great walk with us, we're out every day. Since we live next to Kent Falls, we consider that our personal territory, though it's overrun with too many canine unfamiliaris on the weekends. Stop by any time. . . . And if you ever know of an Airedale who needs a home or a home that needs an Airedale, we can help.

Barbara and Denis Curtiss (CT)

Nelson

Four years ago, Nelson was picked up by game wardens in West Virginia after having lived on his own for some time. His left eye was permanently injured, as was a ligament in his back leg. Mastiff people took him out the the shelter and found a home for him. Now, four years later, the woman who had given him a home at the time was now moving out-of-state to an apartment where she could not take him. Enter Airedale Rescue to help Nelson, a very sweet (and now older) gentleman.

In his new home, Nelson lives the life of a Maryland country gentleman on a farm he shares with a few other dogs, including Amber, a young Airedale. A new medication for arthritis gets him up and about much more easily. He is truly a case of "Save a Place for an Older Face."

Adopter: Laurie Pennington (MD)

Helga Adams (VA)
Rescue Committee, ATC of Metro Washington

Dallas & Tyler

Deposited during the night at an Amarillo shelter's night drop, Dallas and Tyler appeared to be related (mother and son?). Since no homes were available in the Amarillo area and homes were waiting in Phoenix, the decision was made to ship them by plane to Phoenix. The problem: temperatures were already soaring in Texas. Flights to Phoenix had to go via Dallas, where the airport had already stopped allowing the shipment of dogs. Rescue was very fortunate to find, at both the Amarillo and Phoenix ends of the trip, several dedicated airline personnel who pulled out all stops to help. Finally, with much cooperation by many (an orchestrated effort worthy of a symphony!), Dallas and Tyler arrived at night in Phoenix.

Much to everyone's amazement, when Dallas was spayed several days later, an astonished vet discovered that she was quite pregnant with 10 puppies!

Lee Gosselin (Texas)
Melissa Moore (AARF)

Sir Roscoe

by William Keyes

It's a funny thing.
On lengthy walks, dear Sir Roscoe and I
Didn't think of skies and meadows as
Moral, that the fixture of a star
Comes of quiet spirit, or
That trees have wisdom in their windless silences.

But these were "things"
Invested in our moods, my Airedale and I,
And with constancy and peace and fortitude;
That in troubled seasons we could cry

Upon the wide composure of the sky and
Wish that we might be
As little daunted
As a star or tree.

Sir Roscoe died in May 1995

Most of the dogs put down at shelters are adoptable.

Only 10% of pet owners in the U.S. get their companion animals from shelters.

Humane Society of the U.S.

Molly

Turned into Rescue by an elderly couple as a "Western" Airedale, Molly was 89 pounds at 11 months. The breeder had suggested that they take Molly to obedience class at one year of age. Unfortunately, that wasn't *quite* soon enough. Molly had already pulled her owner over several times. Molly spent most of her day on a deck since her owners lived in a community where fencing wasn't permitted.

Molly was a handful - enthusiastically leaping on people, chewing arms and legs, absolutely thrilled that someone was paying attention to her. But Molly got lucky. Her new owners had owned two Airedales before and knew the importance of training. With lots of work (and love!) Molly is doing wonderfully. And she's quite an ambassador - her new family has adopted a second Airedale as a companion for her.

Adopter: Susan Prien (MD)

Helga Adams (VA)
Rescue Committee, ATC Metro Washington

And We Get Letters

Our Moey has become the neighborhood's favorite dog! Kids and adults think he's great and often stop by to reach over the fence to pet him on the head or scratch behind his ears. . . We are convinced that Moey is no longer an 8 year old adult, but a puppy!!! After losing 15 pounds, he bounces around the yard chasing squirrels, leaves, and barking at absolutely nothing! Maybe he's enjoying a second childhood.

Mary, Dean & Jordan Neighbour (MI)

Magnum is a dear little soul. And best of all, he will no longer be down on his luck! . . . Magnum has a home where he will be taken care of and loved for the rest of his life.
Jeanne Purcell (CT)

We love Magnum. I personally think he's adorable. Magnum loves to chase shadows and sunlights. He loves to chase balls. I take him for walks every morning. Well, gotta go - thanks for the perfect dog!

Welles Purcell, age 11 (CT)

I think Magnome is great. One thing about Magnome is that he chases his shado. It's very funny. He sleeps with us at night. And one thig that I have to tell you about is that we love his ears! WE LOVE HIM!

Danielle Purcell, age 8 (CT)

. . . of course, we have our weekly hole-filling in the backyard. I don't know if Reggie digs them for us to refill or himself. *He* doesn't do too good a job at refills.

Caroline Hadley (NJ)

Home is nice . . . I have a bed of my own that I never use . . . I prefer Mom's bed . . . sleep there in the day and on the sofa at night. Mom is so happy with me . . . sometimes I make her laugh, like the day she came in and saw all my friends - Miss Piggy, Pussy Cat, Ducky and Froggy - all lined up in the room. She couldn't believe that I lined them up and wanted to take a picture, but I stood in front of her till she gave me a cookie to get out of the way. I laid down next to Froggy to eat it.

Chelsea (PA)

Hobbes is a very friendly guy, and quite a gentleman. We were hoping for a little guard potential. He did bark at some kids who ran past his yard so we are still hoping! . . . Here is a picture of Hobbes with my daughter Alexandra. They have gotten to be very close - he has even been on her bed, which seems to be something he considers *very special* . . . Last night the two of them were curled up together in the back seat on a 2 hour ride.

Judith Fifield (CT)

Thanks for bringing Samantha to our family. She's quite the loyal companion, very affectionate and playful, and we're so glad to have her. She's our little cuddler - no matter where you sit or lie down she snuggles up next to you (or on top of you!)

Pat Ingalls (OH)

Lance is on his way to becoming a real part of the family . . . He is just too good. We are waiting for the "other shoe to drop," but nothing has happened as of yet . . . Doesn't this lovely dog ever do anything wrong? Nothing like what typical Airedales are known for. Amazing!

Maril Azriel (MI)

Digby and Hannah hit it off immediately and have become inseparable (which can be a problem when you want only one at a time!). She seemed to bond with us right away and has taken over the house in just a few weeks.

Victoria Braund (IL)

My mommy and daddy finally found out that there are only two times when I eat couches: during thunderstorms and when there's a fly in the house. And since they replaced the latest couch, we haven't had any problems at all. They might not be the smartest people in the world; after all, it did take them four years almost to figure this out, but I still love them a lot.

Bialy Young (NJ)

And We Get Letters

Oscar roams freely in his territorial backyard. Since the adoption he has acquired the skills of playing and swimming, though we're still in debate on the baths. He is a very loving (except cats) pet, and with each passing day more of his personality is seen . . . I am so glad that the adoption option was available. I couldn't have asked for a better choice.

Diana Krantz (MI)

The only time we can catch George for a picture is when he's sleeping! He's always on the go!

Laura Mashburn (CT)

It never ceases to amaze me how quickly dogs pick up on little things. When I pick up my car keys, Stitch is up like a shot, jumping for joy. He and Zuzu go everywhere with me when I have errands to run. He and Zuzu now share our bedroom with us. It was not what I had in mind, but we are making the adjustment. Thank you!

Sheryl McGettigan (PA)

I just wanted to give you an update on Jake, the Airedale you so kindly allowed me to adopt. He is in excellent health and is truly an outstanding pet. I don't think I've ever been closer to a dog, and vice versa. We are basically inseparable and spend a lot of time together.

David Grise (CT)

Here's a picture of Max (bad haircut, "cool dog") hanging out on the back deck. When the kids get in the above ground pool, he puts his front paws on the side and drops his ball into the pool. Naturally, someone always throws the ball for him. He loves it!

Jacquie Naylor (GA)

Foxy Roxanne has been with us now for just over a year. She has adapted to us and our home and adopted us as her obedient servants. She reigns supreme here. She is loving, kind, gentle, and a very happy and responsive companion. And, of course, funny, too. She now teases us with great glee.

Roberta & Cal Ratcliff (CT)

We enjoy reading *Airedale 911*. It's nice to know that other dogs are as wacky as our Rosie!

Kathy & Jeff (NJ)

Sassy is doing wonderful. She is such a lovable creature and we cannot thank you enough for giving her to us. We love her very, very much. She still pulls the towels down when we go out and leave her home. I can tell on her face when we come back and her tail is down.

Eva & John Schmidt (NJ)

Sadie has settled in perfectly and has full "reign" of the house and yard. She is so relaxed (sleeps on her back with her feet in the air now) and so happy (her tail is no longer plastered to her rear end). All in all, Sadie is the BEST (and smartest) dog I have ever had!

Martha Testa (MA)

We finally found what Spanky's job is. He likes to fetch things. When it's time for his walk, he gets his leash off the hook. Brings Dave his sneakers when it's time for a walk; when he wants to play ball, he'll bring you his toys, and he hunts down Dave's golf balls. At night when it is time for bed, I tell him "time for bed" and he takes my socks and carries them upstairs . . . The new rule is he's not allowed in the kitchen because he tends to lose control - the fat cells take over his brain.

Wendy & Dave (NJ)

Murphy is a wonderful dog! She is top in obedience class! . . . She loves to travel, taking a 6 and 1/2 hour car ride in stride . . . She goes running with us daily, and this makes us get our exercise, too.

Alex & Kristi Martin (MI)

And We Get Letters

Shannon loves to eat mail for some reason, so that stuff stays high. Other than that she's stopped chewing for the most part . . . She loves going for rides and is a very affectionate pooch. We love her and she fits in real well. Having my doubts on "rescue," I would do it over again and have no regrets.

What is most comforting in our decision is that she listens well to everyone, not just me, unlike McGee. This makes things a lot easier . . . She'll get into the garbage once in a while, which I write off to her being on the street. I still can't believe no one was claiming her; she definitely has good blood.

Brian, Joann & Family (OH)

Sam is fine. . . He's still a *big* baby. . . . 2 months ago he discovered the trick "lick the toilet paper as you go by and it follows you down the hall . . ." He is extremely vocal about everything. When the can opener starts up, so does he.

Serena & Hank Melton (MI)

Tuscany is very good with the cats, and out of respect for Spike's claws she usually comes onto the bed to cuddle for a while after bedtime and another period before we arise. There is room for the four of us on our queen-sized bed, but if our next Airedale wants to join us we'll have to move up to a king, I'm afraid!

Donald and Sally Ives (MA)

Here's the picture of Bob and his brother Rebel. He's licking his lips just like he did when he ate the whole package of venison chops - bone and all.

Janice and Bob (MI)

Day 3 and all is well. Archie is doing fine . . . On Sunday morning he will be on his honor while I go to church; his first time alone here. I'm leaving it up to his Christian instinct not to wreck the place in that hour . . . P.S. How does one groom a dog who flops down on his back?

Helene Day (NJ)

I thought I should send you an update on how Dakota is doing. He is in great condition, 80 pounds, healthy as an ox, and very lovable. We have only a couple of problems with him, like when he chewed the corners off our oak end table (I guess he didn't like us going to work). He also tried to eat some crumbs in the carpet and managed to unravel a few rows of material. Outside of that, he's doing great.

Jim and Jean Wright (MI)

Our Katie is adjusting nicely and especially loves running after squirrels on our three acres of land. Like our previously owned Airedale, she gets her leash and lets us know when it's time for a walk! She is not fond of grooming, so that is something we have to work on. All in all we have lucked out getting Katie, and I'm sure she knows that she has a warm and loving home.

Carol Sheldon (MI)

Jenny is still with me . . . *probably the one greatest dog* I have ever owned. She will be 13 in May, and still trim and alert.

Jack (PA)

My new Mom and Dad are pushovers and I've got them wrapped around my paws, but they make me earn my keep. I've got to take Dad for a walk every day . . . He makes me run errands with him and take him to the store. He makes me help him water and mow the lawn and he insists I keep the squirrels up the trees. Mom makes me have lunch with her every day . . . They drag me all over . . . I wish they'd get my name straight, though. They call me Sweet Pea, Precious, Pru, Totes, Tula Bula and sometimes they even remember my name is Totie. I can put up with it, but if they try making me wear funny hats, I'm outa here.

Totie (PA)

And We Get Letters

Widowed at 49, my last Springer Spaniel having died two years later, and already an empty nester, I had decided that I did not need another dog in my life. That was just about the time I had my first Airedale encounter. A friend had adopted one from the Virginia Beach shelter. Instantly, this dog found the suppressed child in me, and had me laughing and rolling on Judi's deck.

Of course, the rest is history . . . you found Lady Bear for me. I can never thank you enough. She is my best friend and the light of my life. She lights up everyone's life!

Gloria Crooks (VA)

He is so sweet and a kisser par excellence. We love Charlie as if he's been with us always, and he acts the same way about us. This last week you could just see him relax as he adapted to our routine and as he became totally comfortable with it and all of us.

We're trying very hard to get Charlie to take it easy when accepting snacks, and he's somewhat better about it most of the time, but I'm not sure he will ever totally get over his grabbing. We've become pretty adept at not getting nipped.

Fran & Tim (PA)

Farley is a real handful. So far he has eaten Chris' contact lenses and case, getting real sick. He also ran away after going through the screen door (four hours to find him). Tore down the back fence, ate my prime rib take-out while it was on the counter before I even had a taste. But he is such a "sweetie" and I care for him so much. We will work out the problems. He really wants to please. He has just had too many different homes and too many different or nonexistent rules. Much thanks!

Terry & Chris Schooner (MI)

Enclosed are the pictures taken of Annie's first week with us. She's doing great . . . looking healthier . . . bouncing higher every day. Thanks again for our wonderful Annie. Hopefully she's as happy with us as we are with her!

Later that year: The little stinker is doing great. She is such a clown. Our older Molly showed her just last week how to knock over and drag the Christmas tree through the living room. That was a first! . . . and thanks again!

Diane & Larry Lees (MI)

Hewie's GREAT with the kids and always happy to see me when I get home. There has only been one small problem. He loves to eat socks and underwear. Thanks again.

Barb Somers (PA)

Enclosed is a recent photo of Sam with Santa . . . I couldn't ask for a better companion, or for more love. No matter how bad my day was, the frowns go away the moment I hear her bark as I pull in the driveway . . . Thanks for bringing so much love into our lives.

Lisa & Mark Burns (NJ)

Zack . . . a happy, extremely energetic dog that I wouldn't trade for the world. Thank you, Airedale Rescue.

Peggy Bankster (FL)

Alex has put on many pounds and has taken over the furniture. He is a funny, funny dog! He smiles, eats and sleeps - he thinks he died and went to heaven. We are so happy he is part of our family. Keep up the good work.

Paula & Jack Hustwit (PA)

On April 6, I had the sad task of having to part with Tammie. Her spirit is so with me as a feisty Airedale with a great sense of joy around her. We had a wonderful ride together, and thank you for sending her to me.

Mary Arel (ME)

Our own experience with getting our Abby from "Rescue" has been beyond description. Abby is the sweetest, most loving animal we have ever had. She is the joy of our lives. She is just a gentle, sweet, sweet dog and we love her.

Claire Hanlon MA)

Curly

By Judi Foote-Rose

Airedale Terrier Club of New England Rescue

One busy Friday morning in the grooming shop I received a desperate call from the shelter. In their lobby was a woman with five small children and an Airedale. They had been locked out of their home because of a domestic dispute and were living in a motel. They decided that Curly needed to be placed in another home. The shelter was full, the woman could not bring the dog to me, and I could not drop everything to pick him up.

Curly's owner was willing to have him boarded at her expense, as well as pay to have him neutered and brought up to date on vaccinations. We arranged to have him go to a local vet's office where I could pick him up on Monday. All through this I was assured by the woman and the shelter worker that Curly was a pure-bred Airedale, purchased on a farm in Maine without AKC papers.

On Monday I arrived at the vet's office and announced I was with Airedale Rescue and was picking up Curly. Everyone in the office found this very amusing and laughed as they called back for someone to bring out the Airedale. Well, Curly was a sight to behold! He was a totally chocolate mass of fur. An Airedale may have crossed an ancestor's past, but more likely he was a Chesapeake Bay Retriever cross.

Because I had assured his former owner that if she would pay for his care I would find him a new home, Curly came home with me. I gave him a terrier haircut and presto, he became a terrier cross. Six weeks later I had exhausted all potential Airedale homes. My friends, neighbors, and relatives were avoiding me in case I tried to talk them into adopting him. Then the miracle happened.

On my answering machine was a message from a very nice woman who wanted to discuss Airedale Rescue. After much research, their family had narrowed the choice of a pet to an Airedale or a Chesapeake Bay Retriever! I immediately called her back and asked if she would consider a dog who was a little of both. They were thrilled and arrived in the morning to adopt Curly. He is happy in his new home and his new owners are so thrilled with their adoption experience that they would like to adopt a real Airedale to be with Curly.

Rescue work has its ups and downs but sometimes when things just work out, it makes it all worthwhile. I now spend more time having shelter workers describe their Airedales. Past experience has taught me that if it's big and has a beard, it's an Airedale to them.

Old Happens!

Save A Place for an Senior Face

Andy & Randy

Running loose in a neighborhood for several weeks, Randy and Andy were picked up by a kind-hearted man who was referred to Rescue after calling a shelter. He then drove an hour and a half to deliver them to me. They appeared to be brothers, both with stubby tails and matching 26" frames. Andy had high-set ears, a beautiful beard, and majestic carriage. Randy had large, houndy ears with a harsh coat that would never produce a beard.

After neutering, worming, shots, and ear medication (and literally burning up my clippers to get through their full coats), Randy and Andy were off to their new homes. They each now had fenced yards, another dog for companionship - and teenagers to take them for walks. Randy could be an obedience star! He loves to fetch a tennis ball so much that he throws the ball from his mouth against the side of the house and then takes turns fetching it with his spaniel buddy. I'd be proud to have any of my pups have their personalities, which are so willing to please and to work for their new owners.

Barbara Brown
Kansas City, MO Rescue

Each year 12 million companion animals enter U.S. animal shelters. Half of the dogs entering shelters are surrendered by their owners.
Humane Society of the U.S.

Sparky

Hello, I'm Sparky "The Rescue Dog." I live in a big house on a beautiful lake. I used to live in a box in an alley. It was so cold my tail froze. I couldn't wag it for weeks. Then a man and a nice lady found me. They took me home to live with them. Now I sleep by the fireplace and my tail is always warm. It wags whenever the people come into the room.

One day the man brought home a tree and set it up in the living room. I was so excited, A TREE IN THE HOUSE! Oh boy! The man wagged his finger at me and said, "Don't get any ideas Sparky . . . This is a Grrristmas Tree." I had never heard of a Grrristmas Tree before. But it sounded very important so I guarded the Grrristmas Tree every night.

One night there was a loud sooty thump in the fireplace and out crawled a big fat man in a red suit. I growled and grabbed his pants in my teeth. "Ho, Ho, Ho, Sparky!" the man laughed. "Don't worry, I am Sandy Claws. I've come to bring Grrristmas presents." "What is Grrristmas?" I asked. "Come along with me Sparky and I will show you," Sandy Claws said.

We climbed up the chimney, and there were some of the funniest dogs I've ever seen! They must have been sleigh dogs because they were pulling a little sleigh with a big bag in it. We got in the sleigh, Sandy Claws shouted, "Giddyup," and off we flew! We stopped on every rooftop in town. Sandy Claws and I climbed down the chimneys and put Grrristmas presents under every tree. Then we flew home.

I got down the chimney just as my nice lady came into the room. I was covered with soot from head to tail. "Sparky," she scolded, "what have you been up to?" Then she looked under the Grrristmas Tree and said, "Sandy Claws was here!" The man hurried into the room and they began opening presents. "A polka dot bow tie!" the man said. "Fuzzy slippers!" the lady said. Then the nice lady said to me, "Sparky, come over here and open your presents." I wanted to tell her that living with them was all I could ever want. But I liked my Grrristmas presents all the same.

Tim Herrig & Sandy Sprinkle

Reprinted from Michigan's *Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption [ATRA]*
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A Very Special Thank You To

the people who have opened their hearts and homes to give an Airedale a second chance

the special people who were willing to love an Airedale who was old or ill

rescue workers who give what is most precious: time

vets who provided affordable veterinary care for rescue dogs

boarding kennels who give special rates to rescue dogs

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

And a special salute to Airedales, who make the work worth doing and worth doing well.