

Airedale 911

Joey C. Fineran, Editor Annual Newsletter of the Airedale Terrier Club of America Rescue and Adoption Committee October 2005



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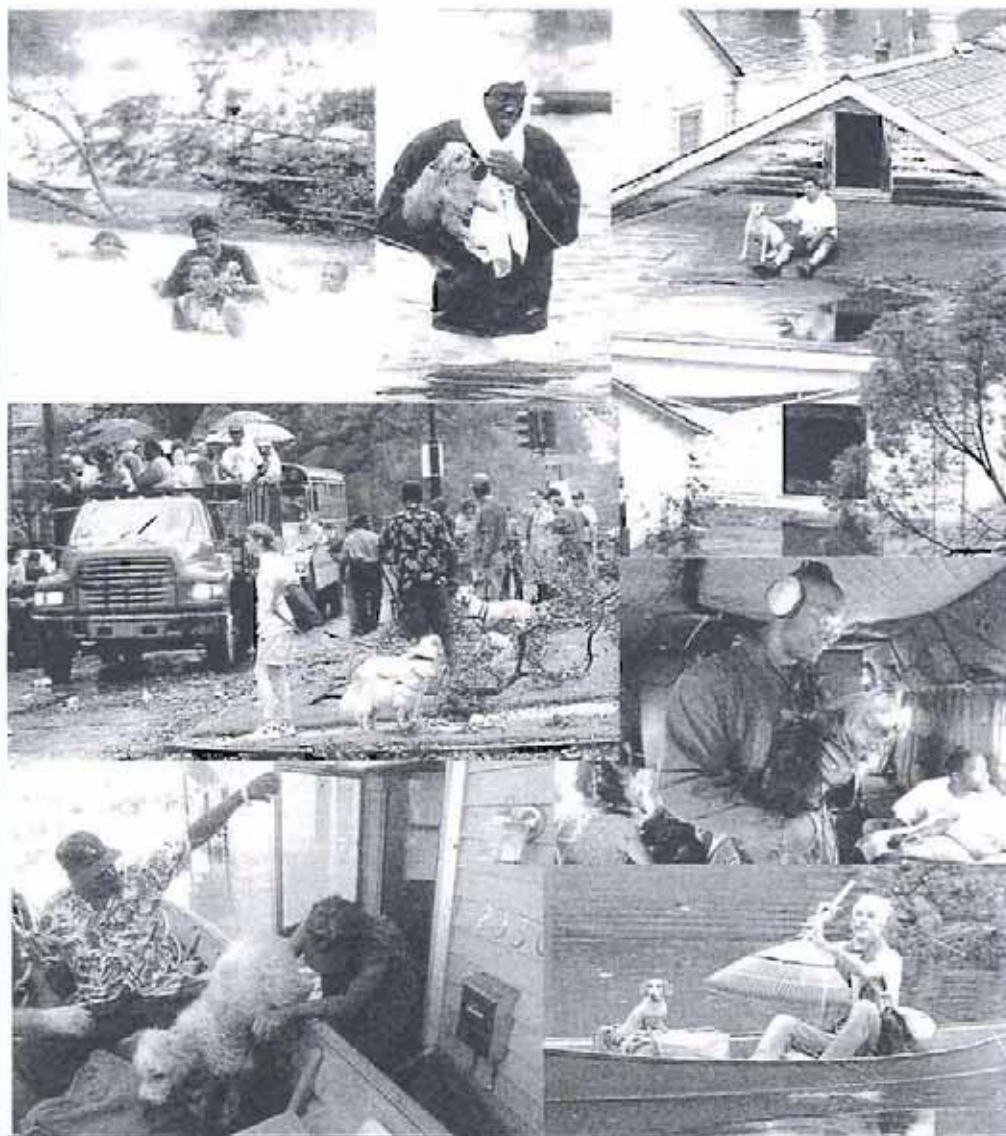
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We found these pictures (front page and below) online. They, as they say, are worth more than a thousand words.

[02 Sep 2005 10:42pm] "man's best friend"

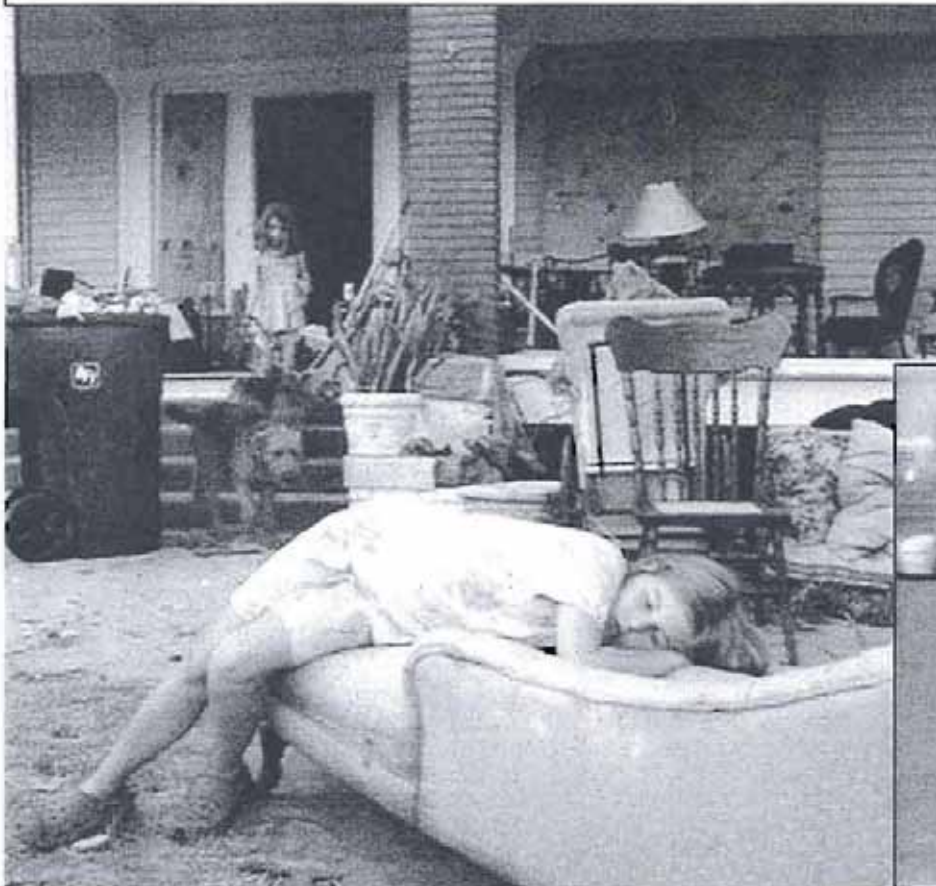
"One of my jobs is monitoring the Associated Press photo wire. I see hundreds of images that will never be published, but I think these photos are worth sharing with you. Even though some of these images are sad and harrowing, I take comfort in them. They remind me that people are inherently compassionate and caring.

I hope you draw strength from them, too.

Please note that in every single one of these photos, the photographer cared enough to get the names of the animals as well as the people."

Written by the person who put these on the website.

All images by The Associated Press in New Orleans, Biloxi and the rural Gulf Coast



Airedale
(right,below)
held
in
Gonzales, LA
shelter as we try
desperately
to get her out.



United Front to Aid Airedales

In the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina, Airedale breeders, owners and friends of Airedales all became Rescue Volunteers. The outpouring of support is amazing. People offered their homes, their kennels, their time and their money. Volunteers across the country are checking local shelters regularly for Airedales that have been moved out of Mississippi and Louisiana. The work is time-consuming and heart breaking, but people are giving willingly.

The need for support will continue for many months. Shelters are keeping dogs at least 30 days in hopes of finding their families. Airedale Rescue has pledged to keep dogs in foster care for 60 days and make aggressive attempts to reunite dogs with their owners.

Please do not hesitate to call me in October or November or December if you can help. Consider supporting the animal charity of your choice. There will still be dogs of all breeds in the shelters at Christmas.

Thank you all for things to numerous to mention. Keep the families and dogs of Katrina in your thoughts. Life will be difficult for a long time. I'm proud to be part of this caring team. Just like our dogs, we sometimes have independent opinions but when it comes to protecting our own, there is no stronger group!

Christine Sheffer, Chair

AHS Emergency Animal Shelter in Phoenix

Mon, 5 Sep 2005 20:39:17 -0700

I've been at our shelter at the Coliseum all day. Right now, we have 21 animals in our care - fortunately, these are the beloved pets of evacuees, who come into our emergency animal shelter CONSTANTLY to walk, pet, and love their animals. Despite the fact that many of these families were poor to start, their animals are in really good shape, both physically and mentally.

Two particularly heart-warming stories to share:

1. A family who had initially evacuated without their Chow mix decided to go back in several days after the hurricane and "self-rescue" their dog. They had to alternately swim, and wade, over 2 MILES to get to their dog, who was so happy to see them come home back to the house. Then, with their dog on a flotation device, they swam and waded back 2 MILES to dry land...

2. Another man, whose dog looks just like "Benji", said that he turned down half a dozen offers of rescue via helicopter and boat over 5 days, because no one would allow him to bring his dog with him. He said that "his dog is all he has, and he loves the dog with all his heart", and so together they waited until a kind soul with a boat agreed to give them both a ride. Then a few days later, seeing how much the dog meant to him, the kind flight attendant with American Airlines (which flew many of the evacuees to Phoenix) gave his dog a "window seat" on the plane, and together they headed for their new life in Phoenix.

It's heartbreaking to see what these people have endured, and many of them will need jobs, new clothes (Red Cross is not accepting used clothes, trying to give these people some much-deserved dignity), and a roof over their head. But, all of them will be going to their new lives with their pets in tow.

Cheryl Naumann

For Your Information



The FVMA is sending the following link to an emergency alert that the State Veterinarian, Dr. Thomas J. Holt, has asked us to forward to our members attention. The link is available on our home page at www.fvma.com.

The State Veterinarian's advisory alerts you to a newly emerging canine respiratory disease caused by an influenza virus, as reported by the University of Florida, College of Veterinary Medicine, Small Animal Clinical Sciences. The same virus has apparently been involved in several outbreaks of severe respiratory disease in racing greyhounds in Florida and other states in the past year. Awareness of this highly contagious virus, which is different from, and can be more severe than the normal "kennel cough" complex, is important for practitioners and kennel operators, especially since there is no rapid test or vaccination currently available. Early clinical identification and isolation of suspected cases, as well as preventive measures in screening boarders with unknown history or early clinical signs, is recommended.

The use of flu vaccines approved for other species is contraindicated because of the potential for adverse and possibly fatal reactions in dogs. For support in submitting samples for testing for canine influenza, you may contact Dr. Cynda Crawford at UF/CVM Department of Small Animal Clinical Sciences, at (352) 392-4700, ext. 5731; fax (352) 392-6215; or e-mail at crawfordc@mail.vetmed.ufl.edu

Additional information about this virus will be presented during the FVMA's upcoming conference in Orlando. A presentation will be made on Sunday, September 11th from 8:00am to 8:50am in the Diamond Room, by Dr. Cynda Crawford. She is the lead researcher at the College of Veterinary Medicine work on this emerging disease.

Apparently only the veterinarians in FL were notified of the virus, so be sure to ask your vet if he/she has gotten this alert.

RIMADYL ALERT: On 2/25/05 CBS (NY) 11 PM News they did a story about the drug Rimadyl. The anti-inflammatory given to dogs who are having trouble with Arthritis most in the story were SENIORS. The story concentrated on a 10 year old Black Lab who after taking the drug was unable pick himself off the floor and after a struggle wobbled around dragging his hind legs (Owner had provided video) and he died. Several other dogs (a couple were small breeds) were shown in still photos who had died after taking the drug. The Commentator in summary said that the Pharmaceutical Company (forgot name) who made the drug had settled with 300 owners whose dogs had died after taking the drug. The Company DID NOT ADMIT ANY WRONG DOING. The company, and the FDA also agrees, that the drug is safe, if taken as prescribed. We had a Senior on the drug and the following warning came with it "like any other NSAID, it can cause gastrointestinal upset or bleeding. Call [your vet] if you notice vomiting, diarrhea. Jerri McDonnell, NY Airedale Rescue

BEHAVIORAL EFFECTS OF HYPOTHYROIDISM

In addition to doing Airedale Rescue, I also do Basenji Rescue and hypothyroidism is practically epidemic in that breed. Because I do a lot of behavioral management guidance for lots of families, I am frequently contacted by folks who believe that their basenjis have become schizophrenic or psychotic or that they have a brain tumor. Why? Because the dog, who has always been loving and accepting of various things, has become nasty and snappy and growly and sometimes there have been bite incidents. Very often the family believes that their failure to remain "alpha" in the household is the cause of this problem and they embark on some sort of training program or get a trainer involved. Typically, the problem does not improve and the family is given a recommendation of euthanization.

Sadly, I hear this a *lot*. When I talk with them in depth, the majority of the time it appears to me, a lay person, that the dog is likely hypothyroid. I urge them to get the test and the vast majority of the time, the dog is, indeed, hypothyroid, and once on supplementation, the dog's behavior improves dramatically.

I had three of my own gang tested:

1--Gracie is my Airedale mix and is about 8 years old. I suspected she was hypothyroid about 2 1/2 years ago when she just had one skin infection after another *and* she kept attacking my pointer mix to varying degrees.... She was just downright tacky. Turned out I was right and within a week of being on supplementation, she was transformed. Well, I took her in 2 weeks ago because she started getting tacky again with the same dog----none of the others. Bingo----we needed to boost her supplementation. Within 3 days, my regular girl was back again.

2----Hank, my 7 1/2 year old basenji has been cold, cold, cold. He wanted to sit outside all the time in the sun even though it was over 100 degrees and downright miserable. When I would drag him in the house he would just sit by the door scratching asking to go out. Heat-seeking behavior is a symptom of hypothyroidism. He is not on supplementation.

3--Daisy, my 11 1/2 year old Airedale started on supplementation today. A few weeks ago her back legs started trembling. Well now she is stumbling. Tested her and her values were clearly waaaay low. I am hopeful that in a couple of weeks her coordination will be okay again and the trembling will end. Also, I have noticed some loss of muscle mass in her rear legs. All of these are manifestation of hypothyroidism.

There are lots more manifestations of this condition. Typically a dog will only have a couple. Hopefully, if you have had concerns about your dog, this may help. I am delighted that I decided to test all three of mine. *cheryl silver and the gang in austin,tx*

Have your vet perform rectal exams on your dogs during their yearly check ups. Both anal gland cancer (Abby) and prostate cancer (Teddy) can be found during this type of exam. Both oncologists we consulted said that anal gland cancer can be cured 100% IF it has not had time to spread. Surgery to remove the anal gland is not too complicated. Abby had hers removed in the morning and was counter surfing at 3 pm! Since Abby's diagnosis, our vet has found at least FOUR dogs with anal gland cancer! Three of them had only tiny bumps and were completely cured with removal of the cancerous gland.

Prostate cancer is not easily cured, but in many instances can be managed for good quality of life. Unfortunately, this is a cancer that is not often found early. Symptoms don't show up until it's too late. Same with anal gland cancer. Abby and Teddy will not have died in vain if even ONE Airedale is helped by this information. We learned the hard way. Please learn from our experience and get your dog checked out! Carol Domeracki - MI

LOST DOG KIT: (Just in Case!)

Several rolls of tape for putting up posters
Extra leashes to hand out to volunteers willing to help you search
A form in your computer to quickly do a lost dog poster
A good picture of every dog you own
The names and phone numbers of the area vets, area shelters, microchip companies, and good friends who owe you a favor
(Then take a minute to look at the lost dog section on www.AiredaleRescue.net!)

The Names of the Newly Beloved

These are the 639 recorded Airedales who have come into rescue between 7/31/04 and 8/1/05

Not all rescued dogs are reported, however.

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 re-marriage, a new job, illness, death, allergies, or - believe it or not - even because of redecorating. 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 — for which some have waited nearly 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..

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------|------------|--------------|-----------|--------------|------------|---------------|-----------|
| Abbey | Willis | Dash | Stewie | Sterling | Zoe | Wilbur | Hauzy |
| Holly | Bailey | Amos | Bailey | Diva | Bart | Abbie | Lucy |
| Zaysha | Corkey | Annie | Barney | Ben | Frankie | Charlie | LuLu |
| Gretta | Darby | Arnie | Barnie | Casey | Franni | Duke | Maggie |
| Annabelle | Joey | Bailey | Bowman | Chloe | Lilly | Kris | Riley |
| Atticus | Kuma | Bessie | Brandy | Hannibal | Max | Maggie | Ronnie |
| Bear | MacDuff | Bonnie | Cinnamon | Hershey | McKenna | Mandy | Roxy |
| Brady | Mollie | Chloe II | Cookie | Ivy | Megan | Missy | Sage |
| Callie | Otis | Django | Davis | Kramer | Mugz | Odie | Sammie |
| CeeCee | Pixie | Dodger | Ferris | Maggie | Rocky | Sadie | Willie |
| Chandler | Rhody | Dudley | Guinness | Maizie | Sam | Sante Fe Boy | Annie |
| Chief | Simba | Duke | Hannah | Nellie | Zoey | Sante Fe Girl | Ben |
| Chloe | Teddy Bear | Dunnigan | Katie | Skip | Bella | Wally | Charlie |
| Cholla | Tia | Grace | Laci | Amelia | Bess | Abby | Jasmine |
| Clancy | Curlee | Katy | Levi | Dolly | Buddy | Carson | Marie |
| Earl | Diesel | Leon | Lizzie | Jenni | Eliza | Dobler | Jewel |
| Freeway | Duke | Lilly | Lucky | Oliver | Lindy | Joie | Jo |
| Garbo | Gypsy | Lola | Mike | Woolly | TeaganI | Kalli | Kerry |
| Hazel | Lily | Lucy | Molly | Bailey | Tucker | Abigail | Libby |
| Jake | Maggie | Lucy | Rascal | Sam | Zoe | Buffalo | Poppy |
| Jill | Zeke | Lucy Diamond | Reggie | Bailey | Lundburg | Cody | Rosie |
| Lady | Penny | Maddie | Sandy | Bear | Rowzy | Cricket | Rusty |
| Madelaine | Annabelle | Mattie | San-Oksuh | Bentley | Andy | Cricket | Squire |
| Mattie | Bear | Max | Scamper | Buddy | Baar | Daisy | Sunshine |
| Sam | Ben | Max | Scottie | Buddy | Baxter I | Devon | Tallulah |
| Saydee | Elliot | Meg | Sophie | Buddy | Baxter II | Ethan | Toby |
| Simon | Female Pup | Mr. Moose | Sully | Burdock | Bodi | Katrina | Wiggles |
| Wallee | Ginger | Murphy | Toby | Chance | Curley | Lucy | Bart |
| Zoe | Henry | Murphy Myers | Alex | Chelsea | Fred | Maggie | Emma |
| Carley | Jamie | Oliver | Bailey | Daisy | Honey | Reggie | Ranger |
| Chewey | Jessie | Ralphy | Bandit | Daisy | Hot Dog | Rose | Seamus |
| Eddie | Maggie | Rebel | Baxter | Daisy Kay | Jester | Sam | Bentley |
| Jack | Maie Pup | Reese | Coffee | Finnegan | Katie | Sidney | Blue |
| Jack | Mickey | Rosie | Harley | Gentleman II | Lacy | Zack | Boaz |
| Leda | Moose | Rosie | Jackie | Groucho | Lincolnton | Avra | Bodi |
| Lucita | Molly | Rusty | Jazzy | Guinness | Molly | Corin | Buster I |
| Max | Pete | Sampson | Maggie | Harbor | Orange | Ethan | Buster II |
| Meadow | Sadie | Tahlula | Maxx | Holly | Sammy | Fred | Dandie |
| Molly | Samantha | Tasha | Mona Lisa | Hoosier | Bo | Gracie | Duchess |
| Phoebe | Smitty | Windsor | Nalla | Ike | Halo | Grady | Edward |
| Roxy | Teitur | Aimee | Nellie | Iko | Maggie | Gunner | Jake I |
| Terry | Ariel | Beemer | Reece | Kasey | Blaze | Lady | Jake II |
| Willie | Ava | Bess | Star | Libey | Emma | Mac | Max 2 |
| Abbi | Balto | Buddy | Tali | Lucinda | Katy | Nellie | Nigel |
| Ally | Duke | Green | Curly | Max | Andie | Sadie | Poco |
| Bailey | Duncan | Mandy | Dolly | Maybe | Daisy | Shaggy | Sam |
| Darby | Loki | Max | Happy | Miles II | Duncan | Sherlock | Savannah |
| Dodger | Sarge | Sally | Lexie | Molly | Jack | Bill | Sweetie |
| Ellie | Sweetie | Dale | Rudy | Pup | Monty | Bosey | Walter |
| Finnegan | Tess | Dixie | Sassy | Rawley | Odie | Casper | Carly |
| Jake | Willy | George | Archie | Rhett | Precious | Harry | 2 dogs |
| Kraemer | Eli | Nord | Duncan | Skippy | Sammi | Skippy | AJ |
| Leon | Krista | Piper | Fergie | Spencer | Sammy | Airemale | Buddy |
| Matty | Cinnamon | Roxie | Poncho | T. Bear | Trevor | Aubrey | Casey |

| | | | | | | | |
|----------|-------------|-----------|--------------|---------------------|---|------------------|-------------------|
| Chester | Luke | Alfie | Bennigan | <i>Angus</i> | The dogs whose names are in italics were still in Rescue as of 7/31/05, but may be placed by now. | | |
| Ellie | Max | Ayah | Brandy | <i>Annie</i> | | | |
| Jasmine | Winston | Buster | DeeDee | <i>Annie</i> | <i>Hannah</i> | <i>Meg</i> | <i>Ruby</i> |
| Lily | Annie (II) | Candace | Frankie | <i>April</i> | <i>Hans</i> | <i>Miles</i> | <i>Sadie</i> |
| Mac | Dutchess I | Duchess | Hannah | <i>Arlette</i> | <i>Harley</i> | <i>Millie</i> | <i>Sadie</i> |
| Sadie | Dutchess II | Lindy | Jeremy | <i>Asta</i> | <i>Harmony</i> | <i>Missy</i> | <i>O'Grady</i> |
| Barkley | Gabby | Marley | Louis | <i>baby girl</i> | <i>Hunter</i> | <i>Molly</i> | <i>Samantha</i> |
| Dale | Jake | Max | Maggie | <i>Blue Ribbon</i> | <i>Iowa Guy</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Sandabelle</i> |
| Davidson | Lucy | Moze | Max | <i>Brady</i> | <i>Jack</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Scotty</i> |
| Emily | Maggie | Othello | Otis | <i>Brandy</i> | <i>Jake</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Scudder</i> |
| George | Pooh | Reilly | Rocky | <i>Buddy</i> | <i>Jetson</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Sebastian</i> |
| Guinness | Baxter | Stonewall | Scotty | <i>Chance</i> | <i>Jonah</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Shoggy</i> |
| Jake | Duke | Jackson | Teddy | <i>Chip</i> | <i>Kristy</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Shelby</i> |
| Leah | Laddie | Whiskey | Jake | <i>Chloe</i> | <i>Logan</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Spice</i> |
| Madison | Cobby | Zach | Drew | <i>Cleo</i> | <i>Loucee</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Teddy</i> |
| Max | Darby | Chili | Maggie III | <i>Cody</i> | <i>Louie</i> | <i>no name</i> | <i>Toby</i> |
| Paris | Eve | Duncan | Cassie | <i>Colonel Jake</i> | <i>Mack</i> | <i>Peaches</i> | <i>Tropper</i> |
| Rafferty | Harry | Max | Connor | <i>Daisy</i> | <i>Maggie</i> | <i>Pepper</i> | <i>Tucker</i> |
| Sadie | Hawk | Rockney | Mr. Boo | <i>Darrell</i> | <i>Mattie Mae</i> | <i>Phoebe</i> | <i>Tuffy</i> |
| Teddy | Ivy | Bear | Cosmo | <i>Darwin</i> | <i>Magoo</i> | <i>Pookie</i> | <i>Tully</i> |
| Tyr | Jack | Buddy | Sally | <i>Demille</i> | <i>Male</i> | <i>Puppy One</i> | <i>Turcotta</i> |
| Zeta | Jasmine | Riley | Maggie | <i>Ditto</i> | <i>Mandy</i> | <i>Puppy Two</i> | <i>Walker</i> |
| Zoe | Liberty | Roady | | <i>Duece/Lucy</i> | <i>Mandy</i> | <i>Remi</i> | <i>Winston</i> |
| Buster | Merlin | Anna | <i>Abby</i> | <i>Ellie Mae</i> | <i>Max</i> | <i>Rex</i> | <i>Sandy</i> |
| Hallie | Peaches | baby boy | <i>Alex</i> | <i>George</i> | <i>Max</i> | <i>Riffle</i> | <i>Tessa</i> |
| Joey | Pepper | Bayou Bob | <i>Andy</i> | <i>Goddard</i> | <i>Max</i> | <i>Rosie</i> | |
| Lucy Ann | Valentine | Bear | <i>Angel</i> | <i>Guinness</i> | <i>Maysey</i> | | |

Why Rescue?

I looked at all the caged animals in the shelter... the cast-offs of human society. I saw in their eyes love and hope, fear and dread, sadness, and betrayal. And I was angry. "God," I said, "this is terrible! Why don't you do something?"

God was silent for a moment, and then spoke softly, "I have done something," was the reply. "I created you."

unknown

Our Millie passed away on Friday. She was two months shy of her 16th birthday. She was 10 yrs old when we rescued her from the Anchorage Animal Control. I have never known a sweeter, more gentle spirit, and we loved her dearly. I have posted her pictures on the photo page. She blessed us with her joy for life and taught us all the meaning of unconditional love. I miss her.

Michelle Smith - AK



This is the story of now 10 year old Colonel Jacob Montgomery III. About two years ago a family wanted to release their 8 year old Airedale because they didn't have time for him. He spent most of his years in their backyard through all kinds of weather and was rarely invited indoors, because he was "so dirty and stinky". Naturally I told them that I would gladly accept the Colonel but they changed their minds, deciding they loved him too much to give him up. Two years later the family called again saying they'd decided he needed to go because they still didn't have time for him. With the speed of lightening, arrangements were made before they could change their minds again!

When a volunteer arrived at the home, the Colonel was surrounded by neighborhood children who'd come to say good-bye to their friend. He wagged his tail while accepting hugs and kisses from those who'd been his friends and only companions and rumor has it he was saying "thank you." He wasn't up to date on shots, nor had he been on monthly preventive. He has quite severe arthritis in his spine although he never complained. Colonel Jacob Montgomery III is in a real home for the first time in his life: inside, warm and dry where he can live his golden years in peace and contentment.

I choose to think it was all part of a greater plan.

Terry Kratchman - ATRA

Heartfelt Thanks...

...to the following ATCA members who so generously gave to Airedale Rescue when you renewed your membership for 2005. (We will not get the list for the 2006 memberships until December.) We hope you get a good sense of how your money is used as you read the offerings printed in this newsletter. Rescue is truly grateful for your help.

Sharon Ann Abmeyer
Raymond Adams
Oralee Adams
Lawrence C. Alexander
Sandy Armour
Helen E. Arnold
Jay Atwood
Diana L. Aug
Linda Baake Jarvis
Robert Bannon
Arthur Barry
Carolyn A. Beal
Sheri L. Beattie
Gloria Bender
Richard Berg
MacKnight Black
Betsey Bliss
Scott A. Boeving
Sarah Boyd
Marjorie Bradshaw
Anna Brinker
Barbara Fay Brown
Karen Brown
Becky Browning
Alvira Capone
Joy Cappucci
Robert Cargni-Mitchell
Dennis Cair
Jenny Chance
Sunnie Chapell
Bonnie Chavarría
Linda Chehy
Patricia Chmelar
Alfred Clarke
Carol Coalson
Joanne Condrón
Joyce Contofalsky
Karen Copley
Rebecca Corley
Suzanne Crow
Zana Curley

Samantha Curran
Anne V. Curtis
Barbara Curtiss
Gregory Darling
Jane Di Pietro
Pamela R. Dolca-Nevin
Marita Donohue
Robert Dozier
Janice Dubrosky
Dorothy Duff
Vivian Durbin-Fox
Alana Dufflinger
David L. Falk
Paula Falk
Dianna G. Fielder
Michele Foley
Judith M. Foote
Mindy Franceschini
Rubin S. Freis
William Fridrych
Petra Friedl
Maevie Gagnon
Karen Garbula
Ann Avner
Timothy D. Geib
Rebecca Gelatt
Steve Gilbert
Michele & Allan Gorab
E. Forbes Gordon
Martha L. Graham
Patricia K. Gregg
Judith Hall
Nan Hamilton
Suzanne Hampton
Diane Hancock
Linda K. Handford
Susan Haney
Delia L. Hardie
Sidney Hardie
Jean F. Harley
Joanne Hartfield

Jo-Lynn Hefferman
Deborah L. Hempstead
Annie Heyer
Don & Amy Hicks
Robert L. Hill
Susan A. Hill
Barbara Jo Hosking
Clanssa Howard
Bill Humphries
Jim & Lorene. Hunt
Leah Jacobus
Ann Jensen
Linda Jones
A. E. Jordan
Carole Kane
Lucretia Kennedy
Sybil Key
Mary Kihlstrum
Patricia King
Judy Kinney
Wm. Kochler
Cheryl Kranz
Karen Lapiere
Gayle P. Lark
Craig W. Larrabee
Dolores D. Leahy-Fellenz
Mary Lee
Robert L. Like
Denise Lucas
Les Lueck
Carol Lumley
Barbara L. Mann
Gloria Marshall
Lynn D. Mathers
Elizabeth M. Mattison
Benjamin McCarthy
Judith A. McConnell
Roger A. McCurley
Barbara McDonald
Patricia L. McGee
Diana M. McKenna

Charles J. McLaughlin, III
Pamela McKusick
Ellen McQuillan
Georgia McRae
Janice Mell
Bonni Mell
Susan F. Metcalf
Yvonne M. Michalak
Lynn Mickelsen
Ronna G. Miller
Dorothy M. Miner
Melissa L. Moore
Nelda Moore
Sadie Moore
Susan Morawski
Jack Moren
Karen S. Morgan-Wagoner
Elizabeth M. Morrill
Mary Lauretta Murphy
James Myers
Jane Noerenberg
Donna & John Noland
Rosemary C. O'Brien
Risa Paonessa
Terry D. Peiffer
Lynn Persyn
Robert Pierson
Lillian Pitlik
David. Post
Nancy Raab
Jessica Rabin
Norma T. Ragsdale
Anne Richards
Ms. Sherry A. Rind
G. Thomas Riti
Joyce E. Robinson
Cheryl Rohm
Lydia J. Ross
Mrs. Irene M. Rupp
Chris Russell
Jack Sanderson

Mrs. Frances K. Sawyer
Robert B. Schmitt
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Kathleen S. Shaw
Esther Shkolnik
Cynthia Smith
Sheri L. Smith
Anita Smits
Lu Sonnabend
Chris Sparling
Mayo Stark
Saul H. & Abbe F. Stashower
Bill Staudenmaier
Karen Stefkovich
James B. Stokes, 4th
Isabel Strempek
Eileen Tedesco
Nancy Templeman
Chris L. Thompson
Heather Threlfall
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Anne O. Townley
Nancy Trepczyk
Nancy L. Tripp
Mary Turner
Lisa Vance
LaVerne A. VanDerZee
Madeline L. Wells
Caroline Westerman
Roswitha Wick
Christie Williams
Julie Witt
Kelly Wood
Maripi Woodriddle
Manlynn Wright
Kimberly K. Zaborniak
Philip K. Zander

There are many, many more names on our website - www.AiredaleRescue.net - of those who have generously given to rescue in honor or in memory of loved ones, both human and canine, as well as the loved ones of others — and special friends and special causes. Some of the donations were in the form of beautiful gifts of artwork that we were allowed to use in various fundraising projects and some were donations from individuals dedicating the proceeds of their own projects to Airedale Rescue. I started to list all of those wonderful people, but there simply is not enough room. I hope you all, when you have the time, will visit the Rescue website. It's well worth the "trip" and the time to explore it, thanks to Sidney Hardie, our devoted and capable webmaster. Lots of great stories and neat stuff!



We owe a debt of gratitude that can never be adequately expressed to the Quilting Bee. Every year a new and beautiful quilt comes together because of the dedication and imagination of some very clever and gifted seamstresses. This year's is there on the left. It will be in some lucky raffle-ticket winner's hands by the time you read this... but there is hopefully always a "next year" and most of us are hard pressed to figure out which one we like the best.

Many groups are so busy rescuing dogs that they have no time to sit down and figure out how to raise money for their expenses. Your contributions to the National Airedale Rescue Fund benefits any Airedale in the country who needs help beyond what the regional group can provide. You make that possible —and it's tax deductible! We thank you... and those Airedales less fortunate than yours thank you - for helping them get ready for their new lives.

Old Happens. Save a Place for an Older Face!

Memorials for rescued purebred Airedales who were adopted at the age of 10 years or older will be posted on the website without a donation being required.
Sidney Hardie, Webmaster National Airedale Rescue, Inc. www.airedalerescue.net

Murphy is the light of our lives. He may be old, but he's goofy and loving and worth every second we spend with him and on him. He's blind and gets lost under the table now and then. He's undermined 30 feet of laurel hedge in the garden and noses around in the garbage when the opportunity is offered. His prey drive is that of a pup and he scared us half to death by hotly pursuing a cat in downtown Edmonton last summer. He goose steps when he's excited, waving his big paws around in the air, and then he'll come and lay his head gently in my lap . . . and my eyes fill with tears because he is such a sweet boy.

When we met Murphy, he was so thin we could see his heart beat, but so courageous he charmed us immediately. It took us about five minutes to determine that he was our boy forever. We've never regretted that decision, even after dealing with five strokes last year and a severe case of chronic heart-related bronchitis recently. We tell him every day that he must not leave us, that we couldn't manage without him and that we love him to distraction. He responds by overcoming every adversity that is thrown at him and is lying at my feet as I write this, feet propped up on the wall, quite ready to keep me in line should I even consider getting out of hand. Murphy is the light of our lives and I wouldn't give him up for anything.

There are other senior Airedales out there that would be equally thrilled to join a family and spend a few happy years, basking in love and loving their up-rights with all their huge hearts. These Airedales often need only an opportunity to recover from illness or ill treatment. This fundraiser for senior Airedales will give them that chance.

Maureen Scott — B.C. <mailto:mmscott@telus.net>

Joan Ragan's beloved Zoeie passed away unexpectedly at a young age and left a big hole in her heart. Shortly after, Joan decided to adopt Brandy, a 13-year old that had come into rescue. Here is what Joan experienced:

"Brandy walked into the living room where I was knitting. Max (the Beagle) was in his "nest". Zoeie always laid on the end of the couch closest to my chair and a lot of times would have her head on the arm just resting. Brandy walked into the room, looked toward the couch and walked over to Zoeie's end, waggin' her tail really fast. She did a little prance, almost a play bow and a soft little bark at the couch, sniffed the front edge and then the cushion, looking up all the time. Nothing visible was there on the couch. After a minute or so, she just walked off to her blanket and laid down in front of the love seat."

This is from an ATRA supporter whose senior Airedale just passed away: "After our son picked up Jake, we found out that this 11-year old turn-in had cancer and couldn't be adopted out. Wow, we really lucked out. At first we figured we'd be lucky to be his people for a year or two. Well, we had four anniversaries with this guy who was a whole lot of fun. Always with the one ear up, always there to give you love and wipe his face on your pants. We loved him so! We miss him so! Thanks, Jakey! See you there, Dude!"

We were called by a breeder from the west coast who needed our help to rescue one of her 10-year old Airedales and a 10-year old Lakeland Terrier pal. The two were living alone in an apartment after their owner went to a nursing home.

Not only was Rescue able to help the breeder by rescuing her dog and buddy from the apartment, but we found them a home together with someone who takes in only senior dogs.

This same adoptive home welcomed an 11 year old mother and a nine year old daughter as a pair a year before and, before that, an 11-year old heartworm positive male who had lived his first 11 years in a chicken coop. Lynn O'Shaughnessy — ATRA

Brodie of New Mexico

Brodie's story is a sad one save for the last year of his life. Brodie had lived chained outside a run down mobile home for most of his life. When the home was abandoned we were called to come get Brodie and his little friend Missy. What a horrible sight it was but we all know the Airedale resilience and Brodie and Missy jumped in the car eagerly anticipating their new life.

From sketchy vet records we obtained we knew Brodie was 10 and Missy's age was unknown but the vet thought she was about the same age. Brodie and Missy came to live at what we fondly refer to as Duff's Dale Dude Ranch. From early spring and into the summer Brodie and Missy lived as foster dogs with my husband and myself. They enjoyed the cool mountain air and lots of space to play but most of all they loved coming in the house and would leap into their crates every night at bedtime. Because they were so attached to each other (especially Brodie) we felt it was not fair or in their best interest to separate them. As a result we had few inquiries about adopting the pair.

Then an Airedale Angel came along, Trisha Theodore. Trisha, a long time Airedale Rescue volunteer, is the savior of senior Airedales having previously adopted another senior only to lose her to cancer. Trisha took Brodie and Missy into her home in the fall and two Airedales have never been happier. Trisha catered to their every need with new beds, regular grooming, wonderful meals and a doggy door so they could come in and out as they pleased. But most of all she heaped love and attention on them.

It takes a very special person to devote heart, mind and soul to the care of our aging Airedale companions. She gave Brodie the very best, which allowed him to be affectionate and playful up to the very end.

A fellow rescuer said this about Trisha and those like her: "People who can take in the old ones and allow their hearts to be broken over and over in order to give the oldsters the blessing of a good life for their last days, however many or few, are the special angels of rescue." We extend our affection and admiration to Trisha and all those like her who give so much to creatures who have had so little. With Trisha and Brodie in mind we want to establish a memorial for Brodie and all the seniors like him. Please consider a donation however small. All donations will go into the Airedale Senior Fund rescue project.

Dorothy Duff
New Mexico Airedale Rescue



Roxy's Story

Our adventure began when a local salvage yard called to let us know that there was an Airedale with eight puppies living among their wrecked cars. They couldn't touch her or even get close enough to really look at her, but she had bonded with their guard dog, staying close to him most of the time. The owner and his wife were putting food and water out for her and we all agreed to try to catch her after the puppies were weaned. The owner was calling her Roscoe. His wife and I decided her name should be Roxy.

Two weeks later, the puppies were weaned, but every attempt they had made to catch this elusive, skinny and very frightened Airedale had failed. They felt so sorry for her and would have loved to keep her but understood that it wasn't best for her and needed our help.

Under all the matted hair and dirt was a purebred Airedale. The soul of a sweet, brave Airedale shining through those big brown eyes. It wasn't hard to tell that she had had a rough life. The puppies were mixed and we were able to get them into the AARF Adoption Program.

Trying to catch Roxy was a real adventure. We tried playing with her puppies and even though she didn't like that, she would not come close. We tried everything! So the next step was to put a sedative in some tuna, go inside so she would eat and wait, hoping that the sedative (Ace) would aid us in luring her close enough so we could catch her. Her well worn paths through the kudzu and around the cars gave her multiple escape routes that were impossible for humans to follow. After several failed attempts at capture with a minimal amount of Ace, we elevated the dose to 1 1/2 times more. Finally, the ace over took her strong will of flight and slowed her down long enough for us to herd her into a small fenced area containing stacks of hubcaps.

So much time had passed by then, that it was getting dark and cold but we were not going to leave without her. In one last effort to escape, she crawled under steps that were attached to an old house and just froze. I gently rubbed her side for a bit; and feeling sure she wouldn't bite, crawled towards her, attached a leash to her way too tight collar and pulled her out. She was absolutely petrified. Fear and the Ace kept her frozen in the same position, so we carried her to the car and headed for the vet's office, who was waiting patiently for us. Thank you Dr. Cowan!

She rode quietly and motionless, but was too frightened to walk on lead, so she had to be carried. She was a real trooper at Dr. Cowan's, never complaining, never offering to bite. She was obviously malnourished, had bald patches and mats that served as a hotel for fleas and ticks, had a raging UTI and was heartworm positive. After a week at the vet's with lots of special treatment, Roxy was spayed and seemed to be getting healthier except for the recurring UTI, which took several months to get under control. Her feet were in bad shape too, but the physical things were much easier to fix than the mental and emotional damage that had been done to this girl.

She was afraid of everything except our other dogs, who seemed to give her some bravery. If they did it and they didn't die then she could do it too! Whether it was going outside, eating, drinking water, things that we consider small everyday things were very scary to her. She wouldn't go to the bathroom on lead so we always make sure she is in our fenced backyard. She wouldn't come to us but she would run to the house, which she found safe. Her safe places were on the bed or in her crate. She was afraid of the wind too. She was very afraid when we put her food bowl down and wouldn't eat or drink until we left the room. She didn't know how to take food from my hand and so I taught her by putting a piece of food up under the side of her lip and finally she realized that I was giving her something good. She would shake when we touched her. Her whole body would tremble.

We have had her since late October 2002 and even though she's still afraid, she will walk on lead, eat with everyone, drink water on her own, jump on the bed and lots of other accomplishments! When she goes outside, she is still afraid to come but she will stand still and let us touch her instead of running to the door. She is very afraid if we reach for her. Even though she's still skittish, she will follow us into any room to be close to us, where before she wouldn't go anywhere but the bedroom and kitchen. I think she has learned a lot from our other dogs, Sydni, Dru and Flaffy.

The best part is that she has learned to snuggle! I had to physically show her how and now I just lay down and pat my shoulder and she scoots up REAL close to me and curls up to lay her head on my shoulder. I guess by now you have figured out that we're going to keep her. She's no longer in rescue, but has found a home! We love her and Sydni, Dru and Flaffy love her too! Occasionally, she will have a silly, happy, tuck butt run and it is fun to watch her joy. Her progress has been slow and she still has a long way to go but she's definitely a keeper

Amy and Don Hicks - NC

A DREAM I HAD

Ben McCarthy

In my dream, my [rescue] dog Ty and I were going someplace in the car when all of a sudden something happened. It was almost like an explosion but there was no noise and I had no sense of fright. When I awakened (still within the dream), Ty and I were sitting on a hard, smooth surface of some kind and we were enveloped in a very thick white mist. There was nothing else to be seen. Ty was sitting quietly by my side and after a few seconds I said, "Ty, I think we're dead!" "What's dead?" he replied. "I'm not sure I can explain it. I don't think you would understand." "Why not?" said Ty. "I understand everything else you say. You don't seem to understand me, but I understand you." That was the end of the conversation and the last thing I recall is Ty and I walking, side by side, off into the mist.

When I awakened from the dream I began to think more and more about what Ty had said in the dream. I soon realized that it was I who did all the talking and I paid not much attention to Ty's wants or needs during those times when he was obviously trying to communicate with me. So I resolved to make more of an effort to understand him and 'listen,' if you will, to what he was trying to tell me.

Now when he comes and puts his paw on my knee, or his face in mine, I no longer tell him to "Go lie down, Ty. I'm busy." Now I stop what I am doing and give him the attention he deserves. I hold his head between my hands, scratch his ears and talk quietly with him. Somehow I feel we are closer to one another than we were. That brief dream taught me a lesson and I feel the better for it.

Most Rescue groups require that an application be filled out before one can adopt a dog.

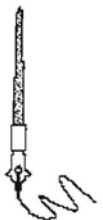
Some of the answers are priceless. Here are a few of our favorites:

How would you deal with marking in the house? "First of all, I would never give my Airedale markers to play with."

"I would take away the crayons."

What steps would you take if your dog was lost? "Hire a plane and write it in the sky."

What's a negative to Airedale ownership? "Their mortality"



Jumping Cholla - Not Such a Prickly Cactus After All

This is the story of a two year old Airedale we'll call Dorie who was up for adoption by a small dog rescue group on Petfinder. The Airedale had bitten a child and may have injured a small dog and menaced some cats. Another group declined to take her in because of the child bite. We couldn't determine the facts of the bite, but the rescue person and the vet who was boarding her both felt that she was not inherently aggressive and had tried to provoke her into some sort of aggression, without success.

We flew her here on October 20th. After working with her, I felt that there was no inherent viciousness in her, although she certainly is a typical dominant female Airedale. On November 6th, I placed her in an Airedale-experienced home, with a male Airedale as companion. There are also two other large dogs in the family and they all get together to play on a daily basis. I felt that Patricia would be the perfect owner because she is loving, but firm and takes her dogs in for yearly tune-up obedience classes. The contract contains the following extra provision: Adopter acknowledges that she is aware that the Airedale has bitten a child in the past and, under the right circumstances, could bite in the future. Adopter further acknowledges that the Airedale may not be safe around small dogs or cats. Adopter agrees that she will take all necessary measures to prevent the Airedale from biting anyone in the future including, but not limited to, keeping the Airedale muzzled in any situation where the Airedale will have access to children, small dogs or cats

Sidney Hardie - AZ

Dorie's name is now Cholla (You don't pronounce the l's — Choy-ya. It is a kind of cactus — pretty, but prickly. Jumping Cholla have such loose joints that people think they actually "jump" off the plant to attack you, but they really just come loose at the slightest movement of air and attach themselves to you. I thought it suited the girl.) Here are a couple of updates: [the mat Pat talks about is an electrified scat mat that they have at the entrance to the living room. The dogs are taught to stay behind the mat when the front door is being opened.] After nine days we are progressing nicely and is relaxed enough to lay on her back in the middle of the room and sleep. Yesterday I tested her on jumping over the mat when the door bell is rung and she passed with flying colors, she just stood at the entrance to the family room and gave a couple of "woofs." She and Zeke walk well together so I don't have to take separate walks which makes things easier.

On her three-month anniversary: Things are going well, except for the counter-surfing. I lost two very nice fish fillets on Saturday in a blink of an eye. This was after I had returned from bark park where there was an owner who gives all dog owners a bad name. He seemed to think it was funny that his male dog lifted his leg on anything and everything including people. I asked him if he had considered neutering is dog and that perhaps some training was in order. I came home with a leg smelling like dog pee, changed clothes and was looking forward to a nice dinner of fish and asparagus, what I ended up with was a Subway sandwich. Cholla, on the other hand had her regular dinner and then two fish fillets for dessert. Do not, I repeat, do not laugh!

Although we "know" that she was aggressive towards small dogs and children I have never seen any indication that this was true. She plays with both small dogs and large at the Dog Park and greets children when we are on walks around the neighborhood;

she lets them pet her and never gets agitated. She and Zeke have bonded very well, they play and race around the house and yard like a couple of puppies, so much so that at times I have to send them each to their respective corners to calm down. She can get a little possessive of me as she will sit by my side when I am watching television or reading and will give Zeke a glare when he comes over for his petting. Luckily Zeke is more likely to want to lie down than sit with his head on my lap, so after I give his some attention he lays down. I love to take her with me as she is a great companion. She has been to several art shows with me and likes all the attention she draws as we walk around.

I wish I could say that I have broken her of the counter surfing habit, I have tried the mouse traps that one trainer advised, she just simply reached over the traps and picked up the treat and happily munched on it with the traps still sitting on the counter, then I decided I would be smart and put the Scat Matt on the counter with a treat on it (she will not touch the Scat Matt). I then watched her scoot the matt back far enough that she would not have to put her paw on it and reach over and pluck that darned treat right off the matt. My next attempt was to put two sided sticky tape on the counter with a treat behind it, the theory being that dogs or cats do not like the feeling of having their paws stick to the tape - HA!, that

did not work either, the treat on the other side was plucked off the counter very quickly and she just pulled her paws off the sticky stuff and happily ate her treat. Cholla has trained us very well to keep all food at the back of the counter where she cannot reach it, so far she has never attempted to jump onto the counter, if she does that I will have to fix my meals in the bathroom with the door closed.

I won't say that there have not been times when I wanted to tear my hair out, but I would not have missed my chance to live with Cholla for anything. I just simply accept that living with Airedales is an adventure and I cannot imagine my life without them.



Flying the Fuzzy Skies

By: Jim Krause

I guess it was sometime in June of 2004 when I happened to mention to Melissa Moore with Southwest Airedale Terrier Rescue that my wife Kay and I would like to volunteer our services and our airplane to help transport rescue Airedales. We kept hearing about how dogs were hitchhiked across states, regions, and even the nation by volunteer drivers. While this has been a tried and true means of hound transport, it entails a lot of people, time and coordination to achieve the goal. Having spent the last three years flying blood and blood products around Arizona for United Blood Services under the auspices of Flights For Life, Inc. we were well aware of the efficiencies that could be obtained by using the plane instead of a car.

Well, I guess Melissa blabbed to her cohorts around the region about our offer and before too long we received an email from Rusty LaFrance in Las Vegas, NV. She had two Airedales who had hitchhiked from El Paso to Albuquerque and she wanted to know if we could bring them to her in Vegas. I told her we could and began planning the flight.

This was sometime in early July and while the morning hours are usually delightful for flying, the afternoon thunderstorms can pop up anywhere and everywhere and ruin your entire day. The weather was the primary determining factor and we picked a three day window for which to aim and hopefully get one decent day out of it. The Airedale Zen must have been very strong because the first day of the window, a Sunday, was looking real good. The forecast kept holding up with some last minute emails to confirm our mission, and we would be off. You'd've thought we were invading Normandy.

During the flight planning I noticed that the Phoenix to Albq. To Vegas, to Phx. Distance was simply too great to complete in one day, during daylight. So Rusty decided to have us meet her in Kingman, AZ with the dogs.

Bright and early on Sunday morning Kay and I lifted off of Falcon Field in Mesa, AZ and set course for Double Eagle airport on the west edge of Albuquerque. There we would meet Dorothy Duff and her husband and pick up our two passengers Teddy and Molly. We arrived a bit behind schedule due to a headwind, and the Duffs were there but with only one dog. It seems that Teddy took a nip of Molly's nose that would require some veterinary attention so she wouldn't be making the trip with us.

Teddy was eager to go and hopped right up into the plane and went into the crate straightaway. Now, I've hauled a dog or two around in the plane, but this was the first four-legged one and we weren't sure what to expect. Well, old Teddy simply lay down, made himself comfortable and went to sleep. Although he would sit up and look around whenever we hit any bumpy air over the mountains.

We made a quick fuel stop in Winslow, AZ then flew direct to Kingman where Rusty was waiting. Teddy didn't make a sound the entire trip until we landed at Kingman. I'll admit that maybe I didn't make the best landing of my flying career that day, but it wasn't THAT bad. It did elicit a slight yip from the back seat. I asked Kay to check on the dog to see if he was OK. She simply glanced at me and said he was probably commenting on my "landing." Suddenly, everyone's a critic. Teddy was anxious to get out of the crate and the plane. At first, he was a bit wobbly on his feet but soon recovered and headed to the nearest pole to hike his leg. That boy had a tank full. No wonder he yipped. Maybe it was for joy.

Rusty was waiting for us and we sat under a tree and got acquainted. She then put Teddy in her car and headed home and we headed to the airport café for a quick lunch. By the time we took off for home, it was mid afternoon and the temperature was well over 100. A rule of thumb says that for every 1000 ft you go up, you lose about 3 degrees of temperature. Needless to say, the flight home to Mesa was pretty high. No A/C in our little plane.

The strangest part about the entire trip was that we did not encounter, or even see, a single thunderstorm or cloud buildup the entire day. This is almost unheard of in this area during July. Like I said, Airedale Zen. Powerful stuff.

By the time we got home, we were pretty hot and tired, but that warm fuzzy feeling sure was nice. Overall, we spent about 7 hours in the air and flew over 800 air miles in one day. All without a single horn honking or finger flashing from another driver. Just a single yip from the back seat.

And so ended the inaugural flight of Airedale Aire Lines.

Thought I'd share this picture of Penny, the Airedale I pulled from the shelter in Rensselear, IN. She's quite the timid, nervous Airedale, but who can blame her. She's lost her home and her playmates. Her whole life has been turned upside down. She's HW positive and begins treatment next Monday. The good news is there's no murmur and her blood work came back all normal. After being here just three days, she's discovered the best place in the house to relax! HA!
Lisa Gnyll - IN



Teddy was taken out of a pet shop/groomer's "kennel" by animal control officers. He came to



us urine soaked and completely matted. He'd never lived in a home. I don't think he'd ever been combed or bathed or hugged.

With time and love and the other dogs in the house, he soon learned the art of home life.

Joey Fineran - PA

And here is a picture of him on the day he went to live in his new home...

"Teddy eats well, enjoys napping on his bed and playing with Duffy in the back yard. He has learned how to steal Duffy's toys! He often comes to us to be petted...
Mike and Serafina - PA



Here are a few of them...

JETSON – THE MIAMI SHELTER PUPPY

By Stanley Rura

What started out to be an ordinary day on May 23 turned out to be quite an exciting adventure into the world of Airedale Rescue:

Pat Weinstein called me on that afternoon and explained that there was a young Airedale in the Miami-Dade shelter that they had been trying to get out for two days. Pat called June Dudley, and sure enough that call was all that was needed to get the rescue ball rolling. I rearranged my schedule for the next day so that I could head over to the shelter and see what was involved in springing this puppy.

The clerk at the desk told me to check the puppy to see if his eyes were infected, as we were told originally. If so, I could take him out immediately and be a temporary foster to him until the redemption period ended. After a short wait the puppy was deemed sick and now free to be released to Airedale Rescue.

Everything seemed to be proceeding on track to get the puppy out. Then they asked for the IRS paperwork that stated we are non-profit rescue. I didn't have any type of paper work with me, so I called Pat Weinstein for some guidance about locating the necessary papers and she called June Dudley who in turn got in touch with Susan Finney. Susan located some papers she believed were the right ones and faxed them to Karin. They were not the papers Karen required. According to the Dade County ordinance, a dog CANNOT be released to Rescue without them. Because this puppy was deemed ill, if I left without producing the proper paperwork, the puppy would be put down.

Susan, Pat, and now Andrea Shaw were searching desperately for the right papers but to no avail. I pleaded with Karen and promised on my life that I would personally bring the papers in the next day if she would PLEASE release the puppy to me right now. Karin relented stating that today was her birthday, and that she would let the puppy go if I promised on my word that I would get the correct papers to her as soon as possible!!

Now all I had to do was get the puppy micro chipped and pay the redemption fee to get him released. Then it was off to Dr. Jim McCoy, my vet, at the Bayshore Animal Hospital in Miami. After a thorough check-up by Dr. McCoy, he said it looked like the pup had eye infections and scabies or mites under the skin. This meant that isolation was necessary until some tests were completed.

I went to visit to the puppy I had now named Jetson on June 4th and Dr. McCoy explained that Jetson would need a 3rd skin dip and one more injection for his skin problem, plus a thorough grooming before he could be released. My Rescue Jedda and I fostered him for a couple months before the two puppies became more than I could handle on my own. So Jetson was sent to our favorite behavior trainer, Clarke Inghram in Tampa, for some skill building which would enable him to become a compatible part of a family.

Of course, Jetson's story has a happy ending. In August, he was adopted by a family of six, who reported: "His new name is Riley and he's doing just great: All six of us LOVE him - and he seems to be bonding to us already. He has a great temperament... yes, a bonehead at times... yes, rambunctious quite a lot... but SO trainable and not at all aggressive (he tried to eat a candy wrapper from my daughter's bedroom and he let me take the wrapper out of his mouth with no sign at all of a problem). He is such a big teddy bear... so full of love and wanting to please. We are very, very happy!! Thank you for everything!"

Chris - FL

The Goodwill Ambassador

By Judy Underwood

We adopted Meg from Sunshine Airedalers in October 2004. It didn't take long for us to fall in love with this sweet Airedale and for her to love us. Meg doesn't know a stranger; in fact, everyone who meets Meg wants to know all about her.

For eight years our church has an all-volunteer program called The Canine Corps. There are currently 10 dogs including Megan whose mission is to visit to nine nursing homes and assisted living facilities.

Meg enjoys her "work" enormously. We are always asked if she is a show dog (because Karen Gunter keeps her looking like one). They ask about Meg going through Hurricane Ivan and how we were so fortunate to be adopted by her! I am able to tell our story at every visit, as people are so interested in rescues. The staff loves it when Meg visits and she gets lots of attention.

When I have Meg beg for a treat, it brings the house down! She performs that trick many times during each visit.

Bonding happens quickly between the dogs and the residents and for many of them it is the highlight of their day. Meg is a very happy therapy dog and a real goodwill ambassador!



Here's Waldo doing his part to raise money for the Kalamazoo Symphony at the summer concerts. Waldo loves to dress up. He has a full wardrobe of headgear: bunny ears, antlers, devil horns, santa hat, mouse ears, sports caps and lots of bandanas. He is a hambone!

When Waldo was found in a shelter in Ohio, it was his second experience with Airedale rescue. Luckily an ATRA volunteer rescued him and after some eye surgery he was brought to me. It was love at first sight. There was nothing anyone could say to discourage me about his "special needs." He was five years old then and he celebrated his 11th birthday in January. He is my precious boy!

Over time, he has learned to welcome many foster cousins into his pack but they all know that his bones and his food and his treats are not to be tampered with.

Waldo's best talent is his AIRESNAPS. He has a different style of snap for many occasions: I'm Happy to See You, Time to Eat, Get Away from my Bone, Let me Outside. He is also very proficient at COUNTERSURFING. The first surprising victim of this skill was a whole cantaloupe which he grabbed from the back of the counter and managed to bring into the dining room on the rug to eat with great gusto. Cantaloupe is still his favorite treat. Waldo has taught me to love the Airedale breed especially for their rascally habits and sense of humor.

Rita, Waldo and Casey — MI

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Hard to believe a year has gone by since the special red sprite, Lily, arrived in our home and has since firmly ensconced herself in our hearts. As a quick recount, Lily was one of the last of the 19 Airedales adopted out after being rescued from the Payson, AZ mountains a few months after the puppy mill operator abandoned the dogs. She came to us via Sidney Hardie and airedaleterriers.org/rescue.

Dear Aunt Sidney,

It's Lillydale here. I'm writing you on this first anniversary of when I came to live with my new mum and dad. I'd really like to thank you for finding them for me, because although I didn't know it then, I landed jelly side up when I got them as my forever home.

When I first came to stay with you, Aunt Sidney, I didn't have much experience with people. I liked dogs, but people... I wasn't so sure about them. When they approached me, I'd move away, because I didn't know what they'd do to me. It was great that you had dogs for me to play with. I saw how much you loved them and how much they loved you. And you had a good fence so I couldn't get away, because, as you know, I'm a bit of a Houdini.

One day you put my picture on the Internet and some people from Phoenix called and wanted to meet me. They came to your house and they didn't try to make me come to them or run after me or anything. They just sat and talked with you. I got enough courage to sniff the man's hand; you must have seen something in them and something in me that made you think we'd be a good match, because you allowed them to adopt me!

Well... for the longest time I was pretty skittish around them. I wouldn't let them pet me or anything — and since I'd spent most of my life in the wild, I wasn't sure about things like trash cans or spooky, rustling palm trees or those runners and bicyclists who went by when they took me on walks. Even the big cactuses that grow in the desert scared me. Right after they got me, I slipped the leash in the canyon where they are building a new house and ran off. They called and called, but I didn't really know them yet, so I just kept going. They were just sick that I'd gotten away. And they were very scared for me because of all the snakes, scorpions, javalinas and coyotes that might get me.

My mum put up fliers all over the place, at the mail boxes in the canyon, on the streets, in the grocery store — just everywhere. She emailed all the people that live in the canyon and asked them to look out for me, but told them not to approach me or try to catch me because she new I'd run from them, too. Mum would get up in the middle of the night and go sit at a look out place in the canyon to watch for me. She'd take snacks and hope dat she could get me to come to her. And Auntie Sidney, remember... you brought up the coyote trap and some stinky cat foods to try to get me. Finally, after about four days, one of the neighbors called my mum and said I was in her backyard drinking out of her pool!

Fortunately for me, my mum was in the car just a couple of houses away and she ran to the gate and shut it — with me inside the yard. I was so tired and so hot and so hungry and so thirsty. Most of all, I was sooo scared. So that's how they got me back and I've been back ever since.

My escape scared my mum and dad so much that for the longest time they'd walk me on two leashes just to makes sure I didn't get away again. Little by little I began to settle down, but then I kept having tummy problems; maybe I ate something bad or drank some bad water — or I had some bad stress, too or maybe my tummy wasn't matured as I'd ate all that stuff like twigs and grasses just to survive when I lived in the mountains. For months my mum kept taking me to the vet for pills and checkups. She even took me to a special place where they shaved my tummy and looked round in there with some sound waves. They only found a few things and said I had something called IBD, guardia, some odder bugs and critters and put me on a special diet and some new pills that helped a lot.

After awhile, I got pretty comfortable with my dad. He could pet me and I wouldn't move away, but my poor mum — she had done so much for me and I still wasn't at ease with her. I think I was all mixed up thinking I wanted to be free and she was the human keeping me from it. But then all three of us began to play bitey hand in the mornings after I wake up. I would just kind o' put my mouth on their hands while we played. I don't remember when it happened, but eventually I got so comfortable with mum and dad, that they could pet me, walk around me and step over me without me startling or moving away! I began to lay on their bed and sometimes sleep with them.

Then, with your help, my mum got my brother, Sam! Am so I'd have another dog, since I'd always been with dogs! I loved him from the moment we met. We play bitey faces every day and do tuc- butt runs round the yard and he's not afraid of much, so he helps me understand it's okay to let strangers pet me. We race around the yard, chasing lizards and little ground squirrels and we love going for walks with mum and dad. Sam also showed me how to do nose-pokey thingies; they sure get the human's attention, especially if we do it when they are getting dressed...hahaha! Sam also made me realize that mum could tell me, "NO!" and it was okay, she wasn't going to hurt me. Now my tail is hardly ever tucked and even when it is, I recover very quickly.

It sure has been a good year for me, Aunt Sidney. I know that now and I am so very happy that I'm in my forever home... well, at least with mum and dad I am, since we're all going to move soon to the new house. They built a big dog yard for us and put in a dog door so we can go in and out any time we want. And also, there are lots of people in the canyon who have dogs, including my friends Mookie and Frannie that we walk with sometimes.

Also Aunt Sidney, mum says that we Desert Airedales are the only thing that kept her sane during all the construction; we make her laugh even when she's pulling her hair out. We hope you will come to visit us in the new place sometime. And bring the handsome boy, Jack. I like him and I know he likes me!

With lots and lots of Airehugs and Airekisses and mountains of thanks, Lillydale



! It's me, Ethan, the puppy who's blind. I was born on Oct. 30, 2004 in a large litter of 16 pups. Unfortunately, we all got sick and half of my litter mates died, as the medicine we got first didn't work. The rest of us got better medicine and we survived. When I was six-and-a-half weeks, the people who bred the litter, noticed I couldn't see when they took us out of the whelping. Everyone else ran around, but I just froze. They were caring enough to give me a chance at a good life by calling ATRA. I'm sure glad they did, as I've overheard my Mum saying some people think that pups who are born blind should be put down.

On Dec. 29, 2004, I came to my Mum, only she thought she was just going to be my foster Mum then. I was kinda scared and very sick as I had ear mites. The worms I had caused me to throw up in the night. Mum took me to the vet the next day though, and I got meds and shots, so soon I was feeling much better. The vet noticed immediately that I was blind and he told my Mum I had cataracts. He also told my Mum that I had a very loud heart murmur. The vet wanted to see me in a week to make sure I was doing okay. Happily, at my next vet visit, my heart murmur, worms and ear mites had gone away. Mum said that it was amazing what love, good nutrition, exercise, and prayer can accomplish. I continued to do better in my new home, learning my way around and playing with my brothers and sisters. I especially enjoyed playing with my cat brother, Card, who was the same size (8 pounds) as I was. That didn't last long though as I got bigger and I also have a Chinoak brother named Scout and a Labrador brother named Kenzie who is Mum's guide dog. Did I mention that Mum is blind, too? She was born with cataracts and glaucoma. Her vision was stable until she was 23, when it went fast. She can only see less than 10 feet ahead of her! Mum studied psychology in college and loved dogs and decided to teach Kenzie to be her service dog. Mum used clicker training and quickly taught Kenzie to pick up the telephone and bring it to her! That is why Barbara Mann called Mum and asked her to foster me.

Mum helped me learn how to get around and deal with not being able to see well. She gave me toys that made noise, put bells on Kenzie and Scout when we all went outside. I learned that I was just a normal guy who couldn't see, but I could do whatever I set my mind to. Just like my Mum.

Mum raised me like she would any other puppy, making sure I met lots of people. She said the hardest thing she had to do was also the most important...letting me make my own mistakes (within reason): run into the table leg, fall off the couch, misplace my toy and let me find it on my own by smelling for it. She said that these things would help me adapt and that I shouldn't be coddled, even though she winced when I ran into stuff, and wanted to help me when I needed it, she let me try and do it myself a few times first, before she stepped in.

One day I heard Mum say to dad that through having me, she understood what her family went through with her. She thought they were always trying to fix her eyes when she felt nothing was broken. She was who she was. Now, Mum understands that her family just wanted the best for her, as she wants the best for me.

On Valentine's Day I went to the vet at Ohio State. They told my Mum that they didn't know how well I'd eventually see and what I'd be able to do with my vision. It was then that she said that she was adopting me, and I went from Ethan ATRA to Ethan Thompson. What made Mum decide was that the human vets didn't know what her eyesight would be like when she was my age either, but her Mum didn't give up on her, so she wasn't about to give up on me!

As it turned out, when we went back to the OSU vets a month later, my eyes had gotten so much better that the vets said surgery would probably do more harm than good. My Mum's eyesight is similar as they never removed the cataract in her one eye either for the same reason. Recently, Mum noticed me rubbing my eye with my paw and that I was tearing a lot. Mum took me to the vet and they said I have entropion, where my eye lids rub on my eye. The vet said it is because my eyes are smaller than they should be, and that Mum should see the dog eye doctor again. So, I may have to have surgery after all, but my eye doctor says that since I'm still growing and my entropion is only moderate, I may grow out of it. (that is my eyes may grow to catch up with my eye lids).



So that is my story and I am 8 months old now. I spend my days happily playing with my family, exploring new places, and learning new things from Mum. She and I like to play this game called 'obedience' where Mum teaches me stuff, and we practice doing it together. Not a day goes by when I don't love life, laugh, learn and have fun. I especially love to run through the tunnel and jump through the tire jump at my Puppy II class. Here is a photo of me and Mum relaxing at home. Mum and I make an awesome team!

I'd also like to thank: Barbara Mann for hooking me up with my Mum, Trudy Greco and my Grandma and Grandpa Thompson for taking me to my Mum, The Iskies for taking me to Columbus to see the eye vets; and my dad, Dan, for having such a big heart and allowing Mum to make me a permanent member of the family. Thanks, all of you, very much. Ethan

p.s. I want to make it quite clear that Mum's dog Kenzie (and my buddy) was trained for her by Guiding Eyes for the Blind, and once they got home Mum used clicker training to teach him service dog tasks. Mum did NOT train him to be her guide dog and wants to make that very clear and give credit where credit is due. Mum and Guide Kenzie were Guiding Eyes for the Blind June 2001 Graduates. Mum started training at Cleveland All-Breed, after she had been training Kenzie on her own for more than a year. Kenzie (really Dreamforge Kensington Prime, CD [- WOW! I hope my name is never that long, I might be late for dinner!]) earned his companion dog title at the Richland County Kennel Club segment of the Crown Classic shows at Cleveland's International Exposition Center. The only concession made for Mum in competition is that she asked the ring stewards to tell the judges that she is blind, so they would give her voice commands instead of hand signals.

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We Get Letters



Dodger has definitely settled in as if he'd always been here, but you would have laughed so hard your sides ached if you'd been here at bedtime on Friday night. Al (hubby) was on-call all last week and had to stay in the city, so the first time he and Dodger met was on Friday night. That went wonderfully right up until we tried to go to bed. Dodger just could not understand why this man was in my bed. It had been just him, me and Donnie all week. He tried trampling and then generally harassing Al to the point where there was no way Al was going to get to sleep. When I tried to get in, it took some doing - Dodger kept trying to stay in between me and Al. That doesn't leave a whole heck of a lot of room! When I finally got in, Dodger proceeded to trying to pull all the blankets off the bed, then my pillow and then finally, me! He got a hold of my pajama top and wouldn't let go - just kept tugging. Dear God it was funny! I was laughing so hard I could hardly hang on to the bed and definitely had no oxygen left to try and tell him to cut it out. Oh, for a video-recorder, eh? It was just so hysterically funny! He was so determined that I not sleep with this 'stranger' and kept it up for almost 3/4 of an hour. I think he finally just tired out. Last night he didn't bother with us at all. Just laid down beside the bed and passed out.

Jo - IA

Hannibal continues to thrive. He's excellent with "sit" and very good with short stays (either when he's waiting for permission to eat his food or restraining himself from bugging Princess when she eats)--you need to maintain pretty good contact with him on the stay.

He continues to walk all over Princess--chewing on her neck, ear, climbing on her. They spend much time in escalating "conversations"--sometimes I think the louder we turn the tape player, radio, or TV, the louder their "conversations" become. I heard Donald saying to Princess the other day, "You can't use that voice tone with him--you need to use a deeper voice--use more authority." Princess will regularly find places to "escape"--the couch, Donald's chair, upstairs, out on the deck. But I have caught her on occasion going up to him, start him up, and then come and play on sympathy with us--never a dull moment with Airedales.

Sally - MA

Keeper came from a shelter in Southern Ohio as a one year old wild child. Neither rain, nor sleet, nor snow will keep a rescue worker from their work, which was proved as he went through all three to get from the shelter to his new foster home one gloomy December day. On January 1, 1999

I met up with foster mom to bring the big goof home and my life has never been the same. He would be the poster child for Airedales as clowns and his best trick is to open the refrigerator.

He is mellowing a tiny bit as he gets older and will now sit next to me on the couch and put his cheek next to my face for nuzzles. He currently shares me with rescue brothers Sam & Augie.

Linda - IO



I don't know if I ever sent you Robin's poem or not. She wrote it in 4th grade, the year we got Bridgit, six and a half years ago.

Bridgit is doing well. She is sprawled out as large as she can make herself on the love seat in our family room right now next to where I work on the computer. Legs hanging off and twitching, probably chasing a squirrel, and snoring

Marianne - MD

Bridgit

by Robin Perry

I have a dog named Bridgit,
And, believe me, she's no midgit.
She bounds through the air,
As if she has no care.

She eats salad and deer poop,
And all kinds of gloop.
She rolls in dead fish,
Then gives you a kish.

She lies on the bed,
And always whacks her head.
She sits on Dad's lap
Though she's big as a map.

She steals my socks
Then sits back on her hocks.
My wonderful dog
Who rolls in the bog.

Bridgit... Ain't no midgit.



This is Holley. She came to me through Alaska Airedale Rescue in 1995. My friends in rescue knew that I had recently lost my great old Airedale girl. I was still devastated over the loss of my friend, but when Holley rolled over to have her belly rubbed, I was a goner. She "worked" with me in an office for several years (her job was greeting people and tracking mud into the office).

When we left that job, she passed her CGC and became a therapy dog at the local senior center. Holley is retired from therapy at the age of 13, but still likes to dress up on occasion. Her jobs now include keeping critters out of her yard, trying to impart her therapy knowledge to the other two 'dales in the family and keeping her humans in line.

RESCUE DOGS RULE!

Jan - AK

Well, we have reached our one year anniversary of adopting Jazz. He continues to be a handful, but he is loving, good-natured and funny. In spite of his bad habit of eating anything he can get in his mouth, he is wonderful company and has made himself part of the family. Of course, we watch him constantly so he gets loads of attention.

Our previous Airedale would chase squirrels all day long, but Jazz does not like to be out in the yard for long periods of time unless someone is outside with him. Each one is so unique!

Rosemary - NJ



And Pictures!



When two rambunctious puppies became too much for an elderly couple to handle, they tried to return them to the breeder. He refused to take them back (shame on him!) and they ended up in rescue. The sister was adopted quickly, but Calvin waited two months to find a home. We are so happy that we are the family to give him that home because he is an absolute delight. He is 8 months old, 26 in. and 70 lbs. of exuberant, inquisitive, entertaining Airedale. He didn't have many manners at first but he learns quickly and is eager to please. He's also stubborn and opinionated, but what Airedale isn't? He loves other dogs so we'll be looking to adopt a buddy for him soon. Calvin is our fourth Airedale and we would have a dozen of them if we could. Life just isn't complete without them! *The Frieling Family — CA*



Maggie is making a good adjustment. She sleeps on the bed I bought her, in our bedroom. She still only kisses my grandchildren, which she loves. Thanksgiving was a great day for Maggie. She spent the day with 13 of my grandchildren and she had a blast. They took her for a long walk and they played with her. She was so exhausted when we got home, she fell asleep and did not wake up until the next day.

Thank you for everything, *Claire - MA*

Abby is by my side asleep as I write. I am working from home today. She is still a pain on walks, and you can't leave any food within reach on a table or counter, but she is otherwise one of the best-behaved Airedales we have had. She is not destructive when we are home, and she crates politely when we leave.

She has acquired more privileges than previous Airedales: she sleeps either next to the bed or on the bed. Abby is the world's greatest alarm clock, and she's accurate too: she seems to know when I need to be up at 6 am, and when I can sleep till 7 or even 8. Best of all, she's a good nurse and stays with us when we're sick.

In the morning she comes upstairs and plays Gravity. This game, like Jacks, involves taking a ball and placing it at the top of the stairs, then nudging it gently off with the nose, then jumping to one's feet and grabbing the ball before it bounces all the way to bottom. Points for least number of stairs bounced, points for declaring the number of stairs to be bounced, you get the idea.

I've had lots of visitors at the house, young and old, male and female, and Abby is wary but friendly. Best of all she loves the piano and will listen for hours while I play.

Linda - NJ

Riley recently made his first "vacation" trip with us to the Outer Banks. He is a wonderful, sweet dog and has overcome most, if not all, of his fears. Zelda continues to be a real sweetie as well. Both great dogs.

Bob and Mindy - MD

Just a note to let you know that Jack and Daisy are doing swell. We just had our first snow and they are loving it, after playing in the cold, they come in and enjoy lying in front of the fire to warm up. Not hot chocolate, though, just a few biscuits.

God bless the animals!
Lynne and Joe — NJ

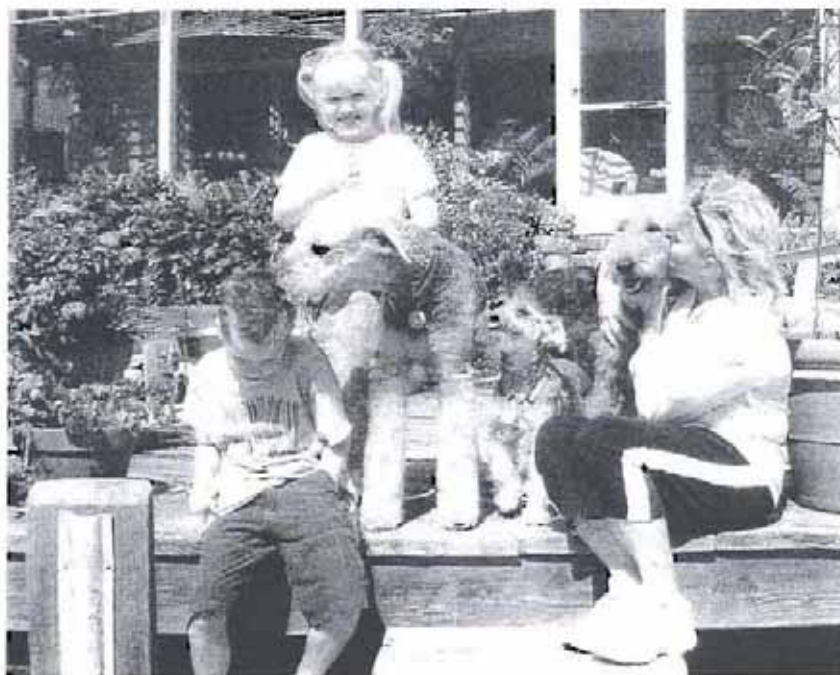
Tallulah is doing well. Still volunteering at the hospital, chewing batteries, Christmas ornaments, etc., and growing accustomed to sharing (grudgingly) with Mabel. Thanks so much for letting us have her - and for all your work...

Tallulah brings us so much joy.

Sincerely, Bonny and Paul — NY

Introducing:

Jackson
Carson
Sophie
Gert
Grace
and
(Mom) Paris
of
Florida



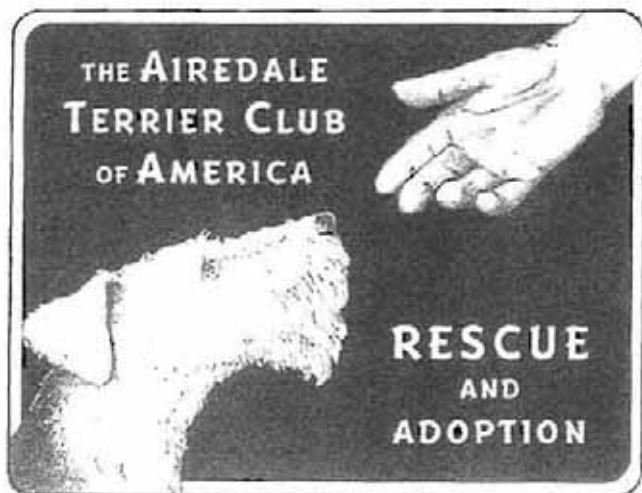
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