



The Black Nose News

The Newsletter of the Old English Sheepdog Rescue of Colorado

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Old English Sheepdog Rescue of Colorado, Inc

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TARA

Good Grief! Another owner turn in. Will they never stop? We got a call from a fellow in Hartsel, a no-stoplight town in South Park, about 50 miles west of Colorado Springs. He was caught up in a divorce, and could we take not one, but two Sheepies? A double header - of course we could. I made arrangements to meet him for the handoff at Mountain Shadows Pet Hospital. The appointed time came and went, no man and no dogs. An hour later they showed up. Turned out the pooches had been out herding the neighbor's livestock, and he could not get them to come back. These guys, at least one of them, were sturdy farm stock, and knew what they were doing out of doors.

Buckley, the male, hopped out of the car, and was ready to go. He looked like he was looking around Mountain Shadows for more cattle to herd. The

female, Tara, was another story, however. She was only 3 years old, but quite stove up in the hips. She had trouble getting out of the Wagoneer, and it would be impossible for her to climb back in under her own power. On the flat she seemed to do fairly well, but I think 'herding' would be a stretch for her - it was probably Buckley that was doing all the work, and she was shouting encouragement to him from the sidelines. She had zilch for strength in the back end.

Buckley was a short termer with us, and soon got adopted out. He could only be termed an "Awesome Dog", with a Paul Newman blue eye that just stared right through you. He was shortly accepted by a perfect family that lived close to Mountain Shadows. Tara was something else, and would be with us a while. She was nearly pure white except for a black spot on her haunches. A delightful girl, she made friends

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Tara was something else, and would be with us for awhile.

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with anyone she met, but she was just gimpy, and had to hurt a lot. Rescue swung into action. First things first - she spent some time at Mountain Shadows getting trimmed, spayed, bathed, and checked out. She seemed to be in good health, except for those darn hips.

Eventually we got her worked in with Dr. Swainson at the Animal Specialty Center in Colorado Springs. This is a full blown hospital for animals - they do orthopedics, internal medicine, pain management, and emergency care. The building never closes. The rehabilitation department even has an exercise pool for recovering dogs. Tara was poked, prodded, looked at, X-rayed and talked to. Mostly, she was loved. The verdict eventually came in - she looked like a prime candidate for hip replacement. Both sides may eventually need it, but we would start with the left side, see how she did, and go from there. There were a couple of problems. One of them was how to care for her after the surgery. Recovery time was about 3 months, and she would need heavy duty care, especially at first. The bigger problem was money.

Dr. Swainson had recently been to a symposium on hip surgery, and had picked up a new way to perform it. He had been involved in several of the procedures, it looked very promising, and he was willing to give us a break in the price as it was still somewhat experimental. It seemed like a win-win situation. Even with this help, it was still a very expensive deal for a Rescue group that is running close to the chest anyway. She was not going to be a cheap date.

So, we cranked up the "plea for funds" machine. A flyer went out to our mailing list. As usual,

the response was grrrrrrreat! We made grant applications to PETCO and United Animal Nations. There was a whole legion of folks with a few bucks to spare that came to the forefront. Thankfully, Dr. Swainson needed some time to "get all the parts" ordered in - some of them came from Germany. It sounded like we were repairing an exotic car. Tara was a young gal, about 3 (way too young for bad hips) and in otherwise good health. It was full speed ahead.

Eventually the money was assembled, the parts were assembled, the surgery team was assembled, the operation was done, very successfully.

There were lots of frayed nerves the day of the procedure.

After the surgery she laid around the Specialty Center for a week or so, in their intensive care area. She spent most of the time just recovering and schmoozing the folks there. They all fell in love with her, which was expected. Some of us in Rescue made trips back and forth to visit her.

So. One of the two major problems had been solved - the surgery was done and mostly paid for. The next was to find someone who

could foster and work with her for a few months while she made a long term recovery. We didn't have to look much further than the end of our nose.

Along the line we had gotten an email from Andrea. She lived in Parker, and was in the midst of a career change. After working in Human Resources for several



years, she finally said "to heck with this, I want to work with animals," gave up her HR job, went back to school to learn about animals, and ended up working for the Animal Specialty Center on weekends. This is where Tara was recovering anyway, so they already knew each other. Talk about the luck of the Irish (or English) that she and Tara ran into each other. Eventually it worked out that Tara would move to Parker with Andrea to be fostered and nurtured back to health. The arrangement could not have

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been better – Andrea was great at doing the leg extensions and exercises that were needed - it was a busman’s holiday for her. We could not have picked a better person to care for the little gal. After about 2 months, Tara was ready to move on to a permanent new home. Just in time, too, as Andrea was in the process of moving to Colorado Springs to be

...they seemed like they had the “Right Stuff!”

closer to her work, and would no longer be able to care for her.

The next project was to find the perfect home for the little girl. We had gotten an application from Frank and Kathy in Taos. The application read well - retired

couple, a home with a courtyard (just what she needed for recovery - no running), had experience with friends Sheepies before, and even took it on vacation with them. Although we had not met them face to face, there were lots of phone calls and pictures back and forth. The more we talked with them, the more they seemed like they had the “Right Stuff.”

Bette called them that Tara was ready to go, they were here almost instantly. We had kept them up to date on the various stages of her recovery, and even though they had never met her, were already in love with her by the time they hit the Springs. They even came up the day before and found Mountain Shadows in the dark so they would know exactly where to go in the morning. Once I met them, it took about 2 seconds to decide

these were THE people for this special dog, and about the same length of time for Tara to decide these were THE people. It was a short introduction, some health instructions, and they were off.

We have kept up with Taras progress over the 5 months she has been in her new home. Frank and Kathy have been great parents, and she is making very good progress. She is quite mobile, and is doing much better at getting in and out of the car. She does not compensate as much now for the other side, and we do not anticipate further surgery. Kathy writes “We don’t know what we did without her – she is such a sweetie!”

Can Rescue ask for more than this? She is in the home she so richly deserves.

CASSIE RIDES THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD

It was the first part of December; we had a busy year in the Rescue, and were looking forward to things slowing down for Christmas. It seems like we had been in a rut: “Owner called, needs to turn in”.....” Owner called, needs to turn in”.... “Owner called, needs to turn in”.....”Newfoundland Rescue called, do we want a Sheepie?” WHOA! SAY WHAT!?

It was hard to get much information, but Newfie Rescue in Denver was about to get a Sheepdog in, and could we take it. “Sure.” It was a breeding female that had come from a puppy mill in Missouri. That’s about all anybody knew at the moment. In a few days, Sally and I met the Newfie Lady in Castle Rock. She came rolling up with two HUGE Newfs stuffed in a Subaru Outback, hopped out, and began sorting through dogs in the car, mumbling “I know there’s a Sheepdog in here someplace.” Sure enough, there was.

What we got was a 7 year old female, not much more than a bag of bones at 50 pounds, legs that didn’t work very well, at least in the rear end, and a sore back - she winced every time we stroked her. Dirty and matted. Smelly. And scared. Just shaking scared. The “Help Me” look in her eyes. We had seen it all before, I’m just not

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There was nothing with her except for a too tight collar that read "268."

sure we had seen so much of it in the same dog. She had truly "had it." It was awful. There was nothing with her except for a too tight collar that read "268". God, surely we could better than that.

It was a cold day. We got Cassie the Sheepie into the back seat with Sally, and agreed to share a cup of coffee with the Newfie lady. Headed for the Starbucks, and then back to the car. We had to talk to the two legged lady to get the story behind the four legged girl. And what a story it was.

Seems that there was a puppy mill in Missouri, near Joplin in the southern part of the state. A well run puppy mill as they go (is that an oxymoron?). They were getting ready to retire some dogs, and had offered them to Rescue groups. The Newfie folks in Kansas City had snapped up theirs, and for some

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reason also picked up Cassie the Sheepie, and took her back to Kansas City. This was the first step for the three of them on their Dog Underground Railroad odyssey. The refugees languished in Kansas City for a while until somebody figured out how to get the three - two Newfs and Cassie, to Denver. No small chore!

For almost any problem any more, the "go to" place is Craigslist. This was no exception. An ad appeared there "Anybody to take 3 dogs to Denver?" Out of the woodwork pops a "Hippie Lady" (according to the Newfie Lady), who was moving west with her dogs, and everything she owned in a Honda Civic. Sure she allowed she had room for three more if they would be willing to give her some

gas money. \$80.00 cash, the three rescue dogs, two of her own, all her belongings and the "Hippie Lady" climbed in the Civic, and was Colorado bound. It must have been quite a sight. The two

ladies met up in Denver, the rescues were offloaded from the Civic to the Subaru, and everybody went their separate way.

It took about 30 seconds for Sally to decide what we REALLY needed in our household was a 7 year old female Sheepie, down in the hips, dirty, smelly, underweight, and scared, with God knows what sort of a background. Yessir, a real bargain! I was sure Kobie, our existing spoiled, overweight, and Master of the Domain Sheepie would be overjoyed. Sure. You Betcha.

The first stop was Mountain Shadows for about a week. Health check. Grooming. Spaying. Inoculations. Rich diet to gain some weight. X-rays of hips. Teeth cleaning, with 3 bad ones removed. The next stop was Sarah Fricke, the

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trainer and behaviorist. We wanted the introduction of the two dogs to go smoothly, and it did.

Finally it was on to her new home. We were awed at how smoothly things went at first. Kobie seemed somewhere between delighted and wary to have a new housemate, but mostly delighted. Cassie mostly felt like crap - she was still recovering from the spaying, her teeth were having trouble healing and kept bleeding, she was tired from the last month or so of travel and new surroundings. She and Sally spent most of the next couple of weeks just sitting (Sally) and laying (Cassie) on the couch. The poor dog would get up to eat, and then go back to bed. It was just what was needed. We worked hard at keeping Kobie King of the Hill, and made sure he got lots of attention, walks of his own, and tons of praise.

He was a perfect gentleman, and seemed to understand that his new roommate might be a little down right now, but things would get better.

And get better they did. We have now had her in the house about 3 months. She has gained 10 pounds, and is now at prime weight. The x-rays of her hips did not show anything abnormal, so we made a trip into Dr. Gaynor, the local animal pain specialist. She is now on pain medication, and is walking much better, and feeling much better. She can run as fast as Kobie, albeit with a funny gait. We think she probably did not have much of a chance to run before - she just loves to go like the wind for the heck of it. Kobie has continued to be a perfect Big Brother, and is showing her the ropes, both good and bad. We found that after living in a kennel for 7 years, and not doing anything but producing

puppies, she had zilch for life's experiences.

Didn't know anything about Milk Bones, loud noises, backyards, grass, snow, playing, neighbors in their back yard next door, and just the happenings of a household. We think she desperately wanted to love, but had never had the opportunity. Cassie follows us around the house more than any dog we have ever had, and is perpetually ready for any kind of attention. We find that she especially likes face rubs, and wonder if that comes from licking the faces of untold numbers of her own babies. She has settled into our household as if she had been here all her life.

It has been a perfect match. Sally and I love having her around, Kobie has a magnificent playmate, and she has a family to love her. A win-win-win situation all around.

TWOFERS = HAPPY HOUR

There is a saying among the bar crowd that "all girls are beautiful after midnight." This is the story of a couple of beautiful girls, before midnight or after.

It was a time when we were floating in Sheepdogs. Sophie and Jasper had come to us together - Sophie was about 4 years old, Jasper a little younger, and both of them had been rescues from Katrina. They lived a peaceful life for a couple of years after the flood together, but their owner found herself in the middle of a divorce, and needed to give them up, so they landed back in Rescue.

We tried to place them together, but it was just not in the cards. Jasper left us shortly for a new home in Castle Rock.

Sophie was a lovely young girl, and attracted a lot of interest. She was Sheepie through and through.

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It didn't take long for them to get Jeremiah and Doreen whipped into shape...

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Along the way we had gotten an application from Jeremiah and Doreen - they were "rebounders", having lost their Sheepdog only a week before. Things looked good - a ranch near Kremmling, horses, home most of the time. All in all, a pretty impressive resume. There was no one in the area to do a home check, but photos were exchanged, lots of emails and phone calls, it all looked good. They made the long trek down, and as predicted, immediately fell in love with Sophie, and it was a done deal. Just for grins, while they were here we got out one of the other dogs we had in, Misty. Jeremiah and Doreen immediately went into overload, and wanted to take Misty home as well. (Haven't we all been there and wanted to grab all the Sheepies in sight?)

As delicately as possible I explained that no, we only adopt one dog at a time. We talked about the difficulties of bringing two dogs home at once, the bonding, the confusion, and all the other reasons not to do

it. They reluctantly agreed, and piled Sophie in the truck, but part of their heart was left in the kennel with Misty. Part of Sophie was left at the kennel, too.

Sophie immediately started having problems in her new home. She was not eating, nor drinking, seemed lethargic and just laid around - very unSheepdog like behavior. She was just not thriving. They took her to the vet for IV's to keep her from getting dehydrated and kept experimenting with different kinds of food. Jeremiah and Doreen really put their heart into her, but nothing seemed to work. Finally, with the help of their veterinarian, the general consensus was that Sophie was just plain ole lonesome. It made sense - she had been living with Jasper for quite a while, and was very accustomed to having a playmate around and then became an only dog. Just lonesome. Needed some company.

Rules are made to be broken.

An easy fix. Sophie was pining for a playmate. Jeremiah and Doreen wanted Misty in the worst way.

Misty needed a new home. A no brainer.

Stuck Misty in the car, and headed for Denver, about midway for both of us. Sophie rode down with the uprights from Kremmling to meet up. Misty and Sophie were acquainted from being in the kennel together, and it was like old home week for them. They swapped a few stories about what was going on back at the kennel, and what life was like at the ranch, and it was off to the mountains.

Sophie immediately started eating, gaining back the weight she had lost, and acting like a Sheepdog should act. Misty got right into stride of being out the in the country, and keeping Sophie company. It didn't take long for them to get Jeremiah and Doreen whipped into shape - in talking with Doreen a few months after, she said "We live in their house now." Just the kind of comments we like to get from parents we like to work with.

PS: See Misty's article on page 8

ODDS AND ENDS

OES RESCUE UPDATE: Another year comes to an end with OES Rescue. About 25 pooches went on to new homes. We logged in 150 inquiries, ranging from dogs that need to be turned in, to folks wanting information about a specific dog. There were an additional 150 or so applications. That seems like a lot of applications, but there are a lot that we can't use. Because of the wide range of the internet, we get a lot of applications from folks a long ways away (California, Florida, New York, Canada, etc.) that would make for really difficult placements. We have been fortunate not to have flown

a dog this year. Sometimes it takes some looking, but we have been able to place dogs within driving distance. That works much better - we want to get to know the new homes and new uprights before sending out a pooch willy nilly. There has been a lot of press lately about dogs in trouble because their owners are in trouble due to the current financial situation. We have been very lucky, and have had only a few of those.

COOKBOOKS: You want'em. We got'em. Lots of ideas for entertaining this summer. \$15.00 gets one delivered to your door. They make a great last minute

gift for any occasion. Drop Bette a note at 4360 Wileys Road, Peyton, CO 80831, or go to our website www.oesrescueofcolorado.org, and do the whole thing online. Thanks for helping our organization.

STUFF YOU NEVER KNEW (OR THOUGHT ABOUT) BUT SOMEBODY MAY ASK YOU SOME DAY: Tripping over pets and their paraphernalia causes 86,629 emergency room visits per year. 88% of the falls are dog related, the rest chalked up to cats. 25% of the dog related falls involved walking the animal.

Jackie's Journeys

By Jackie Slater, a regular columnist For the Black Nose News

DREAMS

Everyone has dreams of what they would like to do with their life. Dreams always seem to keep changing, as we grow older and more mature. My dreams are certainly different from when I was a child. They are even different from when I was raising my children.

One constant entity has always remained in my dreams. I always have included an Old English Sheepdog.

As I have told readers in the past, my world stops on a dime when I see a big shaggy-headed face with a big black nose. I was driving down a neighborhood street, a few weeks ago, when I noticed a Sheepdog in a yard. Of course, I slowed down, and noticed the dog was in full coat, bouncing around the yard, seemingly happy to share life with the black Chow it was with. When I got home, I told my husband about the Sheepee, as he is almost as loopy over Sheepies as I am. As I got to thinking, I remembered that house belonged to one of my former customers (an older man, a widower), from the grocery store where I worked. Now, I'm thinking, I wonder if the old fellow still lives there. Should I go knock on the door? What would I say? I guess I'm a little shy about such things. I don't want to appear to be nosy. Then again, I could tell them about the wonderful groomer I take my dogs to. I could tell them about the Old English Sheepdog online discussion list I love. I could talk to them about the Sheepdogs I have known over the years. I could tell them about Old English Sheepdog Rescue of Colorado. I'll be driving slowly past that house. If ever I see anyone, I'll

have to stop to say hello.

Back to our dreams: My husband and I have been clinging to a dream of spending our latter years in Hawaii. As most of you know, we have two Old English Sheepdogs, Watson and WatLEE. They are both a little over six years of age. We would never consider leaving them behind, should we be able to move to Hawaii. So, out of curiosity, I felt the need to find out if my wonderful breed of choice would be a good Hawaiian sheepdog.

After a little discussion with one of the members of the online list, I found that she knew a couple of fellows who moved to the Big Island to start a Bed and Breakfast. They share their lives with an Old English Sheepdog and a Pembroke Welsh Corgi! Wow! She put me in

I always have included an Old English Sheepdog

touch with them and we exchanged a few emails and pictures of our dogs. If anyone is going to be staying on the Big Island, I'm sure Jerry and Todd would love to hear from you. The web site is: www.CocoNutCottageHawaii.com. I pumped them for information on how the flight went for the dogs and how well they made in through the Hawaiian Quarantine Laws. Of course, I had to know if they had taken the dogs to see the ocean!

The point to my story is: I really wanted to find out how adaptable OES's are to a tropical climate. I found out. I might want to learn a little more about how to keep my dog's hair cut short. I have always

been self-taught when it comes to grooming my Sheepdogs. I even had one dog that was so afraid of the groomer; I had to sit on the floor for hours with a pair of kitchen shears, to cut his very long and unmanageable fur. He looked a little choppy for a few days, but I was able to comb it out and fluff it up so he was presentable. So I'll learn to use clippers and pray that I won't make any mistakes. Okay, I know, the fur will grow back. I'm not so sure about ears. The money I save on not sending the dogs out to be groomed I'll spend on year round Revolution, a parasiticide I use on the dogs during the warm months in Colorado to repel mosquitoes, ticks, lice and fleas.

It's very exciting to meet fellow OES lovers. I think it's time to go for a walk to see what my old customer has to say about Sheepdogs.



Misty – How She Got Here

On page 5 of this issue, we tell you about the adoption of a dog named Misty. Where she came from is also worthy of a story.

We got a call from a fellow in Denver, needed to turn a dog in. He explained he was in the midst of a divorce, the dog had been ignored for several months, and the kind thing to do would be to give her a fresh start. He also noted that Misty was originally one of Chris Boyers dogs. Chris was a well known breeder and dog show participant in Colorado, and produced excellent dogs. Unfortunately, she was lost to cancer several years ago, but her dogs are still around, and we have a soft spot in our hearts for them. We have handled several of her progeny over the years, they are always great dogs, and



go on to great homes. Misty would not be an exception. She eventually arrived at Mountain Shadows Pet Hospital. Dirty, matted, been tied up outdoors, confused, lonesome, but with a delightful personality and a grand spirit. The big surprise came when Andrea was grooming her. Misty's back end was tightly matted, and underneath the hair was a layer of maggots that were making sores in the flesh. Not a



pretty sight. She felt better immediately when the hair came off, and with liberal applications of salves and antibiotics, the sores eventually healed. The Colorado State Humane Society was notified, who followed up with the previous owner concerning animal cruelty. This is truly what Rescue is all about. We took a dog that was unwanted, unloved, and abused, and got her into a home where she will be loved, cared for, and petted. A LOT. She came from a wonderful birth home, got into a bad situation through no fault of her own, and came out smelling like a rose. We love it when a story turns out like this.

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SAVE THE DATE!

**Old English Sheepdog Rescue is having a fund raiser
in Colorado Springs on Sunday, June 28**

We'll have the agility run set up (give your Best Friend a run around the course!), and lot of Sheepee items for sale and an auction. Bring your pooch, and strut your stuff! Tell others how wonderful your dog is. We'll be at SB Grace Ranch and Rescue, 9210 Morgan Road, in Black Forest (north of Colorado Springs). If you have anything you would like to donate to be auctioned off, let us know. Does anybody have any copies of "The Legend of the Rainbow Bridge" they would like to donate? We would love to have them. We look forward to see you on Sunday, June 28. Mark your calendars now!