



Minnesota Wisconsin Collie Rescue

Finding new hope and new homes for homeless collies.

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**MWCR Newsletter,
February 2013
Volume 2, Issue 2**

Therapy Dog Dreams . . .

By Willie Riegger and Friend

Willie rubbed a trembling paw over his eye and down across his Collie snout. Dawn crept into the room, unnoticed by the softly snoring kitties on the tall bed he lay next to. His Friend, snuggled way up there beneath a green and pink flowered quilt, the one she kept telling him not to nibble on, kicked a leg free from beneath the blankets, her steady breathing unchanged. Willie tried to calm himself by matching his breaths with hers. Today must be what humans called “the weekend.” No clanging alarm clock, no bowl of kibble set groggily in front of him by Friend. He rose, circled three times on his new Christmas bed, and plopped back down to ponder the dream he’d just woken from. Willie stretched his tongue toward the corner of the quilt kicked free by Friend’s toes. She had whispered something last night about him helping people feel better by becoming a Therapy Dog, reaching down to scratch his ear just before he dozed off. Maybe that was why Heidi and Fritz had come to visit him in his sleep, filling his mind full of worries and jarring him into this anxiety.



Willie stopped sucking at the cotton binding as he turned his head to gaze at a bone-shaped picture frame that perched on a shelf between stacks of books. Inside was a snapshot of two dogs that used to live with Friend. Both dogs were smiling, wearing bandanas tied around their necks, and they sat in a field of Texas bluebonnets. Friend had said that Heidi, the shepherd-husky mix on the left, was a serious and loyal girl, and that Fritz, the Golden-colored, long-nosed guy with big pointed ears, was always “full of himself,” whatever that meant. And that they were both Therapy Dogs, just like she thought Willie might like to be.

He unfolded long legs and stepped off his bed, nails clicking on polished wood as he walked to the bookshelf. He sat in front of the bone frame and then twisted to glare at his tail. That noise always escaped from down there after he snuck into the basement to eat from the cat bowls.

Or if he felt nervous. This time, he knew it wasn’t the cat food causing his tummy to gurgle. It was because Friend wanted him to be a Therapy Dog like Heidi and Fritz had been. But he’d tried to make people feel good in the homes he used to live in, and he wasn’t any good at it.

He was just a Collie who’d grown up on an Indian reservation. He’d learned how to catch rabbits and squirrels to feed himself and how to crawl into abandoned sheds to find shelter from cold weather, because his Indian family didn’t always have enough money to take care of themselves, much less worry about his needs. The two little Indian boys Willie loved so much cried because sometimes they didn’t get enough food to eat either, and he had tried to make them feel better when they buried their faces into his neck, tears soaking into his fur. But then a social worker made arrangements for Willie to leave, on the same day that she took the sobbing children away from their home in a government car.

(Cont’d on page 2)

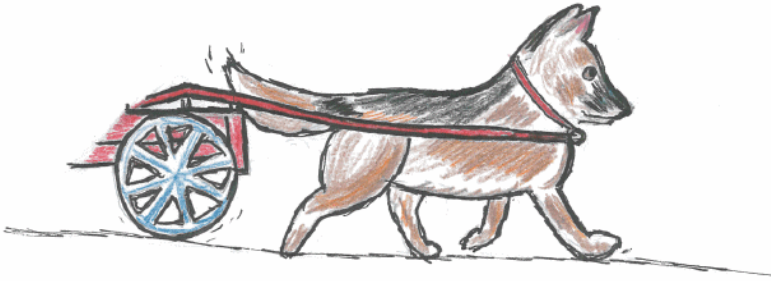
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Rescue Line: 612-869-0480
mwcr.org



Therapy Dog Dreams . . . (Cont'd from page 1)

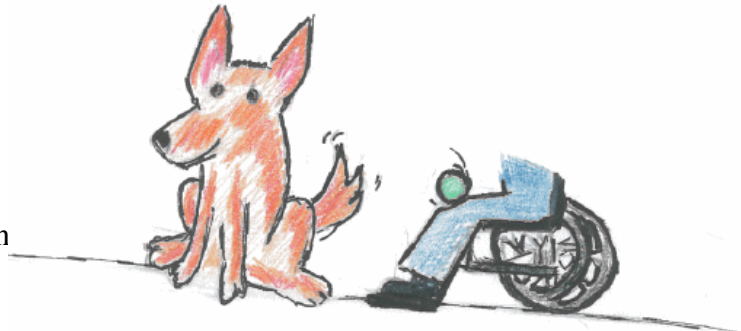
The Collie Rescue lady who came to take Willie away brought him to a different house and taught him how to eat dry food from a bowl on the floor and gave him a soft cushion to sleep on. Just when he started feeling comfortable spending his days and nights with her, she drove him to yet another house and left him with a red-haired man and a woman with two blonde children peeking from behind her jean-clad legs. Shortly after he'd arrived at this new house, the little girl had taught him how to shake paws as they hid in her bedroom, door closed to muffle the angry voices ricocheting from the walls downstairs. Pretty soon these children began to cry a lot, just like the Indian children had done. He had let these kids sob into his fur, too, but then the woman said he had to leave so that she could move into an apartment. That's when Friend came to visit him. She brought him to her house and told him it was his "forever home."



He nosed the frame into a shaft of sunlight on the shelf. In his dream last night, Heidi had been pulling a wagon with low sides down a hallway. Lying face down on the wagon, his hand clutching Heidi's leash as she strutted in front of the improvised sled, was a small boy with sparkling eyes. He wore a backward-opening shirt that didn't completely cover the bandages layered over his spine. A human in green clothes walked next to the

wagon, pushing a metal pole with bags and tubes that connected to the boy's body. Heidi looked out of the dream at Willie. "See? I'm part Husky, and I know how to pull this wagon so the little guy can pretend he's a musher." Willie blinked the pretty black and tan dog from his mind and sighed, slumping to the floor, curling his legs beneath him. Maybe pulling a wagon made Heidi a good Therapy Dog, but Willie didn't know how to pull a wagon.

He rolled his eyes up toward the frame to gaze at that cocky looking Fritz. Fritz had showed off in Willie's dream, wagging his golden tail while a seated circle of white-haired women dropped a tennis ball for him to pick up and bring back to them. Fritz had woofed at Willie, "Watch me." He picked the ball up with his mouth, squeezed his body between the wall and a woman with sequins on her sweatshirt and red acrylic nails gracing her blue-veined hands, pausing long enough to get a good ear scratching, before prancing toward a wheelchair in the center of the room.



Fritz stopped next to the heavyset bald man propped upright by pillows, chin resting on a food-encrusted bib. Strings of drool leaked from the man's mouth, pooling onto gnarled hands clenched in his lap. Fritz glanced over his shoulder to make sure he had Willie's attention, then moved forward to rest his head on the man's knee, opening his mouth to let the tennis ball settle softly near the man's hands. Fritz's tail swished. Back and forth. Back and forth. He pushed his nose beneath the man's contracted fist. The feathered tail swept the floor. Back and forth. One of the man's fingers twitched and poked the ball from his lap. The human in green clothes stepped back into Willie's dream, squatting next to the couch. "It looks like Mr. Duffy is trying to toss the ball for you." She rose and patted Fritz on his flank. "What a good boy." Fritz turned to grin at Willie. "See? I'm part Golden Retriever, and I know how to play ball with people so they forget their troubles." Willie groaned and lowered the weight of his head onto his paws, closing his eyes, trying to erase Fritz from his thoughts. Maybe knowing how to retrieve tennis balls made Fritz a good Therapy Dog, but Willie didn't like balls all that much.

(Cont'd on page 3)



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Therapy Dog Dreams . . . (Cont'd from page 2)

Knowing how to catch a squirrel for dinner wasn't going to help children smile. Being able to shake paws wasn't going to make him a good Therapy Dog. He didn't know how to pull a wagon or play with tennis balls. Willie stood up and slunk back to his bed, circling three times before letting his legs collapse beneath him. A whimper escaped his lips as his teeth grasped the damp edge of Friend's quilt. He loved it here, just him and Friend and the kitties. He nibbled harder on the soggy material. Would he have to leave here, too, if he still couldn't make people happy? Willie listened to Friend's breathing. In and out. He let his eyes droop shut. In and out. He drifted into restless sleep.

Heidi jumped back into Willie's dream, leaping through a painted tire strung between two poles. "I was an Agility star," Heidi said. "Until I had to have knee surgery. That's when Friend started bringing me to hospitals so we could see if I liked making sick children smile. She knew I needed a job, but I couldn't jump through tires anymore." Heidi cocked her head at Fritz, tongue dangling as he wriggled tummy-up in the grass, scratching his backside on the ground. "Then Fritz got sick himself and had to start taking medicine. After that he didn't want to go visit old people anymore. Friend told him it was fine with her if he wanted to lie around on the couch all day." Heidi's eyes bored deep into Willie's. "The children you used to live with will always remember how much you comforted them when they cried. And Fritz and I watched you when Friend brought you to that hospital Behavioral Unit. The lady in the pajamas who lay next to you and didn't say a word? It was the first time she'd smiled since she had to be checked in there. The curly-headed teenager that ruffled your fur when he thought no one was looking? He asked his counselor the afternoon of your visit if he could help out at an animal shelter if he went back to school." The end of Willie's tail wiggled. "Friend loves you for yourself, no matter what. You bring joy to her, and will bring happiness to many others." Heidi wagged her butt at Willie. "Come on, let's run over to Fritz and make him chase us."

Willie pawed the air as he slept, his feet slapping on invisible ground. An excited whine vibrated in his throat. "Willie." A finger rubbed his nose. "Hey, Stinky." He opened his eyes. Friend's rumpled head leaned over him, flowered quilt wrapped around her shoulders. She smiled at him. "Have you been in the kitty food again? And what in the world are you dreaming so hard about?"

Author's Note: Willie's TDI Inc. evaluator has noted that Willie is a "Natural-Born Therapy Dog." On January 12th, 2013, Willie successfully completed his final evaluation visit so that he can begin "helping people feel better." Each dog has his/her own unique purpose in life, and Willie is confident he is on the right path to fulfill his own personal destiny by becoming a Therapy Dog.



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**Willie's Therapy Dog Graduating Class. Wait! Therapy Dog?
NOT a Herding Clinic? What's with the sheep?**

Mark Your Calendars!

The Great Lakes Pet Expo!!!

Wisconsin Exposition Center
State Fair Park
West Allis, WI
Saturday February 2nd
10 AM to 5 PM



Collies Only Specialty Event

Cudahy Kennel Club
February 2nd and 3rd
Saint Francis, WI 53235



Better In Show – Take 10 Friday February 8th



BonTon's Community Days Event! (see more details on page 19)

SALE DATES: Friday March 1 and Saturday March 2, 2013



10th Annual Twin Cities Pet Expo

Saturday March 23, 2013 – 9 AM to 6 PM
Sunday March 24, 2013 – 10 AM to 5 PM
Minneapolis, MN



Collie Club National Herding Trials, Agility Events, Conformation Judging

March 30 – April 6, La Crosse, WI. We would like to staff a booth throughout this event. If you are available to help, please contact tlibro@hotmail.com.

Another Buyer Beware Warning . . .

An MWCR member recently sent us this link to a YouTube video about a specific brand of rolled rawhide chews: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vIzZvWgXz-w>. In the video, the speaker relates having soaked one of the rolled chews in water for several hours to soften it. When he unrolled the softened chew, he found that the chew was not rawhide throughout but contained a core of multiple pieces of an unknown substance. He is not sure exactly what was rolled up inside the chew, but he thought that whatever it was smelled caustic and did not appear to be made of rawhide.

After other MWCR members saw the video, they added their own cautionary tales about the dangers of dogs' choking on rawhides. Intestinal blockages are also possible. Another issue is that rawhides prepared outside the U. S. are often cleaned with arsenic-based solutions. Flavored rawhides can cause intestinal issues when the flavor crystals clump together. Several members recommended that Collies stick to antlers for their chewing pleasure, though not the split antlers that are available from some vendors.

Thank you to the MWCR members who passed along this information.

This Valentine's Day, Pledge Your Heart to Collies . . .

WANTED: MWCR Supporters, Donors, Members, etc to pledge any amount per dog adopted during the coming year. Because you care, pledge your heart and dollars FOR every Collie adopted to ensure that all future Collies have the funds available to help them find their forever homes too! If you pledge \$1 per dog, and 100 dogs are adopted in 2013, at the end of the year you will owe \$100. If 20 people make this same pledge, MWCR would get \$2,000. You can choose to pay quarterly or semi-annually throughout the year, or pay as one lump sum in December 2013. NOTE: pledges paid are tax-deductible.



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Thanks to that Microchip . . .

The Duluth (MN) **News Tribune** recently printed a story about a dog named Endo, a 115-pound Mastiff who wound up in Superior WI after he went off on a nighttime misadventure from his home in Cape Coral FL. Fortunately, Endo had been microchipped, and when he showed up at Animal Allies Humane Society in Superior WI, shelter staff checked for a chip and then tracked down Endo's owners in FL.



According to the **News Tribune** article, Endo had previously lived in Cape Coral with a family who adopted him from someone who could no longer afford to feed him. His new owners had had Mastiffs before and loved the breed, which is gentle and good with children. The family also had two other dogs, a Pug and a yellow Lab. One night in May 2011 Endo and the Lab broke out of the fenced yard, and a neighbor witnessed the Lab's being attacked by an alligator that made its home in one of the canals typical of the Cape Coral area. When Endo didn't come home, his family assumed that he too had fallen victim to an alligator. But Endo survived, and through a series of events pieced together by the shelter ended up living in northwestern WI.

Someone in Cape Coral found Endo after he escaped from his yard, but he wasn't checked for a microchip. So Endo started off on the first leg of his 1500-mile journey, traveling with a new family to the Twin Cities. When that family could no longer keep Endo, they found a home for him in Duluth, and eventually he was given away again to someone in Superior. While he was living in Superior, Endo went off on another adventure and this time ended up at Animal Allies.

Endo had a collar but no tags, and when the staff checked for a microchip, as they always do when a stray comes into the shelter, they found a chip registered to the family in Cape Coral. Shelter staff said that Endo had been well cared for and it was obvious he hadn't walked the 1500 miles from FL to WI. Once the chip revealed where Endo belonged, shelter staff contacted the owners and also found someone headed to FL who offered Endo a ride.

Thanks to that microchip, Endo is back in Florida to live with the Pug and a Great Dane, along with two young boys, one of whom wasn't yet born when Endo left. The family says they have reinforced the fence around their yard—no more nighttime escapes for Endo.



Reminder about microchips: It's a good idea to have your dog's microchip checked occasionally since chips can move or can somehow become inactivated. Asking your clinic to check for the chip during an annual visit will let you know that the chip is still there and functioning.

Thank you to Joan Tadisch for this reminder

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Collie-Amities: [events that bring terrible loss or great misfortune as a consequence of the actions of Collies; see *calamities*]



I was sitting in the doorway between the kitchen and living room, and Mom was in the kitchen with foster sister Allie Mae. Willie's keen sense of hearing alerted him to the fact that Allie Mae might be getting a treat and that perhaps he might be missing out on something good. I maintained my position, blocking the path of that big lout. No need to meow, hiss, bat a paw, or spit. All I had to do was sit there, and that 100+ pound beast was cowed, held completely at bay by a scrawny little 10 pound cat not moving a muscle or a whisker. You should have heard the pitiful, high-pitched yelp he squealed, begging for help to move past the Evil Overlord! Pathetic!

-- Spike, the Evil Ruler with the Glowing Eyes

For Christmas, my brother Lance and I each got these dinky little rawhide bones. My parents didn't have the heart to take it away from me until I was finished, so that bone kept me busy all Christmas Day and everyone was so impressed! As a token of my gratitude, while they slept that night I threw up the entire bone, spreading it out over various spots throughout the house. They were so pleased!

Lance didn't care much for his bone, so now I am working on that. For some reason, Mom and Dad won't let me at the thing for more than about 15 minutes at a crack! Sheesh! But they think it is quite a fun game, trying to wrestle it from me! 🐾

-- Lucy



I LOVE having my picture taken! When mom gets out the camera I keep my eye on where she is aiming and run to make sure I get in the shot! Sometimes I am so intent on where Mom is aiming that I don't always watch where I'm going. In the picture here, Mom was planning to take a picture of my sister lying in the snow, and in my eagerness to get in the picture I tripped over Lassie. Ooops, sorry, my bad!

You'd never know what a shy and timid dog I am, but I am a ham for the camera!

-- Rusty (of Collie Isle Winery "Lassie Come Home" Chardonnay Fame http://www.benefitwines.com/mwcr_s/461.htm?Click=4667)

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And the Collies are *Still* Celebrating Winter and the Holidays!



Penny & Cooper Bemis with Grandma and Mom



Laddie Luke & Emily Gibson



Santa Penny Bemis



Foster Dog Belle



The Scopp Family Collies: Hogan, McDuff, Chloe, Stella, Belle



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Paw Prints on Our Hearts . . .

By Steve and Melissa Dorman

We met MacGuinness (“Mac”) in 2004 at the Collie Frolic. We had decided to get a companion dog for our Golden Retriever, Callie, and having been raised with Collies, I lobbied heavily in that direction. After spending a lot of time on the MWCR website, my wife took a shine to Mac, and we headed north from Iowa to check out the Frolic scene. And it was quite a scene...I’d never seen so many Collies in one place. We met Mac and his foster mom, Mary, and immediately fell in love with him. He was such a big, handsome boy. He was enamored of Callie, maybe because she was the only Golden in the group. He acted protective of her when others got too friendly, and after we’d done the paperwork, he hopped right into the back of our Jeep.

We stopped at my brother’s house in Shakopee, where we almost lost him when he escaped his leash and took off across the neighborhood. Fortunately, he got tired and allowed himself to be caught. We then stopped at my aunt’s in Rochester, where we discovered Mac’s pathological, lifelong obsession with 2-wheeled vehicles. From there, we made our way home to Cedar Rapids IA. Mac barked the entire trip. He was always a very alert traveler.

Mackie was a wild-child in the early years with us, not quite sure he was comfortable, and made a couple yard escapes and forays around our part of town. We learned quickly how fast and how far he could run. We once found him as an uninvited but welcome attendee at a little girl’s mock tea party. He could get a little crazy about a few things, but he was always so very gentle and polite with children, even when they were not polite to him.

He quickly became fiercely protective of his family, his yard, and most especially, his Golden Retriever, Callie. He was the bane of both squirrels, once picking one off a low tree branch, and birds, who drove him to distraction to the extent he broke his leg during one of many leaping and barking attempts to drive them away (an antic we referred to as the “Twist and Shout”). He once stood down two loose, aggressive Mastiffs during one of our daily walks, fluffing himself up into full indignant Collie fury. Large black dogs and giant Poodles were also, for whatever reason, outside the circle of trust.

He tolerated the parade of rescue Golden Retrievers (and two Collies) that we fostered with a sort of detached bemusement. He had a clear hierarchy of pecking order in his mind...humans (usually), him, other Collies, Callie, other dogs, our cat, large black dogs and giant Poodles. He could not be bothered with typical canine silliness...he was quick to gently, but strictly, correct any puppy (or dog) acting in a less than regal manner. For Mac, there was always work to be done.

As the years went by, Mac slowly progressed into a more comfortable and (slightly) relaxed dog. He began to learn to play. He absolutely loved going to the local dog park, trotting around in glorious, flowing sable-coated splendor, chasing low-flying geese over the entire 20-acre expanse, turning temporarily into a Terrier while digging for some unseen small varmint, getting frustrated when he couldn’t quite keep up with the Greyhounds that came out to run.



(Cont'd on page 9)

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Paw Prints . . . (Cont'd from page 8)

He never really understood the “dog” game played by his Golden siblings, but he did try to play. He never really cared for dog toys but, eventually, he learned that paper could be crumpled into a ball that he could catch. He would prance around with that paper teasing the other dogs to play with him. He always gave it up to Callie when she demanded it. He would then come back for more. On occasion, Mac would catch a tossed ball; the ball needed to be smallish and you needed to be pretty close and very clear about where you were tossing it. He was so proud of himself when he caught the ball (we were proud of him, too).

In 2009, we moved to north Texas. We were really concerned with how he would handle the move and the heat. We shouldn't have worried. We bought a house with a large fenced yard, and Mac was in his glory. He loved his new yard and neighborhood. He would sit for hours in the far corner of the yard where he could watch the street through the iron fence, sounding the alarm when anything moved on the street, or if any of the countless neighborhood dogs were feeling talkative. He learned to look for dogs on our walks, and was always disappointed if certain dogs were not out when he walked by. In Texas, Mac became a completely secure, confident dog; he had found his place. As far as the heat, Mac learned to stand on the pool steps to cool himself on the hottest days, while Callie paddled around like the bird dog she was. He didn't like to swim, but was very appreciative of our getting him what must have seemed like the world's largest water dish.

By the beginning of 2012 we found ourselves with two dogs going into their golden years. Both seemed happy and healthy, until last summer. We noticed drops of red in the water dish. It was obviously blood. It took us some time, but we figured out it was coming from Mac's nose. This progressed into intermittent nose bleeds, which was diagnosed as either a burr or cancer. The nosebleeds stopped for a while, but came back with a vengeance in October. After some testing, it was determined to almost certainly be a nasal tumor. He had begun to slow noticeably, and as winter approached was having difficulty breathing and getting up and sitting down, and was unable to take his normal long walk. In December, he would sit in solitude outside most of the day, not showing much interest in anything. It seemed that he was just taking everything in, and maybe checking out a bit because he couldn't hold up his proud end of the household tasks anymore. He did allow us to cuddle him at night. I'm not sure if he really wanted that or if he was doing it for us.

We had lost another younger dog (Buddy, a Golden Retriever) to cancer in 2010, going through a lot of treatment and watching our friend deteriorate to the point where he couldn't eat or function normally. We didn't want that for Mac...he was a proud dog. We knew the end was near in mid-December when he could no longer get up or get down without obvious discomfort, he could no longer keep his front paws the pristine white that he cherished...bile mixed with his saliva and turned them a yellowish color, and he no longer had the freshly-hatched chick smell to his coat that I always associated with my grandparents' farm. So on December 21, we took our beautiful Mac to the vet to help him make his journey to the rainbow bridge. Many, many tears were shed.

(Cont'd on page 10)

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Paw Prints . . . (Cont'd from page 9)

Mac was a bold, beautiful, intelligent dog, sometimes intensely frustrating, but always true to himself and always a bonny companion. Mac taught us what rescue can do for a dog who, at first glance, might seem to be less than perfect. We gave him a lot, but he gave us so, so much more. Our entire family has a story or two or three about Mac. His huge personality, his bark, his alertness, the mooring sound he made when you hugged him, the love he had for our red Golden Retriever, his passion for Celtic music, and all other sorts of stuff have left indelible paw prints on all of our hearts. When times were tough, Mack was

a rock. We never once heard him whimper or whine. He was beautiful inside and out, he was proud, and he was regal. He is, and will forever be, remembered, and sorely missed.

We love you, Mackie.



MWCR—and the Collies—send our sincere thanks to everyone who donated to help replenish our veterinary fund, which had dwindled greatly because we took in and cared for so many special needs Collies in 2012. THANK YOU, EVERYONE!!!



Oooohhhh, thank you soooo much for helping to replenish our Vet Reserve Fund! We couldn't have done it without you!



"Still Life With Collie"

Artist Nancy Schutt's limited edition print entitled "Still Life With Collie" (pictured at right) has been donated to MWCR by Milwaukee area gallery owner Sandy Sykora. The gallery featured dog and cat art, and Nancy Schutt of

Good Dog Art (www.nancyschutt.com) was one of the featured artists. Sandy and her husband also run a pet-sitting service (www.bayviewpamperedpets.com), and one of their clients was an MWCR adopter of two Collies, which inspired Sandy to donate the print to MWCR. The print will be delivered at the Great Lakes Pet Expo, and MWCR will decide how best to use the print as a fund raiser. Thank you so much to Sandy Sykora for donating the print, to artist Nancy Schutt for creating it, and to Sonny and Kenzie for the inspiration! Stay tuned for further information about availability of the print.

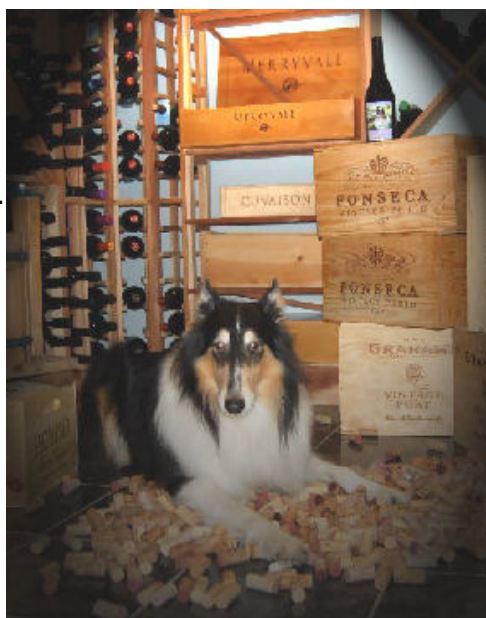


**What Our Stars Are Doing Now...
Gabby: of Collie Isle Winery Fame
By Gabby Hanson**

My dad purchased a case of my **Pinot Noir**. He gave several bottles as gifts to his friends and relatives during the holidays and offered tastes at gatherings. People said that the wine was *seductive* and had aromas of red fruit, roses, smoke and earth. Being a Collie I sure know what *earth* is all about but I'm not too sure about *seductive*. I hear that my dad is ordering more of my wine because it is so popular! And all this time I thought it was all about my photo.

Most sincerely, Gabby

Go to:
http://www.benefitwines.com/mwcr_s/461.htm?Click=4667
for Gabby's wine and those of our other Spokesdogs



Wine Cellar Guard Dog or Sommelier-in-Training?



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The Odyssey of Scout and Coco . . .

Scout and Coco are MWCR Collies who were adopted in 2007 and 2010 respectively and as of January 1 were living in Washington, D.C. On January 1, MWCR received the sad news that the dogs' current owner had been diagnosed with an aggressive form of terminal cancer and could no longer care for Scout and Coco. Because work obligations and living arrangements prevented the other owner from taking on the care of the dogs, he contacted MWCR and asked for assistance in returning the Collies to MWCR.

Once we received the sad news, MWCR's intake coordinator Joan Tadisch and board member Mary Hall sprang into action to find out how we could help. Joan contacted the owners to find out more information about the Collies, and meanwhile, Mary Hall, recalling previous experience with having a foster dog arrive via private plane, contacted the Pilots N Paws organization (www.pilotsnpaws.org). Pilots N Paws is a group of pilots who donate their time to flying rescued animals around the country, wherever they need to go. Not only do the pilots donate time and resources, but they also are helpful in coordinating with the people who drop off and pick up the dogs, and in making sure that the dogs have a safe and comfortable flight.

While those arrangements were being made, intake coordinator Mary Scopp posted a plea for a foster home for Scout and Coco, whom the owners wanted to stay together if at all possible.

The owners and their Washington area friends coordinated with Joan; with Linda, the director of Collie Rescue, Inc. in Maryland; and with Mary Hall, after which a posting via Pilots N Paws requested air transport for the Collies--such a long ground transport would have been stressful for the dogs and difficult to arrange. Two pilots stepped up each to fly a leg of the trip, but at the last minute the transport had to be cancelled because of weather problems. After that, Mary posted the transport with Pilots N Paws again, and two more pilots stepped in.

Linda, of Collie Rescue, Inc., was ready to pick up Scout and Coco from their home in Washington, D. C., until until other members of the group stepped in, one to pick up the dogs from their home and get them to the airport in Bethesda MD, and the other to wait with the dogs until the pilot was ready to take off. David, the first pilot, took off from Bethesda and flew to Columbus OH. Since the second pilot wasn't ready to take off for a few hours, Mary Hall posted a request for help in Columbus, and several people from Tri-State Collie Rescue offered to help. Tri-State member Maryfrances met David at the airport and kept Scout and Coco busy until Michael, the second pilot, was ready to go. Maryfrances said that Scout and Coco were great ambassadors for the breed at the airport, letting people pet them and say hello.

Then it was time for Michael to take off from Columbus, flying to Schaumburg IL. Michael offered to take Scout and Coco home with him for the night since he wasn't leaving Columbus until 8:00 pm and would get to Schaumburg late, but MWCR's transport coordinator, Vivian Moller, was able to line up the rest of the transport. The dogs stayed overnight with Kathy from Collie Rescue of Greater Illinois, and the next morning they headed to Wisconsin with Bambi, who delivered them to Joan.

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The Odyssey of Scout and Coco . . . (Cont'd from page 12)

MWCR is delighted that the dogs have arrived safely, and we owe a huge thank you to Joan for coordinating with Scout's and Coco's owners; to Mary Scopp for posting for a foster home; to Mary Hall for handling the transport request via Pilots N Paws; to the two pilots; to Vivian for coordinating the ground transport portion of the journey; to Collie Rescue, Inc., for their help on the eastern end; to Maryfrances from Tri-Sate; to Kathy from CRGI; to Bambi for the WI transport; and again to Joan for fostering Scout and Coco. We are happy to have the Collies settling into their foster home, and we know that their owner is relieved that his beloved Collies will be safe and cared for even after he is gone. We also send our sincere sympathy to both of the dogs' owners.

Joan, Scout and Coco's foster mom, sent the following report after the Collies arrived.

Scout and Coco have arrived in Green Bay from Washington, D. C. The transport was quite remarkable because there were so many people and pieces to the transport and everything just fell into place as planned.

Scout and Coco are sweet and happy, and they do have a special bond. They have adjusted well to the frigid cold of Green Bay. One of the first things Scout did when he arrived was to eat snow. We are enjoying them very much.

Coco is a sable headed white Collie with a clump of long hair on the top of her head. When the tuft of hair falls to the front, down her nose, she sometimes looks like a Shetland pony with big bangs. Sometimes her bangs part down the middle, and with the long hair down each side of her face she looks much like an Afghan hound. Other times that long hair is a mess in all directions, and with one ear up and one down she reminds me of Alf--remember the old TV show where a spaceship with a dog-like alien on it crashed into the garage of a family's home and they kept him as sort of a secret pet because they didn't want the government doing experiments on him?

Scout is a sable and white Collie, and he is special too in that he has a large white patch on his back. Though Coco and Scout are not litter mates they have the exact same shade of sable and of white in their coats.

Joan has created a Shutterfly album of photos of Coco and Scout. Here is a link to the album: <http://mwercollies.shutterfly.com/pictures/516>. The photos, where they are both in harnesses and Coco is wearing her Thundershirt, were taken when they first arrived and still had on their travel gear. Green Bay got fresh snow recently, so more photos will be added all the while they are in foster care.

Once again, a huge thank you to everyone involved in bringing Scout and Coco back to Wisconsin.



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Where They Are Now...Post-Adoption Updates



ABOVE: Penny (right) with Big Brother Leo. "We finally got a picture of Penny's pretty smile, had to take it through a window so she couldn't see the camera."



Happy New Year to our friends at MWCR!

I wanted to give an update on **Joy** as she celebrates her second new years' day at her furever home. Any shyness or insecurity that Joy exhibited when she arrived has long since disappeared. This is completely her home now, and she loves her neighborhood and everyone in it. On her walks, if she sees another person or dog she will whimper to go meet them - even if they are half a block away! It doesn't matter if she knows them or not, although with people or dogs she really knows and likes she will skip the whimpering and just pull, tail wagging happily until she reaches them. Inside the house it's the same: when she sees a friend walking past, she gets very vocal saying Hello!

Joy has developed into a very sweet, calm, and affectionate dog who never causes any damage or trouble at home. She does have a highly developed sense of fun, though, and likes to make just enough mischief to gain a laugh. I enjoy her a lot and am so happy to have her sharing my home and life. Thanks, MWCR!

Here is the most recent picture of Joy, using my sister's purse as a pillow after a busy morning of Christmas festivities. No smile, but visions of sugarplums are certainly in her head, don't you agree? Among her many talents is the ability to snooze anytime, anywhere!



"We adopted Poochie (above) December 2, 2012, and picked her up at her foster home. Now her name is Patsy. We love her very much, and she is a little sister to Echo, our other dog. Both Collies are getting along very well, and we have a lot of fun with them. Thank you so much to MWCR, who brought Patsy into our lives."



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Where They Are Now. . . Post-Adoption Updates . . . (Cont'd from page 14)

Chester Update

We have been having an awesome time with **Chester** and we are all very happy with the choice. The only issue we have so far with Chester is he's a sloppy drinker and doesn't remember to keep it all in his mouth. He's not a barker - he doesn't mind the vacuum cleaner - eats like a champ - hasn't taken anything off counters - is super well behaved - friendly to people and other animals- loves his walks and gets super hyped when we 'run' a bit- and we are both getting used to grooming - he is a little concerned when he sees a comb/brush but is tolerant so we are doing a little bit at a time and praising the results. As close to perfection as you could ask for. We are very lucky.

Everything is going real well with Chester. For a while we threw out daily name suggestions ...

things like Governor, Shotgun, Mr. Howell, Boo Boo, and Ollie. But alas, nothing stuck and he will continue on as Chester! We made a visit back to Skyline Vet Hospital to introduce ourselves and meet the folks there. Dr. Ryan (Speltz) was happy to see Chester and took a few photos of his foot because he is getting some pad growth back. We are learning how to get enough exercise but not overdo it and are enrolled to start obedience class in February at the St. Paul Dog Training Club.

He has been a really good dog, but is a little lonely for his built-in playmates at his foster home. He's got a new friend across the street in Stormy the Pit Bull and just met his next door neighbor Charlie the West Highland. We like to go for a walk with Stormy...but he misses having someone he can see eye-to-eye with!



Honey (now Rory) Update



Honey, now Rory, enjoying a pile of Fall leaves.



Left: Rory and two other family member's Collies sleep off a hard day at the dog park.

Above: "No, I'm NOT a water dog, but I gotta be with my human sis!"

Diary of a Rescue Collie . . .

By Vickie and Tom Dutter

9/1/12 Gabe, the subject of this record, and Rocky arrived from IA today, rescued from a hoarding situation along with several other dogs. Gabe had lots to deal with on his first day in foster care: he rode well on the transport; jumped in and out of our Jeep; learned to negotiate stairs; met his two foster Collie brothers; ate (very well!); had one small accident in the house; loves to be brushed and groomed. He is already crate trained; he holds his head high, wags his tail, and has a gait like a pony. He has not barked once!



While Gabe and Rocky had been cleaned up when they were rescued, Gabe is blowing his coat and has major clumps. While he was resting in the backyard, foster mom couldn't help herself and decided to start grooming. He stood straight in front of me as I ran the brush down his back once. Then he sat down. Then he lay down, sprawled out, and fell asleep. He loves being groomed! The yard looked like several Collies had been combed out—Collie fur everywhere!

Gabe already acts like he's been with us for a long time. On the downside, he jumps, does not know any commands, and is a counter surfer. He needs to gain at least 15-20 pounds—his ribs stick out, his stomach folds inward, you can feel every disc in his spine, his hips are bony—no meat on that thin body. He is not weak, though. He will get several mini meals a day until he has added some pounds and has more energy.

We already know that Gabe is HW positive, so he will go to the vet ASAP. He needs to be tested for Lyme and have a Bordetella shot. Our vet will assess him for other issues as well. He has cute cupped ears, and his expression could win anyone over in a heartbeat. Some of his teeth are chipped, and he needs his teeth cleaned. His eyes are tearing, so he may have something going on there, too.

Gabe's world has been turned upside down, and even with the tough life he has been through, he has such a sweet disposition. He follows his foster brothers and has already learned an incredible amount of what to do and not do. When he's able, he'll learn the pleasures of going for walks, too.

Enough for day 1 in the life of a rescue Collie!

9/12/12 Gabe has a ways to go with house training, but overall he is doing very well. He is so sweet. A mobile groomer will come this week to give him a bath and work on his many mats. We'll help, and we'll try to save as much of his coat as possible. When we checked his stool this a.m., we could see tiny rice-like things that are moving—Gabe has tapeworms. Gabe was wormed at the vet clinic in IA, but only with a wormer that treats round and hook worms. Now Gabe is on Virbantel, and with two treatments 30 days apart Gabe will be worm free.

9/14/12 Today was spa day! The mobile groomer came to the house to help groom and bathe Gabe—we thought it would be easier for him if he stayed here instead of traveling to the groomer. His coat is pretty ratty, and he smells bad, too.

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Diary of a Rescue Collie . . . (Cont'd from page 16)

Three and a half hours later! Gabe is bathed and combed. He sparkles, and he feels so much better! He kept most of his coat and was shaved only in a couple of places where there were tight gobs of hair. When his coat grows out, he will be a beautiful mahogany sable. Though this was a long session for Gabe, not once did he snap, curl his lips, or show discomfort.

During the grooming, we found a lump in Gabe's groin area. It seems to be an umbilical hernia, and since Gabe is due for his check-up in two weeks we'll find out then for sure what this lump is. During his first vet visit, we learned that Gabe has Lyme disease, and he needs to get healthier before he can be neutered or have his teeth cleaned.



Today Gabe walks taller, and we can tell that he feels even more special—and he is!

9/29/12 Gabe has a smaller collar now—after all that clipping and combing, his neck is too small for his collar! Since he's been here, Gabe has eaten as if he were starving, but now he doesn't eat like that. We've tried more canned food, veggies/rice/burger, hand feeding, keeping him company, pleading with him to eat—he cannot afford NOT to eat with these health issues. Finally we figured out that Gabe doesn't like eating from the cutesy SS bowl we got for him. After we changed his collar so that it didn't clang against his bowl and got him a heavy, resin dog food bowl—all is well, and he is eating with gusto again.

Gabe is our first foster with tapeworms. We're ordering Spectrum, made by Novartis, the maker of Interceptor, the only difference being that Spectrum contains a component to kill tapeworms. Gabe will be on Spectrum until he is ready for HW treatment.

We wish Gabe could have HW treatment prior to everything else, but Lyme disease is worse for him than the HW. His tests and X-rays do not show any microfilaria (baby worms), which is good. It worries us that he can't start HW treatment yet, but . . . "Doctor knows best!"

10/3/12 Today Gabe gets the first of two injections for HW, one today and one tomorrow. Before the shots, he had two complete blood panels to double check that he is ready for treatment. He's had 4 weeks of antibiotics to treat his Lyme disease, so he is in better shape to withstand the HW treatment. He has not gained a lot of weight but his skin is not so tight, his coat is shiny, and he has much more muscle. He feels so much better than he did when he came. He remains a sweetheart and is a real trouper. We hope he comes through HW treatment with flying colors—he deserves a break!

10/4/12 We picked Gabe up at noon today. He handled the treatment well but he's been sleeping a lot, probably because he's on Benadryl. For the next several weeks, the hardest thing will be to keep him calm, cool, and collected—that will be hard because he REALLY loves his freedom.

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Diary of a Rescue Collie . . . (Cont'd from page 17)

Heartworm and Lyme are serious business, and along with tapeworm treatment, Gabe has been through a lot. He will have to be tested and found clear of heartworms before he can be neutered and have his teeth cleaned.

10/31/12 Gabe is doing very well! He started a hot spot late last week under his tail, and as anyone who has had experience with hot spots knows, they can blossom in no time. Our vet prescribed antibiotics, and within 36 hours Gabe was lots better.

He is filling out nicely. He still looks like he had a bad haircut, but knowing what he looked like when he came in . . . not bad. We can no longer see his ribs or backbone, though we can still feel them. He eats and drinks very well, and although he's full grown, he seems taller now—he's bigger than our two Collies. He remains a sweet guy though he has tried his "Alpha suit" once in a while. He loves stuffed toys and walks around with his favorites all day. He knows the command to give or drop it, so he must have lived with someone at one time and had some training. His and his foster brothers' favorite "toy" is being on squirrel patrol.

Gabe is a cuddle bug. He likes people and other dogs, riding in the car, walks, grooming, even vet visits. House training is A-okay, too. He likes wearing his coat on chilly days, and he has no problem with crating. He knows the routine, is an intelligent, easy-going but active Collie. He likes to be busy and is feeling so good that we cringe at the thought of his undergoing neutering. The surgery won't be done until mid-January, depending on what our vet thinks and how the HW tests go.

We think our two Collies are part of the reason Gabe is doing so well. They work so well with Gabe, and he watches them and does what they do. Once he realized that he was safe and secure, he blossomed. And he has learned to bark!—thanks to our tri-color Collie, but he stops when corrected. He loves our neighbor's new teacup Shih Tzu, too.

11/13/12 We had to put a larger collar on Gabe yesterday! If we lived closer to the vet's office, we'd take him in to be weighed, but he doesn't have a vet appointment until mid-January when he'll be evaluated to see if he is healthy enough for neutering, dental cleaning, and hernia repair.

Today he graduated to eating with our Collies, too. Usually we take him into a separate room to eat his food, mostly so that we know he has eaten as he should. Today he didn't want to go into the separate room, so we took the food out into the kitchen/dining area and he ate it right down. Now he'll eat with his foster brothers.

Sometimes when Gabe is outside he howls like a wolf. Seriously! He holds his head straight up and postures like wolves do.

His coat is still shabby but that's better than having him shaved. He wears his doggy coat when it's cooler outside, and he's very patient with having it put on him. Over the weekend we took Gabe along on a home visit for Sheltie Rescue. The couple had two cats, and Gabe was just fine with the cats. The hosts remarked that Gabe was very mellow—which we took as a compliment!

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BonTon's Community Days Event!

**SALE DATE: Friday
March 1 and Saturday
March 2, 2013**

**Buy a Community Days
Coupon Booklet with
deals worth \$400 for \$5 at
<http://bit.ly/VLMlce> (with
free shipping), and MWCR
gets 100% of the proceeds
from booklet sales!
Online sales of the
booklet end about 10 days
before the Sale Date.
Booklets can be
purchased at participating
merchants thru March 2 –
remember to tell them it is
in support of MN-WI Collie
Rescue.**



**You can also contact your
local BonTon store to pick
up booklets that you can
sell to co-workers and
friends. Booklets will
probably also be available
to sell at the Great Lakes
Pet Expo.**

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Diary of a Rescue Collie . . . (Cont'd from page 18)

1/19/13 Let's celebrate!! It's been 3 months since Gabe had two injections of Immiticide for HW treatment. Before that he had Lyme and tapeworm treatment, poor guy. On Wednesday he went to the vet for follow-up HW and microfilaria tests. Both tests were NEGATIVE!! All three vets were there to see him, and Gabe looked delicious. He is all coat now, with the cold weather, and they weighed him 3 times because they thought he looked more than 72.5 pounds! He's up from the 60 pounds he weighed when he came. He feels good, looks grand, is a gorgeous mahogany sable color, and has acquired muscle mass. He has lots of energy. We are now going to work on basic commands—we've been "soft" with him because of all his ailments.

Gabe will be neutered, have his umbilical hernia repaired, and have his teeth cleaned at the end of January. Then he's ready for adoption!

Authors' Note: We are grateful to Judy of Pawsome Mobile Pet Grooming Lodge http://pawsomelodge.com/Home_Page.html, who drove 45 minutes each way on spa day. Judy donated her time, efforts, and talent to have Gabe become so handsome. Thank you, Judy!



**Gabe with
Reese and
Ryder**



New Merchandise in the Collie Shop!

We are stocking new merchandise for event season, and the following items have either recently arrived or will arrive within the next few days. All can be ordered now, at <http://www.mwcr.org/merchandise.htm>.

- A new style of **bookmarks**, featuring a very handsome 3D Collie with breed description on the back. Pictured at left.
- Two styles of pens with Collie motifs.
- **Collie Paw Print-shaped Sticky Notes** with a magnet on the back.
- **Collie Greeting/Note cards** featuring the rough and smooth Collie designs of Ruth Maystead.
- **Collie Stationery (Notepads, Ruled Magnetic Listpads, Giftpaks that match the Green Pens** featuring the rough Collie designs of Ruth Maystead.



- **Argyle socks** to fit both Teens/Ladies and Men. While most of our stock is in the Collie pattern, we also have a small selection of Sheltie and Golden Retriever styles.



Collie Socks

Sheltie Socks
Blue

Golden Retriever
Black

Golden Retriever
Blue



- **Hand-painted, poly-resin picture frames featuring an entire collie family.** Will hold a picture measuring 6" x 4". Pictured at left.
- **Lanyards** with a choice of two attachments. These royal blue polyester lanyards are imprinted with our name, logo, URL, and contact information. They are ideal for attaching keys, camera, cell phone, training whistle, or ID badge while on walks or at events so that your hands are free for other things. These will be available soon.

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New Merchandise ... *cont'd*

- **Tie-Dye T-Shirts** in 4 designs, with the MWCR Logo on the chest. These will arrive in early February.



Mardi Gras

Blaze

Blue Jerry

Woodstock

- **Carolina Blue Hoodies** are being restocked by popular demand, and will feature two new transfers. We will have only a limited stock, so shop now before they are gone. These are expected to arrive sometime in February. They will be posted in the online Collie Shop once I know they have been shipped to our merchandise person.



- Also, as a reminder, we sell **cremation urns**, **keepsake urns**, and **keepsake jewelry** designed to hold a tiny amount of cremains, fur, or other mementos of your beloved pet. Items come in many designs suitable for most any species of animal. The list of available items can be seen here: http://www.mwcr.org/merchandise/memorial/memorial_jewelry.htm.

Great for gifts or personal use. Happy shopping everyone!

Be sure to connect with MWCR on:



<http://www.facebook.com/MWCRcollierescue?sk=wall>

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