

Alberta Dachshund Rescue Newsletter

September 2018

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Coco Brooks fundraiser

Last month ADR partnered with Coco Brooks on a fundraiser. Final sales are still being totalled, but it looks like we raised close to \$600 dollars for the rescue.

Thanks to everyone who made a purchase during the fundraiser and is helping us take a “bite” out of vetting bills!

Circle races

The Fast ‘n’ The Furriest Wiener Dog Race is taking place this coming Saturday, September 8th at Shaw Millennium Park in Calgary. Circle is billing it as *“Presented by VCA Canada - for all the excitement and fast-paced shenanigans happening at Circle, suffice it to say that the Fast ‘n’ The Furriest Wiener Dog Race is without a doubt the pinnacle of competition and intensity for the day. Watch out, folks, the stakes are high!”* Rumour has it there is a \$250 prize for the fastest hot dog!

Also, a portion of proceeds is directed to ADR. Visit their [event page on Facebook](#) or [their website](#) for more information, to buy tickets and register your wiener I the races.



Waiting tails

Franky is a 10 & ½ year old boy that came in from Edmonton Humane Society. He has some health issues that we're having vet assessments completed on and will be made available once we confirm his health status.



Penny is an eight-year-old girl that recently came into us. She has some allergies but is on a raw diet and getting better. She needs a home without young children as she snapped at them in her old home.



Cissy is a five-year-old standard long-haired female. Her foster family say she is very gentle, is getting comfortable enough to bark at the doorbell and even jump on the couch / bed and cuddle up with them. She is super sweet, very well trained - walks right beside you and comes when you call her.



Louie is a three to four- year- old little girl with some back issues. She's doing treatments at the Canine Fitness Centre and we'll provide updates on her progress before she's ready to be adopted.



Happy tails

We're happy to say that after getting his health issues straightened out, Hugo is now officially adopted!



Batman was gone as quickly as he came in – living up to his superhero name!!



Charlie's Angels - with a twist!

What's in a name? Apparently, a ticket to being adopted! We had three (yes, three!!) Charlie's adopted this month! Ok – one was Charlotte, but she's being called Charlie since she was adopted. Oh – and two of them are a result of ADR board members literally taking their work home with them! Both Sandra Gluth and I adopted dogs this month. No one warned me this was a hazard of volunteering! Well, ok – let's be honest. I knew it was an “occupational hazard”!



1. Charlie – the “we’re not sure what he is, but we’ll call him doxie in spirit” rescue from the Edmonton Humane Society
2. Charlie – the latest addition to Sandra Gluth’s pack!
3. Charlie (formerly Charlotte) on the top right, getting comfortable with her sisters from other misters in my house!

Sloppy kisses

This is Lexi Belle, a dog that we adopted out about a year ago. Here she is being a super hero with her new brother Tyke and family.



"This is my girl Katie. She has been in our life for 5 months now. She is a happy, funny pup. Loves to ride on my console of my truck. She gets along well with my 11-year-old doxie Olive oil. Loves to steal your socks, gloves and rip around the house at full speed. Loves to check cows in my side by side. Love these girls a lot." Lana Rosentreter



"Charlie says thanks very much for rescuing him - living the good life now. He's a very smart sweet little boy." Gerhard Obernauer



If you've adopted a dog from us, we'd love to hear from you and get and get an update! Please send an email to adrnewslettereditor@gmail.com with your dog's name (& former name if it's been changed), a photo and a line or two about how they're doing. We'll feature them in a future newsletter!

Rainbow Bridge

We're sad to announce that Gumpy has passed over the rainbow bridge. Some of you may remember him from Wienerfest; he was the little doxie who couldn't walk and was in a diaper but took in everything from the blanket he curled up on. Here is his story.

"In February 2013 I received a call to go pick up 2 dachshunds ages 3 & 4 that were owner surrendered. I met them at a gas station and was not given much information on them at all. When I introduced them to our pack they were 2 very scared pups. Both had physical defects and I learned in time some mental ones as well...They came from a breeder in Medicine Hat and are brother and sister but a year apart. Honey & Moose (at the time) took some time to adjust to living the free life. I was told they spent most of their time in their crate and Moose came with a shock collar that had worn his fur off his little neck. From the start he walked funny - this came to be known as Gumping, after Forest Gump and his name changed to Gumpy. I knew these 2 could not be adopted out separated and after a couple months they weren't going anywhere. They became part of the family making my pack 7. It took Honey almost 3 years before she came out of her shell and would come sleep in the big bed, she still finds comfort in her safe place in her crate. Gump was born with a crooked back, but it did not cause him any trouble but walking funny. He loved to run and play with all the pups. I entered Gumpy in a dachshund race at the saddle dome last December. He didn't run at all, but he won first place for best costume!! In the last 6 months his walking became worse and his balance was off, this would cause him to flip over, bang his head and not be able to get up. Slowly it caused him to not be able to walk at all. He became completely dependent on me. This frustrated him as the other pups would run and play and he could not. He started to show signs of pain and we managed it with medication until the day that I knew it was time to let him go. This was very difficult as he was only 8 years old. In the 5 years that he had with me he was loved and gave so much love and is missed every day." Joanne Woodcock

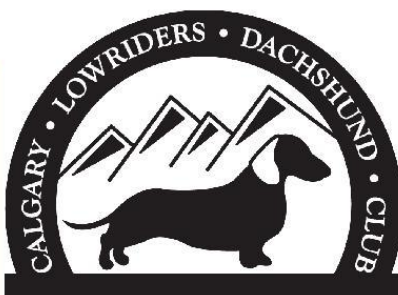


Wiener-pawboza is almost here!

CALLING ALL CALGARY LOWRIDERS

WIENER-PAWLOOZA 2018!

ROSEMONT
COMMUNITY HALL
2807-10 ST. N.W.



SUNDAY
SEPTEMBER 16, 2018
11AM - 4PM

PRESENTS

10th ANNUAL DACHSHUND FESTIVAL & WIENER DOG RACES

**A FUN-FILLED AFTERNOON IN HONOUR OF OUR DELIGHTFUL
DACHSHUNDS.**

**DACHSHUNDS OF ALL SIZES, COLOURS AND COATS ARE WELCOME!
ADMISSION: \$5.00 PER DACHSHUND**



This is an outdoor festival so please bring your chairs & blankets.

Dogs must be on leash at all times & poop scooping is mandatory

This event is a fundraiser for the Calgary Lowriders Dachshund Club part of the proceeds to
Alberta Dachshund Rescue



ABSOLUTELY NO PUPPY SALES or ADOPTIONS AT THIS EVENT

Help needed

We all know that awesome events like Wiener-palooza can't happen without the help of volunteers. If you'd like to help, please go to <https://www.signupgenius.com/go/4090c48aca923a3fc1-wienerpawloozaz> and sign up. Volunteer positions include event set up, staffing the event registration desk, dog race registration, raffle ticket sales, food sales, etc. Most positions are for an hour only but help make sure events like this can continue to happen. Wienerpalooza is also a large fundraiser for ADR, so by helping at this event you're directly helping ADR. So let's get volunteering people!

Calling all ADR alumni – we're doing a family photo!!

Have you adopted a dog from ADR? Then make sure you join us at Wiener-palooza! We're gathering as many of our alumni as we can for an epic ADR family reunion photo! We may even have a few surprise guests in attendance!! We're going to **meet at 12:00 pm** to the left of the race course (when looking at the area from the parking lot). Make sure you come right at noon to give us time to get everyone set up and get a few photos before the races start at 1:00pm. So, make sure you mark your calendars now for Sunday, September 16th and we hope to see you there!!

Say cheese for a cause!

Last month we profiled Opie and his story about living with canine lupus. There have been numerous issues with his insurance, rising medication bills, etc. and so ADR wants to help alleviate the financial struggles affecting his mom. At Wienerpalooza, ADR's own fantastic photographer Lori Smashnuk-Leduc will have her photo booth set up and all proceeds from the photos will be donated directly to Opie's mom to help with his care & ongoing expenses. Photo costs are:

- \$10 for 1 picture, 1 dog
- \$25 for 3 pictures, 1 dog
- \$15 for 1 picture, 2 or more dog at same time (all together as a group, not individual pictures)
- \$40 for 3 pictures of 2 or more dogs (all together as a group, not individual pictures)
- Digital images will be sent after the event

Check out the photos on the next page for examples of Lori's amazing work from Wienerfest!

Wienerfest glamour shots

All photos courtesy of Lori Smashnuk-Leduc



Elliott's story

By John Burnham

Hello, my name is Elliott; not just Elliott, but Elliott Burnham—I'm part of the Burnham pack.

I wasn't born into this pack. In fact, I can't tell you where I was born. My earliest memory is of being pulled off my momma's teat and tossed into a cage by myself. Where were my momma and litter-mates? I couldn't feel comfortable without them—I was afraid. I cried myself to sleep.

Later, my growling tummy woke me up. I whined for my momma, but there was no answer. I yipped and yipped. The only answer I got was a blast of cold water that soaked me. I curled up on the now wet blanket and shivered and cried.

As the days went on, I learned to drink from a bottle and then to eat from dishes. It seemed like forever between the times the hand appeared with food, but I kept quiet and waited. Thinking back, it seemed like I was hungry most of the time. The hand that refilled the dishes was there and gone, unlike the hand that used to hold the bottle while I slurped. I missed the scent of the hand that held the bottle. There was something about that scent that held the promise of satisfying a need I couldn't identify. Now, I missed my momma, my litter mates and that scent.

One day, a big, rough, hand came through the door of my cage. I was terrified. The hand grabbed me and I bit it. All sorts of loud noises followed as the hand withdrew. It came back into the cage wearing a glove. None too gently, I was pulled out of the cage and carried into another room.

A lady was standing behind a white table. "Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed."

The man unceremoniously dropped me onto the table. "If the little shit bites me again, he's goin' in the garbage."

The woman frowned at him while holding a hand toward me. That lovely scent of promise was there. I nudged her finger with my nose. Slowly, she moved her hand around to scratch behind my ear. A lovely feeling enveloped me. So this was what it was all about: human affection filled something deep within me.

The lady poked around on me, shined lights in my eyes and ears, stuck something up my behind, and did prickly thing to my neck—all the while talking in soft tones and petting me.

Days went by and I longed to see that nice lady again, but it didn't happen.

One day, the eat, poo, pee, sleep, routine was interrupted by a hand reaching into the cage for me. I growled and bared my teeth at it. The hand withdrew and reappeared wearing a glove. The growling had done its job: the hand lifted me gently out of the cage and I was carried to a pen several times the size of my cage.

A pretty little female dox trotted around inside. As I was lowered into the pen with her, I noticed a new and exciting scent. Somehow, I knew what I was there to do. All thoughts of anything else disappeared until we were through.

Some weeks later, two people appeared in front of my cage. One held a couple of puppies. Their coats were the same colour as mine. “Yes, that’s the sire,” one said.

“Now, I see why they are so beautiful,” the other returned. “They’ll sell like hotcakes. Get him to service whoever comes in heat.”

I didn’t understand what those pups had to do with me, but the food seemed to get better after that visit.

A few days later, I awoke to that exciting scent and remembered the great time I’d had with that cute little bitch. The smell made me shiver with excitement. I didn’t have to wait long. The hand appeared and took me out of the cage before breakfast. I had a great romp with another female dox and was returned to my cage exhausted.

After that, things settled into a routine. Every few weeks, I was taken to “service” one of three female doxies. Eat, poo, sleep, have sex—it wasn’t bad duty. But the longing for the way that nice lady had made me feel haunted me. I was able to keep the people from hurting me by growling and showing my teeth when a hand reached into my cage, but what I really wanted to do was to rub my face against that hand and feel the comfort.

One day, there was a terrible commotion. People wearing jackets with “SPCA” on them, took us out of our cages and put us in things called “crates.” Although the people were gentle and spoke softly, I was so terrified that I snarled at them. As we were carried out of the building, I saw the people who had been handling me all lined up. A man wearing blue pants with a yellow stripe down the side was reading to them from a paper he held in his hand. I surmised from their expressions that what was happening was a bad thing. Fortunately, that nice lady that had prodded and petted me wasn’t among them.

The crates were put onto a truck. Fear shot through me at the unfamiliar smells and sounds of the truck starting up and bumping along the road. When the truck stopped, the crates were unloaded, and I was put into a pen with the three girls I had been “servicing.” Two of the girls were walking around and the third was in a box in the corner with her littler of pups. I wondered why they looked like miniature versions of me, but I was too scared to give it much thought. I’d heard somebody call one of the girls “Gracie.” She looked skinny and all worn out. I went over, nuzzled her gently, and we curled up together on something I learned later was a “doggie bed.” The softness sort of took the edge off the fear we all felt.

Presently, one of the people with the “SPCA” jackets came up to the pen with a cell phone at her ear. “Hi Angie,” she said. “We just busted a puppy mill and there were dachshunds there. Can you handle them?” and then she stopped talking.

After a short time, she said, “Oh, that’s great. Well, there are three females and one male. One of the females is so emaciated that I don’t think she’ll make it. The male appears viscous, so we may have to put him down.”

More silence.

Again, the lady spoke into her phone. “Well, if you say so . . . we won’t do anything until you get here.”

Male? I was the only male. “Put down?” That didn’t sound good.

Later that day, the SPCA lady came to the pen accompanied by a dark-haired lady in soiled jeans. Instead of stopping outside the pen, the lady in jeans hopped over the wire and stood in the midst of us. It was weird. An unfamiliar feeling washed over me. It was as if I somehow knew that our alpha dog had arrived. She hadn't said anything; her presence communicated all that was needed. After looking around for a moment, she reached down for Gracie who was curled up against my tummy.

"Watch it, Angie!" the SPCA lady shouted. "He tried to bite a couple of us."

"Shuddup," Angie retorted as she gently lifted Gracie away from me. The scent on the hands that enfolded Gracie was wonderful; just like the scent of that nice lady who had prodded and pricked me.

"You poor little thing," Angie said as she petted Gracie and gently checked her over. She turned to the SPCA lady. "They must have kept her pregnant most of the time. Another litter might have been the end of her." She looked down at me. "Are these two bonded?"

"Looks like it," the SPCA lady replied. "They've been curled up like that since they got here."

"Ok," Angie said as she handed Gracie to the SPCA lady. "Put her in the grey crate and I'll bring him out." Angie looked down at me. "Well, tough guy, are we gonna have a problem here?"

I rolled over on my back and she scooped me up. It was wonderful. That lovely scent enveloped me and, for the second time in my life, I felt comfortable and complete. I snuggled into her embrace. "Well, I'll be . . ." the SPCA lady said.

"Just an old suck," Angie said as she maneuvered over the edge of the pen with me in her arms.

At Angie's place, Gracie and I were put into a nice, clean pen with doggie beds and blankets. After about a week, Angie walked up to the pen and announced, "The Vet says you guys are clean, so it's time to find you a forever home." She sat down in front of the pen, opened the door, and beckoned us out. We settled into her lap. "We've arranged a foster home for you," she continued, "You'll live with these people and learn to be regular dogs while we find somebody to adopt you." I didn't understand, but I enjoyed being talked to like that. Angie carried us to her truck. This time, she didn't put us in a crate, but set us on the front seat.

This journey ended with us stopping in front of a house in the city. Angie clipped leashes onto our collars and walked us to the front door where we were greeted by two grey-haired humans.

"Hi guys," Angie began. "This is Gracie and this is Elliott." She handed my leash to the man. "Elliott, this is John." I didn't know what to think. I froze. She handed Gracie's leash to the woman. "Gracie, this is Rochelle." Gracie took a step forward, Rochelle leaned down and picked her up. Gracie snuggled into her arms. John and Angie chatted for a few minutes without looking at me. Then, he knelt down and held a hand out to me. I'd have moved forward if Rochelle had done that. Somehow, it was hard for me to trust men. John just knelt there. "Take your time, Bud. Nobody's in a hurry around here."

After Angie left, Rochelle reached down toward me. I backed up without thinking. “You poor little guy,” she said soothingly as she unclipped the leash. “You don’t have to be afraid. Nobody around here is going to hurt you.”

John looked at me, said, “Well, have a look around,” turned, and walked into the living room. Rochelle, with Gracie in her arms, went to a chair and settled into it.

I stood there, dumfounded. No cage? No crate? Not even a pen. The feeling of being free in this much space was scary and exciting at the same time. I took a tentative step, looked around, and took another. Unfamiliar smells came from everywhere. My nose took control and I followed various scents here and there. The floors seemed to change as I went from room to room. Each room seemed to have a dog bed or two. This was the first time I’d explored. It was great. As I was nosing around the kitchen, John came in and poured dark liquid into a cup. Then he pulled something out of a bag on the counter, leaned down, held out his hand toward me, and said, “How about a little treat, Pal?”. There was a dark something in his fingers that smelled great. Was he offering it to me? I stepped forward. “Atta boy,” John said. “It’s for you.” Cautiously, I made my way to him and took the morsel. It was yummy. He got another treat from the bag, but I back-pedalled as he held it out to me—I couldn’t help myself. John dropped to one knee as he held the morsel out. “It’s ok, Bud. Take your time.” My knees were quivering as I took the treat and ran to a corner.

That evening, John put a bowl in front of me. The smell was great, but unfamiliar. I took a taste. Wowee! This stuff was wonderful. I couldn’t get the rest of it down fast enough. Meat! These people fed their dogs meat!

After we finished eating, Rochelle opened the back door. John looked at me and pointed to the door. “Time to go out and do your business.” I followed to find another vista of space. “Good boy,” said John as he followed me out. It felt neat to hear him say that.

The whole place was covered with this weird green stuff. Since it looked like it might be soft, I went over and put a paw on it. It felt strange, so I jerked the paw back. I heard Rochelle giggle while she said, “He’s never seen grass before.”

That was life for the next few weeks: Discovering new things, eating delicious meals, napping when I felt like it and, in general, doing whatever I felt like. The people didn’t push me, and I found myself going to them for a pet more and more often. Petting was good, but it always left me feeling like there should be more.

One day, John was stretched out on the couch and I got this idea. I’d been watching how the other dogs seemed to really dig sitting on Rochelle’s lap. I went over to the couch and whined softly. John opened his eyes. “You want up, Pal?” I put my front paws on the couch down by his feet. He gently lifted me to the cushion his feet were on. I lay down. He stretched out and closed his eyes. This felt good. Maybe I could push it. On my belly, I inched up between John’s legs and the back of the couch. It felt snuggly. After enjoying that for awhile, I got another idea. I felt like I wanted John to know how much I appreciated him. Would it get me in trouble? I didn’t know, so I cautiously made my way up behind his back . . . past his neck . . . past his head. He hadn’t stirred even though I knew he

must be aware of what I was doing. Was that approval? I turned around and put my cheek next to his. “That’s a good boy, to put a little love on the dad,” he said softly. At last, the undefined need that had been gnawing at my insides was satisfied. A very wise woman once said, “It’s happy to love.” She understood. Now, I did too.

And, that’s the way it’s been for the last ten years: Whenever John is still, I’m in his lap or at his feet, letting him know I love him. He scratches, pets, and cuddles me. It’s wonderful—every dog should have a personal human.

These days, I’m not the handsome dawg I used to be—my once reddish-brown coat is mostly grey now. John assures me that he knows how it feels to no longer be a dashing pup.

Other things are going downhill too: My joints are beginning to hurt—we spend more and more time with John rubbing them while I lick his hand in appreciation. (I wonder what dogs without a personal human do.) Rochelle tells me that I’m getting cross in my old age—she’s taken to calling me “Old Grouchy-Pants.” I never claimed to be Mr. Congeniality, but I get more lectures about “my character” than I used to.

Whatever is happening doesn’t scare me. It’s been years since I’ve had to live with fear. I’m happy and secure in the Burnham pack. I know that John and Rochelle will always do whatever is best for me. People say that I turn into a blob of jelly when John picks me up. What else should I do when I’m enjoying complete trust in someone?

Elliott Burnham

