



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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NANA SURPRISES US ALL, IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

The Buddy Center in Castle Rock called - never a good thing, but they always call us if they have a Sheepie in. They had one, would we be interested. The usual "Sure."

We drove the hop and a skip to Castle Rock. They said she was a 'nice dog', but we were unprepared for what we found. We discovered what could only be classified as an "awesome dog", at least on the outside. She was 4 years old, had about 4 inches of tail that was in constant movement, and her claim to fame was one blue eye that was so "blue" it looked white

in bright sunlight. Your eyes were immediately drawn to her eyes.

She was, however, like a salesman's four year old Cadillac - beautiful on the outside, but with 200,000 miles on the inside. She had some bad teeth, worn and broken. The vets notes said "large scar on abdomen consistent with adult spay, but cannot rule out

c-section." That was the easy stuff - she also seemed tender in the back end, consistent with a hip problem. To add insult to injury, she had been left at the night drop off of the shelter with a note that the owners didn't have time for her. She came across

as a delightful girl, full of energy and good cheer. I thought "to hell with the rescue budget, we'll beg and borrow enough for another hip replacement if we need to", and piled her in the car.

Checked in at Mountain Shadows Pet Hospital, got up to date on inoculations, health exam done, confirmed the spay scar. Then it was off to Dr. Swainson at Colorado Canine Orthopedics, our whiz-bang hip guy. (This fellow is so comfortable with his work he gives you his cell number, saying call me anytime if something comes up!) The good news was that she did not need a full hip replacement, but just a femoral head oste-

ing around, returning to full activity over a 4 week time span. We did not have any foster homes available that could cater to her at the moment, so we just moved her back to Mountain Shadows. They took great care of her, kept her quiet, and the healing progressed. As she got to feeling better, our volunteer (bless them!) dog walkers swung into action, starting with short strolls and gradually increasing.

By this time, she had been with us about 6 weeks, had made a lot of friends at both Mountain Shadows and the Surgery Center. Everybody fell in love with her - her personality really shined, and her happiness

rubbed off on everybody that she met. This little girl must have felt a lot better after Dr. Swainson worked his magic.

The next chore was to find her a home. We needed some place that would take it easy with her for a while, would follow the exercise program to get her built up, and needless to say, show her the love and affection she

wanted so much, and deserved so much.

Fast reverse to December 2006. We had adopted a dog to Mark and Cathy in Grand Junction. A really neat couple - kids in high school



Nana

otomy (FHO), much less expensive and easier than replacement. Surgery was duly performed, and she coasted along for a week at the hospital. She had to be quiet for 2 weeks post surgery, but after that could begin mov-

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Nana: continued from page 1

- the type of folks that just seem to have their heads screwed on right. They would write once a while, with a picture of the dog, and seemed to be getting along fine with him. About the time Nana was recovering, we got a letter from Cathy saying that the kids were now off to college, the house was quiet, and Sam the Sheepdog was bored stiff, as was Cathy. Did we have something in that would be interesting.

Boy. Did We Ever!

This was a slam dunk. We had an irresistible dog, and an irresistible home. A match made in heaven. Mark and

AN EDITORIAL: "The World Is Going To Hell In a Handbasket!"

Gary Olds (My Dad) 1959-60-61-62-63-64-65

We normally try to put out the Black Nose News about every 6 months. The space between the last one and this one has been a little longer.

In the 10 plus years I have worked with Bette, I have never been through a more ugly half year. We have had two dogs that needed heavy duty hip work (one a total replacement, one a rebuild), there have been two dogs that had to be put down after short placements because they bit their new owners. Another dog was in 3 different homes before finding a 4th, permanent, home, as well as having a hip replacement. Yet another dog was lost due to possible mishandling by a groomer. There have been good dogs that didn't work out, and great dogs that have had trouble finding homes. There has been a shortage of applications, and an oversupply of hard to place dogs. With the economic climate being what it is, donations are harder and harder to come by.

Even our old friends, Petco Foundation and United Animal Nations, stopped giving grants. They were usually good help for surgeries. It seemed like anything we tried to do took twice the effort, twice the money, and twice the time, all with "iffy" results.

As my Dad used to say, "The World Is Going To Hell in a Handbasket."

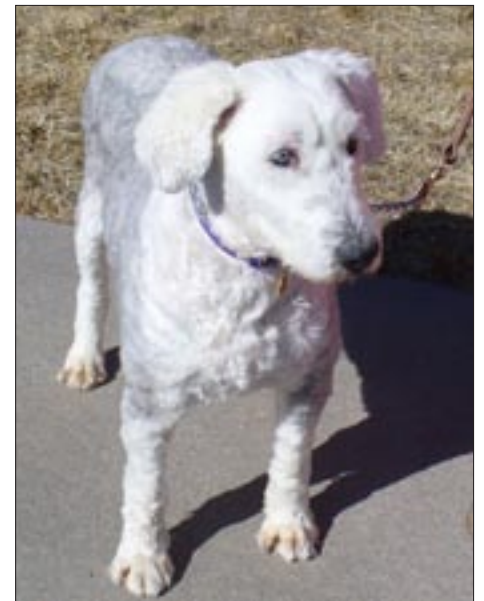
On the other hand, the bright spots have been spectacular - see the stories on Nana and Sprocket and Yodels in this issue. Those are what keep us going.

The last 6 months have been really, really hard on both Bette and I. We are both tired and frustrated. As I write this, however, things may, just maybe, be looking up. We suddenly have a nice pile of good applications, and not too many dogs waiting to come in. Dogs coming into the system lately have been top notch. Maybe there is reason to be optimistic yet. I just hope there is less head banging in the future.

We will be here for many years to come. There is a constant stream of dogs that need a little or a lot of help, and we are ready to give it. As with life, there are some rough patches along the way, and we have been through one. And survived.

Thanks for letting me yell and scream.

Joe Olds, Editor, Publisher, Circulation Manager, Printer and Floor Sweeper of the Black Nose News.



Cathy drove over from Grand Junction, and the rest is history.

It has been an excellent match. Sam, their existing Sheepie, and Nana are the best of friends. She is up to walking about an hour, and the left hip is being watched to see if it needs some work. The veterinarian says give it another year, and then look at it. Nana has become quite a game player, and loves "Hide and Seek with the Kong". She is the Alpha Dog. The only surprise they have had was that she came in heat - so much for the spay scar - now she has a real one.

Cathy says "There are no issues, whatsoever. She is perky, sweet, and easy to love." Words like that is music to a rescuer's ears.

ONE FINALLY GOES RIGHT!

With all of the frustrations of the last 6 months, it was like a breath of fresh air to work with one that went smoothly. This one did.

We got a call from the Colorado Springs Humane Society. They had what they thought might be a Sheepdog in their inventory, would we be interested. This was unusual - they prefer to adopt dogs directly to their new home, and do not call us. They were not even sure he was a Sheepie. We soon found out why they had looked us up.

Sprocket had been dropped off at their night depository. He was about 9 months old, and not much more than a bag of bones at 30 pounds. There was a note that his name was Sprocket, and not much else. He had a microchip that led back to a pet store. That was the good news. The big drawback was his submissiveness. He just cowered at the back of the kennel and would not even stand up. They had to carry him everywhere. He did not show well (Wow! What an understatement!), so they stuck him in a kennel in the isolation area, and called us.

Sally and I went to the society. A quick look and I felt pretty comfortable that he was, indeed, a Sheepie. That's about where the "typical Sheepdog" stuff went away. As advertised, he was cowering at the back of his kennel, and would not stand up no matter how much I begged. He was incredibly scared, and wanted no interaction with anybody. He had laid in his own waste, was smelly, dirty, and underweight. He looked like a dog that has just "had it". The kennel was noisy and odiferous - not a good place under the best of circumstances.

My goal was to get him out of there as soon as I could.

I crawled into the kennel, snuggled him in my arms, and got him to the car as quickly as possible. Sally was waiting for us in the back seat - he immediately went to her and snuggled up - the first positive sign I had seen from him. On arrival at Mountain Shadows Pet Hospital, I lifted him out of the car and carried him in - he was going no where under his own power, and if you set him on the ground, he just laid down in a heap of fur and bones. He was just a blob. It was Friday afternoon, getting late. Cheryl the groomer was on her way out the door, but took one look at him and said "I'll at least get started on him this afternoon." It was music to our ears - he needed groomed ASAP to get rid of the urine and fecal infested hair. Since he had come from the Humane Society, he needed to immediately go into quarantine at Mountain Shadows. Probably just as well - it would be quiet there, and he needed some time to collect himself.

He tugged at our heartstrings. Both Sally and I felt like there was a wonderful dog under that skin, but it would take some work to draw it

out. On the way home we began to talk about what would happen if we introduced another dog in our house. (No, this is not one of THOSE stories, but it could have been.) We went back on Monday. It was as if he had some sort of metamorphosis. He was still quite hesitant, but was walking on his own, would come up to us, and was beginning to get the rudiments of a personality.

He smelled GREAT! He needed some work - the usual neutering and inoculations. As luck would have it, he came down with kennel cough, and had to spend a couple of weeks in isolation. It might have been a blessing in disguise to have the extra time to compose himself. Each day he would come out of his shell a little more, became more sociable, and developed a little further into being a well rounded dog. It also gave us a little more time to find a home for him.

We worked at finding a home, but things moved slowly. He was not a dog we wanted to put into a kennel - just too submissive yet - but at the

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GOING GREEN: WE RECYCLE A SHEEPIE

About 4 years ago we adopted a dog to a fellow in Denver. Hal, as he was known then, was an awesome young guy. There is an urge to say "bright eyed and bushy tailed" at this point in the story. The "bright eyed" part is good, but there is absolutely no tail. Nevertheless, he was a head turner, and had a presence when he walked in a room. The new Dad seemed to be an upright sort of guy, and made a good home for the Sheepee. Over time, however, things changed and we ultimately got the dreaded call from him that we needed to take him back.

Sprocket: Continued from page 3

same time was about ready to get out of the enclosed space at the vets. The space had served him in good stead, and he was advancing right along in his quest for sociability.

We found a foster home for him near Colorado Springs - some folks that have worked with us before. They have another Sheepee, and a teenager to keep him entertained.

He moved in with them, but after only a few days we had found Lyndon and Susan. As luck would have it, they lived only a few blocks from Mountain Shadows, where Sprocket had been. Introductions were made, and he had found a new home. These folks were empty nesters, and had the time and inclination to work on his social skills. They also had a Jack Russell who was all over the place - about as opposite a dog as you could find. Sally and I were a little sad that he had found a home (we had some separation anxiety ourselves), but it was the perfect home for him, and we were glad to see him go live with Lyndon and Susan.

We touched base a lot with Lyndon and Susan after the placement was made. He seemed to be pretty timid, but gradually came out of his shell,

In came a still awesome dog, just a little older, and more mature - he had been pretty puppyish when we saw him before. Some grooming, some inoculations, and he was ready to go.

Think back to last May. We had gotten an application from a family in Larkspur, just a few miles north of Colorado Springs. They had a Sheepee for 11 years, lost her, and sent us an application the same day. (These applications seem to fall into two categories: There are those that lose a dog, and just absolutely, positively have to have a replacement the same day, and those who write "...we lost our dog 4 years ago, and

are finally ready for another...") They cooled their heels for a while, and eventually we let them know we had Yodels in. No time was lost in coming for a visit.

I have seen a lot of folks looking at dogs over the years. Very seldom have I been as impressed with someone as this time. They appeared with their 6 year old son, and their parenting skills were unbelievable. - if they could raise a child this way, what could they do with a Sheepdog? The child was involved in all of their decisions and discussions, and there was lots of talk about what it would take to keep a dog. We parted

and learned that the world was a pretty good place after all. I checked in with them after a couple of months, the conversation went like this:

Me: "Hi. This is Joe with Old English Sheepdog Rescue. I was just checking in to see how Sprocket was doing."

Susan: "He's spoiled."

That just about told me everything I wanted to know. A perfect placement.



company and they were going to think about it (although I felt the decision had already been made by all of them individually), which is the way I like to leave things. Folks should spend some time thinking about the commitment they are about to make.

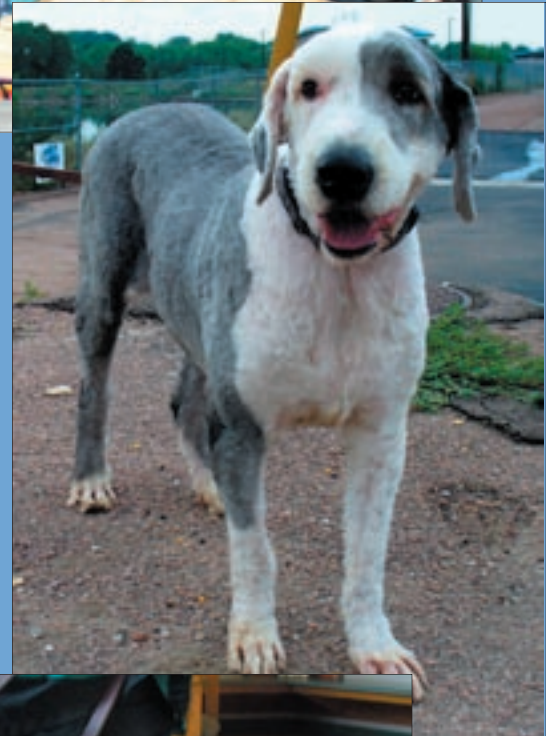
About 2 days after the show and tell, I got a call from the 6 year old. "Mr Joe. We have talked about Yodels, and would like to have him come and live at our house,." Just for good measure, Mom came on the line, but the point had been made, and I was darn comfortable he was going to get a good home.

Timing left something to be desired - the family was getting ready to go on vacation for a week. Yodels had been camping at Lucky Dog the time he was here, it's a good place - lots of exercise and a loving staff - he could just keep on hanging out there for a while. The home check was duly made, and the family had time to settle in with their decision, and enjoy their vacation.

A day after they got back the phone call came - they were home, settled into the real world, and were ready to take on a new member of the family. The appointed hour came, Biff and Blaize arrived at Lucky Dog. The change off took about 5 minutes, and it was into the car and off to a new life.

We usually try to call new parents the day after the adoption. About 4 the next afternoon my phone rang, it was Dad. They had a good night, and had spent the day tooling around in the convertible, and cruising around the lake in the boat. He had

been a perfect gentleman, was a "Hale Fellow Well Met" to everybody he came in contact with, and was settling into the family well. They were madly in love with him, and were overjoyed that he had become a new member of the family. I was overjoyed that he had found such a good home.



Yodels ...on the move to his new forever home



Jackie's Journeys

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

Master of the House

I often wonder who is actually the Master of the House. From the dogs' point of view, is this their house or are they aware they are living in our house? The following is a sample of a day in the lives of Watson and WatLEE, our resident Sheepdogs:

6:00 in the morning, every morning, there is a pair of big black noses in my face with dragon breath puffing, to let me know it is high time to get out of bed and to open the door for their constitutionals and back in again for the second best time of the day, Breakfast! The ritual is well rehearsed and any variation seems to cause confusion. Being good natured and adaptable, the dogs accept slight variations although it is quite obvious, they do not appreciate change. Their pocket watches do not change when it is our time to turn the clocks ahead or back. The rhythms of their life should be constant to provide for their continued happiness.

With humor, my husband and I observe, as we are observed, how well the two Old English Sheepdogs in our life have molded us to fit their desires. We have allowed the screen on the door to go flapping for them to run in and out as they want. We talked about installing a Star Trek like automatic door opener for them, or a dog door. My grown son pointed out how we may as well just leave the door wide open for intruders, as the dog door would have to be large enough for a grown man to crawl through. We settled on rigging a magnetic strip to the frame of the door with another magnetic strip sewn to the screen. At least it keeps the flies out. We close and lock the glass door when we leave! The grandchildren seem to

like the flapping screen. I observed a twenty-one month old child simply fascinated with the set up during a recent party.

Yes, it is true. Our dogs seem to run our house. They spend a lot of time guarding the property from would be evil doers and various wildlife. I am allowed to clean the "snart" from the windows once in a while to make their view a little better. I am pretty sure I heard the dogs discussing the merit of disconnecting the doorbell. That diddy-darned ding-dong sound is the most annoying sound on earth, right next to fireworks. The sound of the front door being opened is beyond the pale and sends both of them into a frenzy. After all, the front of the house is a wilderness only to be ventured into at the side of the master. Anyone, or anything, out "there" must be dealt with loud barking and stern, if not ferocious looks!

While it may seem we have totally lost control of our household, I maintain that I am the Alpha Bitch, as long as I provide the food, treats, water and discipline. I am still the greatest hunter and gatherer in the world in which the dogs live. I do indulge them, perhaps more than I should. I allow the dogs to train my husband and they do it so well. When it is the middle of the afternoon, one strategic "woof" tends to shake my better half out of his boots and sends him straight to the dog treat bin to hand out the goodies. It is also my husband who gets badgered, around four o'clock, if he looks preoccupied and seems as if he is forgetting the other second best time of the day, Dinner! The dogs don't need to talk to get their point across!

On to the very best time of the day, Bedtime! Both dogs have their own "dog" beds. Why is it both of them seem to think our bed is better? I can only guess that our bed makes a better vantage point to see the television. In the cold winter, they make great bed warmers, grumbling only slightly when I ask them to get down. On warm summer nights, a few minutes of "Dog the Bounty Hunter" and a cuddle or two, they are ready to sleep on the cold bathroom floor instead of taking up space on our bed. Our bed is the safest place in their world. As spring storms come, with the thunder, and summer comes, with fireworks, a loud TV and two humans who love them, is the best place in the world. For this human, I can't imagine my house, my life, without a Sheepdog.

There is a saying:

"To the world, it is a dog. To a dog, YOU are the world."

Are we worthy? Better ask the dog.



Where Are They Now?

Fletcher pup

Fletcher

Fletcher hasn't been anywhere, and won't be going anywhere for a while. He is Bettes new one-pup litter dog. Who can resist a photo of a Sheepie pup? We can't.

Oscar

We placed Oscar with a delightful Denver lady in the summer of 2007. He had nice digs, and a boxer buddy, Ethyl, to play with. The three of them underwent a move to a house (with yard!), and Ethyl died around the first of this year. In the last 6 months, he has had a sock-ectomy and a potholder-ectomy. His Mistress has had a wallet-ectomy in the process. Cynthia says: "He owns the neighborhood, my sofa, my bed...AND ME. And that's after learning some manners." Typical Sheepie!

Oscar owns the yard

Bear

Bear went to a new home in Pagosa Springs in early 2005. He was less than a year old, and has grown into a fine man since then. Even after all these years he still seems quite needy, and always wants to be the center of attention, although this may be the Sheepie in him. His mistress reports he might be a little overweight, but "with a face like that, you can't help but give him all the treats he wants." Don't we all know that feeling.

Bear...the fine man

Jake loving the cold

Jake

Jake was adopted out in May, 2004 to a military family who swore they were through with moving. Not too long after, Jake sent us a postcard from Germany. He spent 3 years there, enjoying every minute with folks that called him "bobtail". They moved back stateside, and he was joined with a poodle in the family - they have become the greatest of friends. He even shares his favorite chair with the poodle, and they sleep in it together. He has adjusted to the early morning runs with this military family - he was a real sleep-late guy going in. This great match has stood the test of time and distance.

JoJo

JoJo (the Sheepdog aka Bearded Collie) is still happily the residing princess in our graphic designer's home here in Colorado Springs. She travels everywhere with her family and last graced Las Vegas at their daughter's wedding. JoJo loves her road trips!

JoJo on the road to Las Vegas

Old English Sheepdog Rescue

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