



Imprints

A publication of NorthEast Ohio Collie Rescue

Spring 2011

Make Two Hearts Glad – Adopt A Homeless Collie!

Volume X Issue 1

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Sgt. Shriver's Happy Tail

– By Liz Rife

It's hard to believe the dog who just this morning I caught drinking my almond milk out of the mug I was holding as I looked over my shoulder, unaware of his sneaky trickery, came to us skittish and meek. His behavior was a far cry from the dog who for the first few days only went into three of the rooms on the first floor, being too afraid to go anywhere else. After I poured what was left of my now undrinkable almond milk down the drain, I turned to face the culprit, and he wagged his tail, making my heart melt.

It wasn't until about two weeks ago that he started to almost constantly look happy, or at least playful and energetic. It was about three weeks ago that he felt comfortable enough to bark, outside or inside. At first he was too nervous; now, however, he does both, and with great pleasure. He would hop, never putting weight on his bad leg, but the dog before me uses it quite well, especially when he wants attention. In which case, he paws me with it and makes groaning sounds. The dog that we first got used to jump at every sound and every movement, but now, when someone's chair makes noise as they push it out, he could care less. He has even started to trust the trash compactor. He is not the dog who my mother and I picked up and brought home with us.

After filling out the adoption form and going through the interview process, we learned more about "Dudley" and thought that we could provide him a great home, even if he could never love us since we were told he was fairly damaged from his original owner. My dad went to see his parents in Columbus. Shortly after he left, we received the call that we could go meet, and, more than likely, bring him home. We were thrilled, and

my mom and I hopped into the car, taking our older collie "Copper" with us to help the transition.

When we got to his foster home and went inside, he came out to see us. His foster



parents seemed surprised that he wasn't acting too scared, but we had a secret weapon: a large sum of very fragrant treats in our pockets. We, of course, took him home that night. Having already gotten him a bed and a leash, we were able to give him a good walk with the other dogs, which he loved since it had snowed. Then after some fussing and loving, we put him to bed that first evening.

We discussed new name possibilities, considering "Gypsy" and "Whiskey" and even "Galileo" (since our other dog's full name is "Copernicus"). Then we thought of "Sgt. Shriver." It was perfect. My older brother and his wife left a few months previous for the Ukraine with the Peace Corps, which was founded with Sargent Shriver's leadership. Since it is a longer name, mom calls him "Sarge" and I call him "Shriver," but he answers to both.

When my dad arrived home the first time, Shriver was nervous as men scare him. Although that reaction is something he is still working on, he has started to take food

See "Shriver" continued on page 3...

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Listing of available dogs can be found on:

www.petfinder.com/pet-search?shelter_id=OH167
www.pets911.com
www.1-800-save-a-pet.com

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The Cleveland Collie Club Specialty Show was held at the Summit County Fairgrounds on Sunday, January 9, 2011. NEOCR ran the kitchen, which accepted donations for food. We also had calendars and hand-knitted scarves for sale. The gross amount collected after reimbursements were paid amounted to \$271. Thanks to all of the volunteers who helped out and donated items.

– Leo Kenzik

Donations

We would like to thank [Mega Fluidline Products of Akron, Ohio](#), and [Mr. Peter Newell](#) for donating the printing services for this newsletter.

Thanks to all of you who have supported our efforts, whether by monetary or goods donations, adoptions, memberships, fund raising or fostering! We couldn't do it without you!

Below is a list of donors since our last publication. If we have overlooked anyone, drop the editor a note and we'll acknowledge you in the next issue of *Imprints*.

Donors

- ★ Dr. Glenn R. Brown in honor of Eric Brown ★
- ★ Janet Bensen ★ Patrick Cozzens/Maple Crest Farms ★
 - ★ Pat Collens ★ Lisa & Stan Corwin ★
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 - ★ Davis & Melissa Stacho ★ Dan & Carol Sullivan ★
 - ★ Lea-Ann Vajda in memory of Barkley ★
 - ★ Gail Wilkes ★ Brian Wynn ★

NEOCR 1st Quarter 2011 Treasurer's Report

(Revised) Balance January 1, 2011 \$5,828.20

Deposits (1/1/11-3/31/11) \$6,875.20

Total \$12,703.40

Expenses

Care for dogs (medical food, grooming, etc.) -\$2,854.83
Insurance - \$1,000,000 liability policy -\$344
Food for Cleve. Collie Club Specialty -\$27.25
Total expenses first quarter 2011 -\$3,226.08

Ending Balance March 31, 2011 \$ 9,477.32

Leo Kenzik, Secretary / Treasurer

Shriver (Continued from page 1)

from my dad and is continuing to be more comfortable in his presence. Shriver goes to the door to greet him like the other dogs do since it's the routine for dad to give each a pat on the head and a treat before he goes any further into the house. For awhile things went quietly, and he remained nervous. He wouldn't eat unless I sat and held the bowl for him. But more than any fear he had, it seemed the fear of going unloved was most prevalent since he only seemed relaxed once I and the other dogs were sitting next to him while I brushed his fur and loved him up. Our good friend and vet took a look at his leg which had been injured by (allegedly) his former owner. He told us it was a bad fracture that more than likely occurred when he was young. Since he never got medical attention, the limb atrophied. Shriver is now working with a Physical Therapist who is helping him regain strength with use of an underwater treadmill. Since then, I think it's safe to say, he's been doing swimmingly!

His true personality is coming out, quicker than any of us could have imagined. It is so interesting to see each day what new thing he will do. In the morning I come down stairs and go to the washing machine/office room where they sleep at night, and I tell them good morning and sit down. Shriver pushes the other two dogs away and often places his paws on my shoulders and gives me a good lick on the face. When I go to pet the others he usually tries to bulldoze them out of the way and eventually ends up sitting on my lap.

After their morning walk and breakfast, I have my own breakfast, and each (Copper, Sgt. Shriver and Ella) sits and waits for a piece of my toast. At first Shriver didn't eat much or beg, but he took the others' lead. He also didn't try to get up on furniture either. I think that was why I was so surprised when one dozy morning as I took my first bite of toast that I nearly jumped out of my skin when I felt a tug on the other end of my toast and came to realize Shriver was also eating it, while standing on the couch.

Shriver likes to be outside, so we take him out often besides his two daily walks. He has become best friends with Koda, a large dog next door with whom he often plays and visits. He is also on good terms with Conner, the black lab that lives diagonally across from us. Shriver recently became friendly with a corgi named Peter as well. He adores roughhousing with Ella, and although sometimes I worry that maybe they won't get along as well, I am reassured when I see them curled up tightly together taking a mid-morning nap. He now likes the cats after having stalked them a few times to make sure they were "okay." He hasn't gotten the stairs down (or up for that matter), so he hasn't been able to see the large decorated tent I built for him before he came since we were told he might like some place all his own to hide. I am confident he will go upstairs and find it one of these days. He also now rolls around on the floor with his legs in the air when he wants us to rub his belly. I found out that he likes Ukrainian Punk Rock, since he danced with me while I listened to Gogol Bordello's "Dogs Were Barking," although Copper prefers "Start Wearing Purple." He thinks it is great fun to chew on things and has walked away a couple times with a ball of yarn while my mom is using it to make a blanket. He's very talkative and makes all sorts of weird noises to try to communicate with us, everything from grunts and moans to half-bark and half-gargles. You name it, and he has probably done it. He likes playing tug and has played with every toy we have (which is a lot since some of the other dogs don't like toys). We often catch him playing with things that aren't toys, like his hairbrush or mom's shoes—which he keeps sticking his long nose into and flinging in the air. Most of all, he loves cuddling and affection, which he gets plenty of.

It's only been about a few months, and he feels like he's been here forever. We love him so much (if you couldn't tell already). What I have written seems so little to express the volumes love and gratitude we feel for him and how much he has completed our family.

— Liz Rife, Jeanne Rife, John Rife, Copper, Ella, Hermione (cat) and Tybolt (other cat)

Adoptions December 2010 – May 2011

Bella — Ellen Moore, Rittman, OH

Natalie — Bev Briggs, Garfield Heights, OH

Gilligan — Paula Walker and Mary Bricco, Hamilton, ON

Maddie — Jim & Eva Hansen, Hiram, OH

Sgt. Shriver (aka Dudley) — John & Jeanne Rife, Avon Lake, OH

Butch — Ray & Jeannie Fichter, Massillon, OH

Farley — Mark & Anita Kasunic, Richmond Heights, OH

Jack — Becky Telzrow, Brecksville, OH

Nancy — Adrianne Radtke, Twinsburg, OH

Rena — Wanda Bender, Bellville, OH

In passing...

Our sincere condolences are extended on the passing of...

- *Barkley*, beloved dog of *Lea-Ann Vajda*
- *Cody* (aka *Geezer*), beloved collie of *Tom Hoadley & Cindy Lombardo*.
- *Kiki*, beloved collie of *Mary Miller*
- *Laddie*, beloved collie of *Joe & Phyllis Pepoy*
- *Lassie*, beloved collie of *Robin Lawson*
- *Lassie*, beloved collie of *Joanne Dugan*
- *Rocky*, beloved cat of *Marge J. Palik*
- *Sadie*, beloved collie of *Bev Briggs*
- *Solomon*, beloved collie of *Ron & Janice Lewandowski*

The Scoop on Poop

Part Two – Parasites (Worms)

– By Betty Hodgson



Parasites seem to be one of the typical causes of diarrhea in dogs and need to be dealt with before any other diagnoses or treatments are considered. The top four parasites are roundworms, hookworms, tapeworms and coccidia (not a worm but a parasite, nonetheless). Coccidia and Giardia will be covered in Part Three.

Roundworms

The roundworms, *Toxocara canis* and *Toxascaris leonina*, can infect both dogs and puppies. Both are treated with the same medication protocol, so when eggs are seen on a fecal flotation exam it may not be necessary to determine which species is present. *Toxocara leonina* can infect both dogs and cats so identifying this roundworm might be helpful in indicating which pets in the household are at risk.

Dogs can get infected with *Toxocara canis* four ways:

- Eating the infective worm eggs from soil (typically when grooming themselves),
- Nursing from an infected mother
- Consuming a prey animal carrying the worms
- As an embryo in an infected mother dog (most pups are infected this way)

Roundworm eggs can be detected in a fecal sample but as part of their development, they can weather harsh environments for months or years. Fresh feces are not infective but soil is.

When dogs are dewormed with traditional dewormers, it only gets those in the intestinal tract, not the encysted larvae that may be in the lungs, uterus of pregnant dogs or in the mammary glands. If a dog or puppy vomits up a worm, there is a good chance this is a roundworm (especially in a puppy).

Roundworms are long, white, and described as looking like spaghetti. Tapeworms can also be vomited up but these are flat and obviously segmented. If you are not sure what type of worm you are seeing, let your vet take a look at it.

Fecal testing for worm eggs is a must for puppies and a good idea for adult dogs during their annual checkup. If worms are present, they must be laying eggs in order to be detected, but, for the most part, fecal testing is a reliable method of detection. There are many effective deworming products, some over the counter and some prescription. Many flea control and/or heartworm prevention products provide a monthly deworming that is especially helpful in minimizing environmental contamination. Common active ingredients include:

- Febantel (active ingredient in Drontal® and Drontal Plus®)
- Pyrantel pamoate (active ingredient in Strongid®, Nemex™, Heartguard Plus® and others)
- Piperazine (active ingredient in many over-the-counter dewormers)

- Fenbendazole (active ingredient in Panacur®)
- Milbemycin Oxime (active ingredient in Interceptor®, Sentinel® and Trifexis™)
- Moxidectin (active ingredient In AdvantageMulti®)

The first important concept regarding deworming is that medications essentially anesthetize the worm so that it lets go of its grip on the host intestine and passes with the stool. Once it has been passed, it cannot survive in the environment and dies. Therefore, you may see worms when they pass. Be prepared as they can be quite long and may still be alive and moving when you see them.

Keep in mind that all the larvae in migration cannot be killed by any of these products. After the worms are cleared from the intestine, they will be replaced by new worms completing their migration. This means that a second, and sometimes even a third, deworming is needed to keep the intestine clear. The follow-up deworming is generally given several weeks after the first one to allow for migrating worms to arrive in the intestine where they are vulnerable.

Hookworms

Hookworms (*Ancylostoma caninum*, *Ancylostoma braziliense* and *Uncinaria stenocephala*) are one of the classical internal parasites of dogs and have several special features that are of interest to dog caretakers since they:

- Suck blood (particularly *Ancylostoma caninum*)
- Can be transmitted to unborn pups
- Can infect humans (going barefoot in contaminated soil / yards/beaches)

The adult hookworm lives in the small intestine of its host where it hangs on to the intestinal wall using its six sharp teeth. It drinks its host's blood. The adult worm lives and mates within the host's intestine and ultimately the female worm produces eggs. Hookworm eggs are released into the intestinal contents and passed into the world mixed in with the host's stool.

Many pet owners are concerned about how to decontaminate a backyard or property that has housed an infected dog. The good news is that unlike roundworms which are extremely hardy in the environment, hookworm eggs deplete their energy reserves in a few months and die. Further, hookworm eggs do not survive freezing temperatures. If one uses bleach to clean an area, the protective coating is removed from the hookworm egg and the egg will become dehydrated and die. Borates raked into the soil will also kill hookworm eggs but will kill grass and vegetation as well. Many heartworm preventives also prevent hookworms.

Tapeworms

Adult tapeworms, *Dipylidium caninum*, live in the small intestine of the dog. They hook onto the intestinal wall by a structure that is sort of like a hat with hooks on it. The tapeworm also has six rows of teeth. Most people are confused about the size of a tapeworm because they only see

Continued on next page...

(Continued from page 4)

its segments, which are small. However, the entire tapeworm is usually six inches or more in length..

Once the worm is attached to the intestinal wall, it begins to grow a long tail. Each segment making up the tail is like a separate body, with an independent digestive system and reproductive tract. The tapeworm absorbs nutrients through its skin as food being digested by the host flows past it. Older segments are pushed toward the tip of the tail as new segments are produced by the neck piece. By the time a segment has reached the end of the tail, only the reproductive tract is left. When the segment drops off, it is basically just a sac of tapeworm eggs.

Because the eggs are passed by the pet as segments, they often do not show up on a fecal exam; the segment must break open for the eggs to be seen. Consider that the pet has tapeworms if segments are seen under its tail, around its anus, or on its feces. Segments can be passed in small groups connected to each other leading the owner to describe a worm that sounds larger than a grain of rice. Tapeworm segments are also quite flat.

Tapeworms are killed by different medications. Praziquantel is one medication which is administered by injection, tablet, or topically. The tapeworm is killed and digested; it is not passed in the stool.

Meeting Minutes – 1/16/11

The annual meeting of Northeast Ohio Collie Rescue was called to order by President Tom Hoadley at 1:25 p.m. at the home of Tom and Cindy.

Secretary's Report

Leo read the minutes from the October 24, 2010, meeting. Motion to accept as read was made by Johanna and seconded by Alan. Motion carried.

Treasurer's Report — was submitted by Leo Kenzik.

PayPal® donations totaled \$736. Cleveland Collie Club kitchen event raised \$271.00. Gift wrapping event raised \$75. A very generous donation was made in honor of Eric Brown.

Old Business

Adoptions — Judy Lester stated that there were 29 collies adopted last year. There are five applicants who are ready to have their home studies completed. There are five dogs available: Natalie, Farley, Duke, Dudley and Payton.

Johanna extended an invitation to NEOCR to attend the next Cleveland Collie Club meeting where Dr. Dennis will discuss the new leptospirosis vaccine. The meeting will be at Panera Bread® on Tiedeman Road. Johanna will notify members of date and time.

New Business

Elections — The floor was opened for nominations for President, Secretary/Treasurer and Board of Trustees.

Austin Boston

Just wanted to give you a quick update about "Austin," who has a new name. My older son is also named "Austin," and it would have been too confusing to have two "Austin Brentleys." So canine Austin has been rechristened "Boston," and there is a story behind this choice of a name. When the human Austin was 7 years old and his little brother, Nick, was 2 years old, Nick would call his older brother "Austin Boston, Austin Boston, Austin Boston." Nick was into rhyming sounds and loved to say "Austin Boston" all day long. It drove everybody nuts!



We knew that we would have to rename dog Austin something that sounded similar to Austin, and Boston was the perfect choice. He answers to that name now, and is doing just fine. Boston met the vet recently, and everything checked out just fine. He got micro-chipped. He is eating well, comes to me most times when I call him, loves to have his head rubbed and petted, and met my three grown children — Nick 27, Austin 32 (and Austin's wife, Adeline), and Krista 35 — at Christmas. Everyone thought he was adorable and so beautiful. And by the time they left, he was letting everyone pet him.

I am very pleased with him, and am so glad I adopted him. It was the name "Austin" that first caught my eye because it is my son's name. I'll send another update soon.

— Joyce Brentley

The slate recommended by members present:

Tom Hoadley – President
Leo Kenzik – Secretary/Treasurer
John Lester – Board Member
Johanna Lance – Board Member
Kathy Leenhouts – Board Member

Betty made a motion to accept the slate of officers and Board Members as nominated. Motion was seconded by Jon. Motion carried. Tom made a motion to appoint Johanna as Recording Secretary. Motion was seconded by Leo. Motion carried.

Tax Filing — No IRS return needs to be submitted because the treasury total is under \$25,000.

Whine & Cheese Party — The date discussed for the party is May 15, 2011, depending on the Mutt Hutt's availability. The party will start at 1 p.m.

NECOR Annual Reunion Picnic — is scheduled for Sunday, September 18, 2011.

Upcoming Events

- ☛ **WAKR Adoptathon** – 6/11/11 – Same day as Woofstock
- ☛ **Lake Metroparks Farmpark Working Dog Weekend** – June 11-12, 2011
- ☛ The next meeting is scheduled for May 1, 2011.

Motion was made by Alan to adjourn; motion seconded by Judy Lester. Motion carried. Meeting was adjourned at 2:07 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,
Johanna Lance, Recording Secretary

Some of Our Available Collies

**Blue**

Collie/
Affenpinscher
Mix

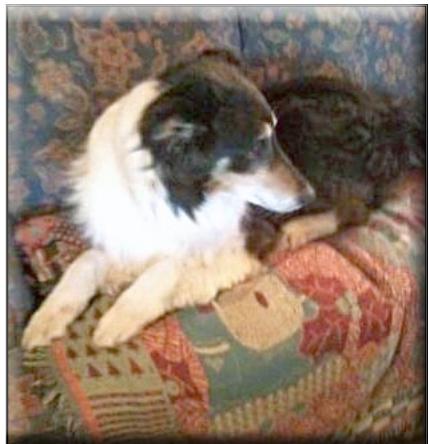
Size: Large
Age: Young
Sex: Male

**Duke II**

Collie

Size: Large
Age: Senior
Sex: Male

Duke is a great, tri-colored male collie. He is friendly and plays with other dogs. He is 9 years old and does steps just fine. He evidently had an injury on his tail when he was young and it was amputated. It is actually very cute — fluffy and curly and about 10 inches long. It actually adds some character to an already “character” of a dog. He is so happy to be an “in-the-house” collie and shows his appreciation daily by wagging his stub tail and licking your face. He really is a great boy. Duke is up-to-date with routine shots, house trained and neutered.



Blue is a typical young dog — playful and needs exercise. A fenced yard would be ideal with plenty of room to run. He has a herding instinct so he should probably not be around young children as he may nip/herd them. He is also food possessive and should be fed separately.

In general, Blue gets along with other dogs. This handsome 2-year-old boy’s primary colors are sable and blue merle. He is neutered and current on vaccines.

**Cash**

Collie

Size: Large
Age: Senior
Sex: Female

Cash is a wonderful, friendly girl who is quite active. She is mostly smooth collie, but probably

is part husky or other breed. She is about as sweet a girl as they come and a wonderful house dog. Her mommy has to let her go and so needs her to get a loving home; she needs someone who will care for her and give her a great rest of her life. Although she is about 9-10 years old, you would never know it. She is playful and bouncy. She sits on command and loves cats. We are helping the owner find a home for Cash, so if you can help so she won’t have to end up in a shelter, please e-mail or call 330-571-4456.

Jasper II

Collie, German
Shepherd Mix

Size: Large
Age: Senior
Sex: Male



Jasper is 8-9 years old but still gets around well. He does a full flight of stairs with no trouble and is able to jump up on the bed if you are inclined to let him. He was alone in his terminally ill owner’s house for four months (let out a couple of times a day), so he is enjoying some activity and companionship. His eyes are clear and his teeth make him look more like a 6-7 year old dog. Jasper is definitely mostly collie but probably has some other breed in there, perhaps German shepherd. He is a nice boy and gets along with lots of other dogs. He would really like to find that special person who will love and keep him. He is friendly and seems to enjoy being brushed.

**Jessie**

Collie Mix

Size: Large
Age: Young
Sex: Female

Jessie is a little shy at first and more so with men. She is an active girl and loves to run and play with other dogs. She would do best in a large fenced yard with plenty of room to stretch out. She is on the small side for a collie but has a beautiful, sleek coat. She should probably not be with small children and seems to have a herding instinct to nip at ankles of running children. For a young 2-1/2 year-old collie, Jessie is well behaved and doesn’t chew inappropriate objects. She is housebroken and scheduled for her spay.

Memories of Laddie

Laddie was not the little ball of puppy fluff we had wanted. Instead he was a five-year-old owner turn-back. They were older and could not handle the energy or the hair of a five-year-old collie. He had been kept in the basement in a cage with no blanket and no toys and only went for an occasional walk. He fit right in with our other dogs but needed to be trained away from the cage. He never truly learned to play and was upset when the other guys played with toys.

He went to Ohio K-9 University for his Canine Good Citizen training. He developed a special relationship with his trainer, Amy. Amy also trained Laddie to be a therapy dog and he had passed his TDI test. We took him to a nearby nursing care facility. He enjoyed visiting the residents but he had little time, he thought, for prolonged visits. There were so many rooms to visit and people to see. It was time for one quick pet, and off he went. Of course, if he encountered a resident who didn't want a dog near, he would get (yes he did) an impish grin and push even closer.

He was friends with our miniature schnauzer, Sam. When Sam became ill with complications of diabetes and crossed the Rainbow Bridge, Laddie became depressed and developed severe bronchitis. The vet told us he was pining for his little friend. That same weekend, a miniature schnauzers named "Little Mo" joined our household, and Laddie perked up again. Even though we added other Collies to replace those we lost, Mo and Laddie had a unique and ongoing friendship. Of course, Mo needed training. Big brother Laddie went along for company. Amy was glad to see Laddie again, and while he couldn't train with the puppy class, he watched eagerly on the sidelines. Two lab pups were intimidating to Mo during "puppy play time." Mo quickly figured out how to lead them to his big brother and then run off leaving the big guy to deal with the labs. Amy soon let Laddie romp and play with all of the puppies to help them socialize.

All of our dogs are trained with the electronic fence. Laddie quickly adapted to the fence and enjoyed the freedom our large yard gave him. As with most collies, he took special delight in watching over the neighborhood and alerting us to people on the street. He would bark back at the coyotes in the wildlife preserve behind our house. Nothing could come into his territory. We do, however, have resident rabbits. Laddie seemed to ignore them. Once Laddie, Mo and one other collie ran through the backyard while a rabbit sat in the middle of our deck and watched them chase each other, almost like a cartoon.

As his friends passed on and were replaced, he became the mentor and the tutor. He knew "the rules," and he sat for his treats and showed the younger/newer ones how to do it. He also knew how to beg without seeming to beg. When company came to visit, it was Laddie they came to see whether they knew it or not. Laddie was not a jumper but he certainly was a nuzzler. He was sweet and gentle and wonderful to have around.

Over the last several months, getting up from a resting position became harder, and finally next to not at all. He learned how to communicate his needs. He would whimper, cry or bark until they were met. We learned which vocalization meant what. Nothing would do unless he was in the same room with us, and he vocalized that well and often. He did not seem to be in pain, but he needed a boost and finally medication. One night nothing more could help. It came so quickly that even though we were expecting it, we were still stunned. And so he crossed the Rainbow Bridge. He was the last of our sable collies. He was 14 years old, and he gave us the best nine of those years. We will pine for him; we will miss him and remember with fondness how we enjoyed him. The pleading look in his doe eyes that said "Do something, help me." will remain hauntingly. It is so sad that something so majestic in life passes so sorrowfully.

- Joe & Phyllis Pepoy

A Tribute to Solomon

Our hearts were broken this past year by the loss of our beloved Solomon, a NEOCR rescue, at the grand old age of 13. Solomon was born July 16, 1997 and entered into rest July 16, 2010. He passed on his birthday, which we decided just made Solomon even more special.

Solomon was getting tired and living had become very hard for him. He was losing weight, having a hard time walking, getting up and down the stairs was a challenge, and he could no longer get up from a lying position without a lot of difficulty. He circled and circled while trying to lie down, which our vet said was probably because his spine hurt. He was basically sleeping almost the entire day, not really interacting with us anymore. When he could no longer get up to do his business, we knew we couldn't let him live that way. We prayed that Solomon would go on his own, but he was stubborn and would not leave us. He never did let us know how much pain he was in, but we knew he was hurting. So as hard as it was, we made the difficult decision to let him go.

Solomon came to us in September 2007 after being rescued from a family who had to give him up due to an asthma condition and, therefore, could no longer have him in the house. We were just going to foster him as we weren't ready for another dog at that time. After we took him for a disastrous home visit and knew we couldn't leave him there, we brought him back home and he never left. He moved right in as if he had lived here forever. He was a gem. He was one of the most beautiful collies we had ever seen, as regal as a king. It didn't matter where we took him, people would stop, turn to look and comment on how beautiful he was. I used to feel bad for our dog, Maggie, who kept getting ignored when Solomon was around. I would say "You're pretty, too, Maggie!" There was just something so striking about Solomon. You could tell he had been well taken care of by his former family as he was such a gentle a dog. Solomon was never demanding. He was so easy going; whenever we fed him was when he ate. Whenever we took him outside was when he went outside. Anything was fine with him. He never pestered us to be let out or fed, he just went along with whatever we did. The one thing he loved was McDonald's® french fries. He never begged for food but whenever we went to McDonald's and brought french fries home, he was right there waiting for his share. I would go to give him one and he would just about bite my finger off trying to get at it.

A testament to how much Solomon was loved, his former family continued to stay in touch with us and came to visit him. Even though they had to give him up, they never forgot him or stopped loving him. When we knew Solomon was fading, we called them and they came out to see him one more time. The kids in the family were teenagers when they gave him up, and they had been heartbroken to lose him. They had Solomon since he was a puppy. They were able to come at least twice a year to visit him, and it was fun for us to learn about Solomon's puppy years.

Solomon was truly an old soul. He loved lying outside. He would pick a spot and lie there for hours. When we got a new puppy last summer, Solomon didn't want to be bothered with him. Instead he found a little hideaway in the backyard and would go in there for hours and not come out. We called it his "man cave." Solomon was a barker who let everyone know he was still here. My six year-old neighbor said out of the blue one day, "I bet God is telling Solomon to stop barking!" Yes, I think God probably is, but God is also watching Solomon run and play again and not hurt anymore. We are thankful for the three years we had with him; we would do it again knowing that's all the time we would have. We would rather have had three years with him than to not have known him at all. We were privileged to have him come into our lives. Solomon, we miss you. You will never be forgotten. Rest in peace friend.

- Janice & Ron Lewandowski

A Tribute to Barkley (aka "Barkster" and "Pupster")

— By Lea-Ann Vajda

This past November, we had to say goodbye to Barkley, one of the sweetest most loving dogs ever. He has certainly left a very big void in my life and is missed by many two- and four-legged family and friends. I can say there was nothing I would have changed about him. He was truly one in a million. Barkley was about 15-½ years old when he passed, and we were fortunate to have had him for over 13 of those years.

In the beginning, I fostered Barkley for NEOCR. After having him with me, I fell in love with that boy and couldn't give him up. A new family came to meet and adopt him, but I knew he was here to stay; I just *had* to keep him and adopt him. He was so scared and timid at first that you knew life hadn't treated him well for his first couple years; he must have encountered neglect and/or abuse. He would stay in my bedroom all day and night, only run out to do his business and run back in to hide. He acquired a habit of going into my closet and taking out all my shoes one by one and piling them up on the floor. Never chewed them or did anything else but pull them out. I figured it may be some sort of "dog therapy" for him and let him continue.

As time went on, he gained confidence little by little and started trusting people slowly. Eventually he started roaming the house and yard and became more comfortable in his new home. He became such a loving and sweet dog with such a laid-back and soft temperament. We were never weary of letting him be around kids and other animals because you just knew he wouldn't hurt anyone and didn't have a bad bone in his body.

He had to be one of the easiest patients from day one that was ever at the vet's office. Whether he was there for checkups, grooming, surgeries or treatments, he had always been very calm and just let them do whatever they needed to do without a fight or complaint. In fact, in all his years we had never heard a whimper or yip out of him until his last day with us. Even after going through some painful illnesses, such as broken toes or surgeries, he never uttered a sound.

He certainly brought much good to my life, more than I thought a dog could. So many times through the years he was a comfort to me. Being ill, going through stressful times, or during just everyday ups and downs of life, your pet can be such a comfort, and that he was. It's amazing how they know what you're feeling or what's going on with their humans. I can remember being home after a surgery, not feeling well, and going through a lot of pain. Barkley was just happy to rest by my side and follow me when I moved from room to room. He seemed to know I couldn't play or walk with him and seemed content just to be with me.

In the Fall/Winter issue of *Imprints*, I wrote a story about vestibulitis and how it affected Barkley. Although it is not detrimental in itself, I believe his health issues began for him right after going through the illness for the second time. For about the next six months after that episode, besides going completely deaf, he had multiple problems with colitis and IBD. For the first two months, Dr. Jennifer Mills, me and the staff at Broadview Animal & Bird Hospital, and Barkley's step-mom, Mary, who also lived with him, worked on getting him on a workable mixture of medicines and food to make things comfy from head through tail. He was doing pretty well, enough so that after finding Krista, a very good and able Barkley-sitter, I was able to

leave him and go on a week-long vacation. He was eating very well, taking walks, and loved being social and relaxing in his yard.

He started having issues a couple months later with constant hours spent straining outside daily. After trying many different solutions, he had to have surgery after discovering a colon blockage. He did okay, but we found he had a small obstruction at the end of his colon. Not wanting to put him through any more surgery or such done to him, we decided to make it as easy as we could to do his business outside by having everything pass over the small obstruction. It took awhile to come up with a mixture of dog food, rice and chicken that worked best with his meds, Flagyl® and Lactulose. It was a daily ritual to decide what to give him. He went outside 6-8 times a day and usually twice during the night. Thankfully, Mary helped me with his continuous care at home, and Dr. Mills and her staff helped by phone and with periodic check-ups.

Around November, Barkley had a big turn around. He started jumping slowly on the bed again, he wanted to walk farther when we went out, he was more alert and napping less. He actually stated doing playful things again, like nip at my side (herding instinct), play with his paws, etc. It was like a shot of energy was given to him. I have many pictures of him during that time since he was doing so well and seemed just great.

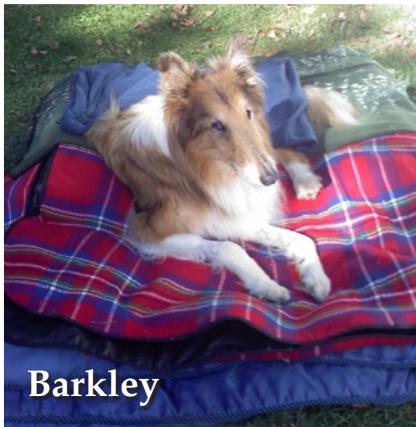
His recovery was short lived though, so I am glad I took advantage of spending every minute of the fall weather with him. A short time later, I took Barkley to see Dr. Mills for a checkup. I planned on going away

for a long weekend and wanted to be sure he was okay. Just as we were about to leave for the vet, he vomited his breakfast. Since this was an uncommon occurrence for him, my first thought was Vestibulitis again. His checkup was fine and no obvious problems surfaced. We spoke about me doing occasional fluids at home and starting him on Prednisone for the colon/IBD issues. I took him home, but about a half an hour later, he couldn't stand up and just wasn't himself. I took him right back to the vet. Dr. Mills and the technicians checked him over and even did an EKG. We thought perhaps his arthritis was giving him some pain. I took him home again, but by 9 p.m. that night, he was so restless and kept moving around a few feet at a time and then

laid down. He wouldn't stay put more than 10 minutes at a time. I kept calling back and forth with Dr. Mills till 11 p.m. adjusting his medication, taking his temp and checking vitals. At 11:30 p.m., we decided his pain was probably too bad and it was best to take him to the emergency clinic on the West side and get something for his pain until he could go to his regular vet in the morning.

I have to say that was one of the worst experiences ever. Without going into all aspects of that emergency visit, I would say that anyone dealing with a pet and their owner during an emergency should have compassion and tact with patient's families, both of which that vet had neither. I thought we were there to address Barkley's pain, and it turned out to be a life and death issue. They blatantly told me that Barkley's organs were shutting down and they didn't give him much hope. The questions they asked seem to insinuate that he wasn't well-cared for. That vet had no knowledge of the vigilant care and love he received and how much time we all put into his care. Her approach was heartbreaking and made me question many decisions for weeks after that night.

...continued on next page



Barkley

I immediately called my vet because I was in shock and couldn't believe what was happening. She spoke to the emergency vet, and we transported him to his own hospital; Dr. Mills met us at 1 a.m. Barkley was not doing well in the car so we rushed him as fast as we could, and she was already waiting for us when we arrived. She checked Barkley right away and told us he wasn't doing well at all and it was probably his time now. Everything just happened so fast. She gave him something to keep him calm and help alleviate any pain. I held him and just tried to think what to do. We could have tried to extend his life for a day, or a week or two, but that would have been for us and not for Barkley's well being. Yet I didn't want to let him go and wasn't prepared at all.

Barkley was never a licker. He wasn't a dog that licked your face or hands at all. So when he looked at me and licked my hand, I knew at that moment he was telling me it was okay to let him go. My mother always said that he looked at me with such love in his eyes, and I saw that again at that moment. He was ready and had fought the good fight until that moment, and now we had to do what's best for him. So we held him, told him it was alright to go, and spent some time with him before we let him go. He deserved to be pain free and comfortable. So we said our goodbyes and knew at least he was with three of his biggest supporters. Being that this happened so quickly, Dr. Mills said she would care for him and I should come back in the morning. When I got home I knew his remains were not going on any mantel or shelf, but would be placed in his yard in his favorite spot by the fence.

I went back in the morning and was greeted with many hugs and condolences from the staff. Dr. Mills and another staff member took me in the back where they had Barkley warm and wrapped in blankets. They both were so compassionate and kind with me and did everything possible to help me get through that time. The next day, Dr. Mills sent a beautiful note and card, and she and all the technicians also sent me flowers. In the weeks to follow, I received many cards and e-mails; it's amazing how many people know and understand how the loss of a pet can really break your heart.

I had meant to send some e-mails to some animal contacts and NEOCR folks to let them know he was gone, but I was having a hard time about it and hadn't gotten to it yet. I saw the e-mail with the *Imprints* attachment but hadn't opened it yet. Instead I sent some e-mails with the news of Barkley's passing. Just a short time later, I opened the

e-mail. Imagine my surprise when I saw the Vestibulitis article I wrote along with Barkley's pictures in that issue. It was sort of bittersweet to read it. It was so sad he was gone, but I hoped his story would help others down the line who might experience the same illness.

I had a major employment/career change a few years ago that gave me more flexibility, and so I had a lot more quality time then ever to spend with Barkley. I work in Pet Care now, so I also had the freedom to take him with me many times. I guess sometimes things do happen for a reason because I wouldn't have had the time with him or been able to take care of him if I was working the 50-60 hour weeks I was before.

I will rescue again one day when the time is right. For now, I am filling the Barkley void by caring for others family pets. It does help for the time being. There will be four awfully big paws to fill when I do adopt again. I take comfort in knowing pets must really go to heaven, and if so, then he's with his first buddy, my dad, and they are sitting in the grass fishing or lying on the couch watching TV like they used to do.

In conclusion, I want to thank everyone who helped in any way to care for Barkley or who were there when we needed it the most. It really helps a person get through tough situations when people are caring and supportive. From all the people at NEOCR who sent e-mails when Barkley had health issues...for all the sympathy when he died ...to Mary loved and has helped take care of Barkley every day of his life...to all the support from family and friends, especially my niece, Kristin, who stayed with me during his last day through burying him...along with help and support from all of the Chaj Family that night...with special thanks Krista for being a fantastic sitter for him...along with a HUGE thank you to all the doctors, staff and technicians at Broadview Animal Hospital in Seven Hills, especially Dr. Jennifer Mills, who let me contact her 24/7 and gave Barkley exceptional care every single day right to the very end...and to Nicki at the hospital who constantly kept my spirits up and always checked on me...thank you.

But mostly to Barkley, a very good boy who gave so much love and devotion and who was truly special and unique. He grabbed and took hold of a place in my heart and soul like no other dog has done. He was one of the best for sure. He gave me a purpose and filled a need that always made me feel great...and for that I shall always be grateful.

acting like she was going to be ill, and that she had some bloody-colored mucus coming out of her rectum. So at 1:30 Saturday morning, we headed to the 24-hour animal hospital in Girard. Unfortunately, she passed away on the trip there.

This little girl that had helped me through so many hard times was gone from me. From the day my husband passed in December of 2005, she had to sleep next to me, even moving the grandkids out of the way during the night to be on "her pillow." I'd wake up in the morning not being able to move to find Kiki pressed against me on one side and Conan "cuddled" on the other. Even sitting on the couch, she had to be next to me. She had a bark when she was playing that sounded more like a "woo woo." She was such a priss—not wanting to go outside if it was raining unless she really "had" to go, or getting her feet wet in the snow. In Louisiana, we stayed at a 44 acre farm, and she had her own little cowbell so I knew where she was. She used to like to wander out to the pasture behind the camper, away from her brothers to do her business. Yet she'd take the roundabout way to come back to the camper, so as not to walk in the taller grass. Her playfulness and cute bark will be forever etched in my mind and missed greatly. I know she is at the Rainbow Bridge now, healthy and happy, joining my husband and other two girls, Sable and Angel.

Conan & Kiki

— By Mary Miller

My late husband and I adopted Conan and Kiki from NEOCR quite a while back. Last year I moved back to Ohio after spending a year and a half in Louisiana. I saw a picture of Conan on the web site; this "little" boy has come a long way since being adopted in 2002.

Conan still thinks he is a lap dog, even at 85 pounds. Whether it is horses running in the pastures, watching kids practice football at the school behind us, tattling on the other dogs playing in the house or outside, he lets you know. And though he may be a big bear, he's always been gentle, letting a baby kitten cuddle between his paws to sleep or being used as a "table" to get ready for Mardi Gras.

Kiki came to us in April of 2005. Unfortunately, she passed away this past August. In the fall of 2006, she was diagnosed with a pancreatic problem. It seemed her body did not want to absorb the nutrients of her food, and she was put on medication which helped. One Friday morning the day started out fine as she ate her usual breakfast. Later in the day, she did not quite seem herself. She had gotten sick, and I thought that maybe she had gotten a bit of a bug. The "chow hound" that she usually was, even turned her nose away from supper. This was not Kiki, as she usually ate her food and whatever else she could find. Later that night as she laid on the floor, we noticed that she was

UPCOMING EVENTS

- Visit our [Upcoming Events](#) page at www.neocr.org or the links below for more information about the following events...
 - The Paws 4-A-Cause Adopt-a-thon, will be Saturday, **May 21, 2011**, 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m., at the Cleveland Metroparks South Chagrin Reservation Polo Grounds.
 - Working Dog Weekend is scheduled for **June 11-12, 2011**, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Lake Metroparks Farmpark
 - Fine Art Fair & Crocker Bark Event will be held **June 11-12, 2011**. Hours are Saturday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. and Sunday, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., at Crocker Park in Westlake, OH.
 - The 10th annual Akron Pet Expo will take place at Hardesty Park in Akron on Saturday **June 11, 2011**.
 - Cleveland Botanical Gardens will be hosting Dog Days of Summer on Sundays from June through August. For the price of admission, and \$2 per dog, you can enjoy a Sunday afternoon with your canine companion in this little slice of heaven on earth, right in University Circle. CBG members (and their dogs) get in free. Various dog rescues, and other dog-related groups, will be on hand as well. NEOCR will be there on **Sunday, June 26**.
 - Yappy Hours will be held at the Winery at Wolf Creek

in Norton, Ohio, on the second Tuesday of the month from May through October from 5 to 8 p.m. in the Tasting Room Annex. Admission is \$10 per person at the door. Admittance fee includes raffle entry, glass of wine and goodies for your dog. Cost is \$5 per person for non-drinkers, includes soda or bottled water.

- The next NEOCR Board Meeting will be held **Sunday, August 7, 2011**, at 1 p.m. at the home of Jon & Judy Lester in Burton, OH. See our web site for directions and details or e-mail judy6139@sbcglobal.net.
- The 2011 Annual Gathering at Sunnybank is scheduled for **August 20-21** in Wayne, New Jersey.
- The Oberlin Doggie Doo Pooch Parade will be held Saturday, **September 10, 2011**, 11 am to 5 p.m. The parade forms at 3 p.m. and will start barking down North Professor Street at 3:30 p.m.
- The WayneQuest Dog Rescue Walk will be at Wayne County Fairgrounds on Saturday, **September 17, 2011**, 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. Everyone with a dog is invited to be in the parade!
- The 2011 NEOCR Annual Collie Reunion & Pot-Luck Picnic will be held Sunday, **September 17, 2011**, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. at Hubbard Valley Park in Medina, OH.

What to do, what to do... Who goes home, who doesn't?

It's my sad duty to tell you that the Geezer on the left shuffled off his mortal coil this past February. His spirit now resides at Sunnybank. His vision is restored, he can hear, and as he runs down the hill with all the other collie spirits, he barks with pure joy. With Bert and Anice there too, Cody the Geezer will never be neglected again.

The jury remains out regarding the geezer on the right.

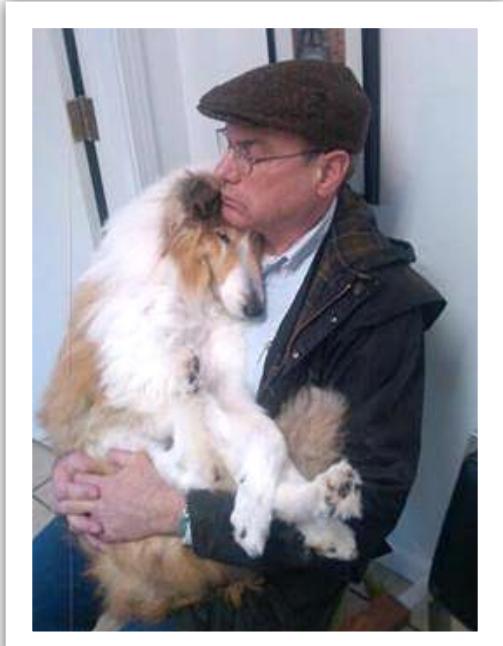
— Tom Hoadley

Justice has been served...

Tom,

Receiving your e-mail yesterday brought back the vivid and painful memory of the horrible conditions that Cody had been forced to endure before being rescued by the APL and the Brooklyn Police Department. While these memories will always stay with us there is much relief and closure in knowing that Cody's life took a dramatic turn for the better once your organization took him in. If there was any organization that could restore Cody's faith in humanity, it was the Northeast Ohio Collie Rescue. I think your photo says it all. If there is a doggie heaven, I don't think it could compare to the care and comfort that you have provided for Cody during these last years of his life.

I will be forwarding your e-mail to the Brooklyn P.D. officers Sgt. Armstrong and Ptl.C.Eschweiler, who I'm sure will be delighted to know that their efforts in assisting with Cody's rescue really made a difference. Both of these officers not only assisted with removing Cody from his deplorable environment but they also stuck with the case and tracked down the



neglectful owner which ultimately resulted in a court conviction for animal cruelty.

This is a rare case in which there are actually more heroes than medals to hand out so I'm afraid that a heart felt THANK YOU will have to suffice.

— Jed Mignano, Chief Investigator,
Cleveland APL

From the Scrapbook Gallery...

From top left: 1. Conan Miller; 2. Kiki Miller (beloved collie of Mary Miller); 3. Milo Harwich in his truck at the Cleveland St. Patty's Day parade; 4. Solomon Lewandowski (beloved collie of Ron & Janice Lewandowski); 5. Alice Lester in Dreamland; 6. Farley meets part of his new family, the Kasunic kids; 7. Daytona Zita comfortably lounging on the couch; 8. Addie Bortner looking beautiful; 9. Gilligan loving his new home in Ontario; 10. Laddie (beloved collie of Joe & Phyllis Pepoy) along with sibling Sassy.

1



2



3



4



10



9



6



5



7



Barkley...Sleep well sweet prince.

"There is no man on earth that will give you 100% unconditional love and loyalty like your dog will."



NorthEast Ohio Collie Rescue, Inc
PO Box 1594 Elyria, Ohio 44036-1594