
WISCONSIN WESTIE RESCUE

CHANGING LIVES ONE WESTIE AT A TIME

WISCONSINWESTIERESCUE.COM

2019 Year in Review

by Amy Wolfgram

Welcome to the traditional WWR yearly recap. I have been with Rescue for fifteen-ish years and 2019 is going to go down as one of our most unusual years as far as activity. We have had a heck of a long slow spell and, I am sorry to say, as of this writing there is no real sign of that changing.

2019 kicked off fairly strong (and normal). We had a number of turn-ins from the breeders in northern Wisconsin, as well as some owner turn-ins. However, the remainder of the breeder dogs we were anticipating never materialized – we have no explanation as to why, which is not necessarily unusual or a sign of anything nefarious – and by midyear the stream of new dogs basically ran out.

With that said, WWR still did a respectable amount of work in 2019. A total of twenty-one dogs came through WWR in 2019, which breaks out as follows:

- Dogs carried over from 2018 and officially adopted in 2019: 3
- Permanent fosters: 1
- Dogs new to WWR in 2019: 17

Put your hands up for the single ladies, as they outnumbered the boys twelve to nine. The youngest dog this year was eight months old. We did not have a completely accurate age on the oldest, but he was estimated by the vet to be fifteen to sixteen years old. And a hearty shout out to our remaining permanent foster, one of the ladies who came to us several years ago from a big owner turn-in (on a ridiculously cold March day!) up in Clear Lake, WI.

A giant WWR arooooo!! goes out to every single one of our fabulous volunteers who made a difference in the lives of those twenty-one dogs. Whether you drove transport, fostered, donated items for a fundraiser, bought a calendar, or otherwise gave of your time or money, we thank you. We know 2019 was weird and tested everyone's patience, but thanks for hanging in there with us. Here's to a more active 2020!

Save the Date!

The annual Westie Roundup summer picnic will be held on June 27, 2020. The picnic will be held in Altoona at the home of Julie and Tom Risen. We promise cooler temperatures this year, as well as an afternoon filled with fun, tasty food, and LOTS of Westies. Please watch for your RSVP coming in May.

Wisconsin Westie Rescue is a 501(c)(3) federal non-profit organization.

Donations are tax deductible. Wisconsin State License # 268578-DS

Call for 2021 Benefit Calendar Photos

Time to grab your phones, tablets, or cameras and send us the best shots of your favorite four-legged family member for our 2021 benefit calendar. This year's deadline for sending photos is Sunday, April 26th. This gives us enough time to arrange the photos and get everything to the printer in time so we can sell calendars at the reunion picnic in June.

When sending photos, remember do NOT compress the photos for best print quality. I do not mind getting a lot of emails with your cute dog photos at all! If you have multiple dogs, try to let me know which dog is which so I can be certain to get a photo of every dog in the calendar.

Send your photos to aroooo@charter.net and actual photos to 1332 Armstrong Place, Eau Claire, WI, 54701. I can scan photos and return them to you if you wish. We strive to get every dog in at least once!



The yearly benefit calendar has become one of our most popular fundraisers for WWR. We still have some 2020s available for sale. Email us for availability!

2019 Holiday Bazaar

Our 2019 benefit bazaar was a huge success with a record \$3600 raised! No doubt our success is due to so many of you who were willing to craft, bake, and donate for Westies!

Our bazaar is a favorite of the locals here in Eau Claire because of the unique items we offer, not to mention the mouthwatering sweet treats for sale, as well! We have shoppers who don't remember what dog breed we are raising funds for, but they love coming and seeing all of the wonderful items we have for them to choose from. To all of you who donated, thank you so much!

It takes a lot of people hours to get the bazaar items priced and ready to sell, as well as setting up the sale the day before. A huge shout out goes to Dawn LaFavor, Sheila Sorenson, Vince Rosso and Sue Clemas, Dawn Schepcke, Carolyn Weibel, Julie Risen, Amy and Jerry Wolfgram, Cheryl Cutsforth, and Sally Webb for all that they did to make our bazaar successful. You are all appreciated more than you know!



Tootie by Sandie Zigler

When we first got Tootie, she would run away. We visited our old home on Washington Island. I was getting out of the car and she launched herself off of my back and away she went. I followed her as best I could. She ran into the woods. I stopped to catch my breath and here came Tootie out of the woods. I then realized she was not running away; she just needed to run. This has happened several times and she always comes back. This spring we are going to fortify our fence so she can run off some of her energy.

Tootie is a sweet little girl and a clown. She never walks in the house (unless she is on her back legs). She goes ten miles an hour. Her favorite place to sit is on Jim's lap when he is on the computer. She has learned to jump up on a kitchen chair to get to the counter. We have to make sure we push our chairs in. She is also a bed hog. We love her so much and cannot imagine being without her.

Lady & Helen Sweetie by Jerry & Connie Wolfgram

How to start a story?

Lady came to us for fostering in March of 2019 from a puppy mill. At that time, we had two of our own girls, Maggie and Karla. The three girls got along very well together. The three of them played together and slept together. Then our Maggie, who had been on steroids for about five years, took a turn for the worst and we had to put her down. Then Karla stopped eating and became sick within a week of Maggie's passing. She and Maggie were so close; we believe this was a big part of Karla's decline and sickness.



HELEN



LADY

We got Helen in June from a foster home in Milwaukee. She had some ear problems. We took her to our vet and she was diagnosed with an ear infection in both ears. They treated her ear canals as they were almost closed up, as well as the infections. After about two months of treatment, a dermatologist gave her another medicine for the hard earwax that was deep in her ears near the eardrums. Helen had improved so much that now the vet was able to see into her ears all the way to the eardrums. She has taken all of this doctoring very well since she found out it made her feel better! Now we have a happy little girl who can hear the smallest of sounds.

When we took Helen in and she met Lady, who we had adopted, it was like long lost friends meeting for a reunion. They are like two peas in a pod. They sleep together and go with us wherever we go. Helen is seven years old and she came from the same puppy mill as Lady so we don't know if they could be related. These two are so in tune to each other and to Connie. Helen will get on her lap and go to sleep. If Connie let her, she would stay that way all day! Then Lady wants to get into the same lap!

In all the years that we have fostered and adopted our girls from WWR, we have had a lot of fun and enjoyment from each and every one of them. Some new dogs come in so frightened of seeing their reflections in the appliances that they bark wildly at the "other dog." Some just stare at the ceiling or sit in a corner not moving. This is usually a short time of shock at being in a house. Soon their curiosity and those delicious treats have them exploring the kitchen and settling in.

Like the others we have fostered and adopted, Lady and Helen Sweetie are a joy for us. They learn so many words and seem to read our minds, coming over to be petted or have their ears tickled.

Otis by Julie Risen

Hi, my name is Otis. Back in July 2018 when I was nine, I found myself in need of a new home. I was one of three dogs when my family decided to add another dog. Unfortunately, that dog was larger and much younger than me. They claim I didn't get along with the new dog so I was the one that had to leave. (WHAT!?!?) That's how I found my way to Wisconsin Westie Rescue. I ended up in the foster home of Julie and Tom Risen and their two Westies, Mickey and Tupie.

When I arrived, I had some wounds and a torn ACL. I had surgery on my ACL. It wasn't long before I felt better and ready to take on the world. My foster family immediately recognized what a sweet and smart boy I was!! In fact, I was so WONDERFUL they decided to adopt me. Let me tell you, I am the luckiest dog in the world. I now have a brother and sister, a box full of toys, a backyard full of sunshine and squirrels, and a house full of dog beds. Life is great.

My sister tells me that a BIG event is happening on June 27th at our house. She called it the Westie Rescue Summer Picnic!! She says it's a BLAST! There will be lots of dogs and their parents hanging out in our backyard. The dogs are off leash, playing, socializing, eating yummy food, and making new friends. I can't wait to see what it's all about. If you'd like to meet me and lots of other cool Westies, mark your calendar so you can attend! I'd love to meet all of you. I hope to see you in June.....Otis



Sally by Janell Westimayer

We cannot believe that Sally has been with us a whole year! She has been such a great addition to our family. She has blended in so well with all our senior citizens. Sally has taken on the role of yard patrol. There is no safe place for squirrels or rabbits. She loves to go with Ron to deliver wood. She can tell you when the wood splitter stops and Ron starts up the truck. Her brother, Ralph, has taught her when to nap and when to look out the window. He has also taught her that every wood customer needs to pet her and sometimes they even give you cookies! Some things Sally has figured out by herself—like the bank is a fun place to stop.

Sally does have a friend that visits us when her mom and dad have to go out of town. Her friend, Happy, is her age and the two of them play and play. When it is time for Happy to go home, it takes both girls a day or so to recover.

Sally is definitely a daddy's girl, but she gives Mom lots of love, too. We are so grateful that Sally is part of our family! Our hope is that Ms. Sally is enjoying her

life with us as much as we are enjoying her. Thanks so much for giving us the opportunity to care for Ms. Sally! She is such a happy little girl and she brings so much joy to our family!

Days of Dagger by Blaine Peden and Dagger

I've been running the Peden household since January of 2018 when my sixteen-year-old big sister, Teiko, pulled me to the side and said "Kid, my time as leader of the pack is coming to an end soon and I need a young, smart, go-getter to keep this place from descending into chaos with my leaving. These other Westies are just not up to the task so it will be up to you to be the big dog." I gulped, not sure if I was truly up to the task. After all, at that point I was just a foster dog, but shortly after "the talk," Teiko was called across the rainbow bridge and I had no time to ponder the details. It was time to get busy. A promise to Teiko was a promise to be kept and the need she spoke of was all too real. Without a strong leader, this household would soon fall apart!

You see, my foster dad was retiring from decades of teaching and would need guidance on what to do with his free time. My kid was returning back to college after holiday break and Mom couldn't possibly deal with my Westie brother and sisters AND Dad by herself! She needed help and since she was the one we could count on to feed us, it was on me to come through in the clutch! Fortunately, I had endeared myself to Dad, who in his grief on losing his best dog, Teiko, agreed I should adopt him. Mom sighed, and agreed, BUT with a caveat...obedience class. NOW I was tasked with taking Dad to class? How would he handle being the student instead of the teacher? We would soon find out.

Mom signed us up for a once a week session. I think she was disappointed it wasn't offered as an all day every day class, but what could she do? Classes were once a week on Tuesday morning so off we went. I'm sorry to say my first job was a failure and, despite my best efforts, Dad flunked obedience class. Actually most of the moms and dads flunked that session so maybe it wasn't totally my fault. I blame caffeine overload given class was so early in the morning. These people just weren't focused at all! They all behaved like Jack Russell terriers with no clear agenda or purpose at all! Mom just sighed at the news, clearly disappointed in the two of us. I vowed to do better.

I soon figured out that perhaps the ticket to success was being a self-motivator. I began looking around for things that needed my attention. I settled on two important tasks: paper shredding and sock collecting.

It keeps Dad busy sweeping the floor and going outside to look under trees and bushes for his socks and, I have to say, I am very good at both tasks! If a paper, any paper at all, touches the floor, I am on and it's soon in a hundred little pieces. Socks are routinely collected and redistributed to the outdoors in an Easter egg hunt sort of way. Dad now has a complete collection of single socks so I am very good at hiding them! However, I still see Mom doing a lot of sighing, but I think it's because of Dad and not me.

I have a full life between shredding, being a sock curator, and general daily tasks like taking Dad for walks and keeping squirrels off Mom's bird feeder. I am pretty sure she thinks I do a good job of squirrel removal because I never hear her sigh when I come back inside after sending the squirrels on their way. I even get a "Good boy, Dagger" when I give a really good chase! I even caught a vole on one of these squirrel runs and brought it back to the house to show her. Mom did sort of sigh though, called Dad, and told him to bring a bag for the body.

I finally figured out how I got my name! It had previously been a mystery to me, however this past Green Bay Packer season I found out why I am called Dagger. Mom was listening to the game on the radio instead of watching it on TV. Mom usually says she likes to watch the game alone and focus, occasionally (okay, a LOT) offering verbal encouragement to the team. I don't know but it kinda sounds like swearing, mostly directed at the officials. Anyway, that day she said something about "Troy and Buck suck" and she "prefers the radio announcers instead over these two bozos." It was the nearing the end of the game and the Packers had sealed the win when I heard the announcer say



"And there is your Dagger!" My name!! I felt proud because that meant Mom really thinks I am a winner. And she didn't even sigh when they said it. Well, maybe a little, but she looked happy.

Thanks for listening to my story. Overall though, I think Teiko would be very proud of me and, like the Packers, I often come through and clutch a victory in the end.

Wisconsin Westie Rescue Newsletter

c/o Jean Anderson
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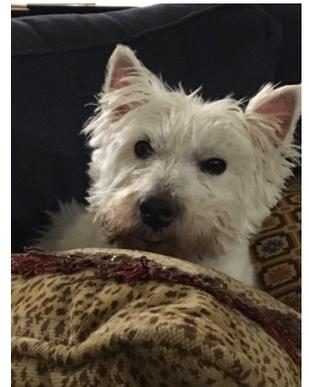
Zoey by Jean Anderson

Zoey joined our family two years ago after being turned in from an Amish farm. When we first brought her home, she was terribly afraid of men and very shy around anyone but me. She would put all her toys in her bed and sit with them and not allow anyone touch them.

My husband was so disappointed when Zoey would have nothing to do with him. He was used to being the favorite! Every dog we have ever had thought Bob was the best (despite me being the one who fed, walked, and cared for them 99% of the time).

Zoey really came around after a few months. It took some patience, but now she is spunky and quirky and has decided that she loves everyone, including men, and, best of all, my husband. Zoey is convinced that anyone who comes to the house is here to see her and wants to rub her belly. She is very popular at the kennel and is known for nibbling on fingers to get noticed and booting her "older brother," Cooper, out of the way so that she can hog the attention.

Zoey has "dual citizenship," spending summers at the lake in Wisconsin and the rest of the year in Charlotte. She is definitely living her best life!



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