

Dobie Tails

THOSE FABULOUS FAWNS!!

By Holli Sampson



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(I would like to credit Jennifer and Cory Porter for the title of this article. As the owner of 2 fawns, they ought to know! -- Holli)

You're walking down the street and you see this dog coming toward you, it has floppy ears and a docked tail and a coat the color of cocoa or champagne with tan mask and socks. You've never seen anything like it before. You stop the person walking the dog and ask the inevitable question: "Is that a Weimaraner?"

Those of you who own the fawn (or also known as Isabella) colored Dobermans are familiar with this question. If the dog has cropped ears, the person approaching is even more confused. They don't know what category to put the dog in so those of us who own fawns are always prepared, and delighted to have lots of questions and talk about our dogs. They are a conversation piece and what a conversation they are!

The general public sees a Doberman as having cropped ears and being black and tan. Some people do know the red Dobermans, but get into the fawn or blue colors and the public is lost, and fascinated.



I remember when I got my first Doberman many years ago, now, and I discovered the different colors. I was very set on black and tan and in fact, my first girl, Audrey Hepburn, was a gorgeous black and tan with cropped ears and she was wonderful. However, the first fawn I saw, I never forgot. She was, to me, very strange looking because I didn't understand the coloring. She didn't seem "Doberman" to me and yet...she was breathtaking!

I heard all of the stories about how fawns can have more coat issues, etc but somehow I didn't care. I knew I had to have a fawn some day. I was so captivated by the very different look. Maybe it's because their eyes and expressions are so...human. It is a fact that fawns and blues have less hair per square inch than the blacks and reds. The fawn is a recessive gene of the red and the blue is a recessive gene of the black, but they are all pure delightful Doberman!

Now that the years have gone by and I have had two fawns as part of my family and have also been around many others in rescue I have to say that the fawns are much like the fawns of fairy tales. They are mischievous, captivating clownish creatures. Maybe it is that their noses aren't black, but find me a fawn that doesn't have a great sense of humor for all that I have met do. They just don't seem to take life quite as seriously and yet they should never be underestimated for they are very intelligent as well.

I hope you will enjoy the stories shared here by others who own fawns and next time you see that dog walking down the street and that question comes to mind you will stop and say "that's a fawn colored Doberman!"

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By Holli Sampson

Welcome to the first issue of the Doberman Rescue of Nebraska Newsletter for 2010!

We finished 2009 with 73 adoptions and started out 2010 with 11 dogs to be placed so we are off to a very busy start for the year, but the volunteers are up to the challenges that lie ahead and we will face them together as a team to help the dogs.

We are also very pleased to welcome to our team, Susan Williams as our new adoption and foster coordinator. Susan brings along a good amount of experience along with enthusiasm for all that we do. She is a great person in working with people and dogs and we look forward to seeing her in action!

This issue of our newsletter will feature story updates on two very special deaf dogs that were adopted out, Zach and Baden (who was Sapphire when in rescue) and we are also doing some stories and articles from our adopters who have fawn colored Dobermans.

I hope you enjoy the read. Thank you for your continued support.

Story of Sapphire



by Eric Theoret

I began searching for a 2nd Dobie in January 2009. Already the owner of a black Dobie named Otto, who has a docked tail and un-cropped ears, I really wanted to have a second dog and a companion for Otto. I began looking at Rescue websites, knowing that I was lucky to have the time and energy and space to work with a dog that might need extra attention.

When I saw Sapphire(aka Baden) on the DRON website, I fell in love. She reportedly was found abandoned on the side of a highway in Kansas in the middle of winter. The fact that

she was deaf caused me to worry that she might feel isolated or have difficulty bonding with people who didn't give her the right type of attention. The challenge a training a deaf dog that probably suffered a traumatic puppy-hood seemed both daunting and exciting. However, knowing how intelligent Dobermans are, I felt confident that Sapphire could be trained with hand signals.



After talking to DRON, I made the 9hr drive to Omaha from Denver starting on a Saturday morning at 5am. When I left Denver it was dark, and the weather reports indicated that a blizzard had passed through northeast Colorado and central Nebraska. As I drove toward Omaha, I saw many cars on the side of the road, stuck in snow after sliding off the highway. Due to the bad weather, the drive was slow and stressful. However, every hour that passed, I got closer to meeting Sapphire and I felt more and more excited.

I first met Sapphire in the PetSmart store in Omaha on Valentine's Day. She looked

thin and was pacing in circles with her head down. She looked nervous and unconnected to the people around her. After getting her attention, she let me pet her head and her back. Her legs and feet were underdeveloped, and her back was abnormally arched. Due to her behavior and her appearance, it was obvious that she had been crated most of her life before being rescued. Introducing her to Otto, it was clear that Otto was not particularly interested in having a sister. When I put them in the backseat of my car, Otto turned his back to her and stared out the window.

Afterward, taking Sapphire to my hotel, Sapphire appeared unable to walk upstairs. I suspected that she hadn't learned how to go up stairs – she probably spent her puppyhood in a crate. She also appeared clumsy and unsteady, as if she hadn't learned how to run around furniture or stop and start in reaction to others moving. She was terribly frightened of doorways and changes in flooring surfaces, collapsing 'spread eagle' to the ground if led from one room to another or from one flooring surface to another. Based on her behavior, I suspected that she had been abused for

walking into the wrong room in her earlier home.

At home, Sapphire initially spent most of her time following Otto around. After going outside with Otto, she would follow Otto back into the house. She gradually learned to go up and down stairs, through doorways, and navigate across different floor surfaces with the aide of a short leash and lots of Cheerios for treats. As she spent most of her time watching and following Otto, it was easy to take her for walks.



In order to train her for basic commands, I had to isolate her separate from Otto, in order to get her undivided attention. I also used lots of Cheerios to get her attention and to reward her for completing her commands and tricks. Amazingly, she learned nine different hand commands in

under two months! She learned hand signals for: 'out,' 'sit,' 'shake,' 'lie down,' 'come to my feet,' 'car,' 'food,' 'no/stop,' and 'roll over.' I will never underestimate the intelligence of Dobermans.

Although initially ignoring Sapphire, Otto eventually began engaging her with play-bites and wrestling. Otto has a Dobie 'guard-dog' personality and takes some time to warm up to strangers. After awhile Otto clearly accepted Sapphire as part of the family, and they started sleeping very close together and nuzzling each other on a daily basis. They can often be spotted sleeping with Sapphire's head resting on Otto's back or ribs. She likes to compete with Otto to get the closest spot next to me on the couch. She is extremely affectionate, repeatedly nuzzling me when I try to fall asleep at night and when I wake up in the morning. If she wants to go outside in the middle of the night, she wakes me by licking my ears. Sapphire is a typical 'velcro-Dobie' who seems constantly to be leaning against me for attention.

Otto and Sapphire love to go for walks into downtown

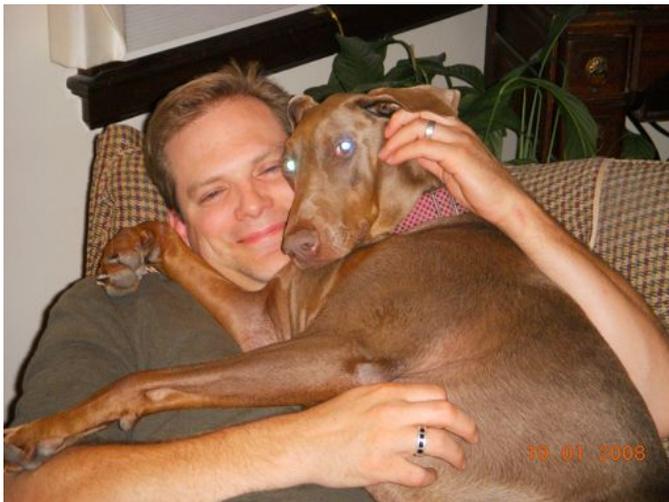
Denver. Sapphire has transformed into a ‘city dog’ who loves to go inside dog-friendly businesses in Denver with me and beg for treats. She also knows which hotel and restaurant valets have dog treats and which don’t. She loves to meet strangers who approach, often leaning into people who pet her, trying to get her chin scratched. When children approach her, she usually licks their cheeks and hands. Sapphire is fascinated by the horses that pull carriages around downtown Denver. She will stare at the horses, pull strongly toward them and try to chase them.

Carlie

by Cory and Jennifer Porter

“Fawn Dobermans were like mythical creatures to us, we had heard of them, seen pictures of them but had never seen them in person.”

We had lost our Angel Gyr1 in January ’05 at the age of 14. We adopted her from rescue at age 10, or should I say she adopted us. What a great girl she was. We grieved for quite a while, treasured one on one time with Ellie



Carlie loves lap-time!

(our younger Doberman), and debated whether or not we would be a one Dobie family. Angel and

Ellie had their moments so the calmness was appreciated.

After almost a year, a coworker of Jennifer’s asked if she saw the new listings of adoptable pets at the Capital Humane Society here in Lincoln. They had a natural eared fawn female Doberman approximately 6 months old.

We hadn’t seen it, so after work we scanned the papers, found the picture, and headed over there to see her. We walked the kennels but didn’t see her. Just our luck, when we find something we like and don’t act on it, it usually is gone shortly after. We stopped at the counter before leaving to double check if she had, in fact, been adopted. She hadn’t, she was in isolation during treatment for kennel cough.

When we saw her it was like she knew she had to impress us. “Attention! Sit up straight! Head up high! My future parents are in the house!” She was such a sweetheart. She wasn’t adoptable until the test came back clean. We found out she was a runaway and the previous owner wasn’t going to take her back. We checked back during the week and called on her progress. We found out that she would be adoptable at 5PM that Friday. We hurried there around 4:30 and waited. During our wait we found out that this was first come first serve on adoptions and another couple was already there waiting for our girl. Jennifer ran to the car in

devastation. I stayed inside for a while in disbelief and then accepted the fact that this one got away again, just our luck.

We sat in the parking lot for a while talking about this not being fair. If I would've known it was first come first serve, I would've taken the day off work and camped out in the waiting room! I decided to call the assistant director, Donna, inside. We had volunteered years ago in college, helping her with pet visits. I told her the situation, she confirmed it with her staff, and said, "I'm sorry but that is our policy to get the pets adopted." She took down my number in case any future Dobermans came through the shelter.

It was a long quiet ride home. Feeling sorry for ourselves, wishing we knew about first come first serve. We were now a few blocks from home in rush hour traffic when the phone rang. It was Donna again. The previous couple didn't have a fenced in yard, a requirement. Our luck had changed. Ellie agreed to our new addition and we were officially a two Dobie family again.

Since then it's been fun seeing people look at Carlie and ask what breed she is. "Is that a Weimaraner, a Visla, a Pharaoh Hound?" It always ends up with, "Doberman, really? What a beautiful girl!" Carlie always soaks that up.

It's been five years since we adopted Carlie and what a trip it's been. We recently lost our precious Ellie this last October unexpectedly during a surgery at age 10.



Did somebody say "cookie"!

We had hoped for at least another four years like Angel, but we don't have the luxury of deciding that. She was the apple of her dad's eye and not a day goes by that I don't think of her. Carlie was deeply depressed after Ellie's passing. So we put our feelings aside and started looking for a companion for Carlie.

We had been watching the Dobermans pass through the web site for quite some time before Ellie's passing and a couple reached out at us. Cleo's story touched us and her picture spoke volumes to us as well. Not to mention, a fawn. Then Walker's first pictures and story was shown and that tore at our hearts more than any, so we would regularly check to see how he would progress. Cleo was adopted, good for her! Walker was still up for adoption. Was our luck going to run out? Or was it fate?

We went through the approval process and set up the initial meeting with Walker. Although now our fate was in Carlie's paws. We stressed out about this for quite a while as many of you remember. "Please, don't blow



this Carlie. Please, just get along with him, please!” Our meeting went perfect. Carlie was great with Walker. She sensed his sweetness. Either that or he whispered sweet nothings in her ear because she has been smitten with him ever since. Holli said he was a lady’s man!

The two of them have been inseparable ever since. They cuddle together on the couch, in bed at night, and play hard together. Just the other night Walker was paying attention to Jennifer, and Carlie came up to him, pawed at him, and started “talking” to him for attention. Walker would nibble on her neck, and then go back to Jennifer, and Carlie repeated this three or four times until they had their “World Wrestling Title Match.” I think it was a draw.

Everyday Jennifer and I are so thankful that this matchup has worked out so well. It’s been three months since we brought Walker into our home, and thanks to you at Doberman Rescue of Nebraska and the special care you gave Walker we couldn’t be happier. Walker is quite the charmer. He charmed Carlie that first day, and Carlie and Walker charm us everyday!



Bug Is Bug

by Stephanie Auschwitz

Our Fawn Male Cutter has absolutely been a blessing to our family. He has brought so much joy to our household and we are truly blessed to have him.

Cutter came to us in a time of need at our household. I was lost and feeling empty as my sweet blue boy Dobber had been lost to cancer. The house felt so empty without him there, even though there were still three dogs in the house. He had so much presence and personality and we were all suffering terrible sadness. What I found I missed most was the sound his floppy ears would make every morning when he awoke and shook the sleep off of his body. The floppy ears would fill the house with this wonderful sound and all inside knew it was time to start the day.



Cutter came to our house under the guise of being a foster dog for a while. He needed a new place to stay for a while until he found his forever home. He came tromping right through the house, went up to my sleeping boyfriend, who is now my husband and gave him a big kiss right on the face and climbed up on the couch and laid down with him.

I think he realized he was home before the rest of us did. He has never left.

If you have ever seen the movie Twister it is one of my favorites and there is a scene where they are driving through the back roads searching for a path to the tornado and checking with the map man asking him if he knows what he is doing. He says "Rabbit is Good Rabbit is Wise". That is what I hear whenever I look at Cutter-Bug a nick name he received because of his unrelenting efforts to be held, petted, snuggled with or just be as close to someone as possible.

He has a very prideful demeanor with the patience of a saint. He gratefully tolerates every procedure that must be done to keep a dog healthy: baths, grooming, ear cleaning and teeth cleaning. He even let me French Tip his toenails much to my delight, the men in my life however

were not so pleased and made me remove it promptly.

He is not the most graceful dog on the face of the planet but in his mind he can fly like the best agility dogs in the world. So understandably when his clumsy side shows through he is completely mortified. One time he came flying around the corner of the hall to greet my son when he returned home from school lost his footing and fell right on my Jack Russell. Cutter looked completely embarrassed and Jack looked completely surprised to still be alive. Cutter weighs about 86 pounds and nearly squashed the Jack.

He has also surprised us with his acrobatics while playing with Ashes our young female Blue. She is only two and much more agile than he is and she will run circles around the big goof occasionally he will get a wild hair and try to catch her one day this produced the funniest aerial display I have ever seen. Ashes zoomed past Bug and in his determination to finally catch her he jumped up in the air and did a 180 degree turn with his legs all splayed out. Not a thing of beauty by any means of the word but effective in many ways. The most important of course was getting me to giggle after a long stressful day.

Cutter-Bug's happy food dance shakes the house. When you ask him if he is hungry he rolls his lips back in the most grotesque looking grin and sneezes at you until you go to get his food. He will then proceed to prance around the house shaking everything in the cupboards. The small dogs actually hide under the tables so they are not caught up in the happy food dance. He has actually knocked me into furniture, knocked over furniture and knocked me over as well.

For me though I think the best thing about Cutter-Bug is his ears. They are so big and soft they feel like velvet in my hands.

When I am petting and rubbing his wonderful ears the whole world disappears and I become immediately calm.



The stress of a bad day or anything negative follow out of my body with each touch I put on his ears. They are better than chocolate. He seems so Zen to me and that is

where “Bug is Bug” comes from. All who meet him love him and are drawn to the soothing air about him. He relaxes all of us in the house and has been the perfect addition to home. The perfect combination of pride and the willingness to let it go in order to make us smile and remember that it is the simple things in life that truly bring joy to our hearts, like the sound of floppy Doberman ears shaking off the sleep ringing through the house once again.



Bug and Ashes practice making faces

The Day A Doberman Rescued Me

By Sharon Rhodes

My husband and I have been a fur-ever home to Doberman Pinschers since 1990. That certain day in May was the day I happened to stop by the local Human Shelter in our small town in Canon City, Colorado “just to see what they have”. A runner with no name was “on the list” which, in shelter code means that he had gone unclaimed for more than the maximum required days and was on his way out.

Having little understanding of the breed and thinking a Doberman was aggressive & intimidating, I didn’t know whether or not this was the type of dog I was looking for until I looked in his eyes. He couldn’t have been more than a year or two old. I spoke to him for a few minutes and watched his responses. The attendant put him on a leash and we both went to the “Getting Acquainted” room. He

“sat” on command right in front of me and after some hopeful interaction, I thought if he would get in the car with me I would try it. So, I paid his “bail” and I brought him home to meet the family; two kids and one Siamese cat. To make a long story short, I can tell you that a rescued Doberman knows he has been rescued. That boy was the best buddy, even to the cat. He never growled, never made a mess in the house or ran away. When he passed away unexpectedly at age 7, we knew we couldn’t be without a Doberman in the family. The kids grew up, left home and the Dobermans multiplied.

Over these past 20 years, we’ve been a rescue home to nothing but Doberman Pinschers. We had eight at one time. Those were the valuable years when we came to completely understand the phrase, “pack mentality” and the importance of the “Alpha-Human” in the pack relationship.

The most significant part of my story is not simply that we rescued eight dogs, but in particular, a nine year old Blue Female named Haley. She was scheduled to be euthanized by her owners, who were using her as bait for a pit bull and had outlived her usefulness. They believed it was more humane to put her down, than take her to a shelter. What did they know about “humane”? I had to get her to Colorado. One might think that rescuing a sick senior dog, sight unseen, from such a long distance with that kind of history would make even the most experienced dog handler cringe. With the help of other rescue volunteers from two states and my Vet’s Mom and Dad, who let Haley hitch a ride, she was transported all the way from Minnesota to Colorado. She didn’t want anything to do with the other dogs when she arrived. I would just tell you that Doberman Pinschers fare much better when there are more than one of them in the house and with understanding, patience and a really good Veterinarian in your corner, there is much that can be overcome given compassion, patience and time.

In spite of her life history, her age and to the astonishment of her Vet, she managed to outlive all but two of her roommates when she collapsed and died right at our feet on a warm June evening. Did you know that Doberman Pinschers form a bond together that is so strong you can actually see the grief on the face of the surviving pets after their pal is gone? I never actually realized this fact until then. Then our 15 yr. old succumbed to bloat three months later. We were both so grief-stricken by this that I felt I just couldn’t bring another Doberman home only to watch it grow old and pass away again; it just gets harder and harder to recover emotionally.

I firmly believed my self-talk until one day in November that year when I happened upon the DRON website and saw this beautiful face. He had the biggest ears and the brightest eyes I’ve ever seen. Surely, this dog will be adopted quickly in Nebraska, so I clicked off of the website, reminding myself that I just couldn’t do this again.

Days later I asked my husband why he would want to bring another dog into this house only to lose them again. To which he answered, “Without people like us, these dogs would not get a second chance to live the life they deserved. Besides, look how much richer our lives have been because of them”. Then I told him about the bright-eyed pup on the web and read him the profile. “He’s a good looking dog, but he’s deaf”, he said as he walked away. “How can I train him to understand what to

do?” That’s when I knew he belonged with me. I knew that with a buddy that could hear like our Katie, the matriarch, she would be his ears and could train him with one paw tied behind her back. So, with the blessing of the organization, I was on my way to bring him home.



I had spoken to his Foster Dad, Patrick several times and learned more about Zach with each call. He told me how Zach came to DRON and it just broke my heart. I drove 760 miles to meet ZACH. I met the group at the local Petsmart in Omaha and the minute I saw him, my heart melted! He understands sign and was a perfectly excited gentleman. He’s the largest “puppy” I ever knew and he took up the entire back seat of my Cadillac. He must have known we were meant for each other because he put his head in my lap and went sound to sleep for 3 hours solid as we drove west on I-80 back to Colorado.

In the months he’s been with us, Katie taught him to use the doggy door and he has never had an accident in the house. He knows he is safe in his bed next to Dad and where the treats are stored. He knows that when Katie barks, he is supposed to bark. Did you know that a deaf dog’s bark is LOUD? It’s like listening to a hard -of-hearing person talk! Don’t ask me how, but he knows exactly when it’s time for breakfast and dinner. He has finally figured out that the dogs on Animal Planet on the 60” big screen are not really in the room with him. He loves to ride in the truck with his Daddy and tries not to lean too hard on the leg controlling the gas pedal. He runs on the treadmill and is up to 20 minutes at 4 mph! He loves to be “vacuumed” instead of brushed and everyday with these beautiful creatures makes life worth living. As it turns out, ZACH rescued ME from a life that would have been less challenging, less rewarding, less fulfilling. He is my Dober-Angel and for that, I thank Doberman Rescue of Nebraska.

Lilly

by Breanne Wittrock

Hi Doberman Rescue!

It's Lilly! Over here, it's me! It's me! Hey, down here! Ok, here I am! Pet me, pet me! Look at me. I think I am pretty. My mom says I'm a brat, but I know she thinks I am pretty too!



My mom adopted me almost three years ago! She says I am addicted to attention, but I don't know what that means! I just love it when she is home. We like to lie on the couch and watch movies and football. (see pic) Sometimes my mom will take me and my brother for car rides to see our Grandma and Grandpa. When we drive I like to watch the road for my mom. (see pic) At grandma's we get to have treats. Mom calls it meat. We don't have any of that at our house

cuz mom won't eat it, but my brother and I sure like it.

My mom likes to take me and my brother for walks outside, and she's always saying something like, "well you two are you ready to walk your mama?" Then we know we get to go! We get so excited!

My brother's name is Sphinx. I like to hide behind our couch and sneak attack him when he is least expecting it. He likes to growl and bark at me, but I just keep on! He's not as quick as me! When we are in our backyard I like to run back and forth and jump over top of him! He can't catch me!

My mom and my brother and I have so much fun together. We get to sleep on my mom's couch and we have our own beds too. (see pic) When mom isn't looking I like to sneak up to her room and crawl under her covers (see pic) She just shakes her head! I think I am sneaky! We have a whole pile of toys! Sphinx likes to pick each toy up and hide it in the living room. I just like the bones!



When I lay on the couch with my mom, I like to stick my paws in the air. Mom says I'm a "diva!" She always likes to tell me to "quit acting like your mama!" But I like to be like my mom. Sometimes I forget I have four legs and a tail. I want to sit by mom when she eats and when she works in her office. I like to get my toes painted when my mom paints hers. I even roll over and stick my paws in the air for her. If I had it my way, I would be right next to my mama all day long, but she says I can't go to work with her. Maybe someday she will change her mind!

I really miss you guys at DRON. You were so nice to me when I came into rescue and you helped me find my mom. Thank you so much!

REMI THE CLASS CLOWN

By Holli Sampson

It's a bird, it's a plane....no...wait. What is it? It's a projectile from Remi!!!! Look out below and man your hard hats- something is incoming!

Remi is 84 pounds now and 18 months old. He is very much into projectiles. We will start with his behind. It's huge and he likes to throw it around. His nickname at our house is "Big Butt" and it's no lie. One must always be on the alert for Remi's big butt. You never know when it's coming but all of a sudden he will do a happy little spin and if your head happens to be in the way when that butt makes contact, well you get somewhat of an idea what a soccer ball must feel like after it has been kicked! You may be sitting there seeing stars and birdies floating round your head but Remi doesn't understand this. He wants you to play so if you are not quick enough you might get whacked by the other cheek. Then of course, there's the trail of tables and chairs that mysteriously get moved out of place by a friendly nudge from Remi's big butt. It's all in a days work to him and he's happy in it. As with almost all Dobermans you may find yourself face to face with that butt when they want it rubbed to. It's a very interesting feeling.



Remi takes a breather from football

Keep an eye on the sky if he is playing football. That purple hard rubber football is his favorite toy in existence and can he throw a pass! He is an entire football team on four legs. It's not unusual to see the football soar through the air and barely miss the glass of the French doors and then hear the sound of

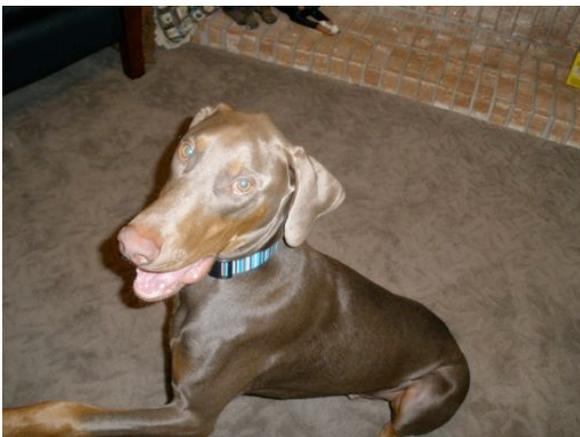


Who can resist "honking" my nose? Honnnnkkkk!!!!

thundering large feet as Remi regains control of the ball and runs in for a touch down! Sometimes he even throws it up in the air and drops it on himself. With a big gaping grin he takes off running with the ball, his prize, always happy with it in his grasp. One day I was lying on the sofa only to have him drop the football on my forehead with a thud and proceed to take it and prod me with the pointed end until I got up and played with him. He can be the whole team on his own but he would rather have a partner to laugh with.

Remi was a great performer in obedience class. He learned all he had to learn but he wasn't going to learn if he couldn't have fun doing so and the first night of class he established himself as the class clown. He had inhaled the hot dog I had given him for doing a good "sit". He was sitting in front of me and began to look uncomfortable and then, without much warning, he did a loud "hack" and sent the hotdog flying through the air where it hit me and bounced to the ground. He reduced the class to laughter which he thought was the most wonderful thing in the world. As for me, I was having visions of John Belushi on Saturday Night Live when he imitated Elizabeth Taylor choking on chicken. It's probably a good thing that Remi's tv shows are well monitored. He doesn't need any more ideas to help him. He has plenty of his own!

When Remi isn't playing he likes to snuggle and he has relaxing down to a fine art! His favorite thing to do after lots of hard play is to crash next to one of us in the large chair or on the sofa when he can snuggle and do those pleasurable moans he does when he is totally crashed out.



Those moments are rare however, especially during football season! No matter what the moment is, we love our fabulous fawn every bit as much as his sister Gracie who prefers baseball to football.

"... so this cocker spaniel walks into a bar..."

Magnus' Big Night!

by Larry and Susan Sheets

Larry and Magnus just got home from the Saint Paul Dog Training Club. This was the big "test" night at the end of a 10 week training session, and Magnus was voted "best in the class" of 13 dogs in the beginner class (he "won" a bag of dog treats) and also passed his AKC Canine Good Citizen test with flying colors. He watched Larry carefully and did everything correctly! Yeah! Larry thinks he will sign up for the next level of obedience classes. They both seem to really like it!

Hooray! (I was at yoga class and missed all the excitement)

Now, he's adjusted to the cold and loves his walkies with boots to protect from the heavily-salted streets and sidewalks. The teenage girls at the bus stop near our house think our Weimeraner/Visla is really cute in his "coordinated" outfit! He's actually worn the bottoms of the boots and they have been patched with "GOOP" tennis shoe repair silicon. Little kids think his beautiful, light-gold eyes are "pooky"(spooky).

We've had red male Dobes for 40 years and even showed them (long ago). We never thought we'd ever have a fawn, much less one with natural ears... and what a cuddle bug!



Oh so sweet. A big problem is to convince him that his place to sleep is on the beanbag next to the bed... not on the bed between us!

Magnus is really so beautiful and we are so glad to have this special fawn guy in our lives!

More Magnus!





We need your help!

Doberman Rescue welcomes your donations and help of any kind!

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Enclosed is my gift of \$_____.

___ I would like to make a monthly pledge to support

Doberman Rescue of Nebraska. I will pledge a monthly amount of \$_____.

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Here is their contact information:

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EMAIL ADDRESS (WE WILL NOT SELL THIS TO ANYONE!)_____

PHONE NUMBER: (____) - _____ - _____

___ I AM INTERESTED IN BEING A VOLUNTEER. PLEASE CONTACT ME!

TELL US ABOUT YOUR DOG:

THANK YOU AGAIN!



Adoption - table Dates !!

Please drop by or volunteer to help at our adoption events, dates and locations below:

4/3 - Petco - 125th & L
4/13 - Petsmart - Jones
4/17 - Petco - 125th & L
The Bookworm -
Countryside Village
4/24 - Petsmart - Oakview

5/1 - Petco - 125th & L
5/8 - Petsmart - Jones
5/15 - Petco - 125th & L
The Bookworm -
Countryside Village
5/22 - Petsmart - Oakview
5/29 - Petsmart - Jones

6/5 - Petco - 125th & L
6/12 - Petsmart - Jones
6/19 - Petco - 125th & L
The Bookworm -
Countryside Village
6/26 - Petsmart - Oakview

7/3 - Petco - 125th & L
7/10 - Petsmart - Jones
7/17 - Petco - 125th & L
The Bookworm -
Countryside Village
7/24 - Petsmart - Oakview
7/31 - Petsmart - Jones

8/7 - Petco - 125th & L
8/14 - Petsmart - Jones
8/21 - Petco - 125th & L
The Bookworm -
Countryside Village
8/28 - Petsmart - Oakview



Doberman Rescue of Nebraska
POB 390684
OMAHA NE 68139-0684