

Airedale 911

Joey Fineran, Editor Airedale Terrier Club of America Rescue and Adoption Committee October 2008



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The Trials of Toby

By Will Duff

On an oppressive afternoon in Bay City, Texas, the shadow of a thunderstorm cloud slides across an older, very modest neighborhood, eclipsing the glaring sun but having no effect on the temperature. In an airless backyard a bone-thin Airedale starts pacing nervously in his six-by-four foot cage. Thunder rumbles and the dog trembles. Thunderstorms have been frightening and uncomfortable experiences for his whole life. And there are a lot of thunderstorms in Bay City.

The dog is almost seven years old. His whole life has been in cages, mostly the one he is in as the storm approaches. His lower teeth between his (fangs?) are worn away from gnawing at his cage out of boredom and frustration. His coat is matted and filthy from living with his own excrement. His owner cleans the cage weekly, and feeds him once a day.

Airedales are very affectionate creatures, and the occasional visits by the backyard puppy mill owner are the highlights of this one's life. When he hears the door opening to the yard full of cages, he wags his tail with unrestrained enthusiasm, not in anticipation of the low grade dog food that is his daily fare – he hardly touches it on many days – but for the joyous moment when his owner opens the door and gives him a desultory pat on the head, the only affection in the Airedale's life. He joins in with his fellow inmates in happy barking and howling during the dinner hour.

When the storm breaks, he cowers in the corner of his cage under the warped plywood shelf that is his only shelter, terrorized into making the same mournful puppy squeals he has made in times of fear since he was prematurely weaned a lifetime ago.

This misbegotten creature came into our lives four months ago after a daring Airedale Rescue emancipation of six (The "Bay City Six!") of the puppy mill rats. "Toby" was his name. To us he looked like a Toby.

What a mess he was. Every skin and ear disorder known to vets, bones sticking out all over, rheumy eyes and such marginal teeth that he swallowed most things whole. But, man, was he happy. (*cont'd on page 2*)

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Toby Cont'd Never before have I seen a dog wag his tail every waking moment. He had gone from dog hell to dog heaven. At our house, two other Airedales and a fiercely independent male mutt set about "dog socializing" him in a crash course. Stay out of my food bowl! was a early lesson that took him a while. After all the only bowl in his experience was his bowl. But he learned the lesson with the same irrepressible good humor that is his hallmark in everything he does. Well, except how he deals with small boys. We can only think that he was harassed by small boys during his cage days. Not that he would actually hurt a male child, but Toby has a growl and a bark more appropriate to a hundred pound Rottweiler than a skinny 'Dale who walks with a limp and runs into things from lack of practice in open spaces. So he's pretty intimidating to small boys.

And, of course, there's "Mom." A maven of Airedale Rescue, my Dorothy is the classic earth mother of needy 'Dales. Toby was neutered by the AR operation immediately and then completely diagnosed and medicated. Years of tangles and mats were gently removed and soon his skin ailments began to heal. A special diet was devised. Food that was actually appealing was so unknown to Toby that it took him weeks to start eating well. Attention from multiple dogs and humans who found him interesting and lovable clearly was the best medicine possible for this concentration camp survivor.

Within days, Toby's eccentric, naïve, trusting and completely wacky personality emerged, and it was pure Airedale, just a little off-center. All of our 'Dales get their beards wet while drinking water, then rest their chins in the nearest – or best dressed – lap; Toby buries half his face in the water bowl and leaves a wet trail to the nearest lap which gets truly soaked.



Toby Duff 12-28-1992 – 03-03-2008

All of our herd like early morning head scratches; Toby learned this ritual by his third morning and immediately moved the head scratch clock back fifteen minutes to 5:45 AM. Our other dogs, recognizing leadership, all accommodated the new schedule. He also shows teammanship when our oldest female starts the occasional group howl, joining in the family chorus with his baritone.

Toby still does his puppy squeal during thunderstorms, but now he is consolable with just a little reassuring. He has adopted one of our vari-kennels as his "house," and retreats there when the social life of the household gets a little much (he doesn't like the wire crates).

He has gained some weight, developed a healthy coat and a huge appetite. His ear infections left one ear a little droopy, but that fits his doofus personality perfectly. He is the Stan Laurel (or Chris Rock) of our household, the goofball of Rockbrook Road. Even his distrust of young boys is gone, after he met a couple who scratched his tummy rather than taunted him.

While we are still officially fostering Toby, waiting for the perfect owner to come along (one who will appreciate all of the above and can be endlessly attentive and affectionate), he is welcome here 'til he moves on to the real Dog Heaven.

We let Toby cross the rainbow bridge this winter. Our vet came to the house and we let him go to sleep in my arms and in his bed. He had turned 15 a month earlier.

(Will wrote the above story in 1999.)

Dorothy Duff – NM

"Until one has loved an animal, a part of one's soul remains unawakened."

Anatole France

For Your Information



ALSO TOXIC: chocolate; onions and garlic; macadamia nuts; cashews; allium plants; corn & corn cobs; apple, apricote, pear, peach, plum and apricot cores and pits; white potatoes; green looking potatoes; rhubarb leaves; moldy/spoiled food (bread mold causes seizures); alcohol; yeast dough; coffee grounds & beans; beans; tea bags; hops (beer); tomato leaves & stems; broccoli; raisins & grapes; cigarettes, tobacco, cigars

Preventing Ear Infections with Routine Maintenance

I have a home recipe, given to me a year or so ago by a vet for maintaining ears to prevent infections, but the infection needs to be completely cleared up first.

Maintenance Ear Cleaner

1 Tbsp Boric Acid (powder available over the counter at most pharmacies)
4 oz 100 Proof Vodka (80 Proof will NOT work)

Use it as you would a cleaner...daily for 1 week and then once a week forever. Shake well before each use. Rather than trying to count drops, I just put a little squirt in each ear and then massage it in for about 15 seconds or so. Then let the dog go and let him/her shake it's head.

The vet claims he has never had anyone who stuck with this program bring their dog back with another ear infection. We now do all of our Airedales weekly.

Bob Seis — KY
ATRA State Coordinator

Acupuncture, Treatment for Incontinence

Find a veterinarian who is certified in veterinary acupuncture. There is an acupuncture point which, when needed, will influence spayed bitch incontinence.

My dogs' veterinary chiropractor/acupuncturist was able to completely resolve spayed-bitch incontinence permanently with just two treatments. NO meds. Just acupuncture.

Submitted by Sidney Hardie - AZ "From a list I'm on."

WARNING - DANGEROUS TOY!!

from The Chai Story

On Sunday, **June 22, 2008** my 10-year old lab mix, Chai, sustained a severe injury from a product that the company **Four Paws Inc**, produces. The toy I'm referencing is the pimple ball with bell.

While chewing on the toy, a vacuum was created and it effectively sucked his tongue into the hole in the ball. My vet [said] this likely occurred because there is not a second hole in the ball [that would prevent that vacuum from happening].



June 26, 2008 Chai had his tongue amputated.

Read the whole story at: www.thechaistory.blogspot.com/

THE GIFT

By Candy Kramlich

NINA came into Rescue at the end of August 2007. She was a stray rescued from the Brookhaven, NY shelter and those of us who spent time with her can't fathom why no one was looking for her.

Estimated to be at least 11 years old, 22" at the shoulder and 65 lbs, Nina was very arthritic and had Protein Losing Nephropathy (PLN) and Hypertension, a side effect of the PLN. She was so arthritic that she walked very straight-legged and yet she was able for some time to manage going up a long flight of stairs or take several walks a day around the townhouse complex.

She was a very happy dog and loved everyone she met, be they human or canine, and everyone loved her back! She spent a month in foster care with rescue volunteers, the Slowiks, then went to live with the McDonnells (who always have taken in the older/sick, hard to place dogs) for about six months until Jerri was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer; then she came to me for four months. Spending that much time with a dog, we all came to feel that she was "our" dog.

Nina was very well mannered in the house, knew some obedience commands and had such a wonderful disposition that it was obvious to all of us that someone had loved and cared for her for a long time. Perhaps her health issues became too much for them, and they let her go, thinking someone would take her into their homes. Well six of us, counting the dogwalker, got to "own" her for various lengths of time.

Things I remember about Nina: She loved to lie outside under a favorite bush at the Slowiks and dig for worms, so we nicknamed her the "Worminator" (she also searched for worms in the grass during spring rainfalls); she did not like the sound of a microwave beeping or any kind of beeping sound and would bark and bark until you either muted the TV or distracted her with a carrot; her stubby little tail was ALWAYS wagging; she'd climb a flight of 15 stairs so she could sleep next to the bed; and she slept most of the day on her comfy dog bed.

Her first day with me, she fell asleep and I didn't have the heart to wake her so I went upstairs and left her sleeping in the living room. At 1:30 AM I was awakened by



the sound of thump, thump, thump and huff, huff, puff and here came Nina up the stairs to find me. When I woke her up at 5:45 AM so we could get in a walk and time to pee and poop before I went to work, she rolled over, opened one eye and gave me a look like "You've got to be kidding!" I told her if she lived here, this was the time we got up during the week.. She didn't play much with toys, but did have brief spurts of energy when I first came home and so for five minutes she would bring me a tennis ball to throw and she'd catch it or she'd pick up the big soft green "mousey" toy, shake it and bring it to me for a tug o' war. Then she'd go take a nap before dinner!

Because of her PLN, she needed to go outside every 3 to 3 hrs., so I had to hire a dog walker to come in twice a day. She'd lie by the doorway waiting for Rochelle to come and the last month of her life, Rochelle would take her to her house for the day, since we were in thunderstorm mode and Nina was afraid of the storms. She'd just pace and couldn't seem to settle down. At Rochelle's she would greet all the day residents, fling a toy around for a brief moment and then go in the den to her corner and sleep the rest of the day — unless the doorbell rang; then she would be up and checking things out with the rest of the dogs. Nina was Rochelle's first Airedale client and she loved her, too.

By the beginning of July, she was having more and more trouble walking, couldn't get comfortable even on the orthopedic dog bed, was losing control *cont'd next page*

The Gift, cont'd -

of her bodily functions and finally wasn't eating or drinking. It was time to help my friend on her journey. It's never an easy decision, but I'm a firm believer in quality of life for humans and dogs, and Nina's had gone down hill very quickly. As she passed over the Rainbow Bridge, I leaned down and whispered in her ear that I expected her to meet me with my other three Airedales (Jul, Bear and Ari) when it was my turn. She went peacefully, but it was emotionally difficult because she had become MY dog in those four months. However, I kept focusing on her greeting me at the door with her waggy, stubby tail and rubbing against my legs.

As Virginia Slowik, her first foster Mom, said, "We all gave her a happy, safe, loving last 11 months" and Nina was truly a wonderful GIFT that we were allowed to share!"

R

I was born in the summer a few years ago;
Quite why I was born I never will know.
Some folks owned my mother; decided to breed ...
No reason I know of except for their greed.

E

I know I was hungry, I know I was cold
And they sold me quite early, at just five weeks old.

S

Owners number one seemed friendly at first
And life was quite good, until my bubble burst.
They started to argue; their marriage split up
And in went the ad, for sale 4 month pup.

C

Some more folks arrived, the next ones in line ...
They treated me kindly, and life was just fine.
But the master dropped dead, and she couldn't cope
So they sold me again as I began to lose hope.

U

I now had a new home, up in the sky ...
We went up the lift, fourteen floors high.

E

The new folks were kind, but they left me all day.
I was busting to pee, and had no where to play.
It was boredom, I think, when I chewed up that chair.
They agreed I should go, but it just wasn't fair.

P

The next home was good and I thought this was it ...
They started to show, and I won ... well ... a bit.
Then somebody told them that I had "no bone,"
And in went the ad, for sale to good home.

U

The next lot were dreadful... they wanted a guard,
But I didn't know that ... although I tried hard.
One night they got burgled and I didn't bark,
Tied up in that shed, alone in the dark.

P

For four months I lay in that cold dark shed
With only an old paper sack for a bed,
A small dish of water all slimy and green ...
The state I was in, well, it had to be seen.

a

I longed for some help, for an end to the pain.
Then some new people came and I went off again.

u

So now I'm with Rescue, and this home is good!
There are walks in the country and lots of good food...

t

There are kisses and cuddles to greet me each day
And I dread the time that they send me away.

h

But for now here I stand, skin and bone, on all fours...
Please don't let this happen to any of yours!

o

r

w

n

Bentley

He walked into the house like he was walking onto a yacht. That would be Bentley, our newest rescued and now adopted Airedale. Bentley had been consigned to the back yard of his home for six months or more. Then Kathy Patterson got him out of there and fostered him until transportation could be arranged toward Houston.

Bentley walked into his new home, tail up, head held high, examined each and every room and decided it met with his approval. Went to his new humans for a kiss and a cuddle and then outside to check the backyard situation. He was only out long enough to potty and then wanted back in.

Mary Jane called this afternoon to tell me how things are going. Last night he was in bed before she was (her hubby is recovering from back surgery so sleeps in another room). About 5:30 in the morning she awoke clinging to the side of the bed because Bentley had stretched out his long legs. She slept another hour or so on the couch. When she returned to the bedroom Bentley had his head on her pillow.

She has been working with him all day about going to *his* bed when told to do so. She has great hopes that he will then sleep on his bed next to her bed tonight. Fortunately she has had many dogs and a few Airedales so knows how to teach them.

Ellana Livermore — TX



778 Airedales Rescued This Year!

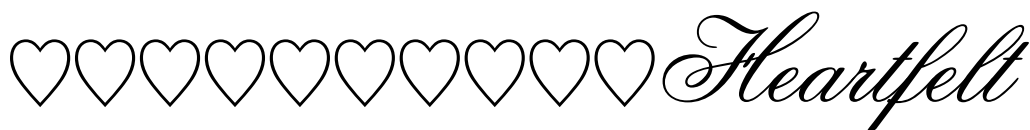
(and they are just the reported ones) between 7/31/07 and 8/1/08.

Every year, hundreds of Airedales from all over the country find themselves in need of new homes. Sometimes they are lost or abandoned, but most often these dogs are unwanted simply because they have become an inconvenience for their owners. These dogs whose names you see here are now in loving homes — something for which lots of them have waited a lifetime.

The ATCA Rescue and Adoption Committee recognizes and supports local rescue efforts and maintains a list of active volunteers who can/should be contacted when an Airedale needs help or when someone wants to adopt one of these great dogs.

Kona	Kerry	Charlamagn	Santana	Annie	Abner
Wisper	Artie	Frasier	Dante	Annie	Maximus
Oliver	Rickey	Luke	Sophie	Disco	Bill
Rusty	Ajax	Gus	Mary Jane	Mimi	Baylee
Sarah	Charlie	Daisy	Buddy	Zeus	Lonesome
Izzy	Max	Cooper	Duke	Chessie	Aedan
Bleau	Mookie	Aaron	Tuck	Terry	Beau
Feonix	Raleigh	Teddy	Macy	Dexter	Bonnie
Tara	Mr. Riley	Reece	Brady	Annie	Duncan
Scamp	Gracie	Ramsay	Andy	Abacadabra	Chance
Watson	Arthur	Natalie	Maxwell	Iris	Emma
Scooter	Sam	Ginger	Junie B	April	Gypsy
Kaiser	Kelly Ripa	Nick	Dandy	June	Sebastian
Max	Savannah	Lacey	Abby	Sam	Dax
Elliott	Buddy	Lenard	Charlie	Murphy	Sasha
Anderson	Teddy	Sir Lancelot	Paco	Mojo	Dakota
Shelby	Danny	Holly Belle	Jessi	Baxter	Tucker
Nikita	Cassey	Cooper	Jack	Tina	Baxter
Baxter	Wilson	Biskit	Merry	Mariah	Dusty
Niko	Bentley	Little One	Sofie	AnnieTanner	Emma
Sarge	Django	Harry	Houston	Maggie	Jake
Jasper	Harvey	Jim Dandy	Rascal	Buddy	Keely
Ollie	Elvis	Jack	Tucker	Baxter	Abby
Fletcher	Rex	Zoe	Emma	Ace	Ragan
Briar	Anika	Lizzie	Aries	Reece	Angie
Angel	Buddy	Roxy	Murphy	Hazel	Chloe
Cooper	Lilly	Rickey	Baylee	Harley	Melody
Cooper	Bravo	Nigel	Chopper	Hunter Grey	Woody
Jack Riley	Briggs	Ace	Hudson	Sydney	Leo
Frankie	Missy	Alice	Liberty	Sheamus	Fuzz
Chloe	Misty	Gibson	Jolee	Harry	Otto
Joey	Maggie	Cody	Fletch	Pearl	Sonny
Zena	Maggie	Charlie	Izzy	Brandy	Maizy
Axel	Taylor	Rose	Charlie	Donavan	Duffy
Angel	Annie	Molly	Sam	Harley	Hallie
Fritz	Tyner	Winston	Duke	Rambler	Samantha
Sandi	Franky	Sadie	Baron	Annabelle	Annie
Ozzie	Chloe	Jeremiah	Baxter	Tavie	Sadie
Elliott	Lily	Frodo	Samson	Miranda	Lovie
Kali	AllyToby Bear	Olive	Ava	Beauregarde	Bella
Nicky	Tyson	Georgie	Murphy	Ariel	Charlie
Della	Vinnie	Kelsey Lynne	Dahla	Jessie	Oliver James
Charlie	Wilson	Lucy	Kylie	Joe	Rico
Martha	Emma	Lily	Connor	Clancy	Toby
Duke	Zoe	Valentine	Jonezee	Odie	Oliver
Doc	Boo	Rex	Barney	Minnie	Buddy
Arlo	Tiger	Matti	Katie	Karma	Chloe
Harley	Boomer	Meg	Keesha	Otis	Lexie
Gus	Henry	Mozart	Viva	Abe	Carmen
Gemma	Tizzy	Rusty	Airey	Teddy	Jack
Dugan	Lola	MacIntosh	Rusty	Dylan	Reggie
Lillie	Cooper	Ranger	Murphy	Pita	Sadie
6 Noodles	Jacob	Bruck	Annie	Polly	Abby

Lexie	Gus	Preacher	Bebe	Joey	Mike
Carmen	Thumper	Duke	Max	Daisy	Carry
Jack	Chenille	Padrick	Lizzie	Boris	Ruthie
Reggie	Cricket	Lucy	Buddy	Sadie	Harpo
Sadie	Stella	Buttercup	Marley	Paisley	Mary Lou
Abby	Josie	Alfie	Bass	Chewy	Maisy
Finnegan	Jake	Hue	Lazlo	Ed	Bentley
Trouser	Sydney	Hershey	AbbyHOU	Major	Decon
Izzy	Harry	Bella	Bentley	Gromit	Misty
Baxter	Trapper	Laddie	Pippi	Mama	Sophie
Django	Figgy	Wingo	Henry	Clyde	Rufus
Bingo	Payton	Angel	Cecil	Juno	Timmy
Henry	Bear	Murphy	Gilda	Addie	Krissy
Danny	Gable	Maggie	Olive	Curly	Murphy
Curly	Sadie	Me-Me	Howie	Jasmine	Godiva
Annie	Leo	Buckeye	Maggie	Shasta	Abbi
Bentley	Molly	Lucky	Bailey-	Axel	Andy
Molly	Huck	Isis	Suzie	Bella	Teddy
Griffin	Scout	Lexy	Bella	Maximillin	Mozee
Scruffy	Susie	Katie	Bailey #3	Mcheath	MacDuff
Hilda	Dolly	Lily	Winnie	Maggie	Toby
Toto	Brutus	Bella	Boudreaux	Roger	Indy
Annie	Tanner	Airon	Sam	Tess	Barkley
Pockets	Dexter	Nubie	MaxofN.Tex	Goldberry	Shawny
Lucy	Jack	Cooper	Violet	Buffy	CeCe
Sammie	Dorito	Fletch	Shelby	Toby	Shamus
Heidi	Zoe	Freda	Caddo	Virginia	Hannah
Tulsa	Zoe	Fiesty	Oliver	Max	Lance
Chance	Keighley	Ozzie	Duece	Danny	Sally
Alec	Uh oh	Serenity	Nikki	Rigsby	Raz
Max	Abby	O'Malley	Java	Gabby	Hank
Morgan	Cally	Mary	Cheyenne	Harry	Gypsy
Barney	Winston	Winston	Tetley	Gladys	Molly
Sophie	Bailey	Trucker	Ajax	Lexie	Rusty
Skippy	Phelan	Bailee	Fannie Annie	Gracie	Tilley
Samson	Orson	Lizzie	Jazz	Oliver	Moxie
Daisy	Maggie	Bonnie	Max	Forest	Jake
Bridget	Maddye	boy	Rupert	Sir	Belle
Hunter	Jake	Roxy	Scarlett	Dulcinea	Harley
??	Bridget	Nola	Aira	Maggie	Emily
??	Simon	Gunner	Amanda	Wynn	Diego
Max	Maycee	Scarlet	Evie	Bobbie	Murphy 2
Jordan	Tucker	Jack	Ellee	Gladis	Coleman
Hannah	Isis	Dixie	Rachel	Harry	Boomer
Jaxson	Muffin	Star	Sadie Lou	Gabby	Sage
Griffin	Jimmy	Benny	Willy Wonka	Dorothy	Mattie
Duncan	Ruger	Dexter	Maggie	Oscar	So.Gal Stetson
Harry	Buddy	Krypto	Roxie	Rex	
Jenna	Missy	Rufus	Tootsie	Tina	
Malcom	Lively	Mercy	Jonas	Peaches	<i>Still in Res-</i>
Lucy	Hooper	Addie	Cocoa	Freeburg	<i>cue:</i>
Stella	Lily	Anthony	Clementine	Lucy	<i>TrapperJohn</i>
Jorly	Maudie	AnnaBelle	Nina	Ann Marie	<i>Coby</i>
Nolo	Cinnamon	Luke	Sadie	DeDe	<i>Rosie</i>
Teddy	Libby	Ringo	Bertie	Fred	<i>Tommy</i>
Holly	Rio Rose	Dillon	Maggie	De Lake	<i>Bumpkin</i>
Justice	Sophie	Ginger	Abby	Andy	<i>Morgan</i>
William	Juniper	Nina	Coleen	Buffy 2	<i>Virgil</i>
Samson	Lucy	PennyLane	Lillie	Millie	<i>Charley</i>
Sheeba	Coco	Boudreaux	Cooper	Ruby Tuesday	<i>Sophia</i>
Buster	Willie	Annie	Maia	George	<i>Eris</i>
Ruby	Jax	Spencer	Rudy	Maggie	<i>Annie</i>
Deuce	Marco	Sadie	Sampson	Hank	<i>Duke</i>
Moses	William	Jade	Samson	Winslow	<i>Zion</i>
Ransom	Sasha	Guinness	Miley	Harry	<i>Brady</i>



Heartfelt

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Jann Rogers
Ruth Ellen Hill
William Carrier
Sheri Metzger
Cheryl Silver
Jim & Marth Harris
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General Donations:

Rayma Cartier [Monthly]
Jim Hession [Monthly]
Gwynne Oreagan
Kim Nuzzo
Sybil Kevy
Betsy Thompson
Kim Nuzzo
Karyn Bauer
E.D. & Claudia Cavin
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Margo Ridley
Alice Wightman
Shirley Kirschbaum
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Suzanne & Stephen Crow
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Dean Umberger
Colleen Kelly
Brett Eddy
Marguerite Hardie

Arizona Med Fund (Janey)
Arizona Med Fund (Janey)
Arizona Med Fund (Janey)
Arizona Med Fund (Rex)

A new resource for lost, found and stolen pets
<http://petsandtheft.com>

Thanks!



Kirsten Nelson
(Coverdale Maggie 3/08) Donation
Sheila Nelson
CoverDale Donation
Jennifer Burkizer
United Way donation
Candy Kramlich
Loss of Nina and all she does for Rescue
Barbara Yager, Jackie Cash, Christina Prange
*Thank you for helping Kirsten Nelson
with placement of Maggie*
Lisa Summerbell
Help care for Eddie
Rusty LaFrance
Notice of Sidney H. & Dorothy D. Donation
Lillian Thissell
Notice of Jacqueline T. donation
Martha Kirk
*Donation to thank Diana Dozier
for Westminster tickets*
Janice Tucker
Disaster fund
Deidre Calabro
Timmy Pet finder page
Joanne Crouse/Barbara Schneider
for B. Schneider (ear gluing)
Dr. James C. Wilson DVM
Donates Veterinary Services

There are many, many more names on our website - www.AiredaleRescue.net - of those who have generously given to rescue in honor or in memory of loved ones, both human and canine, as well as the loved ones of others — and special friends and special causes. Some of the donations were in the form of beautiful gifts of artwork that we were allowed to use in various fundraising projects and some were donations from individuals dedicating the proceeds of their own projects to Airedale Rescue. I started to list all of those wonderful people, but there simply is not enough room. I hope you all, when you have the time, will visit the Rescue website. It's well worth the "trip" and the time to explore it, thanks to Sidney Hardie, our devoted and capable webmaster. Lots of great stories and neat stuff!

We owe a debt of gratitude that can never be adequately expressed to the Quilting Bee. Every year a new and beautiful quilt comes together because of the dedication and imagination of some very clever and gifted seamstresses. This year's will be in some lucky raffle-ticket winner's hands by the time

you read this... but there is hopefully always a "next year" and most of us are hard pressed to figure out which one we like the best.

Many groups are so busy rescuing dogs that they have no time to sit down and figure out how to raise money for their expenses. Your contributions to the National Airedale Rescue Fund benefits any Airedale in the country who needs help beyond what the regional group can provide. You make that possible — and it's tax deductible! We thank you... and those Airedales less fortunate than yours thank you - for helping them get ready for their new lives.

The June Dutcher Airedale Memorial

Created specifically for:

The ATCA Rescue Committee

For a donation of \$100, a brass plate will be engraved to your specifications and affixed to this memorial for all time, to be displayed annually during Montgomery County week in the Hospitality Room and at the Rescue Bazaar. There are still some spaces available.

Go online to: www.AiredaleRescue.net/statue

This year we have added a plate for each quilt the Airedale Quilting Bee has so generously and lovingly - not to speak of superbly - put together as the most successful fund raising feat per year, by far, to benefit Airedale Rescue.



THE PADUCAH FIVE, PLUS ONE MORE!

By Vickie Campos

One recent Wednesday evening in late June, a little while after lights went out at my house, the phone rang. It was my cousin Caroline, who blurted out "Oh, thank goodness you answered! Danny and I took the Heater Store Road home and almost ran over four puppies and their Mama! I think they're Airedale Terriers. This one is humongous! I'm sitting in the car and she has her head on my chest. Maybe this is a Wolfhound." One thing was certain, be it a Wolfhound or an Airedale, pure bred or mixed breed, these dogs were in a dangerous situation and needed to get to a safe place immediately.

Thus began what is probably the most memorable rescue experience in my 15 years of working with homeless dogs, but let's start at the beginning of the story. Heater Store Road is seldom traveled and so narrow that when another vehicle is met, one has to pull over on the shoulder and stop so the other car can pass. Occasionally a few rutted lanes pierce the tangled roadside vegetation, giving the impression that there might be humans close by if one follows these lanes. Actually, they are more likely to find the skeleton of a derelict mobile home.

When Caroline and Danny turned off the main road that night, even the moonlight was obscured by the trees overhead. The only source of light came from the car's headlights. They'd traveled less than a mile when a pair of glowing green eyes pierced the darkness ahead. Caroline braked the car and peered through the windshield. Slowly, as the car inched forward the owner of the eyes was revealed — it was a dog!

Danny got out, leaned forward and extended the back of his hand. Skinny, matted, tick infested and collarless, this "best friend of man" was willing to believe that the person the hand belonged to would help and not hurt. Trailing not far behind, smaller and closer to the ground, eight more eyes materialized from the ditch on the side of the road. The owners of the eyes appeared to be about three months old.

At Caroline's urging, "Mama" approached the car and with feet on the door sill accepted a pat on the head. As though that wasn't enough, she next placed her paws on the edge of the car seat. When there was no reprimand she laid her head on Caroline's chest. In Caroline's words, "It was as if "Mama" was saying, "Oh, thank God, somebody's going to help us.""

At this point, I entered the story. My family and friends think I can solve all dog problems. There was no question that the puppies could not be left there, so Danny set about loading them into the car. Somehow, in the excitement of collecting the youngsters, the mother faded back into the night. It seemed strange that she would leave her pups, but she disappeared without a trace.

After tromping around in tick-infested bramble, trying to coax "Mama" to come forward, Danny and Caroline finally gave up the search and began trying to locate the guardians. Surely the dogs owners would be elated to have the puppies home and safe. Why, they might not even have been missed yet, and probably "Mama" was on her way home right now.

After canvassing the few houses on the road and leaving their phone number just in case, Caroline and Danny realized that it was after 10 pm and they had four pups to care for, at least temporarily. Only a few people have facilities to take in a stray, unvetted dog, on short notice; fewer still will accept four dogs they know nothing about.



Neither Caroline nor I was among that few. Therefore, since he wasn't present to object, what would come to be known as the "Paducah Five" were taken to Caroline's son's farm, and secured for the night in a horse trailer.

Early the next day Caroline's phone rang: someone had "Mama" and wanted Caroline to take her. Surprise! It turned out that "Mama" was actually "Papa!" Now we knew why "Mama" hadn't been overcome by instinct and followed her pups into the car last night! But now we were left wondering what had happened to "Mama." Was she still in the woods? Why hadn't she tried to stay with her puppies last night? We began to suspect that, far from being "lost," these dogs were brought to this remote area and deliberately abandoned. The next few days were busy ones. I bought food, a 10X10 chain link enclosure

10 and two dog houses for the five dogs. Danny and his son picked up these supplies and erected

The Paducah Five, cont'd

the pen on the son's property. We notified the sheriff, printed and posted "found" flyers, and ran a "found" ad in the newspaper.

Colleen Doyle, who grooms my own dogs, helped me check "Papa" for a tattoo and we transported him to Calvert City Animal Hospital in Calvert City, KY, to be scanned for a microchip. While there I purchased Frontline Plus for "Papa" and, although I expected to pay for that, I was amazed when an additional \$18 was tacked onto my bill for having had him scanned.

We bathed all the dogs and treated them for fleas and ticks. To give an idea of how thick the ticks were on these dogs, a 2" X 2" area on the adult male's back had about six ticks on it. It was the same on the rest of his body and the pups', too.

The puppies were playful and seemed to be well socialized with humans and other animals. The intact adult male had a good temperament and was people oriented. At this point I went home to begin my search for Airedale rescue. When looking for a rescue organization, I usually begin with the national breed club. If I can connect at that level, I needn't worry about checking further because I know that my rescues will be in good hands.

Luck was with all of us this time. Airedale Terriers are fortunate to have a solid, well coordinated and seriously committed group of people, dedicated beyond the show ring, to the welfare of the breed. In less than an hour I had a response to my initial inquiry on the site of National Airedale Rescue, from the General Information Officer, Janice Tucker. I emailed her photos of the dogs; she confirmed that they were indeed Airedales.

A short time later Rusty Smith, the Western Kentucky Rescue Coordinator for Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption (ATRA), who lives right here in Paducah, telephoned me. Meanwhile, knowing that Rusty was away from home and only had access to his cell phone for communication, Janice immediately emailed Lynn O'Shaughnessy, President of ATRA, about the dogs. I learned later that Lynn monitored the events of the next nine days very closely.

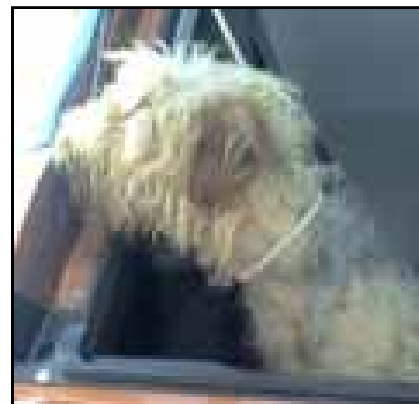
Rusty put the machinery of ATRA into gear, and I can only describe the activities of the next few days as "seamless." Rusty organized a plan with the assistance of his fellow ATRA Coordinator for Central Kentucky, Bob Seis. Everyone cooperated, declared what they were willing to do, and so it was accomplished, just as promised. I am very impressed with the devotion and intensity of these volunteers who love Airedales!

One week and two days after they were found, all six Airedales were picked up by rescue volunteers and went on their way to the rest of their lives — without doubt the best part of their young lives.

If you are a counter, you realize that I said "six" Airedales had been picked up by rescue. That's because exactly one week after the initial five were found, the family was once again rendered complete. "Mama" turned up near the area where the male, now known as Marco, and the puppies were found. Freda, as "Mama" is now known, had an old injury to her rear leg that will require surgery. At the recommendation of the veterinarian this injury will be attended to after she is settled in her long-term foster home in Kansas City. After her surgery, Freda will receive physical therapy.

Marco, described as a sweet fellow with excellent manners and abundant charm, is now living with ATRA's Bob Seis in Louisville. Two of the pups are temporarily with ATRA's Sandra Mauk in Lexington, and one of them will move on to a permanent home in Michigan soon. The other two pups, named Serenity and William, went home with Rusty Smith and will travel soon to their forever homes in Michigan. Bob McArthur coordinated all of the plans for transporting the dogs.

When the entire saga appeared successfully completed, I had a telephone call from Lynn O. She thanked me sincerely for my work on behalf of Airedales and assured me that my out-of-pocket expenses would be reimbursed by ATRA.. What an adventure! And what a privilege to see, first hand, a group of adults cooperate and work together, always having as their final goal the best interests of six needy dogs. Congratulations, Airedale Rescue!



Sometimes Endings Are Beginnings

by Stephanie Lingelbach

And so it was with Ralphie. "A ten-and-a-half year old Airedale terrier in need of a home.... current on vaccinations and heart-worm checks," according to the owner. Calls confirmed that the owners would "turn him in to a shelter if we did not take him." And the heat is on!

Requisite surrender forms were sent... v-e-r-y slow in coming back. We all held our breath until they arrived. Finally, they had officially decided to surrender him three weeks into the process. NATA members are contacted...pledges of support come in....but still no home for an old dog.



Meanwhile, we had made contact with Ralphie's veterinarian for records, as authorized by the surrender forms. This is what we learned: Ralphie was whelped on February 1, 1996 (not 1998) and he was not current on vaccinations or heartworm checks. (Owner surrenders often portray their dogs more negatively to absolve themselves of responsibility or more positively for fear we won't take them! They needn't have feared. Airedale Rescue does not turn down dogs because of age.)

On Mother's Day, 2008 the phone rang. "I have a Mother's Day present for you. I have a home for Ralphie!" Andrea, daughter of one of the women working so hard to find him a home, had agreed to take him!

I could tell you about Ralphie's "separation anxieties, behavioral problems and health issues," but there are none. I can tell you that we spent weeks in this process to place this dog; we did. But suddenly, there was a home.

In this new home was a Weimaraner/Australian Cattle Dog mix, "Lokei " (low-key she's not!). I watched as she herded Ralphie around the yard and how, with prototypical Airedale aplomb, he evaded her tactics! All memory of sleepless nights and biting of nails and long, frantic phone calls dissolved instantly.

Sometimes endings are beginnings...and so it was with Ralphie!



D O G T A L K

Dear Auntie Sidney,

The uprights laugh a Lot when I play with my new sister Rosie. Rosie rules and I drool — especially at chow time. I love food and they like it when I am gentle taking treats...I love treats... especially the ones I found in the pantry... I don't know why all of



these great things were just on the shelves and no one was using them, so I taste tested them to make sure they were good. The coconut flakes were especially good...they smelled so good I inhaled the bag all by myself (My mom said there was evidence that I was the only one that ate this), Rosie did help me with the oatmeal, I like it with brown sugar. Please know that they don't keep any dangerous food anywhere I can reach.

I will write more another day. It's time for bed and I want to get to the bedroom before Rosie so I can test the beds to see which one I should sleep in...

Good Night, Angus



How We Became "Perfect" Foster Parents!

by Joyce Fazekas

I was asked to write an article about my experiences providing foster care for Southwest Airedale Rescue. First, let me give you a little background about my husband and me: We adopted our first rescued Airedale, a young female named **Mindee** with the help of Sidney Hardie in Arizona and Marilyn Doudt in Texas, on New Year's day about six years ago. We were so impressed with the compassion, dedication, and thoroughness of the people involved in this organization. Shortly thereafter, we adopted our second Airedale, Sam, from Nevada. Again, working with Rusty LaFrance to make it happen was a pleasure.



I filled out an application to be a volunteer for SWAT to help with transporting, fostering, etc. One day in July I saw a request from one of SWAT's local coordinators, Rose McAuliffe, for help with fostering a male Airedale being released by his owner. We said yes, and before we knew it we were caring for our first foster "child," Oliver, a slim boy with tons of energy and personality.

Once we said yes, we were filled with doubt, fear, and lots of concerns. We soon learned that it was all manageable. The three Airedales quickly settled into a routine and established their places in the pack. He did not destroy our house and we got used to having three. It seemed to us that he took on the habits and routine of our home very quickly. He was a good boy and showed much potential to be a great addition to any family willing to rescue him. We felt sad when he left, but we knew he was going to a good home and would be loved. Our house seemed very quiet when he left, but it wasn't quiet for long.

It seemed like we had a short breather when Rose was calling again and asking if we could take another young, male Airedale who was being released by his owner. He was big and very, shall I say "fluffy," weighing in at 105 pounds. Once again, we had concerns. Could we handle it? As it turned out, Rufus was the sweetest and (largest) Airedale we had ever come in contact with. This guy came to us already crate trained. We knew it was bad foster home behavior, but we never used his crate. He slept in our room on the floor with our other two. We started him on a diet. He was so heavy he had trouble sitting and getting up after lying down. He moved like a much older dog. The people that adopted him kind of had to rip him from my hands. This one really touched my heart! But, once again, I knew he had to go and he went to a wonderful forever home. Luckily for me, I get to visit him every so often.

Cont'd on page 17

In Memory of Chance

1/2/04 – 1/7/08

Chance....something that happens unpredictably without discernible human intention or observable cause (as defined by Merriam-Webster).

Chance bounded into our lives through ATRA on October 24, 2006. He was a tall, beautiful boy who asked for nothing more than a soft place on the sofa and a few goodies accidentally left on the kitchen counter. Chance was a vigorous, playful but gentle, Airedale who was good with small children (their little faces were right at licking level) and the two cats that lived here (they, of course, got some good sniffs). Chance played endlessly with the foster dog living here and yet gave only slight misery to our resident senior dale. Chance would loudly announce the arrival of all visitors, but once he knew they were "allowed" in, he wanted to be their best friend.

Chance died on January 7, 2008, from tetanus. *I had never heard of tetanus in dogs. I missed the very subtle early signs of this infection and I am writing this with the hope of saving another dog of the same terrible death.*

Tetanus is a bacterial infection that enters a wound, causing an infection which releases a toxin that attacks the central nervous system. It eventually causes muscle spasms and rigidity that can lead to respiratory paralysis and death. In Chance's case, we found only a small wound on his back likely caused by the rough play he and our foster dog loved so much. How many times have we all found scratches, scrapes or punctures from typical Airedale rough play with no adverse effects? How many of these have even happened and healed undetected? I now know that even these minor injuries must be treated early and thoroughly and not just allowed to heal. Nine times out of ten there is no problem...it only takes that one time for the infection to enter.

The first symptom I noticed in Chance was a "wide-eyed" expression. And, he seemed to be holding his ears back. I thought maybe he had an ear infection. That was at the end of the day, so the next day I called and made an appointment with our vet for Saturday morning. By the time of the appointment he was becoming lethargic, had a couple of incidents and vomiting and seemed to have some stiffness in his back legs.

My vet examined him and said he thought it was tetanus. In all his years of practice he had only seen one other dog with tetanus! He was very grim about the outcome and advised me of our options and/or lack of options. He suggested that euthanasia might ultimately become necessary.

He set about finding an entry point; he found the almost healed wound on his back, opened it, thoroughly cleaned it and injected antibiotics directly into the site. He administered the maximum amount of antibiotics by injection and muscle relaxants to make Chance more comfortable.

I was given a lesson in how to administer both of these medications throughout the weekend and planned to return early Monday morning for re-evaluation. I stayed near Chance day and night through the weekend. His condition continued to deteriorate and by early Monday morning he began to have difficulty breathing. I knew then it was time. I carried him to the car and drove to the animal emergency clinic. By the time we arrived there he was starting to have seizures.

I had to say goodbye to Chance on that horrible morning. It was too late to save my beautiful boy but perhaps his gift to us all will be helping to prevent this from happening to another animal. I didn't know...but now you do. Do the research...know what the subtle signs and symptoms are! Don't wait until "the first available appointment" to seek medical care for any questionable symptoms. Don't ever ignore even the most minor injury.

Sandy Check — ATRA Indiana Co-coordinator

In Remembrance of Erin

by Christie Williams

In the center of a semicircle of fragrant lilac bushes the most wonderful Airedale girl, Erin, is buried. She was diagnosed with lymphoma and leukemia a month ago. Although chemotherapy helped her to feel better for a few weeks, the effectiveness diminished with each treatment. Chemo bought us some quality time spent romping in the woods together, earning our 20th performance title, snuggling and celebrating the Thanksgiving holiday with Greg, Argus, and our new puppy, Cait.

But on Sunday evening Erin could not keep food down, started to become dehydrated and was clearly in pain. Soon after we went to bed, she began moaning with each exhale. I spent the night lying on the floor by her bed and petting her neck as she moaned. We knew it was time. At the vet's office Monday morning, she drifted off in my arms. I will always treasure the memory of her relaxing into me and her breathing slowing to a stop as I cradled her body. It was a lovely and peaceful ending to a most wonderful partnership.

I have loved many dogs in my lifetime, but Erin was the most special. Other people who have poured their heart and soul into a dog will understand. Erin came to me as a "wild child" rescue Airedale, considered untrainable and headstrong. She was aggressive toward children and people who startled her. And she was moderately dysplastic in her hips. But she was beautiful to me. All she needed was a job to do and a person committed to learning to understand her so that her attention could be channeled.

She became acutely tuned-in to me and we accomplished great things together. Our bond deepened as we taught each other tricks, agility and obedience.

There is something very special, almost sacred, about the relationship between a person and the first dog that she trains to a high level. The two explore each other and learn together, and open each other's eyes to infinite possibilities.

Before Erin, I had no idea what this was like and had no concept of the level of communication that is possible when a dog and human work so closely for so long. We literally studied each other so that eventually running agility, doing obedience and just living were like dancing together.

I will have other doggie partners in my future, but Erin is the one who



Remembrance of Erin, cont'd...

taught me the first time through. I am eternally grateful to her for being such a willing partner.

Erin's resting place among the lilacs is in a spot where she can "greet" me each time I come home. She lies with a "Snausage," a treat that she and Argus loved, the turquoise ball that came with her from her first owners and remained her favorite toy for chasing in the living room, and with a valentine that I made and rolled up next to her heart.

Goodbye, my Sweet One. I love you. You were such a good dog. I will miss you always.

Almost eight years ago Erin came to us as a 10-month-old puppy from Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption. I am eternally grateful to the wisdom of Annette Hall for making the last-minute decision to redirect Erin's adoption so that she came to me. I have sent a memorial donation to Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption and invite you to join me, if you were touched by this most wonderful doggie. Please specify that the donation is in memory of Erin.

Foster Home.... cont'd from page 14

It seemed like we just got through fostering "Mr. Wonderful," when Rose mentioned that a baby was coming in. A six-month-old, are you kidding me? Three dogs! Can we handle it? A puppy?

As it turned out, we had a lot of fun taking care of this tiny little "pocket Airedale" as my husband called her. I also quickly remembered how valuable crate training is. Krissy was full of energy and mischief. We crated her when we were away and also at night. We had to work with her on house training and house manners. I will say we were both somewhat relieved when this little girl went on to her forever home. As much as we enjoyed her, she took the most of our time. It is really a commitment to have a puppy.

What a great experience this has been for us. Our doubts and concerns went away when we opened our door to Rose and the "canine orphan" at the end of her leash. We feel like we are doing something good for Airedales in need. We provided a loving, safe environment to evaluate these foster dogs before they are sent on for adoption. And we made some wonderful new friends along the way. We found out that having an extra Airedale in our home is not a big deal at all. We have learned that we can really care, and in some cases love, our foster dogs, but still let them go when the time comes.

**AIREDALE RESCUE
DISASTER FUND**

The Airedale Rescue Disaster Fund may be used for expenses of displaced Airedales and their owners caused by disasters.

A Disaster is defined as a Presidential major disaster declaration, administered through the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA).

If you or your Airedales are the victim of a Disaster, please contact the National Airedale Rescue Treasurer regarding your needs:

Rusty LaFrance
Treasurer@AiredaleRescue.net
702-656-2736

If you would like to make a donation to the Airedale Rescue Disaster Fund, please make your check payable to National Airedale Rescue, Inc., and note in the memo section that it is for the Disaster Fund.

Send your check to:

National Airedale Rescue, Inc.
ATTN: Rusty LaFrance, Treasurer
8524 Maggie Avenue
Las Vegas, NV 89143

The Dog Beneath

by Joey Fineran

Peeking under the long, crusty eyebrows, it is amazing to find just the slightest glimmer of hope in those beautiful brown eyes. There instantly becomes no task more important than finding the Airedale beneath the mess which has imprisoned him for possibly a lifetime.

The clippers peel away the dead, sticky, smelly, gritty tangles that, on some dogs, form a blanket which has been scissored off in sections in order to continue. An 8 1/2 blade works best. (A 10 is too short and a 7 jams easily.) Once the body is cleaned of its cocoon, the 10 blade can be used to go over the head, cheeks, ears, belly and back of the tail. Hemostats remove months or even years of hair from the ear canals and they can then be gently cleaned.

Often one of the hardest parts of the process is scissoring the hair between the pads of the feet. This dog may have never had that done and big chunks of mud and you-know-what can be packed in tightly. Lots of reassuring and cooing goes on while those clumps are being almost surgically excised from the feet. And the nails can either be curled around and growing back into the pads or worn to nubbins probably from trying to tunnel out of hell. The experienced groomer is undaunted by whatever sort of challenge the nails present.

Never, unless the dog has one of those rare "woolly" coats, should the hair on the legs, brisket and face be clipped down. Anyone with a wide tooth comb, a



chair to sit on and a table for the dog to lie on can comb out Airedale furnishings. It's a crime not to. Sometimes it takes an hour or so, but since that dog has never been touched by so much tender loving care, he is most likely basking in the attention. Taking a few hairs at a time with perhaps just one tooth on the comb - or one of the newfangled instruments especially designed for matted hair - the furnishings emerge one leg at a time. You and the dog can get mesmerized by the whole procedure and almost before you know it, you are ready to tackle the face! By now, you can hardly contain your excitement. It's

like the last few shovels of dirt over a buried treasure! Carefully and deliberately, the tangles fall away and that beautiful Airedale nose starts to be framed by a more familiar pattern.

Bath time! Most dogs, even these who are unaccustomed to it, appreciate the luxury of warm, sudsy water on their new "free" body. They will have no objection to the second round of shampoo, which will by then start to really feel like they have a new body. They will even understand the advantage of being blown dry and gently brushed wherever the warm air is focused.

What a great relief for both dog and groomer to feel and see the comb

The Dog Beneath, cont'd...

slide easily through the hair that not so long ago was untouchable. Shaping the legs and brisket and finally the head with scissors is the icing on the cake. It seems like it will never be finished, now that it's so close, but soon the last wisp has been snipped. Then there is the once-over with the clippers, to get it all smooth and blended. He needs to look like he naturally grows that way.

Not infrequently, there stands a dog practically worthy of the show ring and the glimmer in his eyes has turned into a new light, shining in amazement and ever-growing hope and trust. And at that moment, there is no better job in the world than being a groomer.



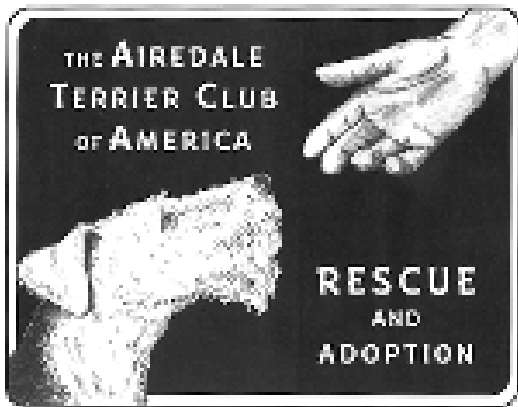
Detailed grooming instructions can be found on the website of Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley, Inc.: Airedale911.org

Don't be intimidated by the thought of grooming ... just start! If you don't have an experienced Airedale person to show you how, paste up photos of show Airedales and try your best to achieve that outline. You will no doubt make a mess of it the first few times (which a professional groomer can smooth over, if necessary). If you persist, you WILL improve and will be able to experience the unique satisfaction of helping a rescued Airedale, or your own, look his best. *Sidney Hardie - AZ*

I have a dog with a constant problem of gunky, crusty eye lids, apparently an allergy. He's always wiping his face. Wiping with damp cloth daily isn't enough and I didn't want to give him an internal allergy medicine. My vet gave me a sample of **i-Lid n Lash**. I think it's a new product, at least it was to her and she thought it might do the trick. It really works great, once a day a wipe of a damp cloth, then a wipe with the gel on a cloth and **he finally has beautiful eyes!** *Barbara Curtiss - CT*

"If having a soul means being able to feel love and loyalty and gratitude, then animals are better off than a lot of humans"

~ James Herriot 19



How can you help Rescue?

- *Volunteer
- *Host an AireFest
- *Web Design and Maintenance
- *Shop at over 680 brand name stores, a portion of each online purchase is donated to Airedale Rescue!
- www.iGive.com/AiredaleRescue
- *Donate
- *including your old mobile phone
- airedalerescue.net/donate.htm

Regional Rescue Groups

AAR	Alaska Airedale Rescue	arcticairrealaska.com/rescue.htm
AireCanada	Airedale Rescue of Canada	airecanada.com
ARADV	Airedale Rescue and Adopiton of the Delaware Valle.	Airedale911.org
ARG	Airedale Rescue Group	Airedalerescuegroup.com
ARWNY	Airedale Rescue of Western New York	petfinder.com/shelters/NY493.html
ATCMNY	Airedale Terrier Club of Metropolitan New York	
ATCMW	Airedale Terrier Club of Metropolitan Wash DC	atcmw.org
AIRA	Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption, Inc.	aire-rescue.com
ATRA	Abandoned Terrier Rescue Association, Inc.	atradescue.com/ATRA
ATRVA	Airedale Terrier Rescue of Virginia	ATRVA.com
FlSA	Florida Sunshine Airedalers	sunshineairedalers.org
NATA	Nebraska Airedale Terrier Assoc.	nebraska-airedales.com
NEAR	New England Airedale Rescue	newenglandairedalerescue.org
NWAIR	Northwest Airedale Terrier Rescue	nwairedalerescue.org
NBAR	New Beginnings Airedale Rescue	aire911.com
OkAR	Oklahoma Airedale Rescue	okairedales.com
SWAT	SouthWest Airedale Terrier Rescue Team	AiredaleTerriers.org/swat
TART	Texas Airedale Rescue Team	texasairedalerescue.org

National Airedale Rescue, Inc., a non-profit 501(c)(3) organization, is the Official Treasury of the ATCA Rescue & Adoption Committee.

The Goal of the Rescue Committee is to locate prompt and safe assistance for any purebred Airedale Terrier with no responsible owner or breeder to meet his needs.

Funds donated to National Airedale Rescue, Inc., are distributed on an as-needed basis to Airedale Rescue volunteers and groups who have agreed to abide by the ATCA Rescue and Adoption policies and guidelines.

In our opinion, it is the duty of all Airedale lovers to respect and care for all Airedales and to either help or find help for any being neglected or mistreated. We maintain and continually update a network of contacts across the country to aid in the rehoming of purebred Airedale Terriers who are lost or abandoned. These contacts are volunteers located in several states as well as Canada, working to help Airedales in need, and, when they are ready, placing them in suitable permanent, loving homes.

Nearly all dogs who come into Rescue need at least shots and a heartworm test. Most need to be spayed or neutered. All dogs are now micro-chipped. Nearly all need to be groomed and some we have to board. In the South, many need to be treated for heartworm. Any help is truly appreciated. If you wish to send a donation, please include your name and full mailing address.

Send to:
 Ms. Rusty LaFrance, Treas.
 8524 Maggie Avenue
 Las Vegas, NV 89143-1326

Please visit the online shopping at www.AiredaleRescue.net for an alternative way to support Airedale Rescue - and have something of your own to show for it!
Many wonderful items!

Thank you!