



Schnauzer Rescue Cincinnati and Florida's

No Schnauzer Left Behind

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The Missouri 11



This is Maggie shortly after she was settled in at the Ark. In honor of her, the rest of the Missouri 11, and everyone that helped them to start their new lives, we are dedicating this issue of the newsletter to the rescues from Puppy Mills that have been fostered by SRC/F members, and in some cases have become members of their family. Although we have featured stories in the past on Mill dogs that have been rescued, we have never done an entire issue.

I want to thank everyone who has contributed to this issue. I know a number of the articles have been written through tear-stained eyes, as rehabilitating a Mill dog is always an emotional process. The reward of seeing them living and loving as a faithful companion and not the livestock they were once regarded as is worth it. And this is what keeps everyone who works with them going.

I also want to thank everyone that has contributed their time or made a donation on behalf of the Missouri 11. You are an important part of our efforts to rehabilitate these little ones and find them loving, furever homes. We are so lucky to have wonderful supporters like you to help us on our quest of "no schnauzer left behind".

SRC/F State of the Union

The SRC/F wants to welcome Debbie Bond as our new Transport Coordinator. Thank you for taking on the responsibility. We wish you the best of luck!

Hold the Date!

Barkaritaville will be held on 9/24/11 at Gil Lynn Park in Dayton, KY- more details to follow. We hope you and your fur kids can join us!

The Schnauzer 11 - The Saga Begins

By Ann Bess-King

URGENT - Southern MO: 11 Schnauzers Outside Freezing

That's how the posting read from Missouri Dog Rescue Network Yahoo Group.

It was January 27, 2011 and the weather folks were predicting a winter storm of "historic proportions" for the next week. With sleet, snow and sub zero temperatures - and the storm was baring down on Missouri. A portion of the post read as follows:

There were over 50 and the story is that they were bred in Kansas for a child's 4H project that got out of hand and then they reached out for help because they were overwhelmed. There are only 11 left and they are literally staying outside with no heat in the freezing temps.

Ironically this was not the first of SRC's (Schnauzer Rescue Cincinnati) involvement in this. Only 2 1/2 months earlier Nina, a member of our group had heard a similar story. With a different twist that the young man had been tragically killed in a car accident and the family was overwhelmed with the volume of dogs.

In the middle of November, Nina arranged to get 3 of the dogs. This involved some lengthy road trips for a couple members. One member in the St. Louis area drove to the Springfield area (4 1/2 hour trip) to meet this lady in a gas station parking lot!!! The lady didn't want to meet at her house - it would be too hard for the member to find! Then she drove back to the St. Louis area to meet Nina who had driven down from the Indianapolis, IN area to take the hand off. Another 4 1/2 hour road trip on her end.

When I met the lady in Boliver - she gave me 3 boys. All filthy, extremely matted, their fur caked with urine and feces. And these guys were so scared. She had to pull them out of the travel crates. I made it back to St. Louis a little ahead of Nina arriving at our designated meeting spot - so I went into PetCo to buy 3 collars and 3 leashes so I could walk the boys. Getting the collars on was a feat - because these guys were not used to human contact or interaction. All they wanted to do was cower in the back of the crate.

When I finally got them out to walk - they wouldn't - just froze - would not move. Nina arrived very shortly later and we managed to get them transferred to her car for her return trip. Nina took them home and shaved and bathed them and later that week they were taken for their vetting and neuter.

They were given the names Lucas, Micah, and Niles and were placed in foster homes to begin their rehabilitation. As I write this 2 of the 3 have been adopted to their furever homes.

But now - back to the Schnauzer 11!!!

When we got the original 3, SRC along with several other rescue groups were led to believe all of the 50 had been 'saved'. One of the rescues in Colorado got wind of the story in late January that 11 had not been turned over to rescues and these were the 11 in the outside kennels freezing! She contacted the MO Dog Rescue Network and set in motion the posting for help.

But we had to move fast - that storm was coming and those dogs would die!! By now I had recruited another foster home (Kent) in St. Louis so he and I headed to Rolla on January 30th for the 11. The same lady as before agreed to meet us in Rolla to help with the distance issue. So on a bitterly cold and windy day - we got the Schnauzer 11. Same condition as the three mentioned earlier - if not worse - all extremely filthy, matted and covered in urine and feces. All petrified - so scared - again had to pull them from the crates to transfer to our car. We had large crates and realized they were too big to put enough in the car and would be too cramped for the dogs to only use what crates would fit - so we blanketed the back of the SUV and put all 11 in there loose. It was a sea of Schnauzers!! And off we went. Heading back to the St. Louis area. I had made arrangements with my vet to meet us at his clinic on Sunday - thank you Dr. Dale!! We got all 11 transferred to the clinic and before that storm hit thank heavens.



The MO 11 in transport...

The next day - Monday - the storm was still "on its way" but the fur kids were safe and warm. Dr. Dale and his staff began the task of getting the kids fixed up. All had to be shaved down because their fur was so matted. All of them had ear mites and infections. Several had whip and hook worms and intestinal upsets and all of them had teeth issues. And of course all had to be either spayed or neutered. They spent the week of the storm at the clinic, being treated, vaccinated and well cared for.

By Wednesday - all the vetting and treatments were finished documented and the Schnauzer 11 were resting up from their ordeal of transports and surgeries. Very soon they would be on yet another road trip to get them along on their journey to SRC 'headquarters'. Pat - SRC President had sent me a box of new martingale collars and bright leashes. Friday night I stopped on the way home from work and got each fur kid a name tag at PetCo. They couldn't leave without their new collars and their names on!!!

The next Saturday - just a week after they were saved from the freezing outdoor kennels, they were once again loaded into the back of my SUV and off we went to meet up with more members of SRC in Cloverdale IN - just east of Indy. There - Shirley, Tracy, and Debbie B. met me to hand off the fur faces. They were now headed to The ARK - a kennel facility to await their moves to foster homes. Chelsea waited at the ARK for receiving. So many people banding together for this mission!

Despite the weather - it was still freezing cold and snow covered several of the highways and roads traveled for this transport - the transport completed safely with all 11 now in the good hands of our members - getting them settled for the night and ready for their future!!



You will no doubt see further articles of their progress to date - how they are doing - where they are and additional "special" moments like learning steps or using a doggie door - or just accepting a treat from a human hand. Their rehabilitation takes time because of the horrible lives they have led up until rescue.

Without the dedication of our members and most importantly the support of former adopters and friends who so generously donated time and money for these little souls - none of this would be possible. For that - I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

Whether it is a 4H project gone awry or a backyard breeder or a larger commercial breeder (yes puppy mills) these dogs are subjected to inhumane treatment and neglect - for long periods - years. All of the Schnauzer 11 are between the ages of 4 and 7. Some of them have lost many teeth - because of poor nutrition and neglect. All had some issues (worms, ear infection, intestinal parasites, and irritated skin) because they aren't provided with the basic care of vet visits, clean living facilities, room to exercise, proper nutrition and simple human contact, compassion and love. And all are learning now how to be dogs and trust humans again.

So - although this article is lengthy - so is their journey - this is just the beginning of it. So much of what remains is "THE GOOD STUFF". So THANKS to SRC, thanks to our selfless members, thanks to our generous supporters, thanks to my vet & Kent for helping me on the first part of their journey and thanks to our readers for caring.

Gypsy * Maggie * Mitzi * Patches * Petunia * Precious * Sheba * Omar * Oliver * Oscar * Randy

I love you Schnauzer 11 - Godspeed!



A few of the MO 11 get settled in at the Ark before being moved to foster homes.

Updates on the Missouri 11

Compiled By Michelle Andrews, Editor

Charlotte Hurt is Mitzi's foster Mom



I am sure she must have JUST had puppies as she was so thin! She is becoming a little more trusting and starting to have an increased appetite! I have put egg yolk, ground turkey, cottage cheese; just everything I think would be tasty and healthy to encourage her to eat more. She still will not drink water from a bowl (at least I have not seen her yet) and I give her

water from a cup. I have also tried a water bottle but she isn't that crazy about that either. Just am making sure she gets plenty of fluids so am putting a little more water on her food. I looked in her mouth and a lot of her teeth have been pulled or she lost as I only see one back molar and just the front set of teeth. She seemed to struggle with eating hard food before so putting more water on her food helped her chew more easily.

She gets along fine with my other dogs. She seemed to get a little jealous when I pet my own Schnauzer so she comes up to me to get love too which is great!

She won't get near my steps that lead to the backyard, up or down so I carry her. It is just a challenge to get her to come to me once she gets out in the yard. She is still very suspicious of anyone coming near her she will run. I do get down on my knees to coax but she will still dart away. Her potty training is coming along very well!

She does sleep with me and she does love all the kisses she gets ...doesn't mind that at all!



Precious and Petunia are enjoying living with their foster Mom Diane Blankenship

Precious and Petunia are litter mates so they are being fostered together. Their first day with her they sat on her lap and watched Oprah. Precious seems interested in the TV. They love to be petted but shy away if she tries to pick them up. Precious had to have a growth removed from her ear to ensure that she remained healthy.

The girls are playing together and enjoy hanging out with the rest of Diane's family.



Deanna Hopkins is Maggie's foster mom...

She is just improving some everyday. She is eating and drinking well. I was a little concerned at first about her water intake and was even using a medicine syringe at times to get some water in her. She is now drinking from the bowl.

She is going up the porch steps but is still having a little trouble going down. She is attempting it though, however she thinks going down means to take them all at once.

Her potty training is coming along. She is keeping her bedding dry in the crate while we are at work and not many accidents at all when she is out and we are home. At first she seemed to only want to potty on the sidewalk or drive way and not the grass, but now she will go in the grass.



Connie Smith is Oscar's foster Mom

When he first met her, he got on her lap at the transporter's home (Debbi) and stayed there being stroked for about an hour. He knew Debbi when she went to pick up another dog from Connie and jumped all over me, wanting petted.

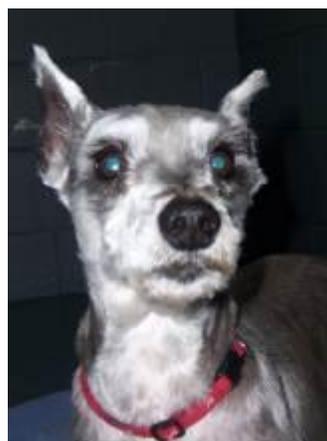


Debbi Payne is Randy's foster Mom

Randy still occasionally walks in circles where he had been caged. It is so pitiful but doing it less.

Velva Kuhn is Patches foster Mom

Patches will stay out and run with my other dogs for maybe five minutes then she is back at the door. She doesn't know how to jump up on the couch; as much as she wants to she climbs with help instead of jumping. She will follow my dogs and jump up about twelve inches at the end of my deck under the benches but only if she is following.



She still doesn't know how to play -really sad because you can tell she wants to she just doesn't know what to do even if you try to include her. I had to hand feed her for the first week and it took about fifteen minutes - now she is gobbling her food down - I add a little water too because of her teeth issues. She always seemed to be okay with drinking water. She's doing well with the house

training as long as I make sure she goes when I let her out. I feed my dogs morning and dinner time and they are on a potty schedule - she is quickly doing the same. She's still skittish and gets confused...I guess she goes on overload sometimes. She doesn't seem to be gaining weight but I can see more muscle tone.



Omar (left) and Oliver (right) love to hang out together and enjoy the fresh air.



Maggie (left) and Gypsy (right) sharing some gossip while enjoying the warm sun.



Sheba looks so pretty sporting her new spring bandana hoping to catch the eye of a new family member. Could that be you?

Sophia



As written by Barb Littler

Sophia's journey to find her forever home with us was a bumpy one. It all started with Sophia being purchased by someone who cared enough to have her micro chipped only to end up in an Amish puppy mill in Ohio.

On October 14, 2006, I received a call that another rescue did not have enough room for two schnauzers that had been pulled from an Amish puppy mill. Unfortunately, our rescue had no room as well. I worried so much about those two schnauzers and told them I might know someone in the Toledo area that could help them. I contacted an acquaintance I knew that had helped with another rescue and asked for their help. They felt confident that they could find homes for the two schnauzers. A day or two later I received a call that the acquaintance had adopted Sophia and a friend adopted the other.

On June 17, 2007, I received a call from Sophia's adopter. They could no longer keep Sophia and were forced to move and rehome several pets. I agreed to take her and foster her for our rescue, so I agreed to meet the family that weekend. I could not believe when I met Sophia for the first time that she had not been groomed for months, maybe years; had not been spayed and her gums were infected, several teeth needed pulled. I felt so guilty that I turned down the opportunity to foster Sophia months earlier.

We immediately got the vetting she desperately needed. Sophia had 15 teeth pulled. She had a rough couple days and during those days we were able to pick her up and hold her because she was too weak to run. As Sophia gained her strength, so did her quickness to avoid human touch. Over the next 4 months we took every opportunity to make Sophia cuddle.

October 20, 2007 a family in Cincinnati adopted Sophia, we were saddened because she had been with us for 4 months but at the same time excited that

Sophia was getting a great home. Approximately 2 months after Sophia went to Cincinnati with her new home, she became extremely ill with pancreatitis and spent nearly 2 weeks in a hospital. During those two weeks, Sophia was on death's door. Fortunately her new mom did not give up on her and kept us updated of her progress. Sophia finally got to come home just before Christmas. Her new mom made great progress with Sophia. Sophia learned to walk on a lead, roll over for belly rubs and slept in bed with her new mom. Sophia had a great life with two other schnauzers and they were spoiled together. Sophia had found her happy ever after.

Sophia's life was turned upside down on March 15, 2008 when her mom had a family crisis and was forced to relocate quickly to New Mexico. That move left Sophia and her two doggie siblings homeless. Sophia was returned to us to foster. Once Sophia was back in our home, we chose not to foster, but adopt her and make her a permanent member of the family. She had been bounced between too many homes and we felt we could not let that happen again.



Sophia (in the middle) with her sisters Snowball (left) and TC (right) at PMAD taking a break from the action.

Sophia likes to go on trips with us and meeting new people. She can be quite the social butterfly once she has her harness on; it is kind of like Batman and his cape, she has super confidence.

On one trip to Puppy Mill Awareness Day in Lancaster, PA September 2008, she accompanied me and three of my other puppy mill girls. While at the Awareness festivities, the organizers had sponsored a vet unit that was micro-chipping pets for a \$20 donation. I decided to have Sophia micro-chipped only to find out that she was already chipped and the chip was not registered. We concluded that Sophia had been purchased as a puppy, micro-chipped, then sold to an Amish breeder for breeding stock and later discarded when she became infertile. Fortunately, the vet transferred Sophia micro-chip to our name.

Sophia has welcomed several fosters into our home since March 2008. Life is good for Sophia, she still carries emotional scars from the lack of socialization; with each passing day, and those scars are barely noticeable. Sophia enjoys bright sunny days on our deck, cold winter nights in front of the fireplace and every night cuddled in our bed.

Snowball

As written by Barb Littler

Snowball's story began in Holmes County Ohio Amish Country. Her Amish kennels along with five other kennels were sold to a Canadian breeder. In order for all of the dogs in these six kennels to cross the Canadian border, each dog must have a medical certificate testifying they are in good health.

Snowball failed her exam because she had bi-symmetrical hair loss down both sides of her body. She had hair loss on her muzzle, tail and ears. This type of hair loss is normally a sign of hypothyroidism. Fortunately for Snowball, there were several animal rescue advocates present that offered to take any discarded animals to prevent them from being destroyed. Her advocate contacted me and we became her foster family.

When we first met Snowball, she was very skittish and fearful. The slightest movement or sound would make her spin around and shift her body from side to side in constant motion and awareness of everything around her. Our first thought was, oh my....we hope she calms down and is able to relax or she'll have a heart attack.

After a week in our home we finally got an appointment and had Snowball vetted. We also had blood work done to check for hypothyroidism. The test results were negative. Our vet suggested that with good nutrition and hygiene her hair should grow back in time. The vet was correct, Snowball's hair grew back, and in the meantime no one applied to adopt Snowball because of the hair loss.

As the months went by and Snowball settled into a routine at our home, it became clear that she was destined to be a permanent member of our family. She had calmed down a good bit from that first moment we met her. She still has her "ticks and we have nicknamed Snowball "Neurocie" because of her neurotic tendencies.



Her neurotic ticks include but not exclusive to: she will only go through our living room on one side of the couch. She sometimes will not walk on the hardwood floor; she sometimes will not walk up on down our two steps in the living room; she will sometimes decide that she will not walk with a lead or harness and last but not least, she is terrified of the cat.

One thing is for certain; her nervousness keeps her in constant awareness of every movement in the house. There's no way a mouse will fart in this home, for she will let us know immediately. We cannot imagine how her necrosis tendencies would have manifested had she stayed in a mill.

Fortunately, Snowball was in an Amish mill for less than two years. A breeder sold her directly to the Amish for breeding stock. Normally advocates do not get the CKC or AKC papers when these dogs are surrendered to prevent retaliation. In Snowball's case, I was given her original CKC papers by the advocate showing the breeder's name. The breeder had her ears cropped and then sold her to the Amish. In my opinion, this breeder had no regard for the safety and well-being of her dogs to allow them to go into a life of misery and over breeding.

Snowball has been with us nearly three years. She has her good days and bad, definitely more good. She loves to play with toys and her furry siblings. Her favorite spot in bed is watching guard at the foot of the bed, keep watch so that the cat does not enter the bed room.....life is good.

Snowball "before".

The White Van

As written by and published on
www.atailtotell.com/
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A message from a 7 year old Corgi rescued from a puppy mill. Her name is Shelby and this is her story.

I lived inside a cage for seven long years. I have given birth to more babies than I can remember. Many of them died within hours of being born. Those that didn't die were taken from me before I even had the chance to clean them.

I often wonder what fate had in store for them.

Were they destined to be breeders?

Were some of them sold off to the brokers and the dealers that frequented the farm?

Were some of them destined to die in the summer heat or the winter's cold?

I had seen that often enough. In my lifetime I have lost too many crate mates because of the terrible heat and cold we are all exposed to. I have seen dogs literally freeze to death and I have also seen the dogs that died from dehydration brought on by excessive heat and lack of fluids. I can only hope that the babies pulled from me were able to escape mill life.

I have been in this mill for too long. I have seen more in 7 years than most people have seen in a lifetime.

I have seen dogs shot to death and drowned. I have seen dogs that were still alive as the farmer tossed their bodies onto a burn pile. I have watched as the farmer turned his back when the screaming from these innocent victims became too much for his ears. I have seen the paws that jut out from the burn pile after the fire has ended and the ashes smolder. I have smelled the acrid odor of burning flesh and hair. I have even witnessed several dogs trying to escape from the burn pile - only to be pushed back with a pitchfork.

I have seen babies born with deformities that were unacceptable to the farmer and I have watched as the farmer choked them to death with his bare hands. I have heard their cries and I have witnessed the silence that follows.

I have had much more than a front-row seat to the infamous debarking practice implemented in these mills. I had a metal pipe shoved down my throat and I have felt the pain and tasted the blood as the pipe was twisted and my vocal chords were severed.

I have seen agricultural chains that were so severely embedded in the necks of the dogs that the dog eventually died from the severe infection created by the chain. I have seen other mothers die during botched C-sections performed with kitchen utensils and I have seen the babies ripped from their wombs before the body turned cold. I have seen more than I ever wanted to.

When I was born I thought that I would eventually get off this farm. I dreamed of playing on the grass, running in fields and chasing a ball. These are the things that all puppies want. This was not meant to be for me. I was hand selected by the farmer to be a breeder. I remember when he chose me I felt proud to be the one selected. I felt special. I didn't know what I was in for.

Looking back now I realize that being chosen as a breeder meant that I was sentenced to a lifetime of abuse and neglect. I would die in the same cage that I was born in. Never to run on grass, never to play with a ball, never to have a family to call my own. I was a prisoner in a puppy mill.

Yesterday the farmer came through the barn. He had his son with him. They would look into the cages and make comments. Sometimes they would stop at a cage and pull a dog out. These dogs were placed in a plastic crate. I watched in fear as they came to my cage. They reached inside and yanked my crate mate from the cage. I could tell that she was terrified. She didn't do anything to stop them. She just trembled in fear and allowed them to place her into the plastic crate. I could hear them talking. I knew that my friend and the other dogs were going to be destroyed. I knew that they were chosen only because they weren't giving the farmer "good puppies" any longer. I watched as my friend was carried out of the barn. I followed her eyes. They seemed to tell me that she was okay. That death was a much better option than life on this farm.

I expected to hear the all-too-familiar sound of gunshots and the awful sound of the hammers that were used when the bullets missed their mark.

I waited in my corner knowing that when the farmer and his son finished with this batch, they would be back for me and others. I already knew that my time on earth was limited. The farmer had made it all too clear that I was going to be put down. He had already stopped feeding me and many others inside the barn. This was always an indication that we were no longer of any use to him. We could no longer make babies. And profits.

This was my last day on earth. Part of me was thrilled to be freed from the pain of living. Part of me was sad

to have lived life without ever really living. The barn was oddly quiet as all of the remaining dogs awaited the sounds of death and the silence that followed.

After several minutes of waiting, I ventured over to the edge of my cage and looked out the barn door. Off in the distance I could see a large white van. This was a familiar sight. Dealers and brokers usually showed up in these vans. But as the van pulled onto the dirt slope in front of the barn, I noticed a new face behind the wheel.

As the door of the van opened I watched as an older, chubby woman stepped down from the van. There was something different about her. She didn't have that nervous energy the brokers and dealers had. She talked very kindly to the farmer but the whole time she talked, her eyes were on the plastic crate and the dogs inside the barn. I saw the back door of the van open and two more women stepped down. They were both smiling as they held out their hands to shake the farmer's hand. They introduced themselves as Teresa and Cheryl and they told the farmer that they were thrilled to be taking some of his dogs. I assumed they were here for the puppies.

Then something happened that I had never seen before. The farmer reached down and picked up the plastic crate that held my cage mate and several other dogs. He handed the crate to the two women and they placed it gently into the back of the van. The farmer then led the ladies into the barn. I watched in fascination as they took dog after dog from their cages and carried them gently to the van. I watched as they placed each dog into a clean crate and offered it water and a blanket. I noticed Cheryl and Teresa placing new collars on each dog before they closed the crate doors.

This was really different. Normally the dealers throw 10-15 puppies into each cage and don't bother giving them anything, not even a second look. I watched as these 3 ladies and the farmer made their way through the barn. Eventually they stopped at my cage. The farmer asked the driver of the van if she would have any use for me. She assured him that her group could use as many dogs as he was willing to give. She then reached into my cage and gathered me in her arms. She carried me to the van. The entire time we walked she whispered in my ear.

She told me that I was free, that I would never be hungry or thirsty again. She told me that I would never live outside in the elements again. She told me that I was beautiful and she told me that there were a million people in the US who already loved me. She told me that I would never be neglected or abused again. She told me that The Freedom Van was here and it would carry me to a new life.

I wondered what this freedom van was and, as if she read my mind, she told me. The Freedom Van was a

gift from two of the most beautiful women she had ever met. She told me that their names were Kathy and Beth. She told me that Kathy and Beth owned a restaurant and that when they found out about the dogs in the puppy mills they were determined to do something to help. They enlisted the help of all their friends and employees and within 3 weeks they had donated this beautiful van to rescue all the dogs living in puppy mills.

I wondered why anyone would want to give me anything. The farmer had already made it very clear that I was not worth anything. He had never given me anything more than a few morsels of food each day and the occasional bottle of water.

Once again it was as if the driver read my mind. She looked down at me and said: "Kathy and Beth know that you and all the others have never had anything and now, they want to give you everything. They sent us to free you and they have given us the means to do it."

I looked up into her face and wondered why anyone would do anything for me. Reading my mind once again, she told me:

There are angels in heaven and even greater angels on earth. Kathy, Beth and all their employees and friends are Earth Angels and they did this simply because they care.

Epilogue

Shelby was rescued from the puppy mill - she was taken to a vet for complete veterinary care - she was placed into foster care and eventually was placed into a loving forever home.

Shelby was lucky. Sadly, hundreds of thousands of dogs are currently living in deplorable conditions inside the puppy mills of Pennsylvania and many other states in this country.

Please share Shelby's story with everyone you meet. Tell them that we all need to work together to end the suffering in the puppy mills. No dog should be forced to live in a cage its entire life. No dog should go to bed hungry or thirsty. No dog should ever be deprived of exercise, food, water and veterinary care. Every dog should be able to run in the grass, play with a toy and lick the faces of the humans who love them. Every dog should have a clean bed, a warm home and a human to adore.

Please help us in our efforts to end the insanity and the greed of the puppy mill industry. Help us find a way to put the white van out of action. Help us save lives - one dog at a time.

Please visit A Tail to Tell's website to learn more about their mission to free dogs from the horror of puppy mills and what you can do to help.

Roxie's Story

As written by Tracie Stein



I found Roxie on Petfinder through Schnauzer Rescue Cincinnati in early 2007. It was love at first site! How could I resist that sweet little face and perfect pink tongue? From reading Roxie's bio, I learned she was a puppy mill girl. I didn't have a lot of information about

puppy mills, so I began to do my research. Could we handle a pet with special needs?

I spoke with Roxie's foster mom, Barb Littler, by telephone at length about meeting Roxie. We made arrangements to visit their home to meet. When we entered the Littler home, I immediately spotted Roxie and said to my husband, "there she is." We enjoyed our visit and determined we were interested in moving forward with the adoption application.

In June 2007, we finalized our adoption with Roxie. I will never forget the fear in her eyes when I took her out for the first time. I knew if I dropped the leash, she would be gone. On her first morning at home, I opened her crate door and I could not coax her to come out. I had read not to pull puppy mill dogs from their crates because this was a traumatic event for them in the mill...I tried for 2 hours before finally "helping" her from her crate.

Our early days with Roxie were filled with challenges and heartaches. Even though I had done research in anticipation of adopting a puppy mill girl, nothing had prepared us for the fear we saw in her eyes day after day. We loved her...but that wasn't enough. She would spend hours in her crate or at the end of the hallway as far away from us as she could get.

It would take a long time before she could trust us.



Today, we celebrate all of Roxie's victories. She isn't the same scared little girl she was in June 2007. This little girl loves to run, and she only knows one speed—fast! When people come to visit, she greets them. She spends time with us when we are watching TV or hanging out in the kitchen. She loves to go for rides in the car and enjoys spending time at Grandma's and at "Camp Littler." She doesn't just wag her tail; she wags her entire back end.

Roxie has taught us, and our friends and family that have met her, all we need to know about the horrors of puppy mills.

Candy – Rescued from an Animal Hoarder

Candy is currently being fostered by Barb Littler. She along with another schnauzer and a pack of mastiffs was featured on the 2/18/11 episode of "Confessions: Animal Hoarding" on Animal Planet. Candy came to Barb nearly bald for flea allergies. Candy and her friends vet needs were taken care of by a Rascal Unit that Animal Planet brought in.



before Candy *and* *after*



TC (Too Cute) and Daisy

As written by Barb Littler



TC and Daisy were litter mates that were rescued from an Amish Puppy Mill in Sugarcreek, OH in September 2005. The practice of this particular Amish man was to drown or shoot non-producing females. Fortunately, an animal advocate happened to be visiting the mill one day and he offered the girls to the advocate to save him the bother of disposing of them.

The advocate contacted SRC and we volunteered to foster the girls together. On September 10, 2005 I drove to pick the little girls up without a clue for what was ahead. I was able to see their CKC papers that had their birth dates as 8/8/03. Daisy was barely 10lbs and TC was barely 12lbs. Both girls were very thin and scared.

It was our first experience with puppy mill dogs and we were so out of our league knowing where to start. For that matter, we did not know what a puppy mill was or that Amish were involved. It was then that we started educating ourselves on mills with the help of the internet and with the help of the advocate who brought the girls into our lives. We learned more than we wanted to know about the practices of the Amish millers. With this information, we felt compelled to get more involved. We were horrified with this new found knowledge and were determined to make life better for the girls.

Daisy seemed to be the leader and TC the follower. If Daisy moved, TC moved with her. TC would become distressed if she was separated from Daisy. Our hopes were that they would be adopted together. They were terrified to be picked up. We remember chasing them around and around the dining room table and kitchen island trying to pick them up to hug them. We knew that following them around was scaring them, but we were at a loss as to what to do. We knew we had to hold them as much as possible to get them used to a human touch in a loving way.

Shortly after the girls came to live with us, Steve was seriously injured in a fire that left 2nd and 3rd degree burns over his entire right arm, neck and face. Steve was off work for a few weeks recovering from his injuries. During those weeks, he was able to give the girls more attention and he would pick them up and put them on the couch with him to cuddle. They were not receptive to the idea at first. Slowly they became comfortable with.

We expressed to the rescue that the girls needed to be adopted together. TC was so dependent on Daisy, we were afraid of TC regressing if they were separated. As it turned out the rescue did not feel anyone would come forward to adopt them both....especially two "special" needs dogs. It was at that moment, we decided to adopt them to keep them together.

It took months to get the girls comfortable with us. We took them everywhere we could to get them used to other people and car rides. They eventually learned to walk with a harness and lead. Both girls became especially attached to me, they became my little shadows. It took two years before the girls would allow Steve to pick them up without running. Here it is five and a half years later, both girls are love bugs; belly rubs are high on their priority list. They spend every night cuddled in bed with us. These little girls showed us patience we never knew we had and have helped us to care for more puppy mill dogs since. We did not give up on them and in returned they shower us with endless unconditional love and whisker kisses; we can't imagine life without them.

Noah's Too Pet Resort

Thank you to the great folks at Noah's Too for allowing us to use their facility to house fosters until they can be placed in a foster parent's home or a forever home. If you are in the Columbus Ohio area, please visit them at:

<http://www.noahstoo.com/>



SRC/F's Featured Member

As written by Debbie Bond

My name is Debbie Bond, and I am SRC's new transportation coordinator. I live in Lexington, KY with my husband Rod and three fur kids. We are both big animal lovers, and when we married Sammie and Tianne were actually in the wedding. Sammie 'talked' so much during the ceremony, that I finally picked Sammie up to try to quiet as her, and we finished our vows with me holding her. Poor Rod was so stressed out with her talking --- he hardly smiled in any of the wedding pictures! They did look adorable though in their matching pink dresses!!! We recently adopted Piper, and she has blossomed into a happy, energetic little girl.



My first exposure to rescue was helping to get the Missouri 11 by meeting Ann Bess-King outside Indianapolis, and driving 4 of the dogs to the Ark. That was a long day - 11 hours and just under 500 miles.

Rod is at home fulltime, and I retired after 25 years in human resources. I work part time as a courier, and take classes part time, mostly online. I am working on getting a post-bac certificate in paralegal - and hope to finish in 2012. I then figure I'll go back to work fulltime, and hope to find a position dealing with labor law and employment.

Rod and I like to sail, but due to health issues have not been able to lately. We also like to shoot, with Rod's favorite being clays and mine 22 benchrest rifle. (no, we do not hunt animals). I am the only person I bet who's received a customized rifle for an engagement present! Rod and I met on the rifle range, and exchanged our first kiss on a rifle range. He is working on learning to be a professional gunsmith, and I like to design jewelry. At some point down the road we hope to open our own gunshop, with Rod licensed to sell and do repairs.

We look forward to meeting many of you in person, and we're planning to be at the April 30 event, as well as Barkaritaville this summer. It will be nice to meet my online friends in person and put faces with the names and emails!



**Prettiest
bridesmaid
ever!**



SRC/F's Featured Kids - Buddy

Meet Buddy. Buddy has a sad story. He had a family that loved him dearly, loved him so much that they sold everything to take care of his medical bills when he became ill with bladder stones.

During the last surgery, in an attempt to prevent any more stones, the vet rewired his boy plumbing to allow him the ability to pee like a girl. The new opening is larger so any new stones can more easily be flushed out.

Buddy is almost healed from the procedure and ready for a loving forever home. He requires prescription food, distilled water, and tons of affection and love. He is house broken and used to living indoors, but needs to be let out regularly because his prescription food makes him drink more water. Are you the home Buddy is looking for? You can read more about him on Petfinder.

Day at a Missouri Dog Auction

By Michelle Andrews, editor

The article that follows recently came to me from a friend who is also involved in stopping Puppy Mills. The author is unknown, but I appreciate they wrote this to get the message out. It is disturbing, because the truth often is. But it happens in every state where dog sales are allowed. I hope this, and the rest of the newsletter encourages you to spread the word and get involved to help stop this wherever you live.

**If you live in Ohio – please visit
<http://www.banohiodogauctions.com/>
to see what you can do!**

Attending a MO dog auction with the intent of rescuing dogs is not for the faint at heart, and one should be prepared for what they will encounter. The first thing you will likely notice is the horrible smell of dogs that have been living in their own feces and urine. It's an indescribable odor and it's always the same. If the auction is being held at the actual puppy mill where the dogs have lived, you need to prepare yourself to be faced with the realization that these dogs have lived in these conditions for their entire lives, except for the really unfortunate few who had at one time known human love and then found themselves in this cruel, horrible reality after being offered in the paper or craigslist as "free to a good home." You will see cage after cage of dogs living on wire. Many will have injuries from cages with sharp edges or flooring that has such large openings their feet are falling through the wire. The dogs are filthy, many with dried feces stuck to their hair. I've had to cut chunks of dried poop from between the pads of their feet of some of the puppy mill dogs I've rescued only to expose red, raw, sore skin. The long coated dogs are often severely matted. Most have overgrown nails, sometimes even curled and growing into the pads. They have splayed feet from standing on wire their whole lives. Some dogs will have obvious eye infections, some will have cherry eye. You will see older dogs that are pregnant, and their bodies are just plain worn out. The females will have large nipples from nursing litter after litter after litter. I've heard of vets saying that when they spay these females that have been bred every heat cycle year after year, their uterus will literally fall apart in their hands. Many will have mammary tumors. All will have horrible dental disease due to poor quality food combined with their bodies being robbed of the little nutrition the food provides from carrying and nursing puppies. As far as their emotional condition, you will see dogs that are pleading with you to get them out of there and others who are totally shut down emotionally just staring off into the distance. Some will come to the front of the cage and ask for your attention with tails wagging, others will cower in the back of the cage as if to say "please don't hurt me!" You might also see semi-trailers filled with dogs that have been trucked from some other mill, often hundreds of miles away, to be consigned at this auction.

Once the auction starts, you will be faced with a whole new world as far as how dogs are viewed by those in the dog breeding business vs. those of us who consider dogs to be members of the family. As they bring the dogs to the auction block, often several dogs at once, the first thing you'll notice is how they hold them like they're carrying a sack of potatoes. Sometimes there will be children holding the dogs, and then you might see a little bit of petting. When they place the dogs on the auction table, many of them won't be able to stand up because their muscles are so weak from having no exercise, not to mention most have never stood on a solid surface before. The handler will often jerk the dog around trying to get them to stand up. They might hold them up high so everyone can see. Many of the dogs will be shaking with fear from the noise of the auctioneer and just the unknown of what's happening to them. Occasionally you'll see a wagging tail, which just breaks your heart because the dog is finally getting human "attention" and is trying to say "please just love me!" Perhaps the most disturbing thing you'll experience as the dogs are being auctioned off is the way the auctioneer talks about them. For the males, it's all about how aggressive of a breeder they are. They'll make comments like "This one really knows how to get the job done!" For the females, it's all about how many puppies she usually has, whether or not she's coming in or out of heat, if she's been "running" with a male (meaning she may be bred but it's too soon to know). The all time worst is when they bring a visibly pregnant dog to the auction table, hold her up to show her belly and say something like "Look at that belly full of money." They often proceed to say how much each puppy sells for so that the greedy puppy millers in the audience can calculate how much money they'll make off of this poor girl's suffering.

As you're observing all of this, you'll want to cry, you'll want to scream, you'll want to stand up and just shout "What is wrong with you people? How can you possibly think this is okay?" but you have to try to contain yourself or you will be thrown out of the auction. The auctioneers make it clear at the beginning of the auction that "animal rights activists" are not welcome! They will talk about how they need to fight the HSUS and their agenda to end animal ownership. Of course they exaggerate and try to make everyone think that if laws go into effect to protect breeding dogs that no one will be able to even own a pet, and oh my, the farmers better look out because they're coming after them next! Proposition B passed last fall, but unfortunately is being gutted by the new MO state legislature. That's a whole other topic.

When the auction is over, everyone goes to pay for their dogs and load them up. Those of us in rescue are thrilled that we were able to save a few from further cruelty, but that excitement is soon dashed as we watch breeder after breeder loading up their dogs to head to yet another prison down the road or even in

another state as millers come from far away to buy their "breeding stock." It's especially disturbing watching the Amish load up dogs in their buggies pulled by emaciated horses who also suffer at their greedy hands. And then there are those with open trailers to haul their "stock" in. Oh so disturbing. You want nothing more than to grab the dogs you've saved and get the hell out of there!

On the way home, your car is filled with puppy mill fumes. Sometimes it's so bad you have to put perfume or something on your nose to try to cover the odor. You could care less, though, because you know you have precious cargo that has just been freed from a life as a sex slave! Sex slave may seem like a strong term, but truly that's what the females are. When they are in heat, they are raped over and over again, often by several different males. I've rescued dogs that were in heat that were very matted and filthy with dried blood all over their bottoms, from being mounted over and over again. It just makes you want to cry. And you do! You cry for the years of suffering these dogs have endured. You cry for all the ones that you couldn't save that are going back into a different form of hell. You hope that some will go to a "better mill," one that's a little cleaner, with bigger cages, better food, and clean water. You cry for the ones who may be going to a worse form of hell, if that's even possible.

When you get back home after a long day of being drained emotionally and exhausted physically, it's time to unload the dogs and give them some much needed food and water. Many haven't eaten all day, or who knows when they've had their last meal! You set up exercise pens in the grass so these little angels can feel the soft grass under their feet for the first time. Then it's time to clean crates and put fresh blankets in for their overnight stay. It's too late to do any bathing and grooming, so you save that for tomorrow. Tomorrow will be a long day as well, but you're energized when you wake up and go see the dogs you've saved and start thinking about their future as a beloved pet instead of a puppy making machine.

There's nothing more satisfying than knowing that you prevented a dog from continuing in the breeding system. You've freed them from further abuse. They have been through so much. Not only have them been living in filth with little or no human contact producing litter after litter, but then to be auctioned off like livestock? There is no dog more deserving of rescue, in my opinion. There is much disagreement in the rescue world about whether rescues should be attending these auctions or not. I personally believe rescuing dogs from dog auctions is the ultimate rescue.

Former Mill Dogs... living the good life

Our very own Gypsy was the first of the MO 11 adopted and now is living the good life with her Mom, Linda Pelley.



Amelia Earhart-Bailey was adopted by Sam and Rhonda. She has gone from the cold winter of Missouri, to the warm sunshine and beaches of California.

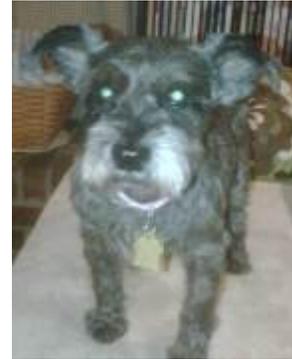


The Rainbow Bridge

The hardest thing about being a fur parent is when you lose a fur baby



On January 1st Lacey passed away, she had surgery for what they thought was a foreign body but ended up to be a tumor in the colon. The Glick's buried her next to our other beloved pets at my parent's farm.



On January 6th, little Mallory was helped to the bridge by her foster mom, Nina Walter. She came home to find her in heart failure. She is running at the bridge with all the other little rescue babies.



On January 24th, Buster (left) went to join his brother Boots at the bridge. He would have been fourteen in March. He is missed by his parents, Ann and Tom Bess-King.



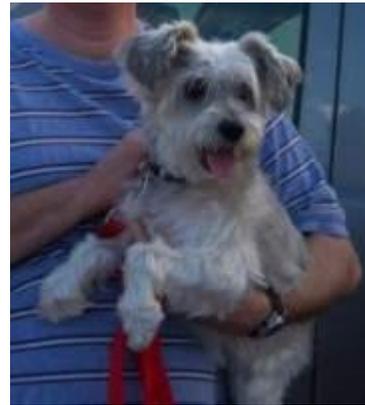
On January 16th Angie spent the day at the beach with Sam and Rhonda Bailey before it was time for her to go to the bridge. She was elderly and had suffered a stroke, it was her time to go. Run free little one, I hope there is a doggie beach for you at the bridge.



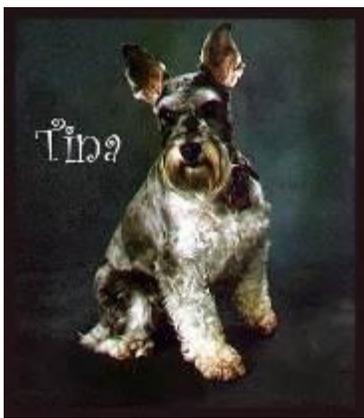
On January 31st, Doug Viars found that little Mabel (left) passed in her sleep and little Mandy (right) was not doing well. Mandy went to the bridge later in the day. They were both diabetic, blind forever fosters. As far as they knew, they were in their forever home and could not have been more loved or better taken care of then they were by Doug. On March 1st, there foster brother, Dr. Pepper joined them at the bridge to run free of pain at last.



On February 13th, Mendi and Steve Gardner helped Clovis to the bridge. He was eighteen years old, and had enjoyed a good long life as the much pampered kitty. He is missed by his parents and his canine siblings.



On February 3rd after a lingering illness Wayne Warren lost his little girl Lucy when she passed away. She was very much loved and is missed by her dad.



On February 21st Tina Marie was helped to the bridge by her Mom, Nancy Powell. She had a very aggressive tumor that had run through her jaw, under her tongue and down her throat.



On February 28th, little Cody passed away from a heart attack he suffered during the thunder storm the night before. He is missed by his parents, Jane and Dennis Trchka.



On March 14th little Marty (right) went to the bridge. He was being fostered by the Heckman's in Florida. He was 12-14 years old, and his health had been steadily declining. Marty loved to ride in the back of the golf cart in his shades, enjoying the weather with his buddy.



On March 17th, little Corky went to the bridge. He was a little foster boy that came to rescue with many medical issues that could not be cured. Run free at the bridge little man.



On January 10th, Karen Harris lost her little puppy mill survivor Ray Ray. He was almost 16, and had a good life with his mom after she rescued him.

On February 17th, Janice Stamper's little Alex, went to the bridge from a coronary artery aneurism.

On March 22nd, Shotzie (right) succumbed to cancer and was helped to the bridge by his mom, Angie Chafin. He will be sorely missed by both his human and canine family.

SRC/F now on YouTube

Thanks to Ray Ford for getting us posted and Kent Reinhold for producing the video...

Check it out at - http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Exm_2MzIg_0

Don't forget to vote that you like it!

SRC/F Gets Grant to Vaccinate Dogs for Influenza

Thanks a grant SRC/F now has help in protecting dogs against canine influenza virus (CIV), a highly contagious disease that spreads easily from dog to dog, especially those in close proximity. We received a grant for the vaccines as part of a Petfinder.com Foundation program to build community immunity against this respiratory infection. The foundation partnered with Intervet/Schering-Plough Animal Health, a global animal health company and makers of the NOBIVAC(r) Canine Flu H3N8 vaccine, to fund the grant.

Because CIV is relatively new, most dogs have not built up immunity to the disease. Dogs can get the disease by being exposed to those that have it, as well as playing with toys or drinking from bowls used by other dogs. People can also unwittingly spread the germ if they come in contact with infected dogs.

Dog flu is a growing problem throughout the U.S. It has been confirmed in 35 states so far, but tracking the disease is hard because it is so difficult to diagnose. Dogs are contagious before they show any symptoms. By the time the dog starts coughing, it's too late. Virtually all dogs exposed to the virus will become infected, and some will get more serious infections, such as pneumonia, which can be fatal. Dogs that go to doggie daycare, boarding facilities, groomers and shows and are vaccinated for canine cough (Bordetella) are also at risk for canine flu. Information about canine flu is available at www.doginfluenza.com.



Thank you to our donators...

SRC/F is very appreciative of all of our WONDERFUL supporters. Without your donations, we would not be able to help as many dogs as we do.



We would like to thank all of the following people that have donated to our recent events and fundraisers – we couldn't do it without you.

Amy Meyer

Ann and Tom Bess-King

Ann Briggs

Betty Sauers

Beverly Slavski

Brian McGaha

Bryan and Jennifer Hoffman

in honor of Jim and Debbi Payne

Carole Broderick

Carol Jenkins

Cheryl McGaha

Chris and John Forbes

David and Artis Wick

David and Janis Barnes

Deanna and Robert Hopkins

Dione Amirkan

Dolores Powers

Dr. Zekoff

Gary and Mary Paull

Janet Fondriest

Janice Stamper

Jeanne Bonds

Jerilynne Messenger

Karen Riggs

Karen Sable

Kathy and Dwayne Meadows

Kathy Smith

Kenneth and Michelle Nixon

Letty Schamp

Lindsay Ingman

Marilyn Peter

Mark and Kimi Lykins

Mary Paull

Nancy Russo

Randy and Beverly Slawski

Ray Ford

Richard Caldwell

Susan Hodge

Susan Naylor

Tiffany and Donald Weidendorf

Wayne Shockley

Go Green with your very own Schnauzermobile Shopping Bag!



SRC/F is selling Schnauzermobile re-usable shopping bags. They are tan with the purple Schnauzermobile on one side. To get yours contact Amy Meyer at ameyer@dbllaw.com. The bags are \$6 each plus shipping.

The Three Meyer Amigos want to make sure you... "Don't forget to see what is new on the back pages."



We Love Getting Clean at All About The Dogs

For all of your grooming needs in Columbus OH All About The Dogs Grooming & Pet Wash at 207 Thurman Ave. in German Village.

Thank you for grooming all of our Columbus area rescues for free! They make sure they look their best while looking for a forever home.

Please visit them on the web at <http://allaboutthedogspetwash.com/index.asp>

Attention Members and Friends



Save your old cell phones and used ink cartridges. These can be turned into cash for SRC/F.

Ask your friends, families and coworkers to save them as well.

When you have your collection together, contact Pat Miller at pmiller@aim.com to have a Postage Paid mailer sent to you.

Use Goodsearch to Help Raise Funds for SRC/F

Point your browser to <http://www.goodsearch.com/>

Enter Schnauzer Rescue Cincinnati as your charity selection, click on Verify to download and follow the instructions to install the new toolbar.

When you use this, SRC/F gets a percentage from your shopping as a donation.

Adoptions

Thanks to the hard work and dedication of all the members of SRC/F all of these fur kids found their forever homes!



Since November of 2004 SRC/F has found forever homes for 753+ rescues!

December adoptions:

Zeus
Drake
Pixie
Benjie
Rue
Kingsley
Fabio
Quinn
Roxie
Miss Sadie
Hallie
Bob
Alex
Doogie
Gunner
Tank
Casper
Kari
Lucky
Winston

February adoptions:

Cocoa Puff
Kasey
Brady
Clover
Niles
Ralphie
Blizzard
Rollo
Lexie
Bella Lee
Angel
Crimson
Micah
scruffles
Lady Jet
Hanz

January adoptions:

Bruno
Jade
Aubie
Annie
Zippy
Ginger
Zeppelin
Nathan
Sampson
Tigger
Cody
Noelle
Zander
Ginger
Vinnie
Max
Emma
Pepper
Mickey

March adoptions:

Ainsley
Audrey
Baron
Gizmo
Gypsy (MO 11)
Lexie
Parker
Pinky
Riley
Smokie

Dogs Available for Adoption

The list of dogs we have in foster and available for adoption changes daily. To get the current list of dogs available, please see our PetFinder page at either:

<http://www.petfinder.com/shelters/OH447.html> or <http://www.petfinder.com/shelters/FL836.html> and click on "adoptable pet list".



Or go to our new website at:

<http://www.schnauzerrescuecincinnati.org/>

You can help out the minis in foster...



If you can send a donation for the little ones that are still looking for their forever homes, it would be greatly appreciated. We strive to make their stay in a foster home as comfortable as possible. You can help us out by:

Monetary donations can be sent to: Pat Miller 5809 Red Fox Drive, Winter Haven, FL 33884.

Donations of toys, collars, leashes (these can all be new or used – we can clean them up!), bowls, gas cards (any major gas company – this will help with transport of dogs coming in to rescue), dog food, boxed treats, dog beds, soft blankets, and anything else you can think of to make them comfortable can be sent to: Amy Meyer 10940 Elm Circle Aurora, IN 47001. You can email her with questions at ameyer@dbllaw.com.



Point your browser towards...

A site that helps get the word out to stop Puppy Mills

<http://www.puppermilltruck.com/>

Graycen's Cause was started by a group of individuals who have been working on the Puppy Mill issue to help with educating the public as well as funding the rescue groups who do the hands on rescue of puppy mill dogs. They have lots of great info at: www.graycenscause.org

See how your dog food rates at www.dogfoodanalysis.com

In the Market for a Pet Door?

If so, please look at the great doors for sale at Hale Pet Door (www.halepetdoor.com). We are a participant in their Hale's Rescue Rewards Program thanks to one of our adopters Mark Thomas. With Rescue Rewards, you let Hale know that you adopted a pet and will receive 10 percent off the cost of their pet door order. List SRC/F as the rescue group, and we will receive a donation from Hale for that same 10 percent amount.

Donate a Kuranda Bed...

These beds are great for dogs, it keeps them comfy and off the ground – and they are chew proof. To donate a bed to the rescue, please go to <http://kuranda.com/donate/3433>

There are three different beds you can choose from. They will take care of shipping it, so no need to deliver it yourself.

Please note that the ARK is also signed up for the program if you would like to donate one to them as well.



Attention all eBayers

Many thanks to Ann Bess-King and her husband Tom for getting SRC/F registered on Mission Fish.

This means that if any of you sell on eBay - or if you know anyone that does - you can designate a portion of your sales to benefit SRC/F directly!! You can indicate any amount to be donated from the sale to go to SRC/F's Mission Fish account.

So if you list on eBay - please consider designating SRC/F to receive a portion of sales.

If you know someone that uses eBay for selling - ask them if they would designate a portion of their auction to SRC/F.

And remember if you see a listing with the blue/gold ribbon on it - and it says there is a designation to SRC/F - buy, buy, buy!

Use the link below to see what is for sale that proceeds go to SRC/F.

Check it out at:

http://donations.ebay.com/charity/charity.jsp?NP_ID=30099