



NEWSLETTER Part 2

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Rescue Stories Continued



Rose's Story (Southside)

In September 2011 my rescue Nan was diagnosed with a brain tumor and remained active and happy for five plus months when the time came for me to put her down. I contacted a few friends from the past and asked them if they knew of any older dogs that would be happy in the home of a "reasonably" active 87 year old. This eventually led to a call telling me about an 8-year-old with a severe case of separation anxiety. Rose sounded like a perfect match until Stephanie said she was part of a court case and I would be fostering her until the outcome of the case was known. I told Stephanie I could not emotionally cope with that, but over the next 10 days I was constantly thinking about poor Rose, and thinking about her was worse than the thought of possibly having to return her. So two days later, with the help of Nancy Tarbox, the rescue coordinator for New England, Rose arrived in my yard on April 4. Bonding seemed almost immediate and for the next 7 weeks she made slow but steady progress. We took walks around the neighborhood and she was introduced to all the neighbors. I started leaving her alone for small periods. Her confidence grew to the point where now she sits on the back deck all by herself.



On June 12 Stephanie called with the good news that the court case was won and Rose would be mine forever. She expected me to be more excited than I was, but the truth is I burst into tears when I hung up the phone.

There is something else that has been very special about this experience. In many instances you lose touch with people if you are no longer an active participant in the field, shows etc. Not so with Vizsla people.

Everyone I have written to has replied and I have caught up with the latest news (some happy, some sad) and once again I felt part of the group. As for the "younger" group of this century it was a pleasure getting to know some of you without going to the dog events. You are doing a lot to keep this breed as we "older" folk know and love it. Reconnecting with you all has been a wonderful experience.

Thank you.

Trudy Lanman



Judy's Story (Southside)

My name is McKenzi, I am eleven years old and me and my Dad, Mark, have always owned Vizslas. Since I was born we had September and Max. Our dog, September, died one year ago. She was very shy of cameras and balloons. She was not a rescue dog; just a dog that my Dad got before I was born. She was 12- years old when she died of a tumor in her stomach.

Our dog, Max, is still here today with us but he is getting very old. He is now 10 and very active; he loves his picture taken, and he loves meeting other dogs. My Dad got him for my sister, Breanna, He was 8-weeks old when we got him. My sister loves him to death; she is always coming to our house to see him. Then, we got a Chocolate Lab who was a rescue dog that we got from a friend of my Dad. She was locked in a kennel and let out once a day. She got used to our house in about two weeks. She loves our family a lot and she is so sweet.

After my Dad saw these Vizslas on TV who were being abused until someone took them away from all that harm done to them. They needed more than what they were getting. One day my Dad called Stephanie and said we want one of those Vizslas and she said, "OK, come get one." So we did and her name was Judy, she was so shy at first and now there is a big change in her. We brought her home, she played ball with us kids; she met our grandparents who live next to us, and she met my sister Breanna and her boyfriend Ethan.

She loves Ethan when he comes, she is always cuddling up to him, and she went through our house to see what was new. At first, she didn't know she could play around and be loud in our house because it is usually loud and there is always a lot of playing around or as some people call it, "messaging around."



She had never seen stairs, never seen a leash, and never has been in a car. Now it has been five days at our house with Judy and she is doing a lot better than when it was day one. She is climbing stairs all the time, and she is always messing around with our two other dogs, Riley and Max. We are still working on the leash but she is doing a little better with it, and she loves being in the car.

A couple of days ago we all as a family--the 3 dogs Max, Riley, and Judy, the 4 of us Jamie, Dad, Mom, and I went and got ice cream at the ice cream factory. Judy loved the ice cream treat and so did the other 2 dogs. After that night we went over to our land in Leonardsville. We rode four wheeler and the three dogs chased them. Judy, us two kids and the three dogs swam in our huge pond; we had a cookout just us as a family, and we ran around in the woods.

One night my cousin wanted me to sleep

over at her house so I did, and Judy usually sleeps with me in bed. My grandfather came to pick me up the next day and said that Judy had chewed everything up and kept my Dad up all night because she was nervous and could not find me. Then when I got home she was jumping all over me, barking, and wagging her tail.

makes me feel like I am a hero to those dogs. Judy is a type of dog that will be part of our family until she dies and so will the other two dogs. I am so glad that Stephanie let us have this dog Judy. I don't know where we all would be without Judy today.

McKenzi Tilbe

My feelings about saving dogs from their terrible lives and torture from other people



Matti's Story (Southside)

Little Miss Purple collar came into our life this spring. We named her Matti after one of my son's favorite baseball players (Don Mattingly). House training was a nightmare until we learned that her littermates had giardia and we had her treated. There was some friction when she met our 4-year-old male (Dakota).

become very adept at finding things to play with and tear up. Nothing on our kitchen counters or the shelves of our jewelry workshop are exempt. Luckily this is only a short time in the afternoon when she is bored, I guess.

He had been the king and boss of the house and we had fallen into some bad habits that had to change. Things have quieted down as she grew and aged. He still intimidates her from time to time but she holds her own and beats him up when they play.



We sell jewelry at multiple farmers markets and have taken her to them from the beginning. She is well socialized and meets many dogs and people of all ages. She has a growing number of people who come to the market only to see her.

She has firmly imprinted on me and follows we everywhere. My husband calls her a 'noisy bitch' as she will bark at Dakota to get him to move, bark when I leave and don't take her, or any other time she has something to say. She is wonderful and very much a little lady.

The only negative to the market trips is that in the morning, if she has anything in her stomach, she gets carsick. It does not happen any other time of day. We have learned to ensure she has nothing in her stomach or else we will see it later.

Sue and Tom Lipp

She is still very much a puppy and will turn into 'devil dog' and tear up anything available at times during the day. She has

Pepsi's Story (Southside)

Over the years Brian and I have bought dogs and bred dogs that stayed in our home. We experienced many wonderful things as sporting dog enthusiasts. Our first pup Zollie was bought for hunting and companionship; Pebbles as a show dog and brood bitch (my heart dog) and many others have passed through the doors of Brylynn's Vizslas.

Enjoying hunting, showing, breeding and then club activities filled the past 42 years with human and canine friends. Every one left a mark on who we are as people and hold a piece of our hearts.

Then one day this past winter I heard about the Southside situation. I had known of this kennel through my years in breed referral for the VCA. After a short discussion I put our names on the list to help out when the time came to foster some puppies. So, now the new experience Fostering.

I had offered to take the entire litter at first but it was not legally possible, then two puppies as they grew older. After an evaluation of the pups' temperament by testing it became apparent that my time could best be spent helping just one little guy through some food issues and socialization experiences alone here with us and our three bitches. So, when the time came Pepsi arrived on a sunny winter day with his sister. She went on to a placement in Tennessee, and he stayed right here.

His first meal was challenged by me stirring, petting him, taking it away, hand feeding and petting him, hum.... "What did the tester see that I was not?" This routine was part of every meal for a week. Never did he once exhibited a sign of aggression or fear the food would be taken from him.

Leash walks, car rides, play dates with my grandsons and playing in the yard with our girls. He was so sweet and as my daughter

says... "looks at you mom, with adoration!" He followed me everywhere; we took him to dog events and walks down town. He just fit in here. My friends and family started to tease me about the fact that Pepsi, as my grandsons named him... was **never** going to leave!"

I kept saying, "No he is leaving; we are preparing him for a forever home when the time comes for him to be released to the Shelter that saved him!" Weeks of fearful waiting to hear what the outcome of the litigation would be for his future. Waiting for the news, was he going back or was he moving to a forever home of love and happiness!!!!

And about eight weeks into the process I said, "OK, I admit it. He is NOT going anywhere...he will be ours forever!"



Once Pepsi walked in the door and chose his place on the sofa he made it clear to us he was ours. I chose not to see it and kept thinking he was showing signs of happiness and stability that he would need in his new

home... (as my family laughed behind my back knowing full well he was never going anywhere.)

Pepsi is a sweet, kind and loving pup. He fit in; he felt loved and just thankful to be part of life in a dog family, surrounded by humans whom he clearly adored. The experience of fostering turned in to the experience of adoption... Now, looking back, I can say it is "probably good" we never fostered before now because we would be like those crazy hoarding TV programs.

Pepsi has been bathed, groomed, taught to walk on a lead, experienced crowds of people, hunting, two adoring children, my 92-year-old mom, car rides and fitting in a

pack of three bitches. He runs in the yard and swings on the swing, stalks birds and runs free ...all, I thought for his new family... HA-HA. All to be a Brylynn's dog!

I have learned a great life's lesson in having Pepsi come into my life. As a breeder I always looked at things like, conformation, head, health and drive. Pepsi taught me something different.. look into their heart...Pepsi has a big wonderful heart that he shares everyday with us. That is the true test of a dog's love for his human family. It is about the inside not the outside that really counts.

So, "Thank you sweet Pepsi!"

Linda Promaulayko

Mercedes' Story (Southside)

Señorita Mercedes** (Spanish for mercies) has settled in quite well.

She is fascinated to the point of distraction by all of the wonderful scents in my yard (coyotes, deer, skunks, rabbits, opossum, wild turkeys and every variety of squirrel known).

We have settled into a good routine of eating at 6:00 a.m. and p.m. She is still very tentative around machinery of all types and we are learning to get to like the car.

She loves her crate, eating, going for walks and, most of all, snuggling. I've tried to explain to her, in the words of Cole Porter, "It's too darn hot."

She doesn't appear to have any health problems. Her records show she has gained fourteen pounds since January! Mercedes is an absolutely beautiful and sweet girl and I'm sure we'll have many, many happy years together.

Tom Taplin



***Please note that Mercedes is the Mom to the 5 puppies: Willie, Chance, Kody, Pepsi and Mattie.*



Maddie's Story (Southside) (Formerly known as Pebbles)

Many of our rescue stories begin the same way; a beloved Vizsla passes away and the void in our lives is difficult to bear. Within a few days after losing our beloved 14-year-old Rookie to lymphoma, my husband and daughter began 'working on' me to find a Vizsla puppy. I was a bit reticent to go the puppy route, but we did the research and found a breeder very close to our new home, in Bucks County, PA. Debra informed us that she wouldn't be breeding again for sometime, but that several Vizslas had been rescued from Southside Kennels in upstate NY and might be available for adoption soon. After speaking to Stephanie Fischer about the dogs, she mentioned a young female, named Pebbles, whom she described as a 'handful.' She urged us to contact Pebbles' foster mom, Jen, to get more information.

I spoke to Jen the next day, and after a long conversation, we agreed to meet her and Pebbles. "Where do you live?" I asked. "In South Jersey," she replied. I was dumbfounded; the dogs came from a kennel that is at least four hours from here. What were the odds that this 10-month-old would be living 35 minutes from our home, and 15 minutes from my husband's office?

On Friday evening, we knocked at Jen's door and were greeted exuberantly by Pebbles and her foster brother, Harcos. Within seconds, Pebbles was playing with us and giving kisses. There was an instant connection. Jen and her husband Bobby noticed it, too.

So, long story short, it is now Tuesday afternoon, and Pebbles, now known as Magda (but called Maddie) is curled up next to me with her head on my lap, making it a bit difficult to write this on my iPad.



She's been here fewer than 48 hours, and it's like she's been here forever. She's actually quite 'chill' now that she's not running around with Harcos, and is enjoying exploring our house and large yard. She politely stays in her kennel when we have to go out, and slept in our bed last night (it didn't feel like a king-size this morning, when I found myself with about 12 inches of space and no covers. She was sprawled between us, merrily snoring away.)

Our undying gratitude goes out to Jen and Bobby, who took in a six-month-old Vizsla puppy who hadn't learned to run or socialize much with humans, and worked with her, fed her nutritious food, and loved her.



You would never know, seeing her now, that she had suffered such neglect so early in life.

Our thanks also goes to Debra Evald at New Hope Vizsla Rescue and to Stephanie Fischer, who thought we might be a good match for Maddie. She and Jen were so right!!

Our daughter took the train from Manhattan to meet Maddie on Sunday, and our son is excited to meet her next weekend, when we will be traveling to Cape Cod. We think she'll enjoy the Mill Pond Trail and taking a dip in the salt water. Here's to the many wonderful days, months, and years to come with our Maddie!

Diana and John Crimmins

Kody's Story (Southside)

Maggie was getting ready to turn 11 years old and still going strong, despite an injury to her cruciate ligament several years ago, but starting to slow down a bit. I started thinking about getting a new dog. I probably mulled over the decision for several months. Did I want another Vizsla? Did I want one now or after Maggie was gone (hopefully not for many more years)? I tried to envision my home without a Vizsla in it and just couldn't. So, I decided a new dog would just have to be a Vizsla and I would need to get this dog before Maggie was gone so she could train him or her right.

I figured a puppy would be best as Maggie is pretty set in her ways and would better adapt to a pup rather than an adult that was also set in its ways. I decided to contact Maggie's breeder about purchasing a puppy in the fall or next spring.

I work as the office manager for a local vet clinic and heard about the Southside dogs through one of our clients who was going to take in one of the puppies as a foster to adopt once the legalities were finalized. When they brought Chance in for her first vet visit, I fell in love (who wouldn't). She

was so precious that I couldn't help but say yes when Jen, her new mom, asked if I would be interested in taking in one of the other puppies.

Jen put me in touch with Stephanie and we talked several times. She felt that Kody would be the right puppy for me. I couldn't help but agree. I live in East Tennessee now, but I grew up in a small town just outside of Utica (where the pups were first housed after removal from Southside); my mom worked in Cooperstown (home of the SPCA responsible for their rescue), and his birthday is within days of mine. Since we were so close to the May 1st court date, we waited to see how that would turn out before finalizing anything. Everything seemed to be lining up just right and I decided if it were meant to be, it would happen. I even made tentative plans to take some time off work to drive up to get him.

Then the court case was postponed. I spoke to Stephanie again the next day (Wednesday), and the next thing I knew I was making motel reservations for Friday and Saturday night and planning a 3-day 1537-mile (round trip) trek to New York.

I walked into the foster family's home that Saturday afternoon and it was love at first sight. Well, at least it was for me. Maggie wasn't so sure. She warmed up to him pretty quick, though and decided he was an okay playmate. We stayed for a few hours and they ran and wrestled in the yard like long time friends. Then it was time to hit the road again.

Kody wasn't sure about getting into a strange car, and Maggie wasn't sure she liked the idea of him coming with us, and the foster family was sad to see him go. We stayed in a motel in Maryland that night and Kody decided he needed to sleep on my pillow, which is, of course, Maggie's spot. She sulked at the foot of the bed for the first part of the night. When Kody had to go outside at 2 a.m., Maggie went with us. Upon re-entering the room, Kody immediately made himself at home on my pillow again. Maggie took one look at him, and then jumped in the other bed with my mother, who had made the drive with me. If she couldn't have me all to herself, she wasn't going to share.

When we arrived home Sunday evening, Kody made himself right at home. Maggie still wasn't sure about the whole set up, but she was doing ok. She made it known pretty quickly that she was allowing him to stay under the understanding that what was hers was hers and what was his was hers. This included all toys, the couch, the chairs, the bed and anything else she saw fit to claim. It took a few weeks, but Maggie did reach the point where she genuinely enjoys having him in her life, though that coveted pillow spot on the bed is still hers and she will not share it.

Kody's new feline brothers had a mixed response. Two of them seemed to take the attitude of 'if you leave me alone, I'll leave you alone.' One chose to avoid him for a while, but has come to accept him and will approach and rub against him freely. The fourth, Charlie, took great offense to Kody

being in the house. The first night, Kody was trying to entice Charlie to play with him and Charlie swatted him on the nose. Kody ran like his life depended on it. For weeks, Kody wouldn't approach Charlie. He wouldn't even leave a room if Charlie was in the hall nearby, unless I stood between them. Charlie reinforced this fear about once a week by 'going after' Kody. He never actually got him, but Kody learned what 'back off' looked like from a kitty really quick. Now Kody is friends with all the cats, including Charlie, and will even kiss on them and sleep in the bed together.



It took some time, but we are one big happy family now. Kody and Maggie go all over with me. One place they both love to go is to the barn on the weekends. There are acres and acres to run and play off leash. It only took a few trips for Kody to recognize the driving route, as Maggie does. The only bad thing, in Kody's eyes, is the 'giant puppy-eating monsters.' Kody is absolutely convinced that this is what the horses are and uses extreme caution when they are near. He stays on the opposite side of the barn aisle from them as well as the other

side of the fence when they are out. I feel confident that someday he will overcome this fear, but we will take it one day at a time.

Kody has had a few meetings with his sister Chance. The first time, they greeted each other as if they had never been separated. When we got together for a Vizsla play day, it was non-stop fun. Kody, Chance, and Tucker (Chance's 'big brother') all played and ran for hours. Maggie joined in at first, but then was content to just observe with just an occasional run. They slept well that night.

Having Kody in my life has certainly been an experience. I haven't had a puppy in eleven years and I'd forgotten just how much time and energy they require. After some adjustments, we are into a normal routine and I wouldn't trade Kody for anything.



June 12, 2012 was the best day. The call from Stephanie that Kody was now mine officially (save for the paperwork) was the best news I received in a long time. Despite his rough start in life, Kody is just a wonderful puppy. I am constantly getting comments on how what a good puppy he is and how sweet he is. He loves to give hugs. He will stand up and put his front feet over my shoulders and rest the top of his head against my chest. Then he follows up with kisses. He has never met a stranger and

loves kids. He thinks my 3 ½-year-old nephew is the best. Sometimes he gets so excited and is wiggling so much that he hits himself in the face with his tail (which was never docked), but it doesn't seem to bother him. He is one great big love bug.

Sadly, Kody has been diagnosed with hip dysplasia. I had his hips radiographed, not because he was having problem, but so that I could get a clear idea of what I might be dealing with in the future. I figured, if Southside's owner didn't care enough to provide proper care and nutrition to the dogs, he certainly wasn't taking the effort to screen his breeding dogs for congenital or hereditary problems. Unfortunately, the radiograph showed moderate to severe dysplasia in both hips with one side being worse than the other. There is a surgical procedure available to young dogs that can be done. At this time, based on his original radiograph, the orthopedic surgeon believes this procedure can be done on the side that is in better shape (left), but the worse side (right) will likely have to wait until he is mature. The surgeon feels that by doing the procedure on the left side, we can save that side from developing arthritis and at least temporarily stabilize the right side. He will need further radiographs and orthopedic diagnostics to confirm this, but this is our tentative plan for now. His first surgery will likely be in early August. For now we are taking it one day at a time walking that fine line between enough exercise to keep him mentally challenged and too much so he doesn't risk injury.

I want to thank Liz Mackey (of the SPCA), Stephanie Fischer, Christina Araujo (Kody's first foster mom) and her family, and all the other volunteers and foster families who helped to rescue these Southside dogs and bring them together with their forever families as Kody has certainly found his.

Kim Clawson



Yoshi's Story (Southside)

When Stephanie Fischer told me that 6 ½-year-old Yoshi was healthy enough to be fostered, I offered to help. Yoshi was one of the dogs seized from Southside Kennels due to animal cruelty.



I picked up Yoshi at the SSPCA, and was so sad to see him crawling on the floor, rather than walking. He was so beautiful, and it turned my stomach to think that this gentle dog had lived in a kennel by himself for his whole life. By the way he reacted to people, I imagined that the only contact he had with them was when they were doing something to him he did not want them to do. I was told he had gained 20 pounds in the hospital during his recovery, and that when taken by the state troopers, his penis was so frostbitten, it was unrecognizable. His ears had been frostbitten too.

I took Yoshi home, and my 2 female Vizslas and female Australian cattle dog were so happy to see him, and cuddle with him. We had lost our male Vizsla, Scout, best friend and heart-dog, earlier that year. I think Yoshi offered the “girls” a familiar sense of comfort. It was so sweet.

Yoshi learned some things very quickly, much quicker than I expected him to. He learned to eliminate outside. He learned to climb the stairs. He did not know how to

play with a toy. He did not know that he should chew a bone, or eat dog treats. He did not know how to act at the pond when all the other dogs were playing and swimming. It would upset him, and he would run to the fenced in “Park”, since being behind a fence was the only life he ever knew.

This story doesn't end here... Yoshi started to gain some trust, and chose to spend more time with us at the pond. He picked up a ball, and ran around the pond playing keep-away with our Vizsla, Lucy. He chose to spend a 4-hour party by the pond with 40 strangers and dozens of dogs. He started to get a big a** grin on his face.

Yoshi “asked” to come up on the couch and cuddle with me. Then he stopped “asking”, and just cuddled with me whenever I sat in one place long enough. Around the time I talked to Maggie about letting him up on the bed at night, I knew I was in trouble.



People wanted to adopt Yoshi, and the thought of him leaving us, and the “girls” put me in a very grumpy mood. It was the conflict between feeling I was “cheating” on the memory of my heart-dog, Scout, by loving Yoshi, and knowing that if Yoshi went to another home, I would miss watching him develop into his full potential.

Then I realized that my loving, generous dog, Scout, would have wanted his “girls” to be happy, and Maggie and I to help so deserving a dog, to love, and be loved in return.

Then the lyric from a favorite song, “Nature Boy,” came to me, and helped me see the right path:

“The greatest thing you’ll ever learn is just to love and be loved in return.”

*Karen Miller, CPDT-KA, with
Maggie Cullen, Bette, Lucy and Maya*

Chance’s Story (Southside)

We sincerely would like to thank Jenna, Karen, Liz and Stephanie for their trust in, help with and compassion towards our desire to help Chance, her littermates and the other Vizslas obtain a better life with families that not only love Vizslas but also understand rescue and the additional love these dogs need and want. We also wish to thank everyone involved and let you know that our pack is once again complete (i.e. two Vizslas!).

Like many families, we’re a blended family consisting of two Vizslas, one English Springer Spaniel and a Border Collie mix. So, let me introduce you to our pack. For almost more than 17 years we have been primarily a Vizsla family. The first Vizsla to bless our family was Sabrina, Spring ’96. Then, after about two years later after loosing our 7-year-old black Cocker Spaniel (Samantha Sabrina’s older sister) to cancer, we were very lucky to have been left a voicemail from a couple who were calling names from a 2-year-old Conestoga club directory looking for anyone wanting to adopted their 18 month old girl (Molly)... We were so in love with the Vizsla breed, and felt that Sabrina needed a playmate, that we were definitely interested and returned the call. That Friday night we visited Molly; one thing led to another and we were taking Molly home for the weekend... Shortly thereafter we adopted her. They were BFFs from first glance. Sadly, we’ve since lost both Sabrina (Aug 2010) and Molly (Aug 2011).



In 2002 we were transferred to Knoxville TN and four years later we find a Border Collie mix (Nikki in May 2006) wandering into our yard—and our lives. After several weeks of phone calls, postings to lost and found and a fateful call animal control—only to experience the reality faced by so many strays—we kept Nikki and have not looked back since. Nikki is now our pack leader and Chance’s big sister, although we think Chance might assert her dominance in a couple years (Chance isn’t afraid of anyone...). While volunteering with ESRA

(English Springer Rescue of America) we transported a darling little girl Springer (Bailey) who was being given back to ESRA from her second forever home—this time because she wouldn’t play with the kids, shed like no dog they’d ever seen before and she was afraid of men... Everyone here knows she’s a Daddy’s girl! We failed fostering 101 as Bailer fit our pack so well she never left. Bailey does so well with

other dogs that she was our ESRA ambassador when we did monthly 'ESRA meet the breed' events—everyone wants a Bailey!



This is where Jenna & Karen Iacobellis came into our lives. After losing Molly, and needing a stable presence in our pack, we contacted KaraJen's Vizslas and were lucky to be approved by Jenna and Karen for one of their puppies from their Hank & Sophie litter (Tucker). Then Tucker entered our lives. We love this boy, but nothing has been the same since!

Since we supported/volunteered with dog breed rescue—primarily in transporting and short-term fostering—with ESRA and with a couple Brittany breed rescue groups, after Molly's passing we shared our intention

with Jenna and Karen to obtain another Vizsla puppy but weren't sure if we would go rescue or breeder this time around. Then fate stepped in and Karen contacted us regarding the plight of numerous Vizslas and how they needed help and if we would be interested in fostering-to-adopt a little Vizsla girl. After some discussion (minutes passed) between us and with Jenna and Karen we decided to pursue the opportunity with Stephanie (Vizsla Club of Long Island) and the Susquehanna SPCA chapter for Chance. After a long drive up to NJ and a longer drive home... Chance began her life with us! After much nail biting, over the court case, Chance is now a permanent member of our pack and we're the better for her. Chance and Tucker are BFFs from the start and wild children they are. She gets along great with both Bailey and Nikki, and Tessa (Jen's mother's ESRA girl). She's an exuberant watchdog—especially anytime someone (ME!) exits or enters the bedroom... Please please please let this pass. Needless to say, we can't thank Susquehanna SPCA, Vizsla of Long Island Rescue and KaraJen Vizslas for their help!



Jeff & Jennifer Banta



Bostone's Story (Southside)

When you least expect a change in your life, when life is good, and flows smoothly, and you like the life you are living, you don't expect that it could be made so much better by just saying "Yes, we'll do it".

In the early spring of this year Pat Hudson, gave us a call about a young male, Bostone, who needed a home. This less than 2-year-old Southside Kennel rescue needed a family, a place where he could learn to be a dog, and a family where he would be safe.

It seemed forever before we heard that the court case was settled, Bostone was ours. Within a day or two, we took the 7-hour trip north to Cooperstown, NY and returned with this scared, timid dog, a beautiful male, with a huge head and paws, and sad eyes and the longest skinniest body I had ever seen on a Vizsla.



Within a day or two, this guy wiggled and kissed his way into our hearts. He gives his love freely to his new "pack". John and I laugh at his antics. Every stage of living in a house is new to him, and we watch him

grow confident with each day. Hazel, our 7-year-old Vizsla rescue, is his teacher, helper, sibling, and tolerant (for most part). For the first week or two, she would give us "the look"; you know "the look", asking, "Is he still here? When is he going home"?



For the first 3 weeks, the day started at 4:30 am, with a wakeup call from Bostone. By the end of the 3 weeks, we were feeling like sleep deprived new parents. And like new parents, we are in awe of his accomplishments, proud that he has learned to play with toys, learned how to go up and down stairs, is learning commands, like sit, and down.

He has had a play date with a miniature schnauzer Max, and he crawled around on his belly playing, not in a subservient posture, but made himself small enough to be play buddies, to chew on the same toys, to swat him with paws.

Every new day is a new adventure for him and for us, and every day is good, very good. He has made a good life much better.

Leona and John Dorsch



Duke and Missy's Story (Southside)

Formerly Lex and Lexus

We waited months after losing our beloved Vizsla Louie to be ready to open our home and hearts again. We rescued Louie and the experience led us to look at rescuing again. We got in touch with a number of organizations and made some friends along the way. Our paths crossed that of Stephanie when we heard about the Southside dogs case, and after much discussion we have been very blessed to be able to adopt not one, but two Vizslas with Stephanie's help. We collected Lex and Lexus on the 24th of June and our lives have been forever changed!



For the next three weeks we learned about house training adult dogs and continued to be amazed at their willingness to learn and their sheer delight in the adulation they received. They are not at all treat driven but are hugely responsive to attention and praise!

Over the first week their personalities began to emerge and we soon realized that their names did not suit them. It wasn't long before we discovered that our gorgeous cuddly guy was really more of a Duke. He's regal and sweet and kind—lets his buddy have the spotlight and watches everything to assess his response. It took a little longer to find the right name for our girl until we

realized we were both defaulting to “little miss” while we were trying to figure it out. Missy is a cutie. She has energy that belies her advanced age and an interest in being a part of everything new.

Within the last 3 weeks Duke and Missy have met human and dog family and friends, learned their names and responded (mostly) to simple commands. They have grown to love car rides and trips to the fairgrounds and the farm for walks. They have learned to cool off in the pond and how to play with toys, both with each other and with us, although it remains fairly independent play at this stage. They have learned not to mark in the house and preferably not on the garden furniture. They have moved from sleeping in crates to sleeping on memory foam beds in our bedroom.



Their eagerness to forgive mankind and embrace their new experiences is inspiring. I'm working on a blog to give a better sense of the fun we've had getting to know each other and learning the ropes together! At the start of this journey we took home a female in heat and an amorous male wondering what we had agreed to. We now know the journey will be well worth the intense onset and can't wait for more!

Maeve and Gordon Tyrrell



Tammy's Story (Southside)

Peace is a large yard with real grass!
Peace is running free in that grassy space!
Peace is a human to sit on the floor with me!
Peace is sleeping under my human's feet while she's at the computer!
Peace is food in abundance!
Peace is running on the beach with my human!
Peace is going everywhere with my human - even banks and book stores!
Peace is feeling I'm HOME at last!
Excitement is:--A rabbit, a rabbit, I think I see a rabbit (see attached picture).

Judy Erickson



Fun Day Reminiscences

*with comments by Donna Owczarek
and photos by Nick Owczarek, our
webmaster*

*More photos on the website
<http://www.vcli.net>*

Yesterday (August 4) was our annual Vizsla Fun Day, hosted by the [Vizsla Club of Long Island](#). Every year we hold a picnic at a local park, so that all of the club members can gather to socialize, enjoy a nice lunch, and watch our dogs interact with one another. Most of them are off-leash, except for a few, (like Meadow), who are not reliable off-leash for one reason or another.

Each year there is a speaker, and this year, it was actually my Nose Work instructor, Susan Scelzi of [Blue Ribbon Dog Training](#), who came to Vizsla Fun Day to speak about teaching basic obedience to our dogs. Unfortunately for Susan, it was a hot day, and her star dog, Rikki, a Rhodesian Ridgeback who has titles in Obedience, Rally, Agility, Lure Coursing, **and** Nose Works, did not want to cooperate by doing even the most simple commands, such as "Down." Aren't dogs lovely sometimes?

After Susan's talk, the president of our club, Stephanie Fischer, announced that nearly *fifty percent* of the owners who showed up for the event had *rescues*. How awesome is that for a purebred dog club? It is actually one of the reasons Nick and I are in the club...

When we adopted Meadow from the [Vizsla Club of Central New England](#), Stephanie Fischer assisted them by conducting our home visit for us, and then she offered us free membership in her club for the first year. We accepted, figuring we would stay for the year, and then probably bow out, only because Nick and I are not really club people. Firstly, we are not really "social" - meaning we prefer small intimate gatherings with close friends and family over huge

events. And as for purebred dogs - we really don't see the allure in conformation, (which we can never be part of with rescues anyway), we are not planning on hunting, (could you imagine Meadow in a field with guns going off?), we are not *at all* interested in politics (and with clubs come politics) and we are not even tied to a certain breed. Sure we love Vizslas...but we also love Labs, Shepherds, Dobes, Hounds, Huskies, Mixes and more...

But when we saw how heavily this club is involved in rescue, thanks mostly to the hard work of Stephanie herself, we decided to stick around - and I'm so glad we did. What a great group of people to be associated with! Everyone is so accepting of one another, overlooking differences and coming together for the love of our dogs. For example, my mom, sister, and niece showed up at yesterday's event to surprise me since my sister was visiting from out of state, but they had thought there would be food vendors (there were none) and they would have ended up watching us all eat if Stephanie hadn't been generous enough to allow them to join in our meal (paid for by the club). Plus my niece had a blast playing with Susan's new Rhodesian Ridgeback pup, Racer, while the rest of us dined.

Besides Susan's two Rhodesian Ridgebacks, the only other non-Vizsla was a sweet Labrador named Cody...and while the Ridgebacks blended in from a distance - the big boned chocolate lab with a perpetual tennis ball in his mouth did not. Maybe he wouldn't have felt so alone in that sea of red had I brought Toby along, but this year I decided to leave him home.

While I love to have him along with me, I thought it was best for him. The past two years when I brought Toby to the fun day, many of the intact males thought it was great fun to hump him, and one dog in particular seemed to be obsessed with harassing him. (You do know Toby wears a "kick me" sign

around other dogs right?) Because of this, I didn't want to subject my dog to that treatment again this year and we left him behind. Instead, we only brought Meadow, and for the most part she did quite well - with only a few negative experiences.

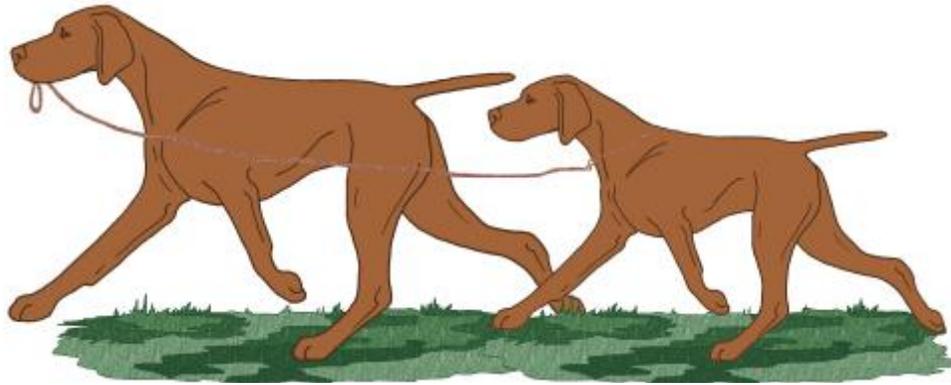
The first thing that freaked her out was watching the men set up a huge tent to shade the tables. When Meadow saw that monstrosity going up, she completely shut down. She stood panting, would not give me eye contact, and would not even take food. I thought we were going to have to leave after only being there a half hour, but I decided to try something first. I brought Meadow back to the Jeep and let her sit in her crate until she calmed. Ten minutes later, her reset button went off, and she was like a new dog. She pranced back to the picnic like nothing had happened, only balking a bit when we got near the tent again. But with a little help from some cubed roast beef, she was eventually lying under the tent and appreciating the shade.

Surprisingly, Meadow recovered from the event enough to relax again and even joined us on a walk with my sister, my friend Mary, and her dog Dottie, during which Meadow trotted happily along, stopping to roll in the grass every few steps. Additionally, Nick heard fireworks way off in the distance, and if Meadow heard them too, she did not react *at all*. I was relieved to see that the scary experience didn't affect her much, so we returned to the picnic - just in time for a dog to get his leash wrapped under the dessert table and send the table, cake, and cookies flying...

While the *other* dogs dove for the goodies, poor Meadow nearly jumped out of her skin.

The good news is that she recovered from that scary event all on her own. I have seen such a difference in her turn around time since we started her on the low dose of Prozac last year, and it really is a joy to see

our dog not being completely frozen from fear anymore. Will we wean her off of it eventually? Maybe. But I'm in no rush to test her and possibly watch her fall apart again. Right now my gut tells me to leave well enough alone.









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When placing ads, the OFA# is required for the subject Vizsla. If under 2 years of age, the OFA#s of the parents are required. Spayed/neutered and deceased Vizslas need no OFA number.

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