



PAW Shakes

The Newsletter of the Partnership for Animal Welfare 🐾 Fall 2019
PO Box 1074, Greenbelt, MD 20768 🐾 www.paw-rescue.org

Southern hounds: Slim, Fred, and Buck

By De Anna Lynn, Lalynn Kurash, Kayla Mitchell, Alisha Rohrer, and Lisande Bissonette

This is the first of a two-part story on hounds in our Southern states. We look at three of the wonderful hounds who found their homes through PAW: Slim, Fred, and Buck. Their adopters describe the joy of hound “play dates,” and our shelter contact for these dogs gives us a view into their pasts.

In the second part, we will check back in with Slim, Fred, and Buck to learn more about their now-marvelous lives. These boys are the lucky ones. We will also shine a light on the dark side of hound ownership in the South and what we can do to lessen the suffering of those who are discarded and neglected.

For now—here’s to Slim, Fred, and Buck, and to their canine siblings, Oscar and Daisy! . . . and to Monroe, Fess Parker, Harry, Valentine, Galileo, Desie, Hope, Skunk, Mossy, Cedar, Lucky, Willow, Nettie, Layla, Watson, Roscoe, Rex, Faun, and many more. Above all, here’s to the hounds who are still searching for their homes.

Enter the “Hound Lady”

In the fall of 2004, De Anna Lynn moved from Pennsylvania to Pocahontas County in West Virginia, where she later became the rescue and transport coordinator for their shelter, overseeing local and out-of-state adoptions. Her job entails screening applications, scheduling and planning home visits,



Karaoke with Slim & Fred, Oscar & Daisy

orchestrating transports, and consulting with veterinarians. De Anna is also a volunteer photographer, transporter, and events-team member for another county shelter, this one in Virginia, and she does behavioral evaluations and transport for a mid-Atlantic Great Dane rescue. *And*, she’s an accomplished visual artist!

However, De Anna’s special passion is saving abandoned and abused hounds. She goes as far as camping out in the woods where hounds are hiding to gain their trust and coax them to safety. We’ve heard that she slams her car to a halt when she sees hapless, starving, and often injured

strays cowering by the roadside. Some of us at PAW call her the “Hound Lady.”

From Chuck to Monti

De Anna has sent PAW between 30 and 40 dogs, most of whom are hounds. Our first hound from her was Chuck. On June 7, 2014, PAW asked De Anna to send us a sweet beagle who had been living a hardscrabble life. After his pre-adoption medical tests and treatments, Chuck found himself living the lush life. Management at the elegant (and pet-friendly) Jefferson Hotel in Washington DC adopted him and thereafter called him “Chief



Oscar and Slim, with Monroe in back



Heart throb Fred



Buck takes a break from hot laps

Canine Officer Lord Monticello,” or “Monti” for short.

Hound play dates

Lalynn (mom to Slim and his brother Oscar): I call out “You guys wanna hang out with Fred and Daisy?” Slim begins to “whistle”—a sound he makes when he’s half yawning and closing his mouth at the same time. He jumps around like a kangaroo as if saying “Yes, let’s go—right now!” Well-behaved Oscar waits patiently by his leash as he voices agreement with melodious howls. We all pile into the car and away we go, with Oscar and Slim squeezing their shoulders between the front seats. They know the way to Fairland Park and are excited to catch the first glimpse of Fred and his sister Daisy. The four dogs converge, and after they exchange greetings, we begin our walk.

Daisy spots the deer and squirrels. Fred is the first to deploy his signature hound bark to start the chain reaction. Slim always wants to lead the pack, but Oscar simply enjoys the company and fresh air. They love their post-walk ice-cube treats, and they all try to fit their heads into one bowl of water.

Alisha (mom to Fred and his sister Daisy): Fred races down the steps

any time he hears Slim’s and Oscar’s names. There is much whining and howling in the car (and yes, it hurts your ears!). Honestly, it’s just a mad frenzy until they all see each other. It’s adorable when they race to greet their friends. The leashes are constantly getting tangled. It’s like negotiating a low rope course as I walk under Slim’s leash to untangle Fred while not tripping over Oscar—so much excitement!

Lately we’ve been meeting at Fairland Park near the Aquatics Center in Laurel. Most of the path is shaded and we always see wildlife! We pack snacks and plenty of water for after our one-to-two-hour walk—and ice cubes. We’ve been bringing ice cubes for the puppies to munch on. My favorite part about walking with them is that once one starts howling, they all start howling! Fred is typically the last one to stop (he’s stubborn, but age has its privileges).

Kayla (mom to Buck): I watch Buck as he runs the hot laps I taught him. He does 360’s around the yard while trying not to run over his human sister as he waits for the day he reunites with his foster brother Oscar and of course Slim now too! Maybe Fred and Daisy will join the fun! Road trip!

Back stories from De Anna

Slim: There’s not much of a known history on Slim, I’m afraid. He was picked up as an emaciated stray. His is more a PAW success story than anything else. It turned out that he had separation and fear issues, but Dave Campbell [Dog Coordinator] was determined to see him through, no matter what. He and Lalynn are Slim’s true heroes. The two of them are the only reason Slim is the happy, healthy, wonderful boy he is today!

Fred: His owner was sent to jail, so Fred was surrendered to the shelter along with Blue (who was also rescued by PAW but not a hound). Both had been in the pound before. The first time was during a sweltering August. The owner’s 90-year-old grandmother (whom I was told is blind) was tasked with the role of caretaker when her grandson went to jail. She was unable

to care for them, so she surrendered Fred and Blue. When the grandson got out of jail, he reclaimed both dogs. He later had to go back to jail and signed them back over to us.

Buck: I first met Buck as an injured, emaciated stray. He had been shot (yes, with a gun) before he ended

up in the shelter. His is a convoluted story, but the gist is that the pound allowed a local boy to take him home. He wrote on Facebook that he hadn't been feeding his dogs every day. A neighbor who saw the post intervened, raised hell, and ultimately got Buck off his chain and away from the boy.

She contacted me for help, which is how Buck came to be in the shelter a second time.

In next issue of PAW Shakes we will catch up with the boys and also examine the cultural behaviors, customs, and practices that result in high numbers of hounds in shelters in the American South.

Wait, it's too quiet! Lessons Ginger has taught me

By Lisa Brungart

As anyone who's ever had contact with children knows, silence is a rare treat. "Hmmm. The kids must be playing or reading in their room. It's quiet. All must be good" . . . said *no parent ever!* And if your little ones are furry with four legs, then silence is never good.

I have many furry family members at my house—thank goodness for understanding husbands. However, one of my dogs stands out as the brain of the bunch. Not only is she an extremely smart problem solver, she doesn't mind sharing her found riches with the rest of the clan. At least when she is causing havoc, she's generous!

Ginger came to our house as a foster from PAW in January of 2014. She was my second foster. She arrived as a young tiger-brindle, 17-pound bundle of hound energy. We went to the weekly adoption shows. She barked and snapped pretty much continuously for two hours. We went on home visits and she growled and carried on with every potential adoptive family's dog. This was all strange to me, because she rarely barked at my home.

Lesson 1: I am yours; you are mine. Fast-forward a few months, add in a couple martinis, some tears, and I foster failed. Little did I know the dog was playing me the whole time and had no intention of leaving our home. After



Jailbird Ginger rings the bells

foster failing, the *real* lessons started. I don't mean just taking Ginger to obedience training, but *she* was going to train *me* and the rest of the family.

Lesson 2: potty training with a bell. She learned quickly that ringing a bell would bring someone to the door so she could go potty. She also learned ringing the bell would bring someone to play with her.

Lesson 3: hide the tissues. Ginger discovered that eating tissues was yummy. Used or fresh out of the box, either was acceptable. I learned to do a house-wide tissue check. This required looking under beds, searching sofa cushions, and stowing open tissue boxes as high as I could reach.

Lesson 4: cheers to you—and to me, or cover your drinks. It is common for our cats to stick their heads into any open cup, but they won't drink unless it is fresh water. We're accustomed to this, and cat fur is extra fiber, right? However, Ginger has taught us to drink all beverages out of cups with lids. If it's not covered, it's fair game. She especially likes orange juice. It's as though we've all regressed to the toddler stage with our sippy cups, but my floors and cushions have never been more stain free!

Lesson 5: lock up the carbs. Before Ginger, we kept our bread in a low drawer. After Ginger, if the drawer was left open, she would quietly steal the bread, head back to her room, and proceed to devour her spoils. After my scolding various family members who always swore they closed the drawer, we saw what was happening. Ginger had learned to open the drawer. We added a baby lock. That didn't stop Ginger—she could open the baby lock! We now keep our bread on a high shelf, near the tissues. She still goes to the original bread drawer and opens it just to check. If she is disappointed to find that her bread and other baked goodies have not reappeared, she will pick up the bag of potatoes that is now in the low drawer and drop it somewhere inconvenient just to make a point. Along the same



Innocent Ginger

lines as the bread theft, Ginger won't counter-surf when you are watching but the minute you leave the room, she will snatch anything and everything. My children are well trained to push anything edible to the back of the counter. They laugh when they catch themselves making their friends'

homes "Ginger-safe." My husband has yet to master this skill.

Lesson 6: hide the kitty box buffet. At our first home in Maryland, we put in a kitty door leading into the laundry room for the cats to get to their litter box and food. Ginger is flexible enough to be a contortionist and, of course, she went right through the cat door to get to the "buffet." When we moved to our current home, I put in another much smaller kitty door for the same reason. This door was too small for my now 33-pound Ginger, but she wouldn't be thwarted. She taught herself to open the door to the cat room. She checks the door several times a day and especially when she hears one of the cats in there. I do give her some credit on this one. At least she doesn't take her bounty back to her room. The door is now locked (provided the humans remember) and the cats now eat on the counter.

Lesson 7: secure the trash can. This is Ginger's newest lesson. Recently our foot-operated trash can's lid wasn't closing completely. I scrubbed

it out and fixed the problem, but not before Ginger had discovered the deliciousness that lay inside. I went right back to scolding various family members and got denials all around. So, I started quietly following Ginger. Darn it if that dog didn't step on the foot peddle and stick her nose in the trash before the lid closed. As usual, she does this quietly as a mouse, runs off to her room, and starts sharing her bounty with our dog Tabitha.

This is by no means the complete syllabus for Ginger Lessons; it is just the introductory course. Ginger can't be blamed for all the misbehavior that occurs in the house. She knows lots of good things too! Common commands are quickly followed. Ask her for a specific toy and she will retrieve it. She'll stop barking when you say, "That's enough." She loves to run our backyard agility course and play fetch. Ginger is also a great foster friend and a top-notch cuddler, plus she has the cutest doggie smile. However, if it's quiet and Ginger is not in my line of sight, she's probably creating new lessons for me.



Happy Endings

One of our favorite parts of being a PAW volunteer is helping the animals find their forever homes. We love hearing happy stories from adopters and wanted to share some here.

A cat tale: Itty-Bitty finds PAW

By Heather Nawrocki

PAW got the call in late April. Could we help the very pregnant cat who had been living in her backyard that she'd named Itty-Bitty? It was the beginning of kitten season when rescues everywhere find themselves with an abundance of kitten cuteness and a shortage of homes. Luckily for Itty-Bitty, PAW

had a foster home available and a volunteer willing to be a feline midwife to the kittens-to-come. After testing negative for FIV and feline leukemia, Itty-Bitty was set up in her foster mom's spare bedroom, and the kitten watch began.

Now Itty-Bitty (who was anything but itty-bitty at this point) wasn't

so sure about this arrangement. She hissed and spit and generally looked upon her human caretakers with disdain. She likely had never been inside a house before and had never been confined. Her primary strategy was to hide in the covered cat bed, hunkered down to wait it out. For 10



Mama Itty-Bitty



Baby Lion



Baby Lynx

days, both cat and humans waited together. Then one Saturday morning, Itty's foster mom checked on her, and found that Itty was no longer alone. Squirming next to her were four small, wiggly little kittens who mewed much louder than you'd expect such from small creatures.

Named Jaguar, Lion, Lynx, and Puma (three boys and a girl), these small kittens captured the hearts of the foster family. Itty-Bitty started to trust her humans more, allow-

ing them to handle the kittens every day. She was an excellent mom—she mewed and chirped and trilled to them constantly, making sure they felt safe and knew where she was.

After eight short weeks, the kittens had grown up enough to find their own families. In fact, three of the four kittens were adopted together! All four have been placed in loving homes.

While it was satisfying to watch those unusually small newborns

transform into rambunctious, always-sprinting and wrestling kittens, the most amazing transformation has been with Itty-Bitty. Once fearful, anti-social, and unfriendly, Itty-Bitty has become a wonderful, affection-seeking, attentive, and friendly feline companion who often follows her foster mom around looking for an opportunity for another scratch between the ears. Now it's time to find Itty-Bitty a forever home and humans on whom she can depend.

Smitten with Sophie

By Luann Rodrigue

I was fostering *Sophie*! How could I not be a foster failure? When I brought eight-pound, two-and-a-half-year-old Sophie home to meet my three furry senior family members, she was very shy about introducing herself. She checked out the new smells and did a thorough investigation of her surroundings with the others on her tail. She started to run, bounce, and jump around in the back yard with the seniors follow-



Sophie and foster Tyrese



Sophie front & center, with family & friends

ing. I realized pretty quickly that this furry little girl was going to bring lots of energy and smiles into the house.

Sophie and I have been working on her not vocalizing so much when we are out for our walks. This is the case especially when she sees a squirrel because she wants to make sure everyone sees what she sees! Sophie loves the job of cleaning the food bowls when the others are finished, knowing there is nothing left anyway. When it's time for a car ride, she's the first in line. Sleep time for her is sprawling on top of or very close to her elder siblings.

She has also stolen the heart of a dear friend with cancer whom we visit. After our second visit, Sophie began to run and jump with happiness at seeing her new friend. She lay next to her waiting for belly rubs after which she gave kisses.

Sophie loves clowning around and seems to have a sense of humor that's all her own. She has learned our habits and what's allowed and not allowed. I can tell she feels the comfort and safety of knowing she is in her forever home.



Happy Memory

Toothless Jo Kleindog, a truly special rescue

By Bob Klein

Let me take you back in PAW history, all the way back to the 20th century. PAW was a fledgling rescue organization already doing brilliant work rescuing cats and dogs in need. We were not quite as organized as we are now, but just like today, dedicated volunteers worked to make the world a little better for unwanted pets and their lucky adopters.

My happy memory starts in May 1997. I volunteered to go to the Cecil County Animal Shelter (right on the MD/Delaware border) to pick up a dog rescued from a "collector." A house was raided by Cecil County Animal Control and they discovered ten cats and seven dogs in terrible condition, covered in feces and fleas, the cats stuffed into crates that reeked of desperation. Many cats were already dead; only two



Josephine in 1998

cats and four dogs survived. The two younger dogs were deemed adoptable by the shelter; a golden retriever was rescued by a local breed rescue.

The surviving dog, a 15-year-old cocker spaniel, had been claimed by

PAW. When I arrived to pick up this dog, the staff at the Cecil County shelter acted like I was a hero for taking a dog they feared was unadoptable. They were so tickled (and relieved) that someone had come to gather up this little survivor.

The staff brought out an old female buff cocker spaniel mix in horrible condition. The shelter staff had been forced to shave her entire back end to rid her of fleas. An old shaved dog is not necessarily a pretty sight; but her face overcame what was going on in the back end. She had lost almost all her teeth and her little pink tongue hung out of the side of her mouth in a smile that seemed to shout *PERSONALITY!*

I saw that tongue hanging out and named her Toothless Jo. I took pictures of her with the CCAS staff, and they

posted those pictures on their website where they remained for several years. I brought Toothless Jo home as a PAW foster dog. After my wife Nancy held her for about two minutes she was adopted as a Kleindog – probably one of the shortest foster tenures in PAW history. Nancy could not abide the disrespectful name Toothless Jo, so she

became Josephine—a bit of a compromise.

Josephine was the sweetest dog that ever survived a hellish life. The hair on her back end grew in and she became a beautiful dog – but always with that tongue hanging out of her wide smile. We were able to enjoy her company for less than two years—her former life

had been too hard on her health, and she died of cancer and heart failure. They were a great two years, then our girl moved on.

Here's the lesson: enjoy the animals that you meet while volunteering or fostering, savor the memories—and maybe write a *PAW Shakes* story about them in 20 years!



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 In memory of Suzanne Mattingly, by Dennis & Cindy Cunningham
 In memory of my wife, Sylvia J. Hargrove-Haberman, by John Haberman

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In honor of Lisande, Sarah, & Kate for their hard work and belief in Teagan, by Melissa Menke

In honor of pets:

In honor of all the homeless senior cats & dogs, by Gail Golden
 In honor of cats, Tuli & Shana, by Howard & Sharon Press
 In honor of Ernie, our PAW furever friend for 4 years, by Cheryl & Patricia Johnson
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In loving memory of Danny, by Howie, Susan, & Wendell
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PAW Shakes to . . .

PAW's ADOPTION SHOW HELPERS, DRIVERS, and FUNDRAISING VOLUNTEERS for sacrificing many hours throughout the week to help keep our group going.

PAW's KENNEL BUDDIES, who exercise and socialize our kennel dogs all week.

TRANSPORTERS, who take them to and from the vets. The dogs and cats are so grateful.

PAW's FOSTER and ADOPTIVE FAMILIES—we couldn't save lives without you.

VETERINARIANS AND STAFF at Beltsville Veterinary Hospital; Animal Behavior and Wellness Center & Amy Pike, DVM, DACVB, Jessey Scheip, and Kayla Paugh; College Park Animal Hospital; and Dr. Boyd's Veterinary Resort for providing reduced-cost medical care to PAW's homeless dogs and cats.

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YOUR DOG'S FRIEND, Debra Ekman for offering free workshops, training referrals, and more.

DALE'S PET GROOMING in Laurel, Dale Martins for free grooming of PAW dogs and cats.

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LAST BUT NEVER LEAST, Maryland-area PETS MART, PETCO, LOYAL COMPANION, PET VALU stores for hosting our weekly dog and cat adoption shows.

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