



The Peppertree POST

FALL 2007 ISSUE

What do we do?

Rescue Dogs of good temperament who need new homes • Cooperate with and assist other rescues, shelters, and animal control • Educate the public about how to obtain a companion animal.

In Loving Memory of Carl Misner

BY DR. TRACY KROLL

Before I tell you all a story of love, I want to thank Lucia Clark for keeping at me to write it. With a veterinary behavior practice and a 3 ½ and 1 year old to chase, priorities are a must. As I thought about what I would type here this evening, I realize doing this is a must for me to grieve and heal.

Many of you know me through dealings at Shaker Veterinary Hospital (SVH), where we all work together to heal the wounded souls, long after their bodies recover. Peppertree is a big part of my love for coming to SVH, and its tale is tied to the tale I will now share with you all. Kroll is my married name. I grew up in Latham, NY as Tracy Misner, the only child of Carl Misner. Many of you had dealings with my dad. He adopted Lady, Patches to many of you, a pit bull cross who thinks she is a Golden Mix. Next came Tramp, a tuxedo pit bull who thinks he is a punching bag for the girls of the house. Betsy was there when he adopted the third hard luck pit bull Delilah. He was devoted to these three dogs, loved and defended their genetics, and saw them as members of his family.

My dad always loved to hear that I was helping out with assessing some Peppertree dogs. My choice of career was a source of pride for a dog loving

father. When I would visit, we would have dinner together after my day, and invariably the discussion was about a training method, new dog product, breed legislation, or stories of the many dogs that were a part of our family. Intelligent debate and knowledge were always a part of the special relationship I had with my dad.

My dad had a special fondness for my Cairn terrier, Devin (1992 – 2006). Devin was my vet school dog, and a sassy man at that. After the arrival of Delilah, Devin and I came calling to his house. Naturally, my dad was worried about the safety of his grand dog. Devin proceeded into my childhood home, made all three pit bulls play bow and lower their heads in submission with one growl, ate exactly one piece of kibble out of their bowl and one lap of water. Then they could get up and sniff him. My lesson of the day to my astonished father was to explain the Napoleon syndrome: dominance has nothing to do with size, only heart. Devin was truly my dad's grand dog.

Carl Misner had a huge heart and a soft spot for three things, his dogs, his



Delilah

daughter, and ice cream! I was blessed to be on that list. I was his "Girl the pearl" and he was "Carcheekie, the big kahuna." Funny all of our dogs also liked vanilla ice cream too.

My dad, Carl Misner, passed away on April 1, 2006. He was taken from us too soon. He was only 60 years old. When he took ill, he did not want to be taken to the hospital because he was worried about Lady, Tramp, and Delilah. Some of the last words we were able to share together before he slipped away were that the kids were fine and taken care of. It was a great relief to him that they were safe. I am grieving the loss of my debate sparring partner, my friend and my father. It is a big hole to heal.

Once the shock wore off, I knew I needed to do two things for Dad.

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Carl Misner

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

One, make sure the dogs were cared for and two, have a fitting memorial to him. Peppertree currently has Lady and Tramp, and I thank you for it. I feel better knowing they are with you. Happily, Delilah was adopted into a wonderful home with other dogs and is doing just great. She has fit right into her new pack and has never looked back. As for the memorial, I wanted to do something that would have put a genuine smile on my dad's face. My dad always liked memorials instead of flowers, and right away I knew that asking people to remember my father through donations to Peppertree would make him beam.

For those of you who knew him, you know how much he will be missed. His smile and laugh were contagious.

He lit up a room, and no one escaped without one of his really "bad" jokes. He talked endlessly about my son and daughter, Ethan and Hannah, and his dogs and his two grand dogs and one grand cat. I miss him and think about him a lot. He would be really proud to be memorialized here. He would clip it out, laminate it, and show everyone he knew. After all, first and foremost he was a proud father. He leaves behind a daughter that after all is said and done, just wants you all to know how much I love him. Every day that I can make a difference in the life of a dog or cat, I know it makes him smile right along with me, and this is why he will be with me forever.



Delilah with Lady

Carl Misner's dogs, Lady and Tramp are currently in Peppertree foster care and are looking for a new home, together. Read more about Lady and Tramp on page six.

Peppertree Rescue, Inc.

(A 501 (c) (3) Not-for-Profit Charity)

P.O. Box 2396, Albany, NY 12220

Voice-Mail (518) 435-7425

rescue@peppertree.org

www.peppertree.org

Betsy Sommers

President

esommers2@yahoo.com

Donna Burdick (MA)

Vice President

golddogz@roadrunner.com

David Sawicki

Treasurer

psawicki@capital.net

Peg Boughton

Secretary

peggypat@prodigy.net

Kevin Wilcox

Director

kwilcox1@nycap.rr.com

Martie De Fronzo

Advisor to the Board

puppydogs4@cs.com

Nicole Duda (CT)

Recordkeeping

mmduda@aol.com

Patti Conroy

Behavioral Advisor

pconroy@nycap.rr.com

Sam Stelmaszyk

Photos

samstel@nycap.rr.com

Nancy Williams

Voice-Mail

rwnw3@aol.com

Michelle Lutz

Web Page

mlutz29@yahoo.com

Lucia Perfetti Clark

Newsletter Editor

lulu72078@yahoo.com

Karen Ryan

Graphic Design

kryan4@nycap.rr.com



SAVE THE DATE

November 10th

Peppertree Rescue

Spaghetti Dinner Fundraiser

**details to be announced
please check the
website**

www.peppertree.org

The Enclave Gives to Peppertree

SAMANTHA STELMASZYK

In April of 2007, newly adoptive Peppertree Mom, Annette announced “Let’s have a garage sale invite the whole neighborhood to join in and then ask them to donate their proceeds to Peppertree.” It sounded like a crazy idea, inviting over 150 homes at The Enclave in Glenmont to hold one huge garage sale, just for the dogs? But that is exactly what happened. The date of July 28th was chosen, rain or shine, and then three families joined forces, distributed flyers, and put up posters and other advertising.

What an amazing Saturday morning, from 7:00AM onwards die-hard garage-salers began to arrive in droves. Those families from the enclave who were unable to hold a sale that day either donated items to their neighbors to sell or came shopping themselves. In one way or another, the community contributed to a fun day while donating to a great cause. In addition to Peppertree Rescue, we were delighted to hear that some families donated to other rescue groups, too. Everybody benefited and by the end of the day over \$1,700 was raised for Peppertree Dog Rescue.

A huge Peppertree thank you goes to the Millhouse and McKenna families on Ivywood Drive for their hard work in pulling the event together, it was nothing short of an outstanding success. Thanks also to Karen Harmon and Joyce Whiting for distributing garage sale information to local businesses. Finally, our gratitude goes to the families at The Enclave – your generosity and love for animals made a huge difference to a dedicated group of volunteers, who are just doing it for the dogs!



The McKenna Family



The Millhouse Family

Dear Peppertree Rescue:

For my birthday, I have decided to make a donation to your organization. Instead of receiving presents from my friends, I am asking for a small donation to help benefit the animals with Peppertree Rescue. I am hoping that you will be able to use the money for a good use, such as toys, special food, and medical expenses.



My motivation came from adopting one of your own dogs about a year ago. We have named him Deke, and he is a very big part of our family. Before we went to the adoption clinic, we thought we were just going to have a peek at the Chow/Husky dog you had, seeing as my mom and I adore the Chow Chow breed. When we got to the clinic, we noticed a very jumpy dog awaiting his home. And sure enough, it was Deke. We had found out that Deke did not have a very good past. He was abused and had needed special care at a veterinarian's office. When we brought him home to see how the other dogs would react, we decided to keep him because of his playful personality and his charm. Deke fit right in with the family. We are now, and will always be a happy family.

The Peppertree organization made me realize that every animal has a big heart inside and will always show it. My family has adopted many animals including: guinea pigs, rabbits, and dogs. We have recently adopted a beautiful Chow/Retriever from Tennessee. She, like Deke warmed up to our home with the other animals very fast. I would like to thank you and your brilliant idea to have a rescue organization where animals can go for reasons that are not always their fault. Keep up the great work. I really hope this donation will make a difference to all animals in your organization.

After the party I am proud to say that I have successfully raised \$400.00 to donate to all the animals at your organization. It turned out that giving feels much better than receiving, on the inside. My friends all had a great time playing on the bouncy bounce, eating cotton candy, and snow cones. The cake my mom and dad bought me was delicious! It had white cake on one side with vanilla frosting, and chocolate cake with chocolate frosting on the other side. On top was a big picture of me and my three dogs sitting on the back deck.

Sincerely,
Megan Zeglan



FIRST DOG ACCOUNT:

Chance's Journey to Peppertree and his Forever Home

PEG BOUGHTON

I can remember my mom, my brothers and sister. We were in a big fancy thing out in the yard. It was cold, but Mom did her best to keep us warm and dry. She was a good mom and she really loved us. As we got bigger, we all loved to play and snuggle. People would come out and look at us. They said we were cute and fuzzy. They said they loved us. One day people came and picked my sister up and took her away. We were all very sad and we missed her. Another day my brother was taken away too, and then another. Finally one day people came to see me. They seemed nice and they took me away, too.

I lived in a house with food and a bowl. It was big and scary and I missed my family. Lots of people came to see me and said I was cute. They all wanted to cuddle and hug me. I got bigger and bigger and I saw my people less and less. They said I shouldn't jump on them, but I was home alone all day and very excited to see them when they came home. I couldn't help but jump up to tell them how much I missed them. They called me "bad dog," especially when I couldn't hold it until they came back and I messed on the floor. They said I had to move to my own house in the yard and left me outside on a chain. It was hot and I was tired and lonely. It was dark and scary at night. They never came out to play or talk to me anymore.

One day I pulled and pulled at my chain very hard and suddenly I was free! I ran away to look for my family so that they could hug me and love

me. I ran and ran. The street was hot and my paws were burned and tired. People shouted at me and told me to go away. Then a man stopped and called me over. He seemed nice – he scratched my head and my ears. He gave me treats and called me a good boy. He could tell how tired I was and put me in a big truck and we went for a ride.

We went to a very noisy place. There were a lot of dogs and some other strange furry things, I think someone called them "cats". I had my own room and they gave me a bowl of food and water. I was tired so I just slept and slept. The next day came and went, then another, and another. The people there were nice. They would take me for walks and brush me and spend time with me talk to me. But, there were so many of us we never got enough time with the people. Some visitors came and looked at me and they said I was too big. More visitors came and said I was too small. Then there were the visitors who said that I was black and my eyes looked scary.

One of the walking ladies came to see me one day and she was so very sad. She said I was there too long and they needed room. She started to cry so I licked her face to try and make her happy, but she just cried some more. She said she would call some special friends to see if they would come and see me. Some friends named Peppertree.

She came back the next day with a special lady and they took me out for a walk. They sat with me out in the sunny yard and talked for a long time.

The crying lady gave me a hug and told me to be a good boy and she left. The special lady walked me to her car and we went for a ride. Boy do I love car rides! She took me to a house. It wasn't like my other houses. It was beautiful! There were doggy beds all over the floor. My own special house called a "crate". My own bowl and cold fresh water. I think it was heaven.

There were some other dogs there too, and they were all really nice to me. We played and it was like when I was little and had my brothers and sister with me. They said I was a 'foster,' but I didn't know what that means. I did not want them to know that I didn't know what a foster was, so I just pretended that I did. We all went for long walks and had a lot of fun. They nicely taught me not to jump up on people. They showed me where and when it was okay to go potty, I am more than happy to learn if people teach me nicely! They taught me some fun things like how to "sit" and "shake hands". That was hard because I don't have hands. I am a dog, – I have paws.

One day we got in the car and went for another ride. We went to a place called "the Vet." It smelled funny there, but it seemed okay. We went into a room with a shiny table and lots of crazy looking stuff. A nice man in white came in to see us. He looked in my ears and told me I was a good boy. He said I had nice teeth. I thought he had nice teeth too. I thought he was a very nice man, but then he went and stuck a needle in my butt! He said

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX



Lady and Tramp

It has been said of pit bulls true to the breed's temperament that they have never met a person that they don't LOVE. This wonderful pair, Lady and Tramp, certainly exemplify this characteristic. Lady is mixed with some other breed, perhaps hound, but it's really anyone's best guess; however, the pit bull in her shines through beautifully; Tramp is likely 99.9%

pit bull, or American Staffordshire Terrier. Though the breed has been stigmatized by media hype and stereotyping, and thus suffers from a strong negative bias, this duo shows no bias toward any human. All, and especially children, are greeted with wagging tails, broad smiles (who ever said a dog can't smile) and plenty of kisses.

For decades the pit bull was known as the "nanny dog" because of its marvelous and steady disposition with children. Truly, this breed was the All-American family dog. The breed features a few historically notable dogs. Helen Keller owned one who assisted her and is pictured with her dog on a commemorative postage stamp. Additionally, two pit bulls who are war heroes are Sallie the Civil War mascot, who is buried at Gettysburg battlefield, and Stubby, the most

decorated dog in World War I. These are just a few examples of the long and honorable history of this dog in America.

Lady and Tramp are looking for a new home, together, as their owner Carl Misner died suddenly. They are very attached to each other, especially Tramp to his Lady. They are calm, companionable, comical, and happy. Typical of the pit bull breed, neither are heavy shedders nor are they barkers. Something about simply looking at them causes people to break into a broad smile. Lady and Tramp are simply looking for a house they can call home and a person or a family they can devote themselves to. If you are looking for a calm, cheerful demeanor and unlimited love, Lady and Tramp might just be the two for you.

First Dog Account

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE

I needed vaccinations. I don't know why. I never needed them before. Oh, well. My butt was sore for a while, but it got better.

After that the lady took me home and she let me sleep for the whole rest of the day. The next day she said we were going to a place called an "adoption clinic". I was hoping it would be better than that Vet place. Before we went, I got a bath and she put a clippie thing on my toe nails. It sounded scary, but it didn't hurt. We got to the place and there were plenty of nice people there. They were all nice me to and said I was a "nice save." Save? Is that my name? I don't know if I ever had a name before, oh wait, I think I did, I think it was "bad dog."

I visited with lots of people. At one

point, a nice man and a lady came over to see us. They got right down on the floor to talk with me. They said I was special and that my eyes looked kind. So I kissed them and they laughed we went outside for a walk and they talked to my special lady for a long time. My special lady asked me if I would like to go on a trial placement with them? I didn't know what a trial placement was, but I figured what the heck, it could be fun. She cried, why do people cry so much? She kissed me on my head and told me to be good.

So off I went in another car, with the new people to another new house. This house seemed just as nice as the last house that my special lady had. They gave me all new stuff – all of my very own. Instead of calling me Save they started calling me Chance, because they said I deserved to have

one. I don't know what that means, but it sounds nice. I have a big yard all of my very own. There are these monsters in the yard called squirrels. I must chase them and make sure they don't bother my house. When my people are away at work I walk around the house and make sure everything is okay, but mostly I nap so I am well rested for when my people come home and want me to play with them. Then I see them and I am so happy. My people love me so much they come home everyday just to see me. I am so happy. They always find time to pet, brush and talk to me. They never call me a bad dog, except the one time I tipped over the trash to play in it because it smells so good. I'm hoping that my parents will go back to Peppertree and bring me a friend, so another dog will have a chance.

This letter came to Peppertree this past May, a few months after Poppy was adopted. It is with a heavy heart that we print this letter because Poppy's mentor and companion Mabel succumbed to her health issues this past June. Peppertree wishes Annette, and Glenn continued success in their journey with Poppy, and we thank and remember Mabel for her contribution in Poppy's recovery.

Letter from Adopter

Peppertree and everyone involved in Poppy's rescue - Hello. My name is Annette Millhouse and my husband Glenn and I are the proud parents of Poppy (first known to you as Sally). I understand from Sam S. that Poppy is the mother of Lilly (Lucy) who has also been adopted, First, from the bottom of our hearts, we want to thank you and everyone who helped in the rescue of Poppy. Because of your efforts and commitment to removing dogs from unsafe situations, Poppy will have the opportunity to live a healthy, happy, love-filled, and very spoiled life. We can't imagine how emotionally gut-wrenching your efforts and involvement in these issues must be at times. When we saw Poppy for the first time at Sam S.'s (our neighbor and friend), incredibly malnourished, unable to make eye contact with us, patches of fur missing, the magnitude of the difference each of you make really hit home for us. You are our heroes.

Please know that Poppy absolutely stole our hearts from the very first time we saw her at Sam's. My husband took one look at me sitting on the floor next to Poppy and said, "yes, she needs to be with us." We had longed to find a friend for Mabel, our five year old lab (who has many health problems) and had talked with Sam about this possibility of adopting on and off for a few years. Poppy's lovely brown eyes chose us, though. We didn't have to go looking to find her. She was right there, at

Sam's house waiting for us to take her home. I learned from Sam that this is how it often happens—they choose you. We knew that she was a "work in progress" and her adjustment would take time. Please know that she is worth all the time in the world to us. After a little over a month of being with us at home, I think Poppy is beginning to know this as well. It's interesting, when we adopted Poppy, we thought about all we would be able to give her, but in fact, she has given us so much more—many life lessons—and for that we are forever grateful. Poppy has reminded us about the precious act of forgiveness. By forgiving her past abusers, she has been able to open her heart and let us love her. She has taught us courage and to face our fears. Unknown environments and new situations can be overwhelming, but it's all about taking first steps and looking those fears straight on in order to grow. She has reminded us that trust is fragile, can be easily broken and is hard to rebuild. It should be valued. Thank you, Poppy.



I've attached pictures of Poppy and Mabel (Sam took the photo last Sunday in our backyard). Poppy's gained about 30 pounds since we've had her and has lost all of her dead fur and gained a beautiful, black shiny coat. She adores her big sister, Mabel, and is taking her lead from her—right down to carrying dishtowels and socks in her mouth and licking our faces to kiss us. She is funny, shy, huge (Glenn calls her "lumpy") and despite the nightmare of a life she came from, is so willing to please. Every day is an adventure. How great is that! Thank you again, Betsy and all of you involved in the dog rescue effort, for helping bring such joy to our and Mabel's life.

With tremendous gratitude,
Annette

WANTED!

School, Youth, and Community Service Groups to fund raise for Peppertree Rescue

Every dollar raised helps save a dog that may not have had a chance at life without the help of Peppertree Rescue. Peppertree volunteers alone cannot raise all of the money needed to run the organization. We need motivated groups looking to do community service projects to raise money for our organization.

For more information on how your group can help Peppertree Rescue, please call the hotline (518) 435-7425, and leave your name and phone number.



Peppertree volunteers listen to behavioral evaluation information at a Sunday seminar.



Patti Conroy delivering a behavioral seminar for Peppertree volunteers

Patti Conroy is Peppertree's Behavioral Advisor. She has given several behavior seminars, the most recent one took place in July 2007. It was a beautiful day of learning and great food, too! Patti discussed several evaluation techniques, and as an added bonus, there were many Peppertree foster dogs she was able to observe and provide great insight on. Thank you, Patti, for a wonderful day. And thank you to David and Betsy for hosting the event.



Peppertree Rescue, Inc.
P.O. Box 2396
Albany, NY 12220

www.peppertree.org

A Rescue For Dogs Of Good Temperament