

Have Ewe Herd

SPRING 2008



Border Collie Days are Coming!

Calling all adopters, potential adopters, and friends of Wisconsin Border Collie Rescue!! Mark your calendar for our annual Border Collie Day to be held on Saturday, September 20 at the Greater Racine Kennel Club (6320 Six Mile Road, Racine, WI).

Bring the kids! Bring the dogs! Bring the neighbors! Bring anyone who would enjoy spending the day soaking up the energy created by a room full of Border Collies! The day is so much fun! (And the one day of the year the BCs will actually fall asleep in the car on the way home!)

You will meet the members of WBCR, fellow adopters, and friends. You can meet our foster dogs currently available for adoption as well as former WBCR dogs and their forever families. You can

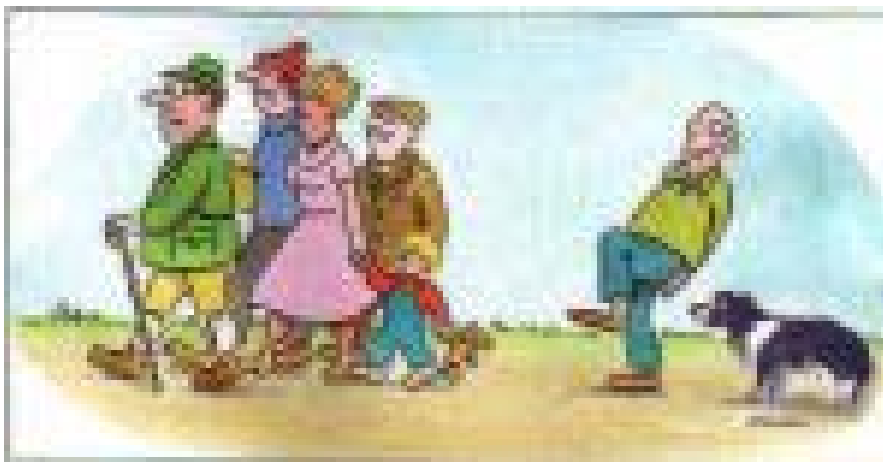
sign up to be in the rescue parade and participate in the contests and games. Stop by the store to buy WBCR merchandise or purchase raffle tickets for a chance to win some great prizes! Food and beverages are also available for purchase, and all proceeds benefit WBCR.

There will be an agility demonstration, and you can try the equipment with your dogs in the fenced-in area. There is also a pond for the dogs to swim in (weather permitting).

We do need to know how many adults, kids, and dogs to plan for so please drop us a note to let us know you're coming. RSVPs can be submitted through our website:
www.wibordercollierescue.com/BC_Days_RSVP.html

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UPCOMING EVENTS

- *Border Collie Days, September 20*
- *Hounds for the Holidays, December 12-14*

If I Did Not Have Dogs

Unknown Author

1. I could walk around the yard barefoot in safety.

2. My house could be carpeted instead of tiled and laminated.

3. All flat surfaces, clothing, furniture, and cars would be free of Dog hair.

4. When the doorbell rings, it wouldn't sound like a 100 dog kennel.

5. When the doorbell rings, I could get to the door without wading through dog bodies which beat me there.

6. I could sit on the couch the way I wanted, without taking into consideration how much space several fur bodies would need to get comfortable.

7. I would not have strange presents under my Christmas tree-like dog bones, stuffed animals or have to answer to people why I wrap them.

8. I would not be on a first name basis with three vets.

9. The most used words in my vocabulary would not be: "out", "sit", "down", "come", "no", "stay", and "leave him/her/it ALONE".

10. My house would not be cordoned off into zones with baby gates or barriers.

11. My pockets would not contain things like poo bags, dog treats and an extra leash.

12. I would no longer have to

spell the words B-A-L-L or W-A-L-K.

13. I would not have as many leaves INSIDE my house as outside.

14. I would not look strangely at people who think having their ONE dog ties them down too much.

15. I'd look forward to Spring and the melting of the snow instead of dreading "mud season".

16. I would not have to answer the question "Why do I have so many dogs?" from people who will never have the joy in their life of knowing they are loved unconditionally by something as close to an angel as they will ever get.

17. How empty my life would be....

Recently Adopted



Fred



Bandit



Digby



Jack

Adventures of Steph & Jake

By Steph Wilson

Ah, such a lovely fall day graced the residents of Kansas City, Kansas yesterday! What better day to make chili, revel in the cool, crunchy breezes, and take the dog for a walk? Especially when Saturday brought us four hours of steady, unrelenting rain. It was a crime to do anything but get out and enjoy the majesty and glory of a fall day!

That's what I thought when I got home from church. I grabbed the dog, kissed the husband goodbye, and mentally rolled my eyes when he did a double-check with, "Do you have a blanket down in the backseat?"

"No," I chirped back, "and I don't need it cuz I'm not taking him anywhere he can get wet. Love you!" And I dashed out the door before I could be annoyed at the head shake that met my reply.

When we arrived at the park, it was buzzing with couples pushing strollers and women with their dogs and men jogging down the white gravel path. I grimaced at the thought of trying to control my very large puppy amongst all those other dogs, and was suddenly bored by the thought of the one-mile strip that we habitually follow. So I made an impulsive decision to explore a part of the park Jake and I hadn't before, and follow the creek bed to the right instead of heading straight into the heart of the park. And we did.

I was sure Jake would love smelling everything that lives on creek banks, and I was right. He was in hog heaven. That boy LOVES the water. Although in this case, he couldn't actually get TO the water, because the creek is sunk into the earth, so that it's actually about ten feet lower in elevation than where we were walking. I was fine with that, because like I'd said, I had no intention of making this a wet trip for the Jakester.

With a happy sigh, I let the leash out long and drifted off into my own personal alternate reality--just for a moment, you understand. But when I came back to planet Earth, I'd been gone long enough for my dog to go much further down the steep bank than I liked.

"Jake Emmanuel, get up--" I shouted, but he suddenly disappeared. Gone. *Great.*

I held onto a tree and leaned over the grassless bank. Down there, plodding about in a rainwater creek and loving it, was my Pooch, delighted in his little adventure. The slippery slope broke off entirely about three feet above his head to become a sheer drop-off, and I all I could see was the tip of his ears and the tip of his tail.

So much for a dry dog.

What I quickly realized was that this was a much bigger problem than just a wet dog. Jake couldn't get out of the creek bed if he tried--it had walls that were taller than his head. Besides, truth be told, he had no interest in trying. I scanned the bank both directions--maybe I could walk along on the higher ground and lead him to a place where the slope was not so steep.

No luck. Though there was no grass on this Silt Wonder, there were just enough trees and brushy spots to render that impossible.

This was seriously a problem. I looked around, but there was no one near the part of the park we were at (and now I know why). So without the hope of back-up, I had to figure out a way to retrieve my wayward Shepherd. I didn't see any choice in the matter; I simply had to get closer to the drop-off and maneuver my way further down-creek, dragging the Canine on the end of the line until we came to a convenient place to haul him up (he was offering no cooperation whatsoever at this point--I actually saw the thought, "Are you crazy?" when I yelled for him to get out of the water. And when I called him an idiot...well, I saw that thought too, I just can't repeat it).

I sidled a little bit further down the slope, and I won't say the precariousness of my situation didn't occur to me. I was in Crocs (translation: slippery rubber shoes) and jeans and a long-sleeved polo. For one brief moment, the thought of the worst happening, in the form of my losing my footing somehow, hung before my eyes, but I knew better than to worry about that. I grabbed onto a tree branch and carefully placed my feet on the slope. And the tree branch carefully came off the tree.

I went down that slope, and I went with a vengeance. There was no hope of gaining any control in that split second when, faster than I could blink, my hands were up over my head, and down I went, like an ice skater in an Olympic Gold performance, minus the grace and beauty.

(Please note: the following events were sporadically peppered with "Jake! Jake, get over here! Jake, come here! Jake, you **idiot!**")

I can't explain how mud got streaked up the armpit of my green-and-white striped polo, and there's no telling how both forearms got involved, nor how my sunglasses became smeared with wet, slimy silt. But the mud-covered bootie and silt-filled shoes? Yeah, that part I remember.

Continued on next page

Adventures, cont.

The only thought that came to me, sitting so suddenly in the cold water and examining my mud-colored jeans, was, "No way that just happened."

I was in shock, trying to catch my breath and assess the situation. I'm sure my face was the perfect picture of wide-eyed, gape-mouthed disbelief. There was no dignity left for me now. I was sitting in muddy water, soaked up to my neck, my knees up, my bottom sinking faster than I care to relate. I struggled onto my hands and knees, still gasping for breath. Jake looked up at me, threw me the canine version of a head nod and a "Whassup, baby," and continued his exploration.

I rose shakily to my feet, and immediately my Crocs were lost. I lost my balance and my feet sank two feet into who-knows-what--which means they were still one foot nearer to the surface than my Crocs.

I may have been in a vulnerable and undignified situation; I may have been standing in things I don't care to mention; I may have had silt in my hair and worse than that in my unmentionables. But I was NOT coming out of there without my Crocs.

I fished and fished and dug, grimacing as my fingers sank further and further into the unknown, and finally they emerged triumphant! Two Crocs! I slipped them on, stood up, and promptly lost them again. (I would like to claim "shock" here, rather than be the poster child for the "DUH" Campaign of America, if you'll give me the grace.) This time I slapped them onto what passed for a bank on this Nightmare Freak of Nature spot, and climbed up on my hands and knees. I slipped them back on, my jeans making a long sucking *shloop* sounds with every movement, and took one step up the silt bank.

And immediately bit the dust.

And landed directly back on my bootie in the creek.

And had to fish out my Crocs.

This time I was actually started to get irritated, and that helped me react a little faster. I yanked Jake close, and he promptly took off again, traversing over a large bush, causing it to spring up into me--and it stuck there. What the...? It was the biggest sticker bush I've ever seen. Stickers quickly attached themselves to my back, my side, my stomach, my jeans, and my dog, who trotted off with nary a care in the world that he had just launched a Catapult of Hurt directly into his beloved owner. I don't think he's as innocent as I thought he was... In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if his little doggie mind muttered, "Bombs away" as he trotted over it. I'm pretty sure I noticed him look back and smile.

Anyway, subduing the Sticker Monster by stepping on it gave me an actual foothold. I yanked Jake close again and made him sit so I could think for a moment. About five feet away on this side of the creek, there was a bit of rock face jutting out of the silt. Yes! I held my hands up in victory! FRICTION! Oh, beloved friction! Maybe we could get out of this sinkhole after all!

Moving that direction, I (acquired more stickers, for one thing) carefully made my way on two knees and one hand (while acquiring more stickers) so I could hold onto my dog (who was acquiring more stickers) to that beacon of hope: the rock face. I stretched for it, like a character from a B-movie melodrama, who is army crawling across the sand toward the oasis, their last hope. In their case it turns out to be a mirage.

In my case, the rock face was real. We painfully and slowly emerged from the canyon, like two soldiers climbing wearily out of a foxhole. Unaware of the drama being played out below them were pedestrians wandering through the parking lot. I held my head high and pretended nothing at all was out of the ordinary; I always dressed like this, thank you very much. I gripped Jake's leash tighter (causing mud to ooze between my fingers), pretended not to notice what was squishing through my toes, and headed for the car, my mud-and-water-laden jeans sounding something like an elephant trying to escape quicksand.

When I walked in the door, Steve looked up from his studies and stared for a moment, dumbfounded.

I cleared my throat. "Um, there was an...incident." I tried not to consider what I must look like, or how thoroughly I had trampled the crap out of my confident parting statement. I just sighed and tried to smile at my helping of Humble Pie...with, of course, a little dish of Silt on the Side.

Steph resides in Kansas City with Jake and her husband, Steve. She is a first-time pet owner and survives Jake's antics with her sense of humor and creative stories.

From Scratch

By Nina Ament

Finally! Barbecue season is here and it's been a longer wait than usual here in the Midwest this spring. Not that we stop firing up the grill in the winter; we are made of stronger stuff here and don't lose the taste for charcoal just because it involves a coat or even snow boots. However, the experience is enhanced by not having to dress for the occasion. As we charge towards the months where using the grill means not heating up the kitchen, when my husband tries again to convince me that potato salad is a vegetable because it contains celery, I ask: Why are you buying the stuff they label barbecue sauce? It not only tastes lousy, it's costing you 10 times the value of the ingredients! And don't you wonder what it takes to achieve that consistency? I'm betting none of us have those ingredients in our pantry, nor could we pronounce them. Here's a better idea.

Barbecue Sauce

2 Tbl vegetable oil	¼ C Worcestershire sauce
1 yellow onion	½ C sugar
3 cloves of garlic	1 Tbl chili powder
24 oz bottle of ketchup	1 Tsp cayenne pepper
1 C cider vinegar	

I chop the garlic and onions in a food processor. It's quicker but, if you don't have one, finely chop the onion and mince the garlic. Heat the oil in a medium saucepan, add the garlic and onions, then cook without browning over medium heat, stirring, for about 5 minutes. Add all other ingredients. The amount of cayenne can be adjusted depending on how hot you like your food. Simmer for about 20 minutes.

I keep the leftover sauce for several weeks in the refrigerator and my husband is still alive. Of course, that may also have something to do with the fact that I know potato salad isn't a vegetable.

Doggie Delights

Apple Cinnamon Delights

- 1 large apple
- ¼ cup honey
- ½ cup water
- ½ tsp cinnamon
- 1 cup oatmeal
- 1½ cups plus ⅛ cup whole wheat flour

Preheat oven to 350°.

Core, slice, and mince apple. In a large bowl, combine the minced apple, honey, water, cinnamon, and oatmeal. Gradually blend in the 1½ cups of wheat flour to form a stiff dough.

Spoon the dough by rounded teaspoon onto ungreased baking sheets, spacing about 2" apart. Put the ⅛ cup wheat flour in a small bowl. Dip the bottom of a glass into the flour (to prevent sticking) then use it to flatten each spoonful of dough into a circle.

Bake for 30 minutes. Remove from oven and flip each cookie to brown evenly on both sides. Reduce oven temperature to 325° and return cookies to oven to bake an additional 30 minutes. Let cool overnight. Makes about 3 dozen crunchy cookies.

www.dog-treat-recipe-exchange.com



Wisconsin Border Collie Rescue
www.wibordercollierescue.com



This and all previous editions of Have Ewe Herd are posted on the WBCR website. We welcome your comments, suggestions, and input. If you are not currently receiving a copy via email and would like to, please contact us to be added to the mailing list. If you do not wish to receive future editions, please let us know.

**Making a Difference,
One Dog at a Time**

Who We Are

WBCR consists of volunteers residing in Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa

Our Board Of Directors & Committee Chairs

Lori Jensen	President, PA Committee
Nina Ament	Vice President, Volunteer Committee
Rhonda McAllister	Secretary
Chelsea Nash	Treasurer
Kim Anderson	Board Member, Relinquishment

Our Rescue Members

Steve & Amy Frank	Dawn Stockfisch
Tammie Scheich	Megan Walsh

"I am involved in dog rescue: my wallet and gas tank are always running on empty, my house is never quiet and free of dog hair, nor is my car, my inbox is full of ongoing despair and misery, but my heart and soul are replenished with unconditional love, loyalty, and joy that can only come from a rescued dog!" ~ Author Unknown

You Can Make a Difference, Too!

Here are some of the areas that need your help:

- **Checking references for potential adopters**
- **Updating our Website**
- **Attending fundraisers at various dog events**
- **Evaluating dogs that are being relinquished**
- **Helping transport a dog**
- **Helping educate overwhelmed owners of training techniques so they can keep their Border Collie instead of relinquishing it**
- **providing a foster home for a needy Border Collie!**

If you would like to join us, please fill out a volunteer membership application at

wibordercollierescue.com/
membershipapplication.html

And don't forget you can donate to WBCR through purchasing items online!

