



kingpin growl

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imps spotlight alumnus of the month

by nancy giammusso



Lucky as a pup



Lucky's last day with Vince and Nancy

IMPS was only a few weeks old—Lister only recently transported to his new home—when the second IMPS rescue came along. On a Saturday in August 1998, Petie posted a plea from a North Carolina woman, Teresa, who rescued a two-pound, 12-week-old Min Pin puppy from a shelter. Being a Lab person, she didn't know how to take care of this little guy and wanted our advice and help finding him a home.

Knowing how softhearted my hubby is, I printed the post and left it on the bathroom sink. He took the bait! Soon after reading it he told me that not only could we take in this puppy, he would drive as far as the NC border to pick him up.

The evening before our trip, we received an urgent phone call from Teresa. Lucky (the name we decided to give him) was having trouble going to the bathroom, so she rushed him to the emergency clinic. He was in serious condition with either an abscessed umbilical cord or ruptured bowel and needed surgery right away.

Would we approve and pay for this surgery? Without hesitation we agreed. Then came the wait. Sometime after midnight Dr. Jordan called to tell us Lucky did have an abscessed umbilical cord, but would be OK to travel to NJ the next day.

We got on the road and met Teresa as planned. When we saw little Lucky it was love at first sight. This tiny baby had 15 staples in his belly but was still wagging his nubby little tail.

When we got home, I noticed that he was whimpering and straining very hard to go to the bathroom. I checked his incision and found it was bleeding, and he had pockets of air under the skin on his belly. Out the door and to the emergency clinic we raced. His temperature was only 96 degrees (a dog's normal body temp is 100 – 102.5 degrees) and he was very dehydrated. They put him on an IV and kept him overnight.

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yield

by donna luzzo

Dogs in a pack always yield to the Alpha. If a group of dogs is lying around and the Alpha heads in their direction, they'll part like the Red Sea to allow her to pass. The Alpha never steps around or over those beneath her. Your dogs and fosters should yield to all humans. Never walk around or step over the dogs. Seems like a small thing - but it's a big concession in "Dog Speak."

When you walk toward a dog he should get out of your way — whether he's lying down, sitting, standing or sleeping. If he doesn't, shuffle your feet along the floor (don't want to kick him) and move right into him. You can be polite and say "excuse me" but do not alter your path if the dog doesn't move. You may actually push a stubborn dog along the floor a few feet before he moves! Repeat this yield exercise several times in a row until the dog is moving out of your way before you reach him. Have all family members over the age of 7 do the same (be sure to supervise children).

In addition to helping establish proper "pack order," yielding will help keep dogs out from underfoot when you've got your arms full, if the house is dark, or if you're running for the phone.

NOTE: Do not shuffle into an aggressive dog.

contacting imps

www.minpinrescue.org

877-minpin1



Abbey (b/t) and George were adopted through IMPS by Gary & Nan Quinney.

Emily has asked me to write a bit about Bridge and Target training, which we recently began with Stanley. Bear in mind that I am still somewhat of a novice at this but am glad to share what I know. We are fortunate enough to have a fantastic team of trainers/behaviorists here in Milwaukee...John Fairweather and Stephanie London. They have taught me everything I know.

HISTORY AND PHILOSOPHY: Bridge and Target has been around for about 20 years and was developed in the training of marine animals, primarily dolphins and whales. Yes, this is what is used to train the dolphins at Sea World! Over time it has been used extensively in the training of horses and more recently in the training of domestic animals such as dogs. It is a 100% positive-reinforcement form of operant conditioning training, which uses absolutely no corrections or coercion. Horses trained with this method are trained without the use of reins, bits or saddles. It is a very interactive training method in which the trainer "guides" the animal toward desired behaviors (the target) via the use of an encouragement system (bridging). Think of it like playing the game of Hot & Cold with your dog. You learn how to bridge the dog to get to the selected target (whether that target be a place or a behavior).

THE BRIDGE AND THE TARGET: The verbal cues we use to bridge are all variations of the word "X". X is used because it is the least employed letter in the alphabet so dogs are not used to hearing it. When the dog hits the target he gets a big X! and a treat about 30% of the time. To bridge him, as soon as he starts moving in the desired direction we start saying a flurry of little x's...xxxxxxxxxx...X! Some examples will hopefully make it a little clearer.

HOW IT WORKS--THE BASICS: Suppose we are doing 4-corner recalls with Stanley. This involves a person being in all four corners of a gym and sending the dog to each person. At each stop he must sit and front before being sent on to the next person. In this scenario, the target is a FRONT at Steffie's feet and the bridge is the run from me to her. I "send" Stanley to Steffie. As soon as she sees him coming toward her she starts saying xxxxxxxxxxxxxx in a really happy voice. When he arrives and plunks his butt right at her feet...X! Then she sends him on to the next person. By the way, Stanley is an ace at recalls. He doesn't "come" to the person, he FLIES and brakes on a dime into a perfect front. This exercise teaches your dog to come to strangers.

STEP TWO: The next step is getting your dog to target your fingers so you will eventually be able to guide him with your hands. You make a fist and then extend your index and middle finger. You wait until the dog touches his nose to your fingers. X!!! When he even starts moving in the direction of your hand he gets

the little xxxxxxxs (warm warm warm warm). He'll learn VERY fast that touching his nose to your fingers gets him a big X and a treat (30% of the time). You NEVER have food in the hand that is guiding the dog. B&T teaches your dog to think and make choices rather than just "luring" him with food. Once he is doing this consistently, you begin slowly increasing the amount of time he must keep his nose on your fingers before getting his final X. The end result is that you are able to guide and direct him with your hands.

STEP THREE: THE TARGETING STICK: Now you are going to transfer the finger target to the targeting stick. This stick is a yard long with a little contact point (brightly colored or reflective tape or paint) at the bottom. You go through the same procedure as with your hand, bridging the dog to target the end of the stick with his nose. When he's really learned this, he'll jump in the air, etc. to get his nose on the stick. This is a great tool for teaching the heel command and who knows what else is in store for us in class. They just follow and target the stick! It's rather amazing!

STEP FOUR: TARGETING WITH PAWS: Now, instead of targeting with the nose, we are teaching them to touch, first the hand and then the target stick with their paws. Then you can guide their paws to whichever places you want them to be. Eventually, we will be discriminating between right and left, front and back paws. I can't even imagine where this is going! Will we be teaching Stanley the rhumba?!

In the little time I've been learning this, I can really see how it is used with marine animals. Once you teach an animal to target a stick or a body part you can really begin to guide them and shape behavior quite intricately. It uses food as a motivator but never as a lure so the dog has to think on his own to reach his target. This requires a deeper level of learning than, say, clicker training, which is so food-oriented. I haven't thrown away my clicker though. I mix and match, depending on what I'm teaching.

I hope this article has not been confusing. Bridge and Target is a difficult thing to describe through words. It really is a lot of fun, for dog and trainer alike. Stanley loves his classes. Again, I am a novice at this and if you'd like more information, Kayce Cover is the nation's leading expert on this training method. She is the moderator of a Bridge and Target list on e-groups. Their archives have a WEALTH of information on this topic. She also has written an article on the net, the only comprehensive thing I could find on this training method. Good luck with any and all training you choose to pursue. I have found that training greatly enhances my bond with Stanley and my understanding of the ways in which his little monkey brain works.

For more information about Bridge and Target, please visit bridgeandtarget.8m.com/ or www.onelist.com/community/bridgeandtarget.

imps christmas 2000



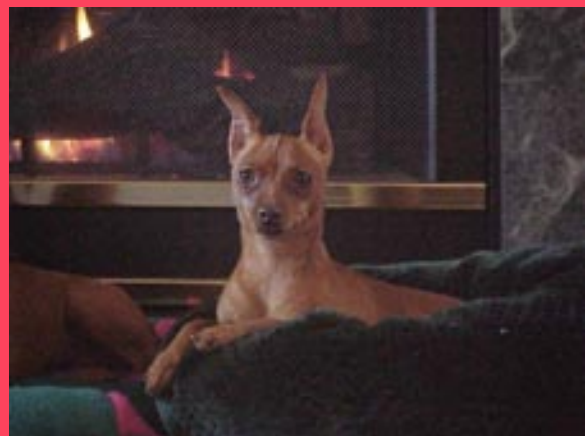
Jester the Min Pin and Rerun the Smooth Fox Terrier eagerly await Santa's arrival at the Krynski house!



Gloria Mixon's nephew Xeric poses with his dad Kenny and Min Pin Cimba.



Minnie Mouse sports an Elizabeth Original in her photo by owner Jenny Sharpe.



Donna's Janey poses in front of the fireplace at the Giammusso residence.



let it snow!
let it snow!
let it snow!

my name is moonbeam

"george" part 1, episode 1

by i. z. sakaal

It is very cold under this old log. It is raining and I am so very wet. I can't seem to stop shaking and I am so very hungry. It seems like only a few days ago that I was nuzzling at my Mother's breast with my littermates, all warm and comfy. Sleep was a wonderful thing to fall into but now sleep brings so many nightmares and terrible dreams.

My leg hurts terribly and I am trying my best to keep it clean with many licks, but with all this dampness and cold around me, it is a very hard thing to do. It is difficult to walk very far before my leg starts to hurt so bad that I have to stop and rest it.

I shouldn't have been lying on the road surface but it was warm from the daytime sunshine and when the car came roaring out of the night mist, I barely had time to move a little before the car tire caught me on my left rear leg, in the same area that the fire had scorched it a few days ago, and sent me spinning off into a field of tall hay and grass.

I am only a year and a half old and am so confused as to where my people are and why I am alone out in this wooded place. I don't like being alone. I have so many fond memories of playing in the yard, chasing the ball and running and jumping with my people, the little ones and the big ones.

My belly was always full and I never thirsted as I do now. There is water around me here but it smells bad and leaves a funny taste in my mouth. I can't seem to place everything in order but I remember being out in the yard and the nice man came with the treats in his hand and after I had warned him with barks that I was guarding the place, he just smiled and held the treats out to me. They were really yummy and as I was eating them, suddenly there was a darkness all around me as I was scooped up in a large bag. The bag was very smelly and it was hard to breathe and I was in it for a long, long time.

There was motion, so I knew I was being taken somewhere. The motion finally stopped and the bag was lifted and opened. I could smell danger. It was all around me so I tried to stay in the back of the bag but a large hand reached in and grabbed me behind the neck and lifted me out. The hand dropped me into a very small enclosure and the front was snapped shut. It was a small cage with nothing for a floor except some strands of wire. The whole cage was made of this wire and it was very small, even for me.

I needed water but there was none and I was very hungry but there was no food and finally I had to relieve myself and everything fell through the bottom of the cage. I finally slept.

The days dragged on and on, sometimes there was water and sometimes there was a little food but most

of the time there was nothing. When I cried, the man would come and hit the cage with something and yell at me to shut up. Sometimes he would reach in and grab me by the scruff of my neck and hit me many times before violently throwing me back in the cage and stomping out.

I could see many cages like mine stacked five or six high all in this large building. There was a stench of despair on all sides of me and sometimes the man would come and take something out of one of the cages and it would not come back.

One night the man came and grabbed me behind the neck again. He took me to a large cage on the ground and put me in it with another dog just like me, only different. I was so happy to see another dog but this one knocked me down to the ground and forced me to stay down. I didn't understand anything that was happening but I knew I wanted to stay with this companion but the next morning, I was taken back to my small cage.

The endless string of days and nights went on but now I was getting water on a regular basis and even the food was better and more often.

I woke one morning in pain and when the pain ended, there were two little pink somethings nestled up against me, and they smelled like me.

My two little boys grew rapidly, getting their fur and getting their eyes open. They were a wonderful joy to me and we had been moved to a somewhat larger cage and there was at least room to lie down and stretch out in.

Then one day the man came and took my babies and I never saw them again. I was moved back to my little cage and the endless days and nights returned.

Then one night the man came into the building in a very agitated state. I could smell fear and anger on him, and he was yelling at some other men to burn everything, the Sheriff was on his way.

Smoke began to billow out of different places. Thick, black smoke and it was getting hard to breathe. Dogs were screaming in pain, fear and hopelessness and throwing themselves against the doors of their cages trying to get away from the suffocating smoke.

I tried to bite my way through the wire but my teeth were not strong enough and then a fiery beam fell from overhead and knocked my cage to the floor. When it did, the front snapped open and I was free.

I could smell fresh air so I ran in that direction and had almost made it to where the air was coming from when another fiery brand fell and scorched my left rear leg. The pain was shocking but I kept running as fast and as far as I could.

Now here I was in this wooded place, my leg

moonbeam continued

hurting and hungry and thirsty and no idea what to do next.

I would sleep a little if I could.

Bob and Regina Settle lived in a small Tennessee town by the name of Telford. Bob was the personnel manager for a large marketing firm and Regina worked in the library of a small private college. Their two boys, Brian and Jason were 11 and 7 respectively.

They had been contemplating adding a pet to the family for a couple of years. Now that they had bought their own house with a nice fenced back yard, they figured the time was right. Although there really was not much doubt in what kind of dog they were going to get, they researched a lot of breeds for comparison.

What they wanted was a small, shorthaired dog, one with a lot of play and energy in it and one that could also act as a watchdog of some sort.

Regina's sister, Linda, lived in Maryland and she had a five-year-old female Miniature Pinscher named Sunbeam.

On visits to her sister's house during vacations and holiday events, Sunbeam would always be at the door yapping furiously when they arrived and as soon as they stepped into the house, her whole demeanor would change and she would spend hours going from one to the other giving welcome kisses and hello tail wags. The boys always had a great time in the yard playing with Sunbeam so they had pretty much decided on a Miniature Pinscher anyway.

Linda gave them the number of the American Kennel Club and they had called to inquire as to a reputable breeder in their area and had found one only twenty minutes away.

They went to see the breeder as she had a bitch about to have puppies and the breeder wanted to know all about them, their work, their family life, their experience with household pets and so forth. The questioning was almost like an inquisition but the breeder explained that the Miniature Pinscher was not a dog suitable to all people.

She explained about their high energy level output, their unawareness of their diminutive size and that they must never be left to run unfettered in the neighborhood.

The contract also included a promise that the dog they choose would be spayed or neutered within the first year of their taking it, and if for any reason they lost interest in the puppy, it would be returned to her and not taken to a shelter or just let go to run free in the woods.

The breeder also explained to them the horror of puppy mills, those being the first step in the chain of supply for pet stores.

The puppies were born on January 7th, two boys

and two girls. As the weeks drug on while the puppies grew, Bob and Regina would periodically stop by the breeders to look at them and try to decide which one they wanted. This decision was taken out of their hands when the puppies were eight weeks old, one of the little females came over to each of them with licks and tail wags just like Linda's Sunbeam, and they knew this was the one.

They named her Moonbeam and took her home when she was 14 weeks old and completely weaned. Watching her grow was a real joy to the whole family. It only took a day or less for Moonbeam to attach herself to all of them very deeply.

Moonbeam would play in the back yard for hours, digging holes and chasing anything that moved. It was a very gentle summer that year and they decided to wait until early spring to have her spayed because of the coming winter and the fact that she would be a little sick after the surgery and being outside for her business would be a bother to her.

Each night, Moonbeam would make the rounds of the bedrooms, checking on everyone in bed and sometimes she would sleep with Bob and Regina, and sometimes with one of the boys. She showed no favoritism to the family members, she loved them all and wanted them all to know it.

It was in early December when Moonbeam disappeared, some seven months ago, and their life seemed somewhat empty because of it.

Neither had any idea of what had happened to her and no one wanted to start over with a new puppy, especially while they still held hope that she would someday return.

The heartache of the loss hung heavy on all of them, and even now, seven months later, it was hard to talk about it.

They had plastered their area and the surrounding areas with flyers offering a reward for the return of their little dog, but there had not been even one call, not one lead to follow, no trace and as time wore on, hope seemed to fade a little also.

Moonbeam had been out in the back yard playing and barking like usual one instant, and the next she was gone. The gate was open so it was assumed that she just went exploring after someone had left the gate open or hadn't latched it securely and the wind blew it open.

Both had vacation time coming and they had pretty well decided to take a couple of weeks in late June and stay at a resort area called "Big Bass Lake Resort" where they could relax, fish and do some boating and try to get a perspective on their life, their loss and their future plans.

...to be continued in the next edition of kingpin growl.

November 1995... It was picture day with Santa at the Humane Society and I wanted to bring my dog Maya for her picture with Santa. Then a friend called and asked if I could take her two dogs for her because of that pesky job thing. No problem, I will enlist the husband person. Phil reluctantly agreed to accompany me on this adventure and off we went.

While we were in line, Maya saw her first pot bellied pig and went nuts—pig ears are her favorite and she was going to get a fresh one, so we left the line. Up ahead I recognized a co-worker who was holding this little black and tan thing that looked like a Doberman that had been shrunk. I sent Phil and Maya-the-wannabe-pig-ear-eater up to Pat and Jose while I returned to be with Jo's dogs. During the wait, Phil became smitten with the Min Pin and said THAT was the dog he wanted. As we left the HS I registered for a Min Pin via Match-A-Pet. We never heard from them.

August 1996... Jo called and asked if Phil still wanted a Min Pin. I picked her up the next day and surprised Phil. He named her Harley. She had been adopted from the HS on January 19, 1996, the same HS where I registered but was never called.

February 1998... I was at a monthly meeting and Pat and Jose were there, along with the cutest little ball of fluff, a Maltese. He was supposed to be going home with a pharmaceutical rep but the human changed his mind and I ended up with Bogie in my purse. Phil was not happy and after my sleeping on the couch with the puppy, he gave in—with the caveat “no MORE dogs, and oh yeah, this is your Valentine's gift forever.” I quickly got on-line to learn about the breed and what to do with a puppy! I was the worst-case example of an impulse puppy acquisition. From there, I joined the Min Pin list.

July 1998... A dog in FL was in need of rescuing and IMPS was born. Suddenly a group of pet owners were now fledgling rescuers.

October 1998... My first rescue—a woman in Rhode Island found an ad for a free Min Pin in FL and she put out a call for assistance. How do you get a Min Pin to RI from FL? During a casual conversation, I asked a friend an “oh by the way” question: “Know anyone flying to Rhode Island?”

“WHY? And yes I do, my roommate is flying there this Friday. WHY?” Erik went to his new home that week. I felt like I was on a karmic roller coaster.

November 2000... A rescue came to me, and Phil is still not any more fond of extra dogs in the house than he was back in 1997—especially since we are now a forever home to a little brain-damaged Min Pin who was only going to stay here for a week in August while Phil was out of town. I went into panic mode and exhausted all resources. A home was found for him, but that home was in NH! Their son's dog was recently PTS and he wanted another big dog. Mom wanted something smaller and suggested a Min Pin. The boy wanted a puppy—mom suggested a rescue. The boy agreed, but he didn't want a little-little dog, he wanted a “boy's dog.” This was the perfect dog—one year old, way too big for standard, full of energy, and in need of a boy.

A foster home was located and the change-off was scheduled for Tuesday, the day my husband was due to come



home (that will teach him to go out of town). For some reason, the disobedient wench in me reared her ugly head and I delayed the foster transport until the weekend. Friday morning I awoke with a sinking feeling—today was the day that I would have to turn him over to another foster home and I had become quite attached to this guy. I still didn't have a plan to get him to his forever home until at least mid-December and I was afraid of what might happen by then.

December 1, 2000... I went to a meeting that I really didn't want to go to—the same monthly meeting I mentioned back in February of 1997. I had his picture with me and I was walking around the meeting room holding his picture up and saying “All right, who is flying to Boston or New Hampshire?”

Pat, the woman who had the little Maltese at the same meeting almost three years ago, spoke up. “I am, we're flying out tonight at 7p.m. WHY?” Remember, this is also the same woman who was holding the Min Pin in line at the HS back in 1995.

I made a mad rush to the phone and tacked the dog on to their flight reservation. Then I called the adopting family in NH. “What are you doing at midnight tonight? Want to come get your dog at the airport? And by the way, has your son thought of name for HIS dog yet?” The son had selected the name “Moose”—fitting since he was more of a Max Pin than a Min Pin. When I got home I pulled out his AKC papers from the puppy mill—his mother's name was “Moose Kisser.” This piece of information was never discussed with the adopting family and I had forgotten about it myself.

I truly am a believer in the things-happen-for-a-reason theory and I can't help but marvel at the full circle of these events: running into Pat and Jose at the HS five years ago, getting a Min Pin in August that I should have gotten in January (you can say whatever you want, but Harley was meant to be ours), joining a Min Pin list only after joining the Maltese list because of the puppy from Pat and Jose, lucking out on that flight to RI with a friend of a friend, and now this flight with Pat & Jose going to New Hampshire for a First Communion of a grandchild. Who goes to NH from FL in the winter, and aren't First Communions usually held in the spring? No one believed I would find anyone going to NH, it was just too much to ask for—and yet it happened.

I put Moose on the plane for NH. It was terribly hard to part with him, but he will have a forever home and his own boy, Mike. And isn't that what every dog needs?

I slept on the couch that night waiting for the phone call. It came at 1:14a.m. and you could hear the squeals in the background. No one told Mike that he was getting a Moose that day so it was all a huge surprise. Dad went into Mike's bedroom and said “Mike, get up, there's a moose in the house.” Mike thought Dad had lost it and tried to return to sleep. When he finally did give in to the rantings of a man so obviously delusional, he was greeted with one very large, very excited, and very special Min Pin.

While you are happy for the family and the dog, a little piece of your heart goes out the door with each rescue—guess that's why rescue people have such big hearts, so we won't miss that little chunk.

The next day, with his temp still only 97 degrees, our vet, Dr. Sigel, gave us three choices: take him to University of Pennsylvania where they have expensive, intensive pediatric care; let him operate again and see what was going on; or put him down. The last option was out of the question, and we couldn't afford U of P, so we told Dr. S. to please do what he could.

In total, Lucky had three surgeries to correct the problems with his tummy. I hand fed him baby food and forced Pedialyte into him every three hours for several weeks. As if his umbilical cord problems weren't enough, Lucky also had coccidia, an ear infection and mange. After weeks of convalescing, we finally got this boy healthy. Very healthy.

Lucky started to gain weight, and lots of it. We kept sending photos to everyone asking, "Are you sure he is a Min Pin? He's getting pretty big." We kept hearing, "Oh yes, he is just a poorly bred Min Pin." We continued to hear this until October when he hit 20 pounds and his feet grew to two inches wide. Then everyone who had dealt with him came to the conclusion that Lucky was not a 12-week-old Min Pin when we got him in August, but a 3- or 4-week-old Doberman puppy. Of course we didn't really care what he was, we loved him just the same.

Everything was great until July 1999 when Lucky and one of our Min Pins had a nasty fight. Min Pin and hubby ended up with stitches as a result. It seemed one fight wouldn't be the end of it—and Lucky had a decided size advantage. We agonized over letting Lucky go, but for everyone's safety decided our once tiny Dober-Pin should have a home where he could be the only dog, with no other competition.

Lucky is now an 81-pound Doberman, with floppy ears and a happy disposition. He has company 24 hours a day and is a very spoiled only child. He lives across the street from my Mother—so we get to visit him often. He always seems to remember us, and still wags that nubby tail, just like he did the day we picked him up in North Carolina.

You can read Lucky's story, post by post, at <http://members.nbci.com/MinPinlist/lucky0826.html>

meet petie

Name:
Petie Durand
Role with IMPS:
National Coordinator
Date you joined IMPS:
July 16, 1998
Min Pins names and ages:
Pros Touch Of Class (Toci) age 8
Winston age 4
Food you feed your Min Pins:
Eukanuba Lite
Favorite thing to do with your Min Pins:
watching them
Favorite (human) food:
steak
Favorite TV Show:
Nightline
Favorite Singer:
Bob Dylan
Biggest Pet Peeve:
ignorant people
Words to live by:
"Tomorrow's another day."

did you know?

IMPS has rescued 735
Min Pins so far in 2000!



Frabo is ready for his close-up.



Lily traveled from Texas to Illinois on her journey to her forever home with Marcy Blank.



Emme was adopted by Cheryl in November 1999.

the last howl

by emily mcginnis

I've really debated about what to write about in this month's editor's corner. There is so much packed into this issue, I don't know where to start.

First, I've introduced the first part of a fictional series about Moonbeam, the Min Pin. I want to say that I am not the author of this series. That person wishes to remain anonymous. And yes, I know how the whole thing ends, but I'm not telling. And nobody else but the author knows how the story plays out. That will just be our little secret. I will say that I'm extremely grateful to the author for taking this on and allowing the newsletter to showcase their incredible talent. I know that you all will enjoy this series. It definitely brings up some good points to ponder. It is at once entertaining and thought-provoking. It will make you hug your little ones a little extra.

Also, Christmas is just around the corner. I know that we all have special things planned with family and such. With such a busy season, we can easily get caught up in the hustle and bustle of it all. Please take some time to yourself to sit down and relax with your Min Pins. We all need a break sometimes and this is an easy time of year to put ourselves last. In reality, we should all be giving ourselves some much-needed rest after a busy year.

This has been quite a year for IMPS. We just keep growing and growing. As we grow, let us not lose sight of why we're here and why we got started. Merry Christmas, Lister, wherever you are.

Merry Christmas to all of you, too. Take the time to enjoy the season. See you next year!