



# The Cairn Terrier Times

*Matching Cairns In Need Of Homes  
With Homes In Need Of Cairns*

Fall/Winter 2008

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Dear Friends,

As I sit down to write this letter, I am at a loss for words. As I reflect on the past year, I do not even know how to begin to say thank you for all that you've done to help so many Cairns in need. Every time we issued a challenge to help more dogs, you rose to that challenge, and for that, I will forever be grateful.

I am proud to report that 2008 was a record setting year. In August, we reached the 2000 mark. Since our inception 7 years ago, we have helped to rescue and re-home over 2000 Cairn Terriers in need. Amazing! We could not have reached this significant milestone without each of you. Our foster homes, our adoptive homes, our countless volunteers, you each played a significant role in helping out so many dogs and for that I say THANK YOU. You helped give mill dogs a future, you helped give a beautiful little Cairn girl sitting in a shelter with severe burns the care that she needed and a forever home, and you helped many Cairns facing certain death in shelters across the country have a second chance at life. The economy is causing so many hardships and our owner surrender applications are increasing by leaps and bounds. With housing foreclosures up, families who would never consider parting with their pets are being forced to surrender their beloved animals. Being able to release their canine companions to nurturing foster homes instead of a cold cage and a concrete floor provides a small comfort to these families and animals already facing so much.

While I celebrate our many accomplishments, I still mourn for those we couldn't help. It was still necessary to say that difficult word "no" to countless Cairns in need of the safe haven of Col. Potter. For those special dogs, I hold on to the hope that they found their way to safety. It is heart wrenching to turn dogs away, but we simply don't have the resources to help them all. I carry the heartache of those dogs with me each and every day. It is for those dogs that I fight on.

As we embark on 2009, I issue you our biggest challenge yet. Let 2009 be the year that we can say "YES!" to every Cairn that needs our help. Let this be the year that we turn no dogs away. I encourage you to consider fostering, because that is one of our greatest needs, in addition to funding, but if you can't foster, you can still help in so many meaningful ways. Consider volunteering to transport dogs to help move them into the safety of a foster home or into the loving arms of their forever home. Sign up to do home visits in your region to insure that our foster and forever homes are safe. Our Matchmaker Team matches Cairns for adoption with their perfect forever home, and the list goes on and on. Visit our website to complete a volunteer application and learn about more ways you can help. Of course, if you simply don't have time to volunteer, a financial contribution is also a great way to help us carry out our mission to help Cairn Terriers in need.

Whatever you celebrate, whatever beliefs you hold close to your heart, may you have the pitter patter of happy little Cairn feet surrounding you this holiday season. Thank you for a tremendous year and best wishes for a safe and happy 2009!

Sincerely,

Danielle Rackstraw, President

*Until there are none, our job is not done.  
Join us in our mission.*

[www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)





# IN THE TOY BOX WITH JEFFERY

Hi, everyone, it is me, Jeffery. I'm here to talk about the most favorite things we Cairns like next to food! Toys! Yep, we love toys. If your house is like mine, you got toys all over the place, which probably makes your Mom really mad! I can tell you I tried all kind of containers to keep my toys in, from cardboard boxes to laundry

baskets, canvas boxes, even plastic tubs - nothing worked. Not until Mom found a wooden toy box on Col. Potter's website. It's the best. I can climb in it to get the toy I want without the box tipping over. It holds all my toys and looks great in the living room where I like to keep my toys - I mean they call it a living room, and I live in it! You just have to go online and check out the box, which is handmade by this nice man I met at the New York CRAP! It is the best ever!

OK, so now that you know where to store your toys, I'm going to tell you about my favorite toy; of course, it's on Col. Potter's website. It's the fish with the rope! Oh, boy, this toy is really great, 'cause I can chew on the rope, tug the rope, or even have Mom throw it to me. I also like to kill it, so Mom has to get me a new one just to keep me happy. I'm glad the Mall has that toy and many others. So, where do you get your toys? P.S. Mom just ordered me a new fish from the Mall!

*Editors Note:*

*All the items mentioned here in Jeffery's article can be found on the Col. Potter website, [www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)*



## VISIT ALL OF THE COL POTTER WEBSITES TODAY!

We invite you to visit our websites to learn more about Col. Potter Cairn Rescue Network

Purchase grooming equipment, toys and supplies, and help support Cairns in need. Also, learn more about our Cairns for adoption or how you can volunteer to help.

[www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)



Visit our Blogs too!

Post Adoption Blog <http://postadoption.blogspot.com/>

CPCRN Blog <http://cairnrescue.blogspot.com>

Don't forget to visit CPCRN on YouTube!

<http://youtube.com/profile?user=ColPotterCairnRescue>



## A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL HELPS MOVE 25 CAIRN TERRIERS TO SAFETY

*By Author and Cairn Terrier Activist Kathy Hunt*

It all started with a call from the Intakes Team. They were working on approval to attend an auction. There was an ad on the internet. For health reasons, the owner was selling his 238 dogs, including 29 Cairns - along with all his equipment. I'll admit, I was in tears just reading the ad - 12 adults and 17 puppies. The set-up was strange, he was selling the dogs himself prior to the auction, holding an "Open Kennel". We didn't understand the logistics but were willing to take on the task.

After approval from the Col. Potter Board of Directors, the prep work begins. It really does take a village to arrange a task of this magnitude. Tags, hardware (collars, harnesses, leashes), crates, crate liners all originate from all over the country, all needed quickly since our prep time was short. For some reason, I thought to "GOOGLE" the miller's name and found that he had already had a "total kennel dispersal sale" in 2004. I also discovered that the USDA had revoked his kennel license in 2004 but he was back in business by getting a license under his son's name. Both this miller and the auctioneer are labeled online as "the worst of the worst". I am mentally preparing myself for this, but I soon find that you can never prepare yourself for the reality of it all.

I couldn't sleep Friday night before the auction so I was up an hour before the alarm went off. We headed toward the auction after picking up breakfast since we didn't know when we'd have time to eat again. During the drive, I watched my cell phone closely as the bars got smaller as we neared the location, and I made a mental note of where we'd have to return to use our phone if needed. The last turn to the sale was a narrow gravel road, and the ad mentioned to proceed to the end of the road, 1.7 miles to be exact. My husband, Barney, made the comment there would be no fast getaways. A couple of "characters" met us at the entrance to a pasture and directed us to park and leave ALL cell phones and cameras behind, OR ELSE! We parked and walked past the house, a nice two story with Spanish arches on the front and a double layer deck on the back. On the other side of the road were two big barns, one with the side doors open, a couple of card tables with ladies to register bidders, and the other with folding chairs for set up for the equipment auction.

We stopped and registered, the ladies telling us that they attend church with the miller and it's just too bad that he surrendered his license in May due to health reasons and then the USDA wouldn't allow him to auction his dogs. He either had to find a way to sell them or pay for another kennel license. In my mind I'm thinking "Fat chance! They won't issue him another license since this is the 2nd license they've taken away. Boy, does he have these women fooled." The women explain that the the prices of the dogs are posted on the cages and the sale begins at 9:00 a.m. We are told we can make a lower offer but if there are other interested parties bidding on the same dog, the highest offer will win. The sale will go until 11:00 a.m. when the equipment auction will start. After the equipment auction, any remaining dogs will be brought out and given to the highest offer. We are issued bidder #28, but there's not more than a dozen people wandering around.

We can hear the dogs barking in the distance and our nose tells us that we are headed in the right direction. The dogs were flipping their way in and out of little metal doors inside a metal cage less than two feet tall. We do the walk along outside to see if we see any Cairn heads popping through the door. Yorkies? No - yes, we think that is what

*All pictures featured with this article are of the dogs rescued during this mission.*



## A Deal With The Devil Cont'd

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they are but are still far from standards in every aspect. The dogs were very skittish with so many people around. At the far end, we spot a couple of Cairns but only for a fleeting second. Barney gives a deep sigh and asks me if I'm ready to go in. I don't think you ever truly get ready for this moment. The stench will stay with us for years. For the dogs, we enter the barn, and there we stand, inside a true puppy miller's nasty kennel. For us, it is a necessary journey, for the dogs, too many of them across the country, it is the only life they will ever know.

There is a foyer about six square feet with dirty white walls and then another doorway. Barney has to duck to go in, dodging ceiling fans, though none of them are working. The walls inside are an old yellow formica, stained brown around the edges of the inclosure. There must be twenty to twenty-five enclosures down the wall, with a second row underneath. The middle of the room is set up a little differently. There is a middle aisle with an enclosure on both sides with totally enclosed boxes at the back. I'm assuming this is where the momma dogs are kept and have their puppies in this dark and ugly place. The "good" thing is that under each wall of cages is a piece of formica that is hanging suspended so it is bowed in the middle, creating a trough of sorts to catch the dog's excrement. These dogs at least aren't living in total filth, but the troughs haven't been hosed out, and the putrid smell and the flies are overwhelming.

We walk down the row of dogs, trying to act like we are comfortable with our surroundings. We've got a catalog we've been given of the listings of dogs, and I'm writing the prices next to the Cairns as we are finding them. Some dogs look at us with the clouded eyes of age, and I have to turn away and regain my focus on our mission. The worst scene? In the middle of all this filth in a cage in the middle sits a 3 year old black female Shi-Poo named Sissie Sue. She's sitting outside the dark box on the wire, and laying next to her having to maneuver across those one inch grids is her five puppies, born 7-20, not quite 3 weeks old. The mom is sitting with her head resting against the side of her cage, with a look of total hopelessness on her face. I quietly tell her to hang in there. I won't ever forget that poor family - a sickening sight that will always haunt me.

We come up missing three of the Cairns listed, an adult female and two female puppies, but we've found two boys that aren't listed. I stop one of the high school girls to help, but she's no help in finding them. I'm worried about how to proceed because our first priority is the females, and he's marked the females twice as much as the males. I wonder and think. The males are within our allotted price range. Should I buy as many as I can for our money? Should I try dealing some of the females down? Barney cannot give me advice. It is getting harder to imagine leaving any of them behind. At 9:00 a.m., I have to do something and I start to panic so I buy the one boy that is marked below my price before someone beats me to him. I ask about the missing dogs. The owner snaps at one of the kids to help me, the one who already tried without success. Then, I decide to make a bold move. I ask if he'll sell me all the Cairns for one price. I tell him that Barney has allowed me a certain amount to spend and ask him to deal with me. He replies that his sale just started and he has people coming in from Kansas to buy some dogs. He would like as many as possible to go for the list price. As we talk, a female comes up and pays full price for an adult female and one of the pups. I've already lost two, as a rescue group with limited funds, we cannot compete with her offer.



## A Deal With The Devil Cont'd

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I ask the owner if I can stand by the table and make counter-offers. I am sick at the thought of losing any more of them. He says, yes, that's how he wants this to work. I start the waiting game. I'm figuring in my catalog my amount left to spend divided by the number of Cairns available. I start to consider so many scenarios and it's all eating me up with worry. Would any offer be good enough? I watch, I wait, hoping I have time on my side since I know he wants to sell them all.

I start people watching. Most are interested in the sad Yorkies. They are breeders, not shopping for pets. People coming for a pet would be too shocked at the condition of the dogs. Everyone is chatting with everyone else - How many do you have? Where do you sell? - so I make up a story with Barney by my side so we are on the same page. We do not dare say that we are in this awful environment for rescue. It is too unsafe.

An hour or so goes by, and I am impatient. I remind them that I'm still there waiting. People have come and gone, a few making purchases at the posted price, no one else trying to purchase a Cairn. Once the miller left the table to deal with a buyer at a dog's cage, I take the opportunity to suck up to the auctioneer. I ask him if I've missed anyone interested in the Cairns. He reports no, and asks again for my offer. He does some fast math and agrees that I'm making a pretty fair deal for the lot. I reinforce that if they wait until the end to bring the dogs to the table to sell, I could be getting them for a lot less than I'm offering but I'm trying to be fair and save us both time. He tells me when the owner comes back up, I should wander away, and he'll work on him for me. So, I wander and watch, he's been given the bait. Did he take it or had I gone too far and now stand to lose the Cairns?

There are now fewer people in the kennel. Several have left, several have taken seats to wait for the auction of equipment to begin. Barney's wandering in and out of the barn to straighten his neck as are many of the taller men. I return to the table to stand my ground. It seems as if the time to pay full price is gone and people are beginning to deal on the dogs. The owner finally gets all the sold dogs tagged, and I can tell from his actions that he's done. It's past time to start the auction. All of a sudden he looks at me and asks me for my offer. My heart starts to race but I try to remain calm on the outside. I restate my offer but explain I need some clarification since I still have not located 3 of the dogs. We look for the dogs, can't find them, and he admits his paperwork could be off. We start counting heads, 24 remain, not counting the one I've already bought. I state the offer again and break it down per head. I've been running this scenario through my head the entire time I've been waiting.



We return to the table and he stares at his paperwork, I believe looking at all the dogs that haven't sold. I, once again, stick them with the cold hard facts. If he waits until the end of the day and takes them to the table by lots, I may end up getting them for far less. I state he should save us both time and accept my offer. Panic sets in - I've laid my final offer on the table - will he take it or have I made him mad? He finally looks up and says "I'll take your offer ma'am." I think I saw Barney's jaw drop. I want to jump for joy but realize we are not safe yet.



We go to the cash table and he tells the ladies that I'm getting every Cairn in the place for the settled price. He gives a hollar to bring all the Cairns to us to load. We start cramming dogs into crates and I'm writing their tag # on the tape I've previously put on each crate. I'm also keeping a list so I know I've gotten everybody. The ladies want to know where we sell our puppies and brag this miller sends his puppies all the way to New York City to sell in pet stores. I make up a line that I sell in Kansas City, Chicago, and St. Louis. I also brag that I have a Japanese contact set up since they love the *Wizard of Oz*.

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One of the ladies getting the paperwork together tells us "Stop, there's a

## A Deal With The Devil Cont'd

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problem.” I quietly tell the workers to keep bringing the puppies and I’ll go back inside and see what it is. She tells me there is a couple of dogs without paperwork and they won’t be any good to me without registration. I tell her I don’t care, if I cross breed them, the papers won’t matter. We finish loading and leave with 25 Cairn Terriers headed for a new life.

As we drove the 1.7 miles toward the gate, my heart thumped loudly. I could feel it thumping in my chest, and I was sure the man at the gate would hear it. We had to remember that we were not to safety yet. The second we left the gate and were on public property, the tears of joy started streaming down both of our faces. We could not believe that we had just made a deal with the devil and won.



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## Blessing Of The Animals

The following was used at the Blessing of the Animals at the Rome, NY CRAP (Cairn Rescue Annual Party). Deirdre Bailleu, 2008

### These Furry, Soft and Gentle Things

Dear Lord, please join with us today.

We bow our heads and quietly pray  
That Blessings falling from above  
Will fall to earth on those we love.

Not all we love has human form  
But all seek shelter from life’s storm  
The winds that blow the rains that fall  
Please, spread Your mantel over all.

Dogs and cats and human too  
We pass their caring unto You  
Both those we have and hold today  
And those whom time has whisked away.

We humbly ask Your blessign Lord  
Those gathered here, those far abroad  
Those in cages, those in pain  
Those we hope to see again.

These furry, soft and gentle things  
Whose loving hearts and beating wings  
With barking, mewing and with song  
Bring praise to YOU the whole day long.



# YOUR PURCHASE SUPPORTS CAIRN PUPS

BY AMY ROBINSON

With the holidays coming, there is no better time to get a wonderful gift for someone AND help our Cairns as well. We have several items that come out of our home in Northeast Pennsylvania for Col. Potter's Kids, and I'd like to take a minute to share them with you.

We have a limited number of Volume II cookbooks available. *Your Culinary Companion - A Cookbook for Cairn Terrier Lovers and Friends* is a 3" leatherette covered loose leaf binder with "off the shelf" tried and true family recipes - 753 of them to be exact! The artwork dividers are wonderful, as is our cover. It's the kind of cookbook, that when people see it, the one word they say is "wow." Cookbooks are wonderful gifts, and we offer them to be shipped directly to the gift recipient too. The \$30 cost of the cookbook includes shipping straight to your door. Additional books purchased on the same order and shipped to the same address are \$28. Don't miss out, they won't last. Cookbooks are available on the Col Potter website: [http://mall.cairnrescue.com/inv\\_cookbookv2.htm](http://mall.cairnrescue.com/inv_cookbookv2.htm)

A Cairn toy box is the perfect gift for your Cairn friends (or just any dog) in your life. Brian's toy boxes are furniture grade white pine. Construction is dovetail corners on the front, and biscuit joined on the back. The bottom panel is inlaid in a groove and you can have your choice of "Cairn Toys" or "Toys" with paw prints. These boxes are a generous 18" square and 7 1/2" deep.

Now, for a true work of art, Frank's Intarsia. Intarsia is a work and skill intensive form of wood inlaying that is similar to a puzzle type sculpture. There is a hook on the back so they are ready to hang when they arrive in your home. These are for indoor use only and are a welcome addition to any home.

Functional, functional, functional - Amy's Aprons are a work of art and usefulness. They are generous and fit well on all sized folks. You can have your choice of hunter green, red, or burgundy as your apron color, and ANY choice of Cairn color, with up to 4 Cairns per apron. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery, as each one is done to order and hand painted with care.



Apron

<http://tinyurl.com/5wrdvl>



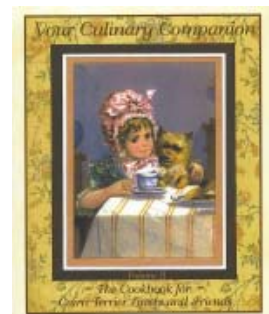
Toy Box

[www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)



Intarsia Cairn

[www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)



Cookbook

[www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com)

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## Volunteers Needed

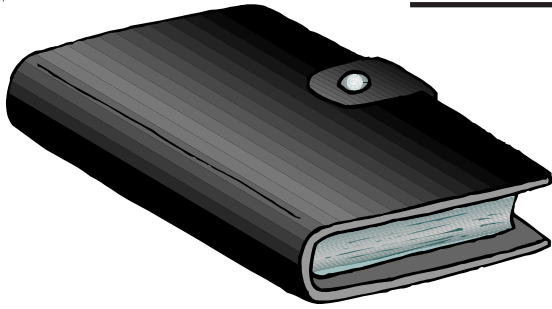
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CPCRN is experiencing record numbers of incoming dogs needing foster homes and incoming applications needing to be processed. Our need for volunteers in ALL AREAS is great right now. Even if you only have a couple of hours a week free time, you can help coordinate a home safety visit or drive a leg in a transport. If you have not filled out our volunteer form, please consider taking a few minutes to do so. We always try to find the best fit for your skills, experience and time restrictions. We all have busy lives but the Cairns will thank you for any way you can volunteer. **Volunteer form:** <http://cairnrescue.com/rescue/volunteer.htm>

Remember, if you are a CP Adoptive Home, your dog came to you because of a team of wonderful volunteers - rescue/transport, foster, reference checkers, home safety visits, matchmakers, and many more. Consider helping someone experience the love and happiness that you are with your rescue Cairn Terrier. Thank you for considering volunteering.

# CHLOE'S DIARY

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As Written By  
Chloe  
Bird Hunter Extraordinaire  
and General All-around Cairn  
Princess Extraordinaire

Dear Diary

I wuz *not* a happy Cairn yesterday: I gotted in trubber again last night. I didden do nuttin wrong, I swears! I just wuz defending my very own property from any of my unscrupulous siblings (like Murphy, for example) dat might hab come along and trieded to grab my bone away from my poor little youngest-in-da-house self. It iz not fair dat I got a time out in my crate from Mommy for being obnoxious. Obnoxious? *Moi?* Dat's what she calleded me: obnoxious! Do yuz believe it?

Here's what happeneded: Mommy wuz sitting on da sofa talking on da phone to her friend when I strolled by wid my new cheese-filled bone, just happy happy happy as can be, as I usually iz. I picked out da perfect spot on the living room carpet and stretched out to enjoy my bounty as I watched dat dumb Dog Whisperer Guy try to assert his calm energy ober some poor unfortunate dogs dat got nabbed to be on his TV show. Glad dat wasn't *me*, iz all I can says: I don't holds much wid obedience training as I haz stated on previous occasions. And dis scurrilous philosophy dat he iz spreading about withholding affection and reward until after da dog iz obedient....*dream on, Buddy*, I says! Chloe, Bird Hunter Extraordinaire, deserves 24/7 affection and reward for just *being* Chloe! Forget dis calm assertive energy crapola: I iz 3 years old, manic and proud of it. *Deal wid it, Cesar!*

Anyways, dere I iz, chomping happily away watching some older lady and her German Shepard who I tink weighs more dan she duz getting calm-asserted by da Dog Guy, and da dog—poor dumb fool—iz jumping off da soft comfy bed and sitting like a statue in da corner of da room until you-know-who-wid-da-TV-show snaps his fingers and tells da dog he can stand up again. A disgrace to German Shepards everywhere, da dog follows da instructions obediently after just a few sharp hisses from Cesar. Well, enuf said about dat, my blood pressure iz rapidly climbing as I recount dis nonsense to yuz all. Dere iz a reason you neber see *Cairn Terriers* on da Dog Guy's show. Dat's all I iz gonna says about it. Calm assertive energy, my patootie! *Whatever.*

So as I iz snorting in open disgust, my older sister Keira comes ambling by. Keira comeded to us from dat Col. Potter guy dat also broughted me and Punkin to Mommy. But unlike me and my favorite sister Punkin, 12 year old Keira iz blind and she haz some medical problem wid her knees so dat she sort-of prances instead of walks. Rear luxating patellas, I tink dey calls it. She don't mind it, she iz pretty easy going most of da time; and since she iz blind, she don't usually bodder me much. When Punkin and I haz our all-out running around da house or da yard manic play sessions, Keira usually heads for Mommy's lap and stays out of our way so dat she don't get run ober. Wise move on her part. But to get back to my sad little tale of woe, dis time she wuz *not* on Mommy's lap. Dis time she wuz prancing around da room trying to find her way to where Mommy wuz yakking on da phone. Mommy haz a big mouth, so Keira wuz slowly making her way ober in dat direction, if yuz get da drift. She gets around real good—so duz blind Molly, my udder 12 year old sister—so all wuz well in Chez Brandt. *Until.....*

Now, in my own defense, I totally blame da Dog Guy for riling up my blood pressure wid his stupid parlor tricks wid da poor German Shepard. Becuz I knows I wuz *FINE* when I started chomping on my bone, and if I wuz watching someting else on TV I would definitely *not* have reacted as I did to Keira when she bumped into me and my dee-licious yummy yummy cheese-filled bone. Which wuz....obnoxiously. So Mommy goes, 'Bad girl, Chloe.'

# CHLOE'S DIARY CONT'D

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'Time out, Chloe.' 'Stop scaring your sister, Chloe.' Growling. Lunging at her. Me at Keira, I means. Not Mommy at me. Mommy just stood dere wid her hands on her hips giving me dat look. Da one dat says dat all will not be well in Chloe's World very soon. All becuz I.....Ummmmm.....yeah, OK, so I was kinda obnoxious, now dat I considers it carefully. Don't tell Mommy I admitted it, dough. She'll only use it against me. But anyways, Keira wuzn't even hurt, she just pranced over to da sofa and layded dere and smiled goofy while I landed my cute furry butt in my crate for a long time out...widdout my yummy bone, I might add. Which wuz da worst part of da whole ting. I neber got my yummy bone back dat night, eidder. Wuz I *pissed!* Well? Wouldn't *you* be? My sister Punkin comeded over to keep me company at da crate, she just layded dere and looked sad at me and I cried and cried and cried...until, dat iz, I realized dat Mommy wuzn't paying my crying any attention. I guess she wuz asserting dat dumb calm Dog Guy energy or whatever. So I stopped crying and fell asleep. Sigh.....

But today I bounced back and gots back to being *me* again. Dis time I didn't fool Mommy dough wid my very own favorite trick: hiding da bathroom mat. I likes doing it, and da first time I dided it, Mommy almost went out of her mind trying to figure out where da mat disappeared to. She even checked da laundry to see if she washded it and had a 'senior moment' and forgot dat. But den she found it. She wuz vacuuming under her bed, and presto...dere it wuz! Just where I'd tucked it, so dat I could lay comfortably on it when I hides under da bed when we play at night. How did I manage dat? *HA!* Wouldn't Mommy like to know! Yep: I admit, it wuz quite a tremendous feat on my part, considering it iz bigger dan I iz. But den, as I says: I iz Chloe, Cairn Terrier Princess Royale. I does da amazing. I does da unthinkable. I does....*whatever I wants to*. Until Mommy gets pissed and gives me 'time out', dat iz.

Wonder where dat yummy yummy bone iz now?? And how cute I has to be to get Mommy to gives it to me again....



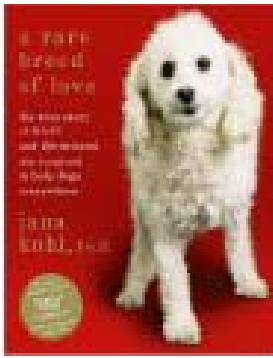
*Chloe carries two bones and demonstrates that she did not learn from her experience.*

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## DOGS LIVE HERE - AUTHOR UNKNOWN

My dogs live here, they're here to stay. You don't like pets, be on your way. They share my home, my food, my space. This is their home, this is their place. You will find dog hair on the floor, they will alert when you are at the door. They may request a little pat, a simple "no" will settle that. It gripes me when I hear you say "just how is it you live this way?" They smell, they shed, they're in the way... "WHO ASKED YOU" is all I can say. They love me more than anyone, my voice is like the rising sun. They merely have to hear me say "C'mon, time to go and play." Then tails wag and faces grin, they bounce and hop and make a din. they never say "no time for you" they're always there to go and do. And if I'm sad? They're by my side and if I'm mad? They circle wide. And if I laugh? they laugh with me, they understand, they always see. So once again, I say to you come visit me but know this too... My dogs live here, they are here to stay. You don't like pets be on your way. They share my home, my food, my space, this is their home, this is their place.





# A RARE BREED OF LOVE

A book review by **Kristen Hufsey**

How much is that doggie in the window?

The one with the waggley tail?

How much is that doggie in the window?

I do hope that doggie's for sale.

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Everyone from the 1940s to 1960s will remember the song. Back in those days, most of us got our puppy from a litter from our next door neighbor's dog, which got out of the back yard, ran loose around the neighborhood, and came home pregnant. Most people didn't think much about purebred dogs, except maybe Lassie and Rin Tin Tin. We had our "Heinz 57 Variety," and that was just fine. Pet shops were a little pricey, and a lucky few could spend the money to pick out the breed they wanted. Of course, these pet shops weren't around every corner, and they always looked clean and bright.

My first purebred was a Cairn Terrier, back in 1969, and my parents picked up McDuff of Carlyle from a local pet shop. Most 16-year-olds want cars, but for me, it was a Cairn. Back then we never really thought to seek out a private breeder, and there were no on-line kennel services to get information from, so the pet shop was the place to go. Max was the "perfect" Cairn, and as he matured, I started taking him to local shows, just to get my feet wet in Confirmation. Even at 18 years old, I could tell he was not up-to-standard with the Cairns being shown; he looked like a Cairn, but he was a little longer, his head was too large, and he had very little undercoat. No problem, we just changed to the Obedience classes. A couple years later he was hit by a car when a neighbor's child opened our front door, and out he ran.

My second purebred was also a Cairn. McDuff of Duncansby was a beautiful wheaton, with a dark muzzle. Perfect Cairn as a puppy, but as an adult, he too was below what the standard called for. Sterling Black Laddie came next, also from a pet shop – no, I hadn't quite caught on yet. When he matured, Laddie Buck had a gorgeous coat, beautiful head, and so much personality. Unfortunately, his adult teeth remained stubs; the veterinarian thought it might be due to surviving puppy distemper. Ross's Bonnie Miss was next, same pet shop, and I now assume, same puppy mill. Probably same mother bred year-after-year, although the "papers" didn't indicate that. Bonnie was the most expensive puppy from more than a half-dozen Cairns available, and at that time, expensive meant better. She was fluffy and spunky, and a bundle of joy. Her papers even indicated a few champions in her bloodline; however, Bonnie never grew, remaining about 8-1/2 inches at the withers – like a large, wiry Chihuahua!

That was my last venture into the world of pet shops. Although I knew then the quality of puppies sold at pet shops was not the best, it still seemed adequate for family pets. It wasn't until just a few years ago, I found out what pet shops and puppy mills were really all about.

I have the internet to thank for enlightening me of the horrors of puppy mills, and for people like the author, **Jana Kohl**, and other animal welfare activists. Jana was uninformed and unsuspecting when she went to her first breeder, expecting to find a healthy puppy; instead, she found despair and cruelty, and overwhelming filth. As fate would have it, along came Baby, an innocent dog who spent years in a small wire cage, with little food and water, no proper medical care, no human touch, and no hope. Jana was so moved by what she experienced, she has devoted her life to spreading the word of puppy mills.

**A Rare Breed of Love** shows us what great things just one person on a mission can do. Jana travels all over the country, talking to Congressmen, celebrities, and just about anyone else who will listen about changing laws to improve (if not shut down) puppy mills, and other so-called animal farming. Most of the people she meets are very powerful, and their support is essential in improving the lives of animals. And she has Baby as her Good Will





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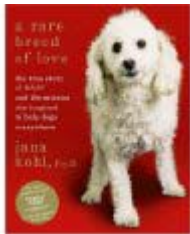
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## A RARE BREED OF LOVE CONTINUED...

ambassador, and as a testament to what a little kindness and care can do for a dog mentally and physically damaged by a puppy mill.

She also talks about selective empathy, when people are outraged at the thought of animal cruelty, but don't want to see the end result, or take a step forward in helping fight for changes. We all love our own dogs and cats, but few want to step up and be a voice for defenseless animals. The puppy millers will continue their abuse as long as we continue to let them, and each year thousands and thousands of dogs will continue to suffer.

After reading this book, I know we must combine our single voices into a force to be reckoned with, because doing nothing perpetuates injustice and abuse.

# IF I HADN'T ADOPTED A SENIOR DOG WITH ISSUES ...

by Kathy Rudy



*Spanky poses proudly  
for the camera*

Last year I was sent to evaluate a dog for admission into a breed specific rescue program. He was a senior dog with “issues”. He was still active and playful and had years to go, but, in numbers, he was a senior. I was sure that this rescue would accept him as they accept all but the most hopeless of cases, but still, he needed evaluation.

I had NO intention of adopting a dog on that day and certainly not a senior dog with issues. It had only been 6 weeks since we had lost our heart dog and we were still in deep mourning. I was currently fostering a dog and had been with other dogs in need of a home so it was not one of those “I have to help this poor boy” kind of things. It was, instead, one of those “chemical” things. From 25 feet away we knew we were meant for each other and on January 8, 2005 9 year old Spanky came to live at my home – well he was going to be 9 on January 12<sup>th</sup> (my daughter’s birthday!) so he was 9 <wink>.

Things have progressed since that fateful day. We attended to his medical problems and are working on behavioral ones. Spanky is, indeed, a work in progress and probably will be for the rest of his life. And that is just fine. We are committed to his well being but never had a clue how committed he was to ours.

I am asthmatic but have it well under control. In case of problems I have all the stuff I need to care for myself at home. I have not had a bad attack in well over 10 years. On February 24<sup>th</sup> I went to sleep like any other night. I took my night time meds, watched a bit of TV and fell asleep. About 2 AM I am hearing this strange compelling alert bark coming from Spanks and it seemed like he was far far away. I am also aware that I was coughing erratically. But I was truly out of it, almost like I was drugged. I was confused and lethargic. I heard Spanky barking and I did sense that he was standing right over me, (he was in actuality jumping on me) but he also seemed so far away. I think I wanted to tell him to shut up but not really. I wasn’t really thinking I was just experiencing.

Larry was downstairs. He was having trouble sleeping and went for a snack and fell asleep in front of the TV. He heard Spanky’s weird bark and when it didn’t stop he came upstairs and called to me. I didn’t answer him - I was really out of it. He called again – louder - and I did finally respond to him. I sat up and realized I was having a life threatening asthma attack. I reached for my rescue inhaler and thank goodness it gave me some immediate relief. Within about 30 seconds I had a clearer head and was able to act rationally and did what was necessary to control the asthma attack. I tried to settle back to sleep. During the whole ordeal Spanky was glued to me. Literally. Every step I took he mirrored with his side always touching me. When I was back in bed he lay over me with his head on my chest, almost like he was listening.

If he had not tried to wake me with the alert bark, and Larry had not heard that strange and compelling bark and come upstairs, I probably would not be here to write this. A physician told me that the lethargy and confusion I felt was probably due to CO<sub>2</sub> Narcosis which is anesthetizing and I would not have awakened enough to use the rescue inhaler and never known what happened to me.

So had I passed on adopting a dog that I connected with because he was a “senior dog with issues”, I might very well not be alive today as I am sure that I owe him my life.

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# FROM THE DESK OF MS. KNOWS-A-LOT

(A HUMOROUS LOOK AT PROBLEMS FROM THE DOG'S POINT OF VIEW)

*Ms. Knows-A-Lot or Ms. Knows, as we call her for short, is a seven-year-old female Cairn that has a very impressive background in handing out advice or bossing around the Cairns in her family home. Ms. Knows is our resident Cairn Advice Columnist and your dogs can submit questions or problems for her to answer by writing to the editor of this paper or by submitting them directly to LKSADixon3@aol.com (just put Question for Mrs. Knows in the Subject Line). The letters and answers are uncensored and the CTT management firmly states that they do not necessarily support the answers given!*



Dear Ms. Knows

I been dopted from Kernel Podder bout a year now and I am reely happy inna my new home. My human Mom and Dad takes me just about eberywhere they goes and I goss to tell you that life is

F-I- N-E! Well most ob the time that is. Wee went onna fishin trip this summer inna big mountains inna place kalled Tenasea. There was a lake wif loss ob fish and loss ob places for a manly corn dog like mee to go huntin too. My Dad is preddy cool – when I caught da squirrel and brought it to him he patted mee onna head and said Good Boy – you are a exzellent hunter Ollie and I was sooo happee acause I want him to lob me a lot. Da next daze, I was watchin Mom and Dad put worms onna hooks an throw dem inna lake. Then da fishes inna lake wood eat da worms and get caught onna hook – so now, I hab learned a little bits bout fishin but I fink it beez a liddle bits borin so I decided to walk around da yard ob our cabin and see what might beez waitin for mee to catch. Aha – I saw a wabbit rite at the edge ob the yard. So I chased it round and round da yard. Here came Mom screemin – Ollie stop – leab da wabbit alone. Well, I did not do it. I had to grab da wabbit and gib it a liddle shakie. Den, it stopped movin. I picked it up and carried it to Mom so she could give me a good pat onna head like Dad did wif da squirrel. Mom was standin there just lookin at mee like I was a bad boy! I am finking – hey what's up Mom, I brought ya a preddy little wabbit – you can take its skin and make some ear muffs or sumfing. However, she just turnded her back on mee and walked to Dad and said YOU go and clean up Ollie's mess – I am not going to touch it! I is reely feeling bad now that I hurted Mam's feelings – I guess she wanted a squirrel and was unhappy wif mee acause I brought her a wabbit instead! Dad said to not worree about it – dat human women don't like to see animals kilt but I am reely finking that if I goes and finds her a squirrel an brings it to her, I can makes her happee wif me again. Cents you are a woman dog, what do you fink – squirrel or wabbit – which one wood YOU want if your manly corn dog was out huntin for ya? Do ya belief that if I bring her a squirrel that she will forgess bout the wabbit and lob me as much as she did BTRI (before the rabbit incident)? I will be watchin for you answer inna paper. Dis beez a berry emportant decision for mee ya nose!!

Lob from Ollie da Mans Dog (who used to be Mams dog until I kilt da wabbit)

**Ms. Knows-A-Lot Responds On The Following Page**

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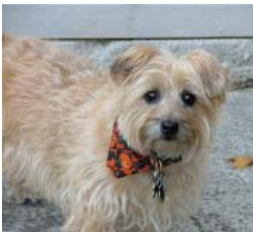
## A RESPONSE FROM MS. KNOWS-A-LOT

Dear Ollie – tell you Mom to (as the words in a song by the Eagles say) GET OBER IT! I knows this sounds cruel but dats just the way the cookie crumbles my friend. She should lob you no madder WHAT you brings her. A squirrel has fur, a wabbit has fur and ya knows what – Possums and Rats goss fur too and who knows, sumdaze you might katch one ob them too and brings it to her. She has to learn to have some of those manners that the humans are always trying to teach to us dogs and not insult us when we are nice enough to bring the results of our hunts to them for praise. After all, when your Mom and Dad kaught those fishes inna lake – did they eat them later? You did not even try to eat what you caught! I beez finkin that your Mom was just a liddle jealous that you kaught a wabbit when she kould not do it herself. Don't worry buddee – she has likely alreddy forgotten bout the wabbit and you should just not bring it back up by bringin her a squirrel rite now.

**Hugs from Ms. Knows!!**

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### In Case Of Emergency



Just as you do with your family's emergency supply kit, it is necessary to prepare to care for your pet in a disaster. As you put together an emergency kit, consider putting everything together that you and your pet would need to stay where you are, and a smaller, lightweight kit in a travel bag to carry with you. Be sure to examine your kit periodically to make sure that items like food and medicine are still fresh. The following items should be included in a pet emergency kit: food, water, medicine and medical records, collar with id tag, harness and leash, crate or other pet carrier, and sanitation supplies such as plastic trash bags, pet litter, newspaper, and paper towel and bleach for cleaning. Also, be sure to include a photo of your pet in the event you get separated. On the back of the photo, include specifics about breed, age, sex, color, and distinguishing characteristics. Don't forget to include familiar items such as toys, a blanket, or treats in your kit to help reduce stress on your pet.

Plan out what you will do in an emergency. Plan how you will assemble your pets and anticipate where you will go. If you must evacuate, keep in mind that many public shelters will not accept animals. Be familiar with lodging alternatives that will accept you along with your pets. Find out before an emergency what facilities will accept you and your pets.

Talk with your vet about emergency planning as well. Get recommendations of vets in areas where you might seek temporary shelter. Also, talk with your vet about permanent identification such as microchipping, and enrolling your pet in a pet recovery database if one exists in your area. Obtain a "Pets Inside" sticker and place on your doors or windows, including information on the number and type of pets in your home to alert firefighters and rescue workers. Consider putting a phone number on the sticker where you can be reached in case of an emergency.

Most importantly, stay informed. It is important that you are aware of what might happen and what type of emergency are likely to affect your region.



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## BABY STEPS

**Flynn** brought a whole new meaning to the term “food aggression.” Since being adopted, his food issues are improving by leaps and bounds. He still has to be fed separately but now, he can be in the room when one of his canine companions is given his dinner. Since he has been eating separately, his guarding calmed down and his Mom can sit with him without Flynn growling. He is also improving on his “bite” reflex. When his family first brought home Flynn, his first instinct when he became afraid was to bite, but now that he is learning to trust his family, he has not broken skin in 6 months. Way to go Flynn!

**JJ (CP name Jonquil)** will now go COMPLETELY into the kitchen for a treat. He was hesitant because it was across the house from his beloved bed that is in the corner of the living room. He now comes out of his corner to let his Mom know that he has to potty too. If Mom isn't paying attention, he doesn't persist, but potties on the floor in front of her. Mom has made a baby step of her own - she pays attention! Mom says, “We LOVE this old guy!”



**Maise (CP name Flopsy)** has had an issue with her toes and chews on them. She has learned to let her mom perform “toe therapy.” Toe therapy consists of applying Listerine Gold for the antibacterial effect and keeping a close eye on her little nails. Mom reports, “She's such a good girl. I just put her up on the window seat and put each foot in a little dish and she stands there for a good 4 minutes.”

**Maggie**, now 5 years old, was a puppy mill girl that was adopted in December, 2005. She used to be a homebody and feared to venture out, but not so anymore. Maggie accompanied her Mom to Syracuse to attend the Col Potter New York CRAP this last summer. They spent four nights away and while Maggie didn't venture far from mom's sight, each day she became more comfortable. When Maggie returned home, she was very glad to see everyone. Many of her fears are a thing of the past as she is a “seasoned traveller.” She plays at the dog park instead of following Mom everywhere and the groomer reports that she seems much calmer now. Maggie also tells Patrick that he cannot always be the one sitting in Mom's lap.

**Callie (CP Name Calzada)** is living the life of a pampered princess. She lived in San Francisco for about a year but now lives with her family in the Portland area. She has a little fenced back yard and goes to the dog park every weekend. She has also become a great traveler. At the airport, everyone is amazed by how well-behaved she is. During layovers, her family sits in the lounge and she has a seat of her own. Her grandparents have 3 Cairn girls and she loves playing with them on visits.



***He is your friend, your partner, your defender, your dog. You are his life, his love, his leader. He will be yours faithful and true, to the last beat of his heart. You owe it to him to be worthy of such devotion.***

***Author Unknown***

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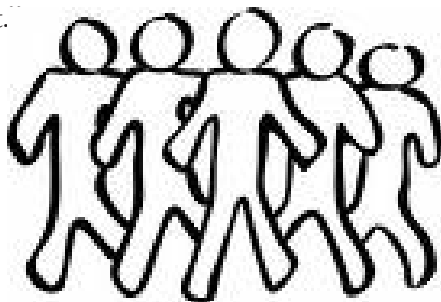
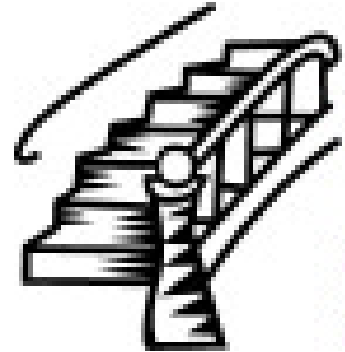
## SPORTS BRAGS

**Donnie (CP name Dondi)** has completed his CGC and has received his certificate from AKC. His family is so proud of him! Mom says, "He is really fun to have around but keeps us on our toes!"

**Monkey (CP name Jared)** has earned two more titles since the last issue of the Cairn Terrier Times. He earned his Rally Advanced and Rally Excellent titles thru the Mixed Breed Dog Club. He also passed the AKC's Canine Good Citizen test. He's come a long way from the fearful little guy who growled at his foster mom for three hours on the day they first met.

## MAJOR STEPS

**Heidi (CP name Haviland)** along with her brother Jack accompanied their Mom on a 3,050 mile trip this past summer. She traveled in the car to Papillion, NE and back without getting sick or making a peep about the long trip and noisy hotels. She is very afraid of strange corridors but we figured out that if she went down the corridors touching the wall, she could move right along instead of refusing to go at all. She was excellent at communicating her needs, and negotiating with Jack and me to get what we all needed and wanted to have a fabulous trip. Just a week after that trip, Heidi, Jack, and Mom took a trip to the Pacific Ocean and boy did they have fun. Mom reports, "Heidi wasn't fearful at all, and even got her legs wet."



## TEAM BRAGS!!!

In August, the Intakes Team reported their largest single month in the history of CP! CP's prior mark was 59 intakes in one month. In August, the Intakes Team opened the door to CP to welcome 65 Cairn Terriers into Col Potter Cairn Rescue Network. Way to go Intakes Team, but THANKS to all of our volunteers and donors who made this possible.

The Communications Team had a great month in August too! In total, 101 applications were submitted for our amazing little Cairns. 58 applications were approved for home visits. 15 repeat adoptions from previous CP homes were approved (3 were homes from 2001/2002 who have lost their Cairns over the Rainbow Bridge). 10 Cairns were adopted by their foster homes. 4 applications were denied due to 3 families having young children and no Cairn experience and one family planned to leave their dog outside. 7 applicants withdrew their applications and 2 applications were close for non response. Thanks Communications Team for helping so many Cairns find their way home!



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*'Never be afraid to do what's right, especially if the well-being of a person or animal is at stake. Society's punishments are small compared to the wounds we inflict on our soul when we look the other way.' ~ Martin Luther King, Jr.*

Betty Richardson

## GOING THE EXTRA MILE

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Here at Col. Potter, we appreciate all the work that each and every one of our foster homes put into rehabilitating the Cairns that they welcome into their homes for care. Our foster parents always go the extra mile, but from time to time, we call on them to do even more. Such was the case this year when we took in a mommy dog, on more than one occasion, that was days, if not hours, away from giving birth.

Karen in Mississippi is just one shining example of a foster mom who is more than willing to welcome a mommy dog into her home to care for mommy and babies. In fact, she thinks during her time with Col Potter, she has fostered 5 Mom dogs and her pups. Pregnant mill dogs are released when the mill has too many dogs, when the Mom isn't know to be a good mom (she may kill her babies in the mill but this normally doesn't happen in a more relaxed, controlled environment of a foster home), or the mill might be shut down. Col. Potter is glad to be able to welcome these expectant Mom's into our rescue program.

Karen got her start years ago when she used to breed so when Col. Potter needed help, she was a natural to lend a hand. She reports that dogs carry their litters for approximately 63 days. You can tell when they are ready to whelp, the term given to dogs giving birth, when they start to nest by shredding paper in a whelping box, their temps drop below 100, and they have a bloody discharge. When the temp drops below 100, it means the litter will be whelped within 24 hours. Then, the fun begins with the birth of the Cairn pups - normally a litter of 2 to 4 dogs.

The first few days a litter is born, the mom will not leave except for brief moments to go outside to potty and you have to insist then. She will rush back in as soon as she is done keeping her ears alert for even the smallest noise.

She keeps them close for warmth and licks their bottoms and peepee's to make them go to the bathroom. She digests all their excrement until the pups start eating solid food around the age of 5 weeks. After about week 3, she is less protective and only a real SQUEAL will bring her running to check on them. She is still protective and others are not allowed close. During week 5, Karen reports that they start weaning the pups. It normally takes 2 weeks to wean, unless you have stubborn kids. This is a difficult time for Mom as she spends more time away from her pups.

When weaned, the pups begin to produce massive amounts of pee and poo and without mom to clean it up, the duty falls to our beloved foster family. The foster parents are normally already worn out from no sleep since the first few weeks are hectic. You play maid service to Mom feeding her in bed since she won't leave her pups, you worry about the pups making sure they stay warm, Mom does not roll on them, and they are breathing. You have to keep the whelping box warm with a heating pad and you have to check constantly that the babies don't get cold until about three weeks old.

All of this becomes more complicated with a Mill Mom since they don't trust humans. They are shy and fearful and while they may have had litters, they've never had humans helping them through the process. They also have more medical issues which can lead to complications while caring for their pups.

Karen claims that while you get attached to the pups, at 9 weeks, after your life is on hold caring for Mom and babies, you are ready to adopt them into their forever family. She reports she gets more attached to the Mom but is always happy to see her go into a home of her own to be the princess of her very own family.

***Watch for the next issue of the Cairn Terrier Times for a story on wonderful foster parents Lori and Mike Rothmeier and their journey fostering 2 litters of pups in 2008 and a litter in 2007 that they tube fed at birth.***



*Burke snuggles with her pups*



*Contralto just after entering CPCR and giving birth*



*Contralto as she is today.*

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**THE INCREDIBLE, VERSATILE SANITARY NAPKIN**  
(yes, you read it right, we are talking about the good old sanitary napkins)  
by Sydney Dixon

As a young girl, I learned about sanitary napkins when I found a box of pads that looked like wrapped up cotton to me. I took the box to my Mother and she explained that these were for grown up women and someday I would understand since I too would be using them. Let me tell you, I was not too pleased with the story she told me about WHY I would be using them. I grew up and yes indeed, they became a part of my life too. It wasn't until years later that I found out that these sanitary napkins can be used for other things. My husband came in the house one day and asked if I had any of these. Of course I said, but what in the world do YOU want them for. When I looked down, I saw why! He had cut his leg and it was bleeding pretty bad. He had about a full roll of paper towels wrapped around the leg and those nice absorbent towels (yeah right) were NOT holding back the blood. I ran and got a napkin for him and lo and behold, it soaked up the blood and we were able to put pressure on the injury to stop the bleeding. He explained to me that his Mother had used them for that purpose. So now you have one more reason for the continuing existence of the old standard sanitary napkin. But wait, there are MORE!!

Recently, on the CRM message boards, one of our members was laughing about her husband not knowing how to pull the strips on a maxi-pad to make it stick in the panties she was using to keep her female dog from peeing in the house. That laugh led to a lot of others joining in and we compiled a list of things that the sanitary napkin is good for. Here is what we found – we just knew that this list had to be made public because how many of you know that the sanitary napkin can be used for:



*Former CP foster,  
Tip, models his belly  
band.*



*padded slippers*

- To stop bleeding on wounds
- As a sanitary napkin for your female dogs (some breeders will put a light day panty liner in a pair of pants for their girls when they are in season – hey, it keeps the mess out of the home)
- As a pad in your male dogs belly band. If he pees in the band, this will keep him from getting rubbed and chafed from the wet band
- In an emergency, you can make cotton balls out of a pad and use them if you had teeth pulled and the incisions are bleeding. One readers dentist was VERY impressed with this being done.
- You could soak them in ice water, wrap them in a towel and use them as a cool compress when the weather is very hot and humid and you are overheating from being outside
- You can make slippers out of them too. One of our readers reports that there is a doll floating around her office named Suzy Scout. Suzy happened to end up in this readers office one day and as she was looking her over, she realized that Suzy's feet had one kotex for the sole of her slipper with another wrapped around the top to form the shoe – very clever.
- You could shred them up and use them as fiber fillers for quilt squares
- Use them as buffing pads when polishing your car - I am sure you can picture your husband in your yard with the neighbors watching while he buffs his car with his sanitary napkins! Guess what, we do have one that does just that!

And the very best thing to do with a sanitary napkin came from another of our readers:

When I was a kid, in summer camp, the counselors would build large structures that they would wrap in kotex. Then in the evening they would float them on the lake and set them afire while we had bonfires and ate smores on the beach. It was beautiful and a camp ritual.

So readers, it would be a good thing for you to run out and purchase a box of sanitary napkins and keep them handy in your home. You can never tell what they might turn out to be good for!

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# PLEASE CONSIDER A DONATION TO COL POTTER CAIRN RESCUE NETWORK TODAY!

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\_\_\_\_\_ YES! I WANT TO MAKE A DONATION TO HELP CAIRN TERRIERS IN NEED. PLEASE  
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Thank you for your consideration! Please detach and mail your gift to:

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**P.O. Box 1354**  
**Romoland, CA 92585-1354**

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**CAIRN COTTAGE FUNDRAISER**  
**VISIT THE WEBSITE STARTING IN DECEMBER FOR DETAILS**  
**[WWW.CAIRNRESCUE.COM](http://WWW.CAIRNRESCUE.COM)**



details coming soon!!!

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CPCRN Cairn Terrier Times  
C/O Holly Crotty  
4734 Mission Drive  
Decatur, IL 62526

address service requested

## FOSTER PET HIGHLIGHT

### GIANNA LONGS FOR A HOME OF HER OWN

Gianni, or GiGi as she's called in her foster home, is still looking for that special place to call home. Could you be the perfect fit that gives this beautiful seven year old Cairn Princess her happily ever after?

Sweet GiGi was surrendered to Col Potter in September, 2007 when her owners could no longer keep her. Shortly after coming in to rescue, GiGi was diagnosed with diabetes. Her diabetes is easily controlled by a healthy diet and two simple insulin shots a day. In fact, when Foster Grandpa recently visited, he was amazed at how quick and easy the injections were to give. They take less than 3 seconds and GiGi is an excellent little patient. In the past year, she's also had eye surgery to remove cataracts caused by the diabetes and requires daily eye drops, and true to form, she sits patiently for those as well.

Foster Mom reports, "GiGi is a dog with a lot of personality, so cute and funny to be around. She's so light on her feet, almost like a ballerina." She goes on to say, "She is eager to please and always a big hit with everyone she meets." A few months back, GiGi and family had houseguests for seven days. Everyone fell in love with GiGi and



agreed if you could meet her in person, you'd fall in love and finally give her that forever home she deserves. GiGi's Foster Mom gives one final plea, "Please don't let GiGi's diabetes keep you from considering this wonderful little Cairn girl. She doesn't consider herself a special needs dog and neither should you." **To learn more about GiGi, visit [www.cairnrescue.com](http://www.cairnrescue.com).**

