



# Southern States

# Rottweiler Advocate

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## [SSRR, SPCA, Humane Society pitch in](#)

## Ike hits, families leave, leave pets

After Hurricane Ike hit the Texas Gulf Coast we experienced a crisis with the local animal population. Due to unfortunate circumstances many people were involuntarily separated from their animals. In addition, many

people callously left their animals behind to fend for themselves. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of the Houston SPCA, Humane Society and several other rescue organizations that came to Houston from far away, hundreds of animals were rescued and reunited with their families. For the ones that were not reunited several Houston area families volunteered to foster and eventu-

ally adopted displaced animals. SSRR stepped up to the plate and Leslie and Brian Hillendahl were able to temperament test more than ten Rottweilers in local shelters. Thankfully five of them were reclaimed by their families and the other five were rescued by SSRR and other rescue groups. SSRR took in Ike, and Damon. Ike is being fostered by Jenna Deville . Damon was in very bad shape; heartworm positive, hair loss, emaciated, chipped teeth. He is being fostered by Roxane Perrio. (Pictures and story by Brian L. Hillendahl)



**Amber., below, came with a broken leg, emaciated, all too common conditions of rescues. She is now with Stef, on that well traveled SSRR road to recovery.**



**"Brother Remus. Hurricane Ike is heading our way, I do believe."**



**"Brother Romulus, Hurricane Ike just left us, I do believe."**

## Dog dodges death, doesn't divulge, delivers duo dynamic



Foster "Momma" Lovey, formerly Lady. (Staff photo)

SSRR's Sarge had been watching from his Houston home, DeDe Whitcomb, another volunteer, diligently trying to find a female Rott foster home. Her luck was running out at a Dallas-area animal control. DeDe posted a final plea on SSRR's Open Forum. Lady was soon to be another body in a pile if no foster could be found, soon. Sarge already had four dogs, two from a generic rescuer's overflow. But, as soon as he

read DeDe's last posting, the Texan contacted the independent. One of the fosters would need to be taken back. A Rott was coming. Five dogs was too many. "I emailed DeDe. If you can get here, I'd take her as an independent," Sarge noted. In two shakes of a Rottie's nub, Lady was there. "I looked at her and wondered about the pups she just had. To say the least, this gal was anatomically swinging," cracked the Army retiree.

Lady settled right in July 6. On Aug. 4, Lady, now Lovey, delivered two puppies, much to the surprise of Sarge. "What do I know about puppies? I don't even know if they are boys or girls? How did Lovey get all the way here, pregnant, and no one knew? I thought the idiots in animal shelters were up on these things. What do I do with puppies? (See The Puppy Chronicles, below, to see if Sarge found out.)

"Holy jumpin catfish...those are not,... I... they look like, are they? That looks like...those are...whatchamcallums..."



Remus (above) and Romulus (below) on an early adventure (Staff



## The Puppy Chronicles; Romy, Remy's early days by Sarge

A story in this newsletter tells about a HW+ foster Rott named Lady, I renamed Lovey which describes her disposition.. So, I will tell you the rest of the story; the story of Romulus and Remus. Lovey was to be 'penned' up, during HW treatment, which she did not like. She broke out, wrecking the travel pen, and moved into my bedroom closet. I could close off the bedroom while gone, to keep her quiet, so she stayed there. I was feeding everyone one day, but Lovey did not respond. She was in my closet, and her tail told me she was OK. So why no response? She seemed uninterested in her food. Her behavior was strange; no leaping all over,. I patted her, set down her food and turned to leave. But,

something got my attention. I flipped on the closet light. "Holy jumpin' catfish," I said "those are not... I... they look like, are they? That looks like...those are... whatchamcallums... puppies? 'Lovey, you had puppies? Real live puppies...in my closet?' " This was a complete shock. I called the vet, who assured me momma dogs had been having puppies for a few centuries, and usually mom had things under control. Unfortunately adding that Lovey could have as many as nine did little to help my now fragile grip on reality. Nine? Oh my GAWD! No, no, not nine. I looked all over the closet to find the other seven. There was only two. Well, that was fine. Well, not fine, but two was a lot easier for my distraught soul, than nine

would. I could almost see the inscription on my tombstone "Nine newborns nixed his nerves." I sat down on the floor at the closet entrance, quietly. Quietly lasted a brief heartbeat, when mine stopped. 'Oh no! No movement of any kind. The pups were not breathing. They are both dead. Momma Lovey lost her precious babies Wait, I'll administer CPR, only how? I could look it up, but by then it would be too late. ' Full blown panic set in. What about an emergency run to the vet? Oh! The poor babies. were meant to have all the fun puppies are supposed to have I was preparing to console Lovey when one twitched, followed a few seconds later by his brother. Oh, they're alive. Thanks, thank (See tale pg 3)

## Romulus & Remus, a tale of two puppies (from pg 2)

you, thank you. The boy's life right then was simple. They nursed, slept, twitched in their sleep, and nursed some more. With some stimulation from Momma they even took care of business on my closet rugs. Was I going to have to re-wash a closet of clothes. Their twitching was the only thing that kept me from heart failure. I was on "Ike vacation," and had ample time to watch the puppies and feed my budding paranoia. I would sit and intently watch them. After a few days they began using their front legs to drag themselves around the closet, stoking my too-fragile mental state at the same. time I was now sure the duo had been born with paralyzed rear legs. Dragging back legs gave way to pulling front legs, and pushing back legs. My heart stopped dozens of times in those first days. The pups, met milestones fairly timely, and began noticeably growing.. Meanwhile, I was catching up on my reading about newborn dogs, trying to calm my fears. They had names now, Romulus and Remus, although it was a toss up to tell who was who. After about a week, I could see a hint of their personalities. One would crawl over Mom's legs, his brother, anything. When Mom rang the dinner bell, he answered.

Sometimes he rang his own bell. And, when he ate, he dined to near bursting. Remus could do a good job of nursing, but Romulus dined high on the hog, er, ah the dog. Many moments of true joy were of just watching them nurse. It was especially so when Romy would lie on his side suckling, his front paws kneading Lovey's teat, while his back legs were doing the same to another one. I guess he was priming a reserve. Their eyes were open now, and they seemed to respond to noise. Eating was still a favorite pastime, and Romy (Romulus) was still trying to suckle Lovey dry. They figured out how to whimper. My paranoia was in race mode. The slightest whimper would find me right there to see why. I adored these boys, and was so very happy to have a part in saving their mother and them. Yet, my nerves were cross-wired, shorted out, and firing on one cylinder. Fostering adult Rotts was one thing; two newborns was altogether different. Meanwhile, Momma was keeping a close watch on them. Lucky ambled into the room once to his pallet bed, on the other side of mine. That was too close. Momma proceeded to explain that. Thereafter, he would occasionally stick his head in the bedroom door, but venture no further.

Days had now become weeks. The boys were working on standing and walking. Now my stomach got in on the act, and churned out acid by the drum full. First I was sure they were not living, then I thought them paralyzed, now I knew they would never walk. As valiant as their tries were, they plopped and plopped; first to one side, then the other. Undeterred, they kept at it. I rooted them on, tears in my eyes. .. Finally, success, if you called those faltering missteps and crashing on their chins success. Soon, it seemed every step I took had a squealing puppy underneath. As the boys gained confidence in their mobility, I decided they could venture outside. That was absolutely a moment ingrained in my old military mind. Remus turned and looked at Romulus. "Brother this is where it is supposed to happen," and simultaneously both squatted. Then, it was a battle royal. Remy jumped Romy, but wound up landing on his back. Romy seized on the opportunity, and pinned his brother, biting Remy's hind-quarters all the while. But Remy had the last word, or rather in this case, bite, and chomped brother on the penis. Romy got the message, or at least for a few minutes. We "adventured" in the yard often. Romy was ever the



Romulus on a mission to ambush his brother

Brave soldier to the end, he fought....



Wham, bap, bite, stomp.. The boys engage in one of their many mock fights

## 20 Questions (almost) with Brian & Leslie Hillendahl



Leslie & Brian Hillendahl with their "baby girl" Izabel. (photo courtesy the Hillendahl's)

We are both from right here in Houston. Only time we left is when I went to the right school, Texas A&M and Brian unfortunately went to that school in Austin - University of Texas.



One of the "hard luck Rotties" from the Galveston rescue (Photo by Brian Hillendahl)

*We caught up with the Brian and Leslie Hillendahl, SSRR members. Leslie is the Transportation Coordinator for SSRR. While much of the greater Houston - Galveston area was licking its' wounds from Ike, they were helping the SPCA and Humane Society with rescued dogs left behind by evacuees.*

**SSRA:** Hi you two, and thanks for answering 20 questions (almost)

The first question that always seems to pop up when talking to folks living in Texas is "are you native Texans?" So, the first question is: How long have you two had Rottweilers?

**Hillendahl's:** Eight years.

**SSRA:** Who was your first Rott, as a couple, and is he/she still around?

**Hillendahl's:** Our baby girl Isabel was our first Rottie that we adopted from the Houston SPCA. We lost her to cancer April 22, 2007 after a tough fight.

**SSRA:** Sorry to hear that. Was one of you a Rott lover before teaming up, or both of you?

**Hillendahl's:** We have always been animal lovers, but fell in love with the breed when Isabel joined our family.

**SSRA:** Names of Rotts who are a permanent part of your family?

**Hillendahl's:** Lola, Tacori, Tank -Rottie Mix, Kayly (our 15yr old who is an honorary Rottie)

**SSRA:** Any other pets?

**Hillendahl's:** Clucky, our 22 pound cat who thinks he's a dog.

**SSRA:** ) How long have you folks been married?

**Hillendahl's:** Seven years on March 9, 2009.

**SSRA:** Leslie, we know you work for a law firm as an attorney. Brian, what type of work are you in?

**Brian:** I am an attorney also

**SSRA:** OK, now, are you both native Texans?

**Leslie:** We are both from Houston. Only time we left is when I went to the right school, Texas A&M and Brian unfortunately went to that school in Austin - University of Texas.

**SSRA:** How and when did you become SSRR volunteers?

**Hillendahl's:** When Isabel was sick we thought that Tank, Isabel's protégé, was going to have a hard time adjusting without her and so we felt it would be a good idea to bring a new puppy into the family before Isabel was gone, to allow for adjustment. In addition, we thought a puppy might keep Isabel going as she was such a wonderful role model for Tank when he was a baby. So, we went to SSRR's website and there was our little ball of fire, Tacori and the rest is history.

**SSRA:** You guys were on the bottom of the list for electrical service restoration after Hurricane Ike hit Houston/Galveston. How long did you go without electricity?

**Hillendahl's:** Thirteen days!

**SSRA:** Some areas had their water supply also interrupted. Did you?

**Hillendahl's:** For less than a day.

**SSRA:** How did you get through all that?

**Hillendahl's:** Two of SSRR's fabulous volunteers, Roxane Perrio and Carrie Shane from Lafayette graciously let us use their generators and even delivered them to Beaumont where Brian met them. I cannot even imagine what it would have been like without the generators.

**SSRA:** While the Galveston, greater Houston area was recovering from Ike, you were running back and forth working to get pets rescued that had been separated, or left behind. Heartbreaking exhilarating at the same time?

**Hillendahl's:** It was so difficult seeing the hundreds of animals that had been dis-

(See Questions Pg 5)

**SSRR BOD’s Susan Campbell,  
lady of many hats**

My name is Susan Campbell (previously known as Eberhardt), Secretary and Adoptions Advisor for SSR Rottweilers I started volunteering with SSRR in 2002 I have worked all aspects of rescus, by doing transports, performing temperament tests, home visits,



Susan Campbell, SSRR volunteer , BOD member, and her Nya.. (Photo courtesy of Susan)

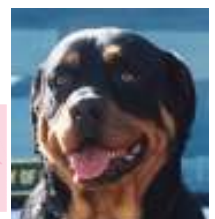
**20 questions almost** (from pg 4)

placed as a result of the hurricane. The staging area for all displaced animals was the Houston SPCA. We were there on a daily basis temperament testing and doing whatever we could to assist. What was so heartbreaking and infuriating was that many of the dogs the SPCA recovered from Galveston had been left in backyards, in some cases tied up, without any means to survive. One Rottie in particular from Galveston, Damon, was chained up in a backyard with no shelter, food or water, just left to die. Damon was rescued by SSRR and is now on his road to recovery in Louisiana with his wonderful foster mom, Roxane Perrio. This is the kind of ending that keeps us going. We can’t save them all, but the ones we are able to make all the efforts worthwhile. I am happy to say that all of the Rotties brought into the SPCA were either reunited with their families or rescued by SSRR or another organization.

.to help Rottweilers. I joined the adoptions team as Adoption Coordinator for GA, AL and FL in 2003 and then the Board of Directors in 2005. I live with two Rottweilers; Nya, 11 , and Noble, three years old. Also in my fur-family are four Dachshunds; Little Spikeman, Callee, Blue and a special needs girl named Lily. Lily is actually my foster dog, who has partial brain damage due to seizures. Oh, we can’t forget the Kitty-weilers, Rain Kitty and Tony the Tiger . My love of Rottweilers started when an eight week old little female Rottweiler entered my life. Honestly, I did not know much about Rottweilers but my teenage son insisted we get one. I had always thought they were these big, vicious dogs; I grew up and always had big dogs but just never was introduced to this magnificent breed. One day while thinking about adding a new dog to our family I went online and looked up Rottweilers ... boy was I surprised!! I was looking for a dog I could train to work in the field of Pet Assisted Therapy and after reading about Rottweilers, I knew this was the dog for me. At this time I didn’t know anything about breed rescue and didn’t understand why back yard breeders was a bad thing, so when I saw an advertisement at work for Rottweiler puppies, I knew it was there just for me to see. I had never seen such wonderful and intelligent puppies in my life; my love affair began. At two years of age, Nya graduated as a Certified Therapy Dog through Delta Society Inc and

also a Certified Therapy Dog at Wright-Patterson Medical Center in Dayton. This intelligent young girl had so much love to give; she deeply touched every person she met. When we moved to TN in 2000 Nya and I became involved in obedience with the Clarksville Kennel Club. We were invited to test for Nya’s CGC and she walked right in and passed with flying colors! That day Nya influenced one particular dog to become a Pet Therapy Dog and in 2001 she and Nya started the Pet Therapy program at Gateway Hospital in Clarksville. Nya was definitely known for her wonderful temperament and the joy she brought to every person she met; she changed many opinions of Rottweilers and taught people how wonderful Rottweilers are as Pet Therapy partners. Once, while visiting patients I met a gentleman in the hospital and he started telling me about Rescue. I was intrigued and could not believe these magnificent dogs were being euthanized every day simply because of their breed. I went online that night and found Southern States Rottweiler Rescue, now Southern States Rescued R o t t w e i l e r s . . I love all animals but Rottweilers will always have a very special place in my heart.

**For: Ms. Too  
From:  
Mr.  
Lucky**



# R O T T P O U R R I



(L) Birthday boy Conrad strikes a handsome Rottweiler fellow pose for his portrait. He is 13 as of August 4. He is a proud part of Lisa Sim's family. (Photo by Lisa) (R) Nya waits for the crew to finish preflight on her helicopter, at Ft. Campbell, KY. Nya's mistress is SSRR's secretary, Susan Campbell



® Jordi, at a Paws In The Park event at Macon. Jordi is one of Lisa Sim's crew. (Photo courtesy Lisa Sims)



(L) Ruby, a Bernese Mountain Dog tripod, and Sam {Zoobie} and take a break after a hard day. They are part of the Mark Reimer's family. (Photo courtesy of Mark Reimers) (Below L) "Let's play," says Indy, former foster adopted by SSRR President Bridgett Miller as he tugs on their neighbor, two-year-old Logan. (Picture by Bridgett Miller)



(Above) Remus, now 12 weeks old, formerly of the duo Romulus and Remus, lounges while awaiting his ride to his new forever home. He is fostered at Sarge's, and is one of rescue Momma Lovey's boys (Staff



(L) foster Sophie stands up on Michelle Moody, as daughter Hailey Star holds the leash. Hailey thought "her foster" Sophia had been adopted. The Moody's surprised her, arraigning for Hailey to keep her. (Photos courtesy Tom Moody)

# ROTTPOURRI - 2



(Above) Lisa's Jordi strikes the good-lookin' Rottie pose at Central City Park in Macon during the Paws In The Park fund raising event for The Heart of Georgia Humane Society. (Photo courtesy Lisa



(Right) Jason and Adriane Home of Paige, new parents of Teyha, foster of Becky who says she is still shedding tears. (L) Robin with newly adopted Leeta, who was fostered by Lisa. Photo courtesy Robin



(Below L) " This is my Anoki and our newest foster pup Tehya (Tay-yah, means precious). She is telling him a story and he is laughing his butt off at it. Rotties have a sense of humor," boasted Becky



(Left) Sammy's got a brand new bag, er, ah brand new home with his forever family Kathy Coon. (Photo courtesy Kathy Coon)



(Left) Marie arrives at Linnea's (Above) Marie today. "Meet" Marie, my first foster for SSRR, and my first foster since Baxter passed away last year. Marie has continued to grow in the time she has been here, and showed a lot of confidence and comfort when taking her to a new area today, to play off leash.," says Linnea Shirley, SSRR volunteer.



## Pups and Ol' Sarge from pg 4

Warrior bushing his brother, and Remy found fridges had multi uses. While their meal was being prepared, he would curl up on the inside bottom edge of the open refrigerator to beat the heat. But, when he heard the plo p of their food dish on the floor he was there before the sound died away. Then, pure unadulterated panic set in. At least one puppy, perhaps two, at death's back door - maybe front door. One was not eating, the other throwing up. I pulled up puppy med sites on my computer. Good god, Gert. Do you know how many horrid diseases puppies can get? Hundreds, perhaps skadzillions. Two puppies in a laundry basket, Momma in tow and all piled in the car. Off to the vet at rush hour. He

looked them over, and checked their testicles. (I never knew a testicular disease would cause a puppy to lose it's appetite.) OK, there. All puppy equipment present and accounted for, and in proper locale. He looked at their teeth. "Here," he said. "Here?" Jeeze, I know they grow teeth. What the hell-else did he learn in vet school. He asked about meals, and I explained their mush recipe. He said forgo the milk supplement, they really did not need it, and could upset their stomachs. He gave their first shots and worm medicine. I was given the bill, patted on the shoulder and told to take the puppies and Momma back home. I started to ask, but guessed vets do not have anything for paranoia. Once home, they were fed then started playing. I took two beers for my nerves, and made a note to call Dr. Budweiser. The next day, when I got home, they were on the floor wrestling.

Romy has a good home now. Remy had two families that wanted him, but they did not work out. So, he waits. Well waits is not exactly what he does, specially at 3:00 AM. He gets into more mischief than I could have imagined. He has ripped my furniture, pulled the padding out. He "adopted" Mr. Lucky as his uncle, play mate, and target of puppy fights, much to Lucky's chagrin. He has a blast with roomy Lucy, a collie mix, and bugs Ms. Ginger constantly. Puppies are too much for my way of life. But after it quiets down here, and both have good homes I will truly miss these intrusions, and the chaotic joy they brought to mine.

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SSRR is a non-profit charitable organization. Our mission: rescue and place in loving homes, abused Rottweilers, those left in shelters, or given up by owners, within the 11 southern states in which we operate.

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Contributions that pertain to SSRR are welcome.

All mail

submissions should be sent to SSRR, E-mails to: [rots2resue@sbcglobal.net](mailto:rots2resue@sbcglobal.net) and assume granting publication rights within and on SSRR's website and use in any future article's compendium. No payments will be made, no submissions will be returned. Southern States Rottweiler Advocate reserves the right to refuse, edit, or modify any submissions.



## Holiday Picture Contest

This year we will hold another Holiday Picture Contest, complete with prizes. So get your cameras ready....details will follow on the SSRR Open Forum and in our upcoming holiday issue.



## Why do dogs chew? By Dr Bowwouser

I get this question almost daily. Simple answer is it's a little complicated. There is no one answer. Having said that, let me go over a few reasons.

Puppies use chewing to learn their environment. They are not after any particular item; shoes, furniture, whatever, is fair game.

In older dogs, it is often from boredom or because they are a bit peeved at being deserted every day. They are looking for the master, or trying to escape.

With others it is a phobia, or a nervous disorder. (Ever see some dogs react to fireworks? Fear!) And in turn you house gets chewed.

As the saying is, last but certainly not least, your dog enjoys chewing. Oh joy! You have a dog that loves to chew. OK, so, I'm a bit of a smart (censored).

Obviously the question is how does one deal with this? Thankfully the answer is simple.

Replace your house of chewable with items, toys, the dog can chew on. Grocery stores, discount stores, pet stores, all carry a variety of toys your dog can chew on. *DB*

**(DVM Dougie Bowwouser is the newest member of our staff. He comes to us from somewhere, we just don't know where. SSRA**