

# The NZ Leonberger Club Quarterly

Spring Issue

## October—December

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## *From the President . . .*

**H**ello to you all once again, I find myself looking off into the distance trying to find inspiration to put together another great read for you all. Each quarter I send out a 'please help me' email in hopes that someone takes the plunge and cobles together an article I can use. However this time my plea has not yielded as much as one would hope. Now don't get me wrong this is not a complaint, in fact I can totally understand that feeling of inadequacy about writing. Us kiwis are a funny lot! We don't promote ourselves very well at all. In fact we are more inclined to be shy and retiring rather than toot our own horn. Boasting- is what my parents would have called it and certainly not something they encouraged me to do I'm betting other parents out there even today are teaching the same ethos—quiet and confident NOT bolshie and boasting. That said, I really appreciate those of you who tackle an article now and then and I assure you that our readers have enjoyed your efforts as much as I have.

Winter here in NZ has been wet and muddy as most of you will agree. This is not the most tolerable weather

when it comes to having Leonbergers. Oh, don't get me wrong, you never hear any complaints from them. They almost revel in the mess. It's the house that suffers most, muddy footprints everywhere. The other obvious downside to rain and mud is that irresistible urge Leos have to dig. And dig they do. With a passion and dogged determination to reach China before being sprung. Now I'm sure digging is a wonderful activity but after 20 years of this hole filling lark I have still not solved the riddle as to where all the dirt disappears to. There is never any to be found. Like magic it does the disappearing act!

Our little Leo club here in NZ is actually a small part of a bigger world wide organisation, the International Leonberger Union or ILU . September each year representatives from all member clubs gather in Leonberg, Germany for the AGM. I have plans to be there this year. There is also an annual Leonberger show the same weekend with as many as 600 leos gathered which is a fantastic day so keep that in mind when planning your next foray overseas. Germany in September is lovely.

Now grab a cuppa and enjoy the read.

**Rosemarie**

*Local news : MANUKAU COURIER—August 2015*

## ***Reading dog helps students learn . . .***



Alexandra Nelson

**L**oki looks on to the page as student Sariah Pukeroa reads to him.

Loki the Leonberger loves to listen to stories and knows just when to speak.

"Leon" means lion in German and Loki's size makes it easy to see why. But this canine has a gentle nature that's making him a hit with children taking part in reading therapy.

Loki has been coming into reading therapy at Papatoetoe Central School and has been quietly listening to children read him stories.

Owner Carol Smith is a member of St John's SPCA Outreach Therapy Pets and says Loki's "very cruisy."

"He's bred specifically as a companion dog so he's ideal for this sort of thing."

Sariah Pukeroa is one of the students who reads to Loki, often giving him cuddles between stories.

Smith says children interact with animals in special ways.

"It's amazing how a child won't read out to a teacher or a person but they'll sit and read to an animal. They really bond and it's really cool."

The dog loves to listen but Smith says if she tells him to speak he'll let out a friendly "woof".

Loki initially started his therapy work by visiting resthomes but he's got to an age where he can't stand for too long so he swapped into reading therapy.

He joined Smith's family about two years ago after his previous owners had to move to the United States and weren't able to take him with them. He also lives with two Newfoundlands, two cats and a parrot.

South Auckland Outreach Therapy need volunteers.

Contact community care manager Pip Callinan on 526 0527 or [phillipa.callinan@stjohn.org.nz](mailto:phillipa.callinan@stjohn.org.nz) for more info.

## *My experience at Battle of the Giants . . .*

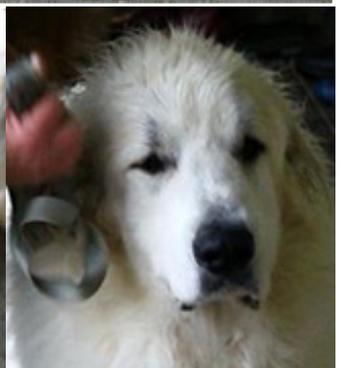
I have to say that my weekend at BOG was fantastic despite the weather.

Most of you won't remember but June 20<sup>th</sup> was WET! In fact so wet it caused flooding and slips and road closures across the country. This was the same weekend that the North Island St Bernard club held their annual BOG match at the school camp in Mangatepopo, a tiny wee place in the foothills of mount Ruapehu. The hope of course is that a mid winter snowfall will arrive and add to the excitement for dogs and humans alike. Three years in a row at this new venue and still NO snow!

This was my first visit to Mangatepopo and so I really didn't know quite what to expect. The rather small dot on the map suggests that we were heading into the wops! And it did rather feel that way. No cell phone coverage, no nearby corner store but I have to say the camp itself was a pleasant surprise. I had packed for the cold with several options and layers of wool in the wardrobe, jim jams, wheat bags, extra duvet for on top of the sleeping bag and bed socks but there was no need. Our simple little bunk room was toasty warm with wall radiators on 24/7. There was a large drying room to cope with our sodden clothes and coats, a log fire in the dining room and a verandah for the dogs to keep dry.

The kitchen girls were superb and our meals and morning teas were nothing short of scrummy. No-one could complain of going hungry. To come in from the torrential downpours and feast on baked potatoes with an array of mouth-watering toppings and 2 choices of hot soup is awesome. If this is roughing it then I can only say bring it on. Forget the dieting for the weekend and enjoy.

This was the first year they held BOG without the formal 'show' based classes and instead held some fun activities and races which were really great. It rained cats and dogs all day yet we all happily sloshed around kicking balloons or running with snowballs on our spoons just for the fun of scoring another point. We had a scavenger hunt and an obstacle challenge and participated willingly. It was fun. There is always a fancy dress challenge. I've never seen the fascination in dressing dogs up and have never been inclined to participate but the outfits we witnessed being paraded down the hallway were amazing. It's obvious this appeals to a heap of folk and the competition is rife. This year the theme was ROYALTY and I tell you what the line-up of pimped out pooches was wonderful. Well done everyone.



### *My experience at Battle of the Giants . . .*

After dinner on Saturday night they had organised a quiz. We formed teams and armed with a timer and a pen and paper we set about answering as many questions as we could. I'm no scholar or game show enthusiast but I really enjoyed it. Rivalry and jesting accompanied the night. The Saturday evening concludes with a movie and this year's choice was worth sitting up late for. RED DOG is based on a true story and well worth watching if you get the time. It's an emotional roller coaster of a watch - happy sad and everything in between.

This was a really well planned weekend, the dogs had fun, we had fun and I can thoroughly recommend you put it on your calendar for next year. As you mix and mingle amongst the organisers and club members you are aware of a feeling of camaraderie between them all but this is to be expected when you realise they have been holding this event for over 30 years. Some things just become as familiar as family. With this in mind I would suggest you pack your "meet and greet" persona and join in with all the activities. A little help in the kitchen never goes amiss and a mix and mingle approach will ensure you come away with the best experience ever. I look forward to seeing you all there next year. Let's try and have a bigger than ever Leonberger representation at BOG 2016.



## Studying Bone Cancer in Dogs . . .

August 19, 2015- Guelph, Ontario (abbreviated)

**S**tudying bone cancer in dogs may yield new therapies for treating patients who are diagnosed with osteosarcoma

- For the first time, funds raised for cancer research by the Terry Fox Foundation through the annual Terry Fox Run will be used to study osteosarcoma in dogs.

Osteosarcoma is the form of bone cancer that took Terry Fox's leg, and eventually his life in 1981. Dogs develop osteosarcoma at a rate 10 times higher than humans.

**The hope? Finding new ways to treat the disease in our four-legged friends, using novel approaches such as immunotherapy and oncolytic viruses, may yield new treatments that are beneficial to humans.**

Dr. Byram Bridle, a viral immunologist at the University of Guelph and a member of a Terry Fox Research Institute-funded, pan-Canadian team conducting oncolytic virus trials in humans, will receive \$450,000 to undertake a clinical trial in up to 45 dogs next year to test a new vaccine. "Dogs are like people – right now they have a very poor prognosis when diagnosed with bone cancer," says Dr. Bridle, who sees one-to-three new cases of canine osteosarcoma every week.

The treatment Dr. Bridle intends to trial uses immunotherapy and oncolytic viruses and will be simple and inexpensive, with two shots administered two weeks apart. When Terry Fox died of osteosarcoma, adds Dr. Bridle, this approach to treatment wasn't even an option. "This treatment is a win-win situation. If we're successful with the dogs, we will immediately have a veterinary application for the therapy and gain a lot of confidence moving forward into a human clinical trial."

"This is a great honour for the University of Guelph and our Ontario Veterinary College. This year marks the 35th anniversary of Terry Fox's Marathon of Hope, and also the first time the Terry Fox Foundation has supported research at a veterinary school," said Malcolm Campbell, U of G's vice-president (research). "This exciting partnership will allow our cancer researchers to push the boundaries of knowledge. University of



Mary LaHam of Toronto with her beloved three-legged greyhound Jaynie, who died of osteosarcoma in July 2015, some months after amputation and chemotherapy. A new Terry Fox Research Institute-funded study will examine the potential of treating the animals with a simple, low cost vaccine. Photo credit: Jan Tuinstra.

Guelph researchers will collaborate on novel therapies for treating osteosarcoma in dogs - work that will provide new insights into treating the disease in people."

News of the planned trial excites dog owner and Toronto resident Mary LaHam, who has adopted a number of former racing greyhounds. In July 2015 she lost her beloved greyhound Jaynie to osteosarcoma some months after the dog had her left front leg amputated and received chemotherapy. She was the second dog LaHam has lost to the disease.

"This research is just tremendously exciting. I love the idea that instead of going through amputation and chemotherapy, with all the anguish that goes with it, something as simple and non-invasive as a vaccine can, in the best of all possible worlds, cure the disease. It's just so phenomenal," she remarks about Dr. Bridle's work. . . .

### About The Terry Fox Foundation (TFF)

The Terry Fox Foundation maintains the vision and principles of Terry Fox while raising money for cancer research through the annual Terry Fox Run, Terry's CAUSE on Campus, National School Run Day and other fundraising initiatives. To date, over \$700 million has been raised worldwide for cancer research in Terry Fox's name. The first Terry Fox Run was held in 1981, with The Terry Fox Foundation being created in 1988. Its national headquarters

## Let's try tracking . . .

So, I have a high energy, highly intelligent and of course incredibly mischievous 16 month old girl, Misia (pronounced *Mee-sha*).

She definitely needs an outlet other than the standard walks, playing in the garden and at the beach or with her half brother and seeing as she always has her nose in the ground, sniffing stuff out to dig - creating 'landscaping features' around the home, tracking seems the way to go.



The whole tracking scene is completely new to me so I was lucky to get contact details of a club nearby that had tracking training days on a local farm. We attended the first session with absolutely no idea of what would be expected of us. The location was great – so much space with the idea being that the more experienced trackers are out for the whole day laying and following tracks, some jumps for those who participate in the category that includes jumping and the group set for the learners within the one field where a simple track is laid for them to follow.

So, the first lesson of the day for me was that I should have worn boots! Note this was a farm field so lush grass, boggy and of course, much to Misia's pleasure, piles of 'yummy', stinky cow manure. She wasted no time sniffing these out and attempting to cram as much in her mouth as possible. Charming. The majority of the dogs taking part were German shepherds, including one of the other beginners. Misia and a Bearded Collie were the other two. First order of the day was to find a harness that fitted and I was lucky that one of the members

had gone online to a company called Leerburg (nice and easy to remember) and ordered one for larger dogs which she offered to us and fitted Misia perfectly (after some adjusting). Once again I have to say as with the Showing, I am lucky to find another group of people more than happy to share and help in a doggie pursuit. I learnt that the idea is not to attach the long line until it's time for the dog to 'work', so they associate this with a task needing to be performed. We had been asked to bring a favourite toy which I had although Misia

is not very toy orientated. Toy or cow pat – well the choice to my eager girl was obvious! The toy was lured and then dropped by one of the members then Misia was to 'find it'. Of course I was not expecting perfection, this was our first day and the cow pats won over although she did find the toy eventually. All I heard was, 'it's the handler who needs the training', now where have I heard THAT before????

Our trainer spent a bit of time talking to us afterwards which was good. What we need to realise is that unlike agility or obedience where the handler leads and gives instruction, with tracking it is the dog who takes the lead and pulls the handler down the trail. A very different mind-set and often one found hard for those handlers who come from an obedience background and dogs who have been obedience trained.

My homework was the art of intermittent reward, the best type of reward. The need to get Misia focused on a toy, to have her play with it but only when I am with her and to never let her have it on her own. Unfortunately we had to miss the next training day (they are

about a month apart) so I called the trainer to explain (turns out she had missed it too due to sickness so we hadn't missed out), but she took the time to explain things in some depth and really kept me interested in pursuing this.

Rena explained that although Misia is not toy orientated, I need to make her feel like the best thing since sliced bread when she does find the object and to make her drive to please help her to focus on not expecting food, but just finding that toy/object. Dogs are natural trackers, it is their basic instinct therefore, they are never too old to train. We, the handler need to learn how to harness this incredible sense of smell and also their other senses. Their eyes for example are perfect for hunting, with more rods than cones in their eyes so diluted colour vision but optimum for movement, distance and night vision. Even the fact that scent has a direction, the dog will always go where the object is going (if it's moving) not where it has been. How to allow for the wind factor, how to use the dogs love for a specific object to make it interested in what you want it to find (ie – digging a hole and hiding a favourite ball then placing a rag on top). Apparently a rag is often used as the last object for a dog to track so hardly exciting. She also suggested hide and seek for Misia until the next training day and to watch the trials at the same farm that we train at at the end of September. This will get her more used to the farm so that environment will become less of a novelty when we turn up to train.

I am in no doubt that Misia will pick this up quickly – at the beach if there is anything buried in the sand to sniff out and dig up she is there rather than being distracted by the lure of the water. It is me who needs to really work at what is needed to get the most out of this new pursuit. Having your dog be able to find something will come in extremely handy at times I am sure but more importantly I want to have Misia have a focus for her keen mind, an outlet to that incredible energy and also continue to build a strong bond which has taken a bit longer with her as my second dog.

## *Leon takes a break . . .*

Leon lives with his family in Wellington. If he squishes his nose close to the gaps in the wooden fence he can get a glimpse of the harbour. However, when he gets the opportunity to go upstairs and out onto the deck, not only can he see the ferry coming and going but he can also sniff at the sea breeze wafting by. Oh yes indeed this pampered pooch has found himself the very best family to live with and he loves them to bits. That love is returned to Leon in truckloads. Things had been pretty hectic in his household for the last few months and he couldn't really understand why. The family were up to something and it didn't seem like he was going to be part of it. Usually Leon could count on being included in every outing but this time was different. You see mum and dad were taking off to Bali to get married and would be away for a couple of weeks and there was just no way mum could wangle a seat for him. So the family took him on his own road trip up country a bit to stay with a few other Leonbergers while they were away. There's not the Bali kind of sunshine at his new digs, and the people there are only vaguely familiar to him but the dogs are sweet as and the meals seem to arrive regularly so it'll do for now. Just be sure its only a temporary arrangement eh!

**Of course there's always two sides to every story and this one is no exception.**



It takes a little bit of re-organising the sleeping arrangements when someone comes to stay. Of course

there's no fancy sheets or silk pillowslips to gather up but it does matter who sleeps with who and where.



The other leos all have a system and they're pretty used to sharing their space with each other. When a newbie arrives that changes the game plan a little. Throw into the mix a couple of girls in season (which was quite unexpected) and whoop de do... ..things just get complicated. Not impossible of course but certainly challenging. Leon is only 15 months old and he still has his boy bits. He's just an overgrown pup in lots of ways but his hormones will start checking in if those girls get too close so the fencing and sleeping arrangements must be sorted immediately.

That dwindles down his choices for playmates but Leon will not be short of company. With any new houseguest the first few days are a settling in period. Call it a 'getting to know you' time. The rules are relaxed a little and extra fussing is the norm. We're taking this situation just one day at a time. The first night has gone without any problems and a routine is slowly being established. He has a buddy to hang with around the yard and at bed time they both share the same quarters too so it's never lonely. Days are spent sleeping in the sun or tucked under the verandah avoiding the wintery blast. I'm guessing by the time the family returns to collect Leon he'll have us wrapped around his paw just like at home.

## *Mudbergers and friends . . .*

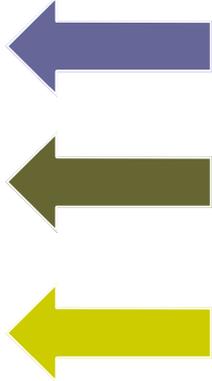


**B**illy and Charlie have had a great few months hanging out with all their friends, going on walks, a weekend in Rotorua and even attending a first birthday party. With lots of dog games, swims, **carting** (below: Charlie carting at Rotorua) and playing a good time was had by all. The most recent was a walk in the Manurewa gardens where Charlie and Billy had a great wallow in the mud in true Leo fashion (above). On the walk down to the off leash area there was lots of stopping for cuddles, pats and photos but on the way back it was lots of pointing and laughing.



The Leonberger Club is on **facebook** .  
 Add them to your friends .

**NEWSLETTER CONTRIBUTIONS**  
**Gratefully Received!**  
 Newsletters are distributed four times a year  
 March, June, September and December  
*You are more than welcome to submit anything you think other club members would be interested in, no matter how brief or seemingly trivial*



A really warm WELCOME to  
 our newest club member this year  
**Melanie Cooper**  
*Remember – if any of your contact details change please email Lynne :  
 luby@xtra.co.nz  
 so that we can keep our records current and you can  
 continue to receive all flyers, notices and your quarterly.*

**Successful Formula**

Following on from last years success we put hay down on the worst part of the lawn again this winter (where they chase each other around the hedge and in to the house).

It has been fantastic for keeping the mud off the dogs and out of the house however they were a little more exuberant in their playing this year so we have had to put down nearly twice the amount. We have also added 3 meters of beige artificial grass on the deck to help get any mud off before they hit the dog door and have free access to the house.



## Devryn comes to stay . . .



Family resemblance is uncanny.  
Mum, sister Shiraz and Devryn.



Devryn - could certainly be described as tall, dark and stunningly handsome. In fact I've heard his owner say more than once that he's her main man. He's certainly got the bigger share of her bed. She cooks him some fancy *schmancy* meals, she gives him the whole back of her car to travel in and he's gotten to quite like this lifestyle. The thing is Dev's of the canine species and he pretty much takes for granted that the love of his life will supply his every wish.

It was something of a rude awakening for this pampered pooch when he arrived at our place for a spell. Gone was the soft plushy queen-size bed. No cordon bleu cooking. No one child family this place, no siree! Didn't matter where he looked another doggy grin looked back at him. And gosh darn it if they didn't look mirror images of himself.

The thing about leos is they are pretty adaptable. They like people as we all know and lots of love. Once he figured out that dinner arrived regularly and he was allowed inside now and then and all of this came with hugs and cuddles he settled into the routine really well. This boy is well trained, all credit to his mum. One time I found the driveway gate was open. This of course was an open invitation for any curious dog to investigate. Yes we are double gated because it's a

busy road but you can't see gate 2 until you stand at gate 1. Dev had already disappeared down the drive but thank goodness for great training because when I called him back he stopped in his tracks, about turned and trundled towards me. Great recall! Number 2 gate was also undone. I rather think the open gate episode was a case of badly trained son!

Devryn was inside fast asleep one night when the cat sauntered in and smooched his nose. He woke with a start and took a few moments to assess the situation. My heart was in my mouth for a moment. This was an unexpected situation and I'm not sure what his experience is regards cats but our cat thinks all dogs are her friend and he was no exception. He was intrigued. Cat is still here to tell the tale and he tolerates her whilst inside. Outside however its game on! Typical.

Well the time has come for Devryn to go back home. His Mum picks him up tonight and I can just imagine his excitement when he sees her again. I hope she remembers not to wear her best clothes because they'll get muddied!

We will really miss his company when he goes home. Not only is he tall, dark and handsome he is also amazingly loving, gentle and kind.

**Four Paws are better than One: A Leo's Story . . . . .**

**H**i, my name is Asgard and I am 10 months old. I was adopted into my family when I was 5 months old and I have made myself right at home. I love them very much and I know they love me to pieces.

I have two other K9 siblings in my family. My big sister Neveyah who is a Leo like me, and my big brother Rogue who is a Collie X and who I've finally managed to surpass in height! (not that he seems too pleased by it).

I am a real Family Burger and I love nothing more than helping my humans out around the house and leaving them all sorts of surprises! Some of my favourite helpful tasks are digging holes in the garden and lawn and pulling out anything green and leafy looking. My Humans are so impressed I often overhear them saying that there once vibrant and full garden now looks like a desolate mud pit - so I know by that compliment I am doing a real good job!

When I am not outside, you can find me Inside the house helping out. I have tried a few times vacuuming the house, however I do not know how to make it work the way my Humans do, even though I try and drag the vacuum from room to room.

I also like to help with the washing. Whether it is helping pulling it off the line all by myself, or finding clothes around the house that I can play with so my Humans can put in the wash - Since I know they like doing it so much. One of my most helpful surprises came about a few weeks ago. I know my Humans vacuum the carpet nearly every day since we are always leaving fur around the house, so I decided I would help them out by trying to remove the carpet for them. No carpet, means no more vacuuming! It

was a brilliant idea. Unfortunately trying to take it all up proved tougher than it looked and I knew I didn't have much time to do it in, so I only did what I could.



When my Humans came in and saw how clever and considerate I had been, they were awestruck! They were instantly very still and quiet. I then saw one of my Humans go a little pale and when I looked to my other Human she became a little red in the face. I guess I overwhelmed them with so many positive emotions.

All the helping I do can leave me a little tired, so after a hard days work I love nothing more to relax and make myself comfortable. How I love my life!



## A Dog's Purpose? (according to a 6 year old) <https://www.facebook.com/WakeUpProjectOfficialPage/>

Being a veterinarian, I had been called to examine a ten-year-old Irish Wolfhound named Belker. The dog's owners, Ron, his wife Lisa, and their little boy Shane, were all very attached to Belker, and they were hoping for a miracle.

I examined Belker and found he was dying of cancer. I told the family we couldn't do anything for Belker, and offered to perform the euthanasia procedure for the old dog in their home.

As we made arrangements, Ron and Lisa told me they thought it would be good for six-year-old Shane to observe the procedure. They felt as though Shane might learn something from the experience.

The next day, I felt the familiar catch in my throat as Belker's family surrounded him. Shane seemed so calm, petting the old dog for the last time, that I wondered if he understood what was going on. Within a few minutes, Belker slipped peacefully away.

The little boy seemed to accept Belker's transition without any difficulty or confusion. We sat together for a while after Belker's death, wondering aloud about the sad fact that animal lives are shorter than human lives. Shane, who had been listening quietly, piped up, "I know why."

Startled, we all turned to him. What came out of his mouth next stunned me. I'd never heard a more comforting explanation. It has changed the way I try and live.

He said "People are born so that they can learn how to live a good life -- like loving everybody all the time and being nice, right?" The six-year-old continued,

"Well, dogs already know how to do that, so they don't have to stay as long."



**Live simply.**

**Love generously.**

**Care deeply. Speak kindly.**

Remember, if a dog was the teacher you would learn things like:

**When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.**

**Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joyride.**

**Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.**

**Stretch before rising.**

**Run, romp, and play daily.**

**Thrive on attention and let people touch you.**

**Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.**

**On warm days, stop to lie on your back on the grass.**

**On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree.**

**When you're happy, dance around and wag your entire body.**

**Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.**

**Be loyal.**

**Never pretend to be something you're not.**

**If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.**

**When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by, and nuzzle them gently.**

There comes a time in life, when you walk away from all the drama and people who create it.

You surround yourself with people who make you laugh, forget the bad, and focus on the good.

So, love the people who treat you right.

Think good thoughts for the ones who don't.

Life is too short to be anything but happy.

Falling down is part of LIFE...

Getting back up is LIVING...

*Feet . . . in my opinion****“Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder”***

In my opinion these are beautiful feet, trimmed and presented to perfection. Amazing, simply gorgeous!

Oh I can almost see you’ve raised your eyebrows at that comment. You’ve had another look at the photo now because you can hardly believe this article is simply about how lovely these feet are. You’re trying to see what I see, what all the fuss is about. Oh please tell me you don’t disagree. These are picture perfect feet ! Worthy of mention, worthy of envy.

I spend quite a few hours grooming our dogs. Not specifically for shows—just to keep on top of the knots and matting. I enjoy it even though its back breaking work. The best part , the bit I get the most satisfaction from is trimming and shaping the feet. And you have no idea how envious I am when I look at this picture. Oh how I wish I could manage to groom my Leo's feet to get them to look like this.

Yes, now and only now can you confirm what you’ve already suspected—I’m nuts!

Actually, when I found this picture on google it became inspiration for a wee article. This month has been a bit short on donated material and I was searching for subject matter. Presto! Feet. Glorious, wonderful feet. And as I said before in my opinion these are beautiful feet.

I have a confession to make and it may as well be a public one. I was Leo minding recently and the visiting leos had their snow shoes on. Different styles but certainly the most popular trends. You know the ones with copious amounts of messy tufts between the toes. Well - not on my watch. They had to go. So on day one these boys were each subjected to a grooming from head to toe. In fact all toes on all feet got a makeover. (My apology to the owners came after the fact and I think they’ve forgiven me. Phew!)

In lots of ways grooming the boys served as a bonding time between us. Remember they had been dropped here for a few days holiday and it was all a bit new to them. So this was a win win for all of us.

However, whether you like them trimmed or tufty it is worth a mention that we should take care to check between our Leonbergers toes regularly. Surplus hair between the toes and pads can cause all manner of issues especially in the winter with mud clogging the hair. Clean and cut out the excess hair and trim their nails .

Remember if your Leo has trimmed feet like this they will leave a smaller muddy footprint behind! That’s got to be a plus. And of course in my opinion they will look GORGEOUS!

*You Decide . . .*

Once upon a time most new Leonberger owners ended up changing their good old reliable and much loved saloon for the more ungainly but versatile station wagon thus enabling a little bit of handy DIY pick up for the weekend projects as well as a comfy space for the dog to travel. Nowadays the vehicle choice seems to be an SUV of some di-

mension. The trouble is, entry and exit from the SUV becomes more of a challenge for the Leo. We are all aware that while puppy is growing, negotiating steps and jumping should be restricted and eventually there comes a point when puppy is just too big to lift anymore.

A few weeks back one of our members enquired about your

recommendations and I thought it would be an idea to share with you some of the findings. You may have managed to accommodate your Leo through the puppy stage reasonably successfully but keep in mind that as they age they may become a little less able to jump and a bit arthritic and this information may help you decide on an alternative down the line . . .

<http://www.twistep.com/index.php>



<http://www.solvitproducts.com/page/info/pet-ramps>



## PET RAMP

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- ✓ High-traction walking surface
- ✓ Rubber feet for sure footing



## *A Ramp for Minnie and Ted . . .*

We recently purchased a new car, which is a Kia Sorrento. As it is a 7 seater, our two leos were going to use the back with the two rear seats folded down. Minnie has never been a good jumper, and as I felt that now that they are 6 years old, a ramp was going to be useful.



We weren't able to test this out with the height of this vehicle for jumping in, before we purchased, so I set out to get a ramp in case it was needed. I made an enquiry to Rosemarie about what perhaps other Leonberger club members might use.

As a second hand "Solvit" was available, and time was important I decided to go with this brand. It is strong, with a good length of the ramp and has a little side edge to avoid slipping off.

I decided there had to be some training so I used our front door steps which had a gentle incline, and had some favourite foods of some left over roast chicken to make the "kids" walk up and down. Apart from being a trifle perplexed initially about the matter they were really good about it

and it was easy getting them to walk up and down a few times. So to the car, and again with treats they managed that well too.

They now know this is their mobile kennel, and it is worth their while to get in the car for going out. A little to my surprise Ted will jump in! And for now the both jump out!!

However if Ted doesn't feel like the jump he will go back inside, so with the ramp I can bring him outside on the lead and it is business to get in the car!

The ramp folds in half, so it sits in passenger floor area when not in use. There is a lot of room in the boot, for the two of them and they have a couple of foam beds for their travelling comfort.

*J Wiltshire*



## Ruby News . . .

One of the key factors about owning a Leo is looking after their coat. There never seems to be a day that goes by when we're combing one part or another of Ruby's body and extracting knots and other foreign material from her fur.

Keeping Ruby smelling nice sometimes requires her to be washed and shampooed. This isn't something that we do too often because it washes the natural oils out of her hair and makes it less water repellent. Nonetheless when we get a nice sunny day (remember those?) it's sometimes a cue to get the hosepipe out expend around ¾ of a bottle of shampoo onto her. That's the easy bit done, the hard part is getting her dry. If it's warm and sunny then nature generally takes its course and by evening she's usually 95% dry – other than those pesky



bits behind her ears that are always the last parts to remain damp. Winter is a different matter and getting a weekend when it's warm and dry enough to wash her and get her dry is not always easy. With that in mind, we recently tried out a place on Auckland's North Shore called 'Nose to Tail'. It's a sort of DIY dog wash centre where they have all

the towels, brushes (warm!) water showers, attractive plastic bin-bag coveralls to keep you (almost) dry and, most importantly turbo dryers

She was a bit reluctant when we got there and put the brakes on but a little coaxing got her inside and onto one of the raised baths. There were a number of smaller dogs being washed but she wasn't that impressed. For the princely sum of \$28 we were able to give madam a really good wash using their own shampoo and because we were using warm water it seemed to get her coat much cleaner. Now, for those of us that don't show our dogs, the world of the turbo dryer is something of a well-kept secret. These things have got the power to blow the skin off a custard at 50 metres. Ruby was slightly concerned and probably thought most of her hair was going to end up floating around the place which wasn't far from the reality. -

We've been back a couple of time since and the results are so good I suspect that we may opt for this even during the summer because her coat look so good afterwards. The trouble is though, that no sooner is she clean and fragrant, she goes and rolls in the sand and undoes all that hard work!



*Gerard*

<http://www.stuff.co.nz/>

LEE SUCKLING JUNE 28, 2015

## Why are New Zealand Cities so anti-dog?



Matt Dravitski with his French Bulldog, Claude.

Venture into an English pub outside London, and you'll likely find a springer spaniel snoozing quietly in a corner. On any given American flight, it's just as likely you'll come across a fluffy little shih tzu stowed in front of a passenger's feet. At posh restaurants in France, you can expect not just bottomless bread baskets but also ladies lunching with their labradoodles. "I've even seen a dog – a big dog – inside Barneys New York," says frequent traveller Matt Dravitzki, who would like to see a more relaxed dog culture at home in New Zealand. "If you've got a well-behaved dog, it'll be allowed inside almost anywhere without question." Dravitzki works in the film industry and travels

regularly to California, where a law passed recently allows dogs to dine with their owners inside restaurants. Yet when he's at home in Wellington with his French bulldog Claude, the dining, drinking and shopping options available to him become very limited. Under the city council's dog bylaws, one may only walk one's dog through the defined 'dog control' CBD area. Dog walkers may not, under said bylaw, stop with their dog – not even at Wellington's inner-city cafes with street-side outdoor tables. "I'm not sure if we're ready for the European or American model, where dogs are welcome inside shops and restaurants," he says. "But I would like to be able to walk my dog through the city streets – particularly on weekends – and stop for coffee or go shopping while doing so." So dog-friendly is Los Angeles, in fact, that plans have been laid for America's first 'dog cafe', not just a place for dog owners to drink coffee alongside their pets, but for non-dog owners to get some social time with canines, too. "We understand that living in Los Angeles most likely means you live in an apartment, which makes it difficult to own a pet," says Sarah Wolfgang, co-founder of The Dog Cafe, which has operated as a 'pop-up' and is looking for a permanent location. "Even if you're not looking to adopt, you can still enjoy all the sloppy kisses you've ever wanted."

Though increasing nationwide, New Zealand's urban density isn't at American levels, so – in theory at least – this country is a wonderful place to have a dog. There are wide open spaces and countless walking tracks and beaches, to start. Trouble is, dog access is restricted on many of them. Dog control regulations differ region to region, but every city in New Zealand has beach restrictions in one form or another. "The rules don't make sense," says 41-year-old Sarah Hough, a fashion show producer who frequents Auckland's Eastern Bays beaches. "You have to have



Sarah Hough with her dog Elodie on the waterfront at St Heliers.

dogs off the beach by 9am, but there's nobody on the beach at 9am on a Monday, when lots of dog walkers are about. "Dog owners, thus, are forced to break the rules. Sue Lazar, who has lived in Sumner in Christchurch for 30 years, says locals often defy the council's bylaws that prevent dogs from running around parts of Sumner Beach during daylight saving. "No one cares at 6am in the morning, [be it] summer or winter, but I assume people who walk dogs at a more leisurely time of the day find it a hassle," she says. Lazar notes she has the "odd person" moan about her dog being off the leash, but has never encountered animal control officers. "I don't think many residents really abide by the laws, but again, I don't feel that's a problem." Last year, Lazar travelled to Spain, France and the UK, where dogs roam relatively free. "They go on buses, planes, trains, restaurants and everywhere else," she says. "But I do think we are better off without the poo issue."

This concern, that one might encounter excrement, is a key reason for the Wellington bylaw. The previous one was even worse for dog owners, however: until 2009, the CBD was a complete 'no dogs' zone during shop hours. "We went out for consultation to the public, did a survey of all registered dog owners in Wellington, and found those hours were too restrictive," says Alison Curtis,

Wellington City Council's public health manager. There was also a lot of feedback from people who didn't want Wellington central opened up too much, she recalls. "There were concerns it would become like Paris: dog poo all over Lambton Quay." No other New Zealand cities have such strict dog bylaws, but Curtis says people's fear of dogs is taken seriously in the capital. Many Wellingtonians "like to know there are places dogs can't go", she explains. "There's always some concern about the fear level in the general population. Some people are scared of dog attacks and they don't want close interaction."

Wellington veterinarian Brendon Bullen believes people on streets need more interaction with dogs, not less. "I would like to see more normalising of dog interaction in everyday life," he says. "I think if kids were used to interacting with dogs, there would be more opportunity to teach them appropriate ways to approach them. I see kids rushing up to dogs all the time, with no understanding of canine body language or fear. This may well help to reduce New Zealand's dog attack statistics." Dog lovers are a social bunch, congregating before and after walks at cafes and neighbourhood shops. Public spaces like streets and beaches aside, it is New Zealand's hospitality industry that needs to keep up with international trends, says Sarah Hough. Under New Zealand's Food Hygiene Regulations, it's currently illegal for dogs to be inside any establishment that serves or prepares food.

"I don't see why dogs can't sit on your lap or at your feet inside a cafe, if the owner is okay with it," says Hough. "My dog isn't going to get into the kitchen. She's not going to breathe on other people's food. I'd be more than happy to sit a 'restaurant-worthy' test to prove my dog is under my control." Dravitzki would like to see dog rules loosened not just in Kiwi cafes and shops, but also inside aeroplane cabins. "All over the rest of the world, you see dogs travelling on planes with their owners," he says. "I have seen a French bulldog in business class on an Air New Zealand flight from Auckland to LAX. I saw it at check in, and thought it was going into the hold, like dogs normally do. But there it was, sitting quietly in the foot-well for the entire 12-hour flight."

Could there be change in the air for our national carrier, which has traditionally disallowed in-flight dog company owing to biosecurity regulations? Air New Zealand declined to comment, even on matters of domestic dog travel, but Air France, KLM, Air Canada, Delta, and Virgin America are just some of the dozens of airlines that allow dogs into the cabin, including on international flights, as long as they fit comfortably under the seat in front.

Unlike in many other Western countries (particularly the UK, where dogs are even permitted on the underground), public transport in New Zealand is another no-go zone for dogs. "Everyone tells us we're horrible people for driving our cars," says Hough, whose seven-year-old pomeranian-papillon cross goes with her everywhere, "but I can't get on the train because dogs aren't allowed. I'm a single woman with no kids; it's like asking me to leave my child at home." Re-



But even leaving your dog at home can be an issue. If you've been on the lookout for a rental property on Trade Me lately, you'll notice the majority of listings state 'No Pets'. Cocker spaniel owner Rebecca Roberts has first-hand experience with renting difficulties. "You can be honest about your dog to a potential landlord, and ask if they can bend the rules, but you'll always miss out to someone who doesn't have a dog," she says. "In central Wellington or Auckland, renting is so competitive – you're up against 50 other people. Having a dog immediately puts you in the 'no' pile." When last renting (she now lives above the shop she owns), she had to lie. "That landlord still doesn't know." Such frustrations led Roberts, who owns a homeware store in Wellington's Aro Valley, to do her part in improving dog friendliness in New Zealand. Her contribution? A 'dogs welcome' sign outside her store. "The sign has been up since I opened two years ago," she says. "I've had hundreds of dogs through and never had any problems. I rely on foot traffic for my business. It would be silly to miss out on a sale because someone was walking their dog but [couldn't] come in and browse."

While her shop is a dog-friendly zone, however, Roberts' own dog stays at home during work hours. "I've got a bit of a crazy dog who might knock things over, so I wouldn't take her into any shops. But for the people that would take their dogs inside, they know their dog is okay. Dog owners know what their dogs can and can't handle."

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NOTICE

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**IN MEMORY OF ROSIE**  
 29<sup>th</sup> October 2006 - 29<sup>th</sup> June 2015



**Rosie** (CH. Simtara Platinum Princess) was gifted to us in December 2010 by Verna and Simon. We can't thank them enough for that.

The love Rosie has given to us over the last 4 and a half years is unmeasurable. She has been with us through good times and the bad. She was always there for a cuddle when we needed one.

We could take Rosie anywhere, she was a gentle giant, people loved her as soon as they looked at her, let alone stroke and pat her. She was a great Canine Friend and helped put a smile on many a patients face. She loved all the attention. My last visit out with Rosie was to my dentist Gary at Brush Dental in Tauranga last Thursday, I was the patient. Gary insisted Rosie come in with me while I had a tooth extracted. She was well behaved although wouldn't sit on the nice blue blanket they provided for her. She wandered around the surgery at will and had her nose stuck in my ear while I was getting the 'local' in. I think they would have kept her if she had been a little smaller, but thank you Gary for allowing her in that day, her presence was indeed comforting. For that day she really was MY Canine Friend.

Rosie has helped us bring up two puppies, our Tawa who came with Rosie that same day and of course the most recent addition just over a year ago, Jeep. Despite her never having a litter of her own Rosie showed no end of patience and tolerance for these

*In Memory . . . Rosie*

two. For 4 1/2 years she was inseparable from Tawa who now, is lost without her.

My memories of Rosie are boundless but one of them was her willingness to sit up as straight as possible and shuffle her bottom as close to me as possible to get her treats. Her face was a picture of concentration each time determined to get the treat first. As top dog she always did! Another would be the excitement she showed when I was getting changed into walking clothes, she would run around and leap in the air, often nearly knocking me over in her effort to get her lead on first! She was always first through the paddock gate, flying through the air barking her head off with the others trailing behind her, yesterday as usual she was first, she still had a spark but stopped after about 6 paces in. Tawa and Jeep stopped too, coming back to see where she was and what was happening. Rosie could make it no further and lay down in the grass, Tawa and Jeep just stayed with her not straying far. She eventually made it back to the house but her breathing was very laboured.

Rosie's diagnosis of Lymphoma was a total shock, she had been to the vets several weeks before as she had stopped eating, had bloods and an ultrasound scan and were told she had a bit of gastritis and was a little dehydrated. She starting eating again and all was well for a couple of weeks. Then they all went into Kennels for 10 nights and on our return from holiday Rosie had lost 4 kg in weight and it was reported that she would not eat. Once home she ate and seemed forever hungry, we could hardly fill her. Her thirst during all this time was incalculable the bowl was always being filled, and so obviously her need to be out for lots of wees during the night.

Two weeks later I was back to the vets, Rosie had stopped eating again and was still losing weight. Bloods were taken and on Thursday we were informed at 7.15pm that Rosie in all likelihood had Lymphoma. She was started on Prednisone but this did not stimulate her appetite as expected. My research told me that the course of Lymphoma can be very quick and dogs in general didn't survive much longer than 6 to 8 weeks. We took her on Sunday to her favourite field for a walk, she managed a couple of trots and smelt out some bunny trails, she looked like she enjoyed herself and walked with Geoff and Jeep the short way home rather than get in the car.

I very wrongly thought we would have more time with her to say our goodbyes and make her last few weeks extra special, but within 4 days of that diagnosis she had deteriorated so much it was kinder to say our goodbyes and allow Rosie to run free over the Rainbow Bridge.

When the vet came Jeep was very quiet and lay very still until Rosie's heart was about to stop. He stood up and howled and cried, I didn't know who I was crying the most for, his loss or mine.

We love you Rosie, always will, thank you for being you.

**Jane, Geoff, Tawa and Jeep**

## Ten Tips on Coping with Pet Loss by Moira Anderson Allen, M.Ed

Anyone who considers a pet a beloved friend, companion, or family member knows the intense pain that accompanies the loss of that friend. Following are some tips on coping with that grief, and with the difficult decisions one faces upon the loss of a pet. *Completed. . .*

### 6. Should I stay during euthanasia?

Many feel this is the ultimate gesture of love and comfort you can offer your pet. Some feel relief and comfort themselves by staying: They were able to see that their pet passed peacefully and without pain, and that it was truly gone. For many, not witnessing the death (and not seeing the body) makes it more difficult to accept that the pet is really gone. However, this can be traumatic, and you must ask yourself honestly whether you will be able to handle it. Uncontrolled emotions and tears-though natural-are likely to upset your pet. Some clinics are more open than others to allowing the owner to stay during euthanasia. Some veterinarians are also willing to euthanize a pet at home. Others have come to an owner's car to administer the injection. Again, consider what will be least traumatic for you and your pet, and discuss your desires and concerns with your veterinarian. If your clinic is not able to accommodate your wishes, request a referral.



### 7. What do I do next?

When a pet dies, you must choose how to handle its remains. Sometimes, in the midst of grief, it may seem easiest to leave the pet at the clinic for disposal. Check with your clinic to find out whether there is a fee for such disposal. Some shelters also accept such remains, though many charge a fee for disposal. If you prefer a more formal option, several are available. Home burial is a popular choice, if you have sufficient property for it. It is economical and enables you to design your own funeral ceremony at little cost. However, city regulations usually prohibit pet burials, and this is not a good choice for renters or people who move frequently. To many, a pet cemetery provides a sense of dignity, security, and permanence. Owners appreciate the serene surroundings and care of the gravesite. Cemetery costs vary depending on the services you select, as well as upon the type of pet you have. Cremation is a less expensive option that allows you to handle your pet's remains in a variety of ways: bury them (even in the city), scatter them in a favourite location, place them in a columbarium, or even keep them with you in a decorative urn (of which a wide variety are available). Check with your veterinarian, pet shop, or phone directory for options available in your area. Consider your living situation, personal and religious values, finances, and future plans when

making your decision. It's also wise to make such plans in advance, rather than hurriedly in the midst of grief.

### 8. What should I tell my children?

You are the best judge of how much information your children can handle about death and the loss of their pet. Don't underestimate them, however. You may find that, by being honest with them about your pet's loss, you may be able to address some fears and misperceptions they have about death.

Honesty is important. If you say the pet was "put to sleep," make sure your children understand the difference between death and ordinary sleep. Never say the pet "went away," or your child may wonder what he or she did to make it leave, and wait in anguish for its return. That also makes it harder for a child to accept a new pet. Make it clear that the pet will not come back, but that it is happy and free of pain.

Never assume a child is too young or too old to grieve. Never criticize a child for tears, or tell them to "be strong" or not to feel sad. Be honest about your own sorrow; don't try to hide it, or children may feel required to hide their grief as well. Discuss the issue with the entire family, and give everyone a chance to work through their grief at their own pace.

*Ten Tips on Coping with Pet Loss . . . continued***9. Will my other pets grieve?**

Pets observe every change in a household, and are bound to notice the absence of a companion. Pets often form strong attachments to one another, and the survivor of such a pair may seem to grieve for its companion. Cats grieve for dogs, and dogs for cats.

You may need to give your surviving pets a lot of extra attention and love to help them through this period. Remember that, if you are going to introduce a new pet, your surviving pets may not accept the newcomer right away, but new bonds will grow in time. Meanwhile, the love of your surviving pets can be wonderfully healing for your own grief.

**10. Should I get a new pet right away?**

Generally, the answer is no. One needs time to work through grief and loss before attempting to build a relationship with a new pet. If your emotions are still in turmoil, you may resent a new pet for trying to "take the place" of the old-for what you really want is your old pet back. Children in particular may feel that loving a new pet is "disloyal" to the previous pet.

When you do get a new pet, avoid getting a "lookalike" pet, which makes comparisons all the more likely. Don't expect your new pet to be "just like" the one you lost, but allow it to develop its own personality. Never give a new pet the same name or nickname as the old. Avoid the temptation to compare the new pet to the old one: It can be hard to remember that your beloved companion also caused a few problems when it was young! A new pet should be acquired because you are ready to move forward and build a new relationship-rather than looking backward and mourning your loss. When you are ready, select an animal with whom you can build another long, loving relationship-because this is what having a pet is all about!

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