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by Ann Adams



Hi there, I'm Bo and I have a sister called Jackie, who is not really my sister but we've been together for seven whole years so it seems like she is. Don't tell her though, she thinks I'm her real brother!

We lived in a house where they didn't have time to

Havanese Rescue, Inc. May 2010 Newsletter

Puppy Mills

by Beth Franks, Editor

Since the focus of this month's Newsletter is Mill dogs, we thought this would be a good time to offer some statistics about Puppy Mills and Pet Shops.

All puppies come from breeders, but there are varying types of breeders. There are those who care about improving the breed and producing healthy puppies...and those who don't. Puppy mills and backyard breeders fall into the "those who don't care" category.

Puppy mills are like factory farms. The crop is puppies. There can be as many as a thousand dogs in just one puppy mill farm. Most puppy mills are set up about the same. Multiple dogs are crammed into cages. The cages are stacked high in rows to squeeze in as many as possible in barns and sheds. At times some are even stacked outside. The cages have wire bottoms so the feces and urine can fall through. This leaves the dogs feet crippled from standing on the wire and the dogs below covered and standing in waste.

The females are forced to begin breeding during their very first season. For many that can be as early as six months. They are then bred each season with no rest between litters. Once they are no longer good producers they are usually killed, or even worse, left to starve.

take care of us, and we usually stayed in a laundry room. A lady came to get us and she gave us cuddles and kisses so we kissed her right back!

I had a thing on my eye the lady called a cherry eye which did not look so good. It got fixed. Now I look great!

We love to play in the backyard but we still LOVE to go for walks. I tell them when I need to go out by making funny noises but my sister just holds it and waits until we all go out. We've been here for a month and I only had one accident! When the lady says it's night-night time, I like to sleep in my soft bed in a thing called an ex-pen, but Jackie whined too much so now they let her sleep in their bed.

Food is my other favorite thing after walks. The lady gives me veggies with my food in the morning and at night I get a pill so I don't get a tummy ache during the night. The food here is soooo good! We love the snuggles and kisses we get here too, these people play with us and their three dogs a LOT! We have fun with toys that make squeaky noises and Kongs filled with treats.

Is it my turn now? I'm Jackie, and I know Bo isn't really my brother, but I love him so much so we really want to stay together. Oh, and I never had a potty accident

It is the responsibility of the USDA to regulate and oversee the licensing of commercial breeders. Only 120 inspectors enforce the Animal Welfare Act and are responsible for inspecting and overseeing thousands of licenses for breeders, brokers, dealers, circuses, zoos and research laboratories. There are at least 10,000 puppy mills in the U.S. alone.

Of those 10,000 puppy mills, 5,000 sell to brokers and pet stores, the other 5,000 puppy mills sell directly to the customer – usually through the internet. Because there is no care or thought given to removing sick animals from the breeding program, puppies from puppy mills and pet stores generally have a wide range of illnesses.

One million puppies are born each year in U.S. puppy mills. A sobering thought isn't it?

Harriet Enters Foster Care

by Lu Wyland

Harriet was an accidental rescue. Marti, from One Starfish Rescue, went to an Amish mill to pick up several dogs being released to rescue. Almost as an aside, the Amish puppy miller told her that she could take "that one," indicating Harriet, if she wanted because he wasn't feeding her any longer since she was a "poor producer." That is how a dog whose life would have ended by starvation left the mill, together with more than a dozen other dogs, for a chance at life.



reached out to pet her.

Harriet came to HRI after Marti contacted me. In just a few days she'd been given a name, a bath, haircut, good food and several car rides toward a bright future. Harriet was quiet and gentle, watching the other dogs interact, memorizing their cues. I watched her but she would shrink low when a hand

inside.

I have cataracts on my eyes and will have surgery soon to fix one of them. We both have short haircuts but our hair is starting to grow back and we get massages when the other dogs get brushed.

Our foster family gives us lots of attention, snuggles, kisses, and belly rubs and they don't leave us alone all day!

We hope to find our forever family so we can stay together. We give lots of love.

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Though frightened, she gave the new people in her life a gift. She gave us a little bit of trust. If you didn't know how to look, you were unaware of just how big that gift was. In recognizing it, we were able to bring Harriet to the point she is today.

Harriet in Foster Care

by Char Renslow



Harriet came into our care because her temporary foster mother had already taken in a puppy mill dog and could only work with one mill dog at a time. She was extremely shy, fearful and withdrawn. Like other mill dogs, she had never experienced living in a home. The refrigerator scared her, the door shutting

scared her, any noise she heard would send her scampering for cover. She was afraid of quick movements as well, so for several weeks she needed to be approached from the side without looking directly at her. She didn't know a soft bed, how to eat out of a bowl, how to walk on a leash, how to go up and down stairs, or how to play with a toy.

Harriet must not have received a loving touch or cuddle in the mill and did, therefore, not know the love between pet and human. It was most important to teach her to trust people. I held many short training sessions with her. She needed a tremendous amount of patience, love and positive reinforcement. It took her a month before she trusted me enough to come when I called her.

Once we established that level of trust, everything else she needed to learn came easier: house training, walking on a leash, jumping on and off furniture, going over thresholds, taking treats from someone other than me, riding in the car, going up and down the deck steps, and going to play dates - although Harriet preferred to cling to me and just watch. Eventually, she started sniffing other dogs when they approached her and relaxed a bit. We did make progress, and after almost two and a half months in foster care, Harriet was ready to go to her forever home.

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Harriet at Home by Gisela Peters

Letter From Home



Hola! My name is Maddie. I was lucky to be rescued by HRI, along with ten other dogs, from that horrible Wisconsin puppy mill in early winter, 2009. After I stayed with Ms. Laurie, I was adopted by the most perfect family in New York City. Why are they perfect? They are Cuban and I am Cuban!! A match made in heaven! I have a sister, Lola (also Cuban), who lives with me and Grandpa Jorge Luis. Not too long ago, we moved to our forever home in Lima, Peru. When we first moved here, Lola and I inspected every inch of our new apartment and made it our very own. We are so happy together and we romp and play while our Grandpa Jorge Luis watches us. He laughs and tells everyone how much of a joy we are to watch. Our Grandpa believes, as do I, that we are all related, because we are all Havanese from

When we first met Harriet, we were immediately taken with her gentle spirit, and her sad eyes and forlorn demeanor awakened our protective instinct. Knowing little about the special problems and needs of mill dogs, we thought socializing her would not be all too different from raising our two Havanese whom we have had since they were puppies.

Well, were we wrong! At first, everything unfamiliar scared her. She refused to step on or over stairs, door mats, sidewalk curbs etc., and any loud noise or rash movement sent her cowering under a table or bed. Luckily, she was (and still is) very food-motivated so treats usually coaxed her out from underneath her hiding places.

Having a dog whom she trusts (our female) definitely helps her learn to be a pet. She has no more accidents in the house, but to this day it is difficult to convince her to go potty by herself, and any change (first snow, then no snow, or even rain) results in her refusing to eliminate in the back yard and us going on thrice-daily walks, which she loves.

Although painfully shy, she soon bonded with me and she became distressed and quite vocal about it when I was out of sight. She whined when she could not follow me up or down our wooden stairs, and she barked incessantly from the moment I left the house until I returned, as our neighbors let us know. One evening while I was gone -- she had been with us for three months -- she bolted out an unsecured front door, probably looking for me. She was found, four days later, after a heroic search-and-rescue effort by friends, neighbors and HRI volunteers.

For quite some time, Harriet was terrified of men, including my husband. On more than one occasion, she urinated and defecated all over him, simply because he was trying to carry her up or down the stairs.

Now, almost a year later, Harriet has mastered going up the stairs (we still have to carry her down) and has gained enough confidence that she no longer barks during my absence. The neighbors can attest to it! She

Cuba! To HRI and all the angels who rescued us, we say Bravo!



Annual Appeal



The HRI Annual Appeal is your opportunity to help support HRI and benefit Havanese in need, especially those that come to us with major medical problems. Please read this special story... [Read more...](#)

greet my husband excitedly when he comes home. Submissive and excitive urination is still an issue (vinegar bottles are, therefore, always within easy reach), but we are making progress.



Seeing Harriet change from a lost soul into a happy dog who wags her tail, comes when called (mostly), asks to be picked up, gives furtive kisses (now and then), and who is no longer afraid of people has been one of the most rewarding experiences in our lives. There are many things she has not learned to do and probably never will, like playing with toys or other dogs, and most obedience commands (even simple ones like "sit") are lost on her - but she is proof that even a severely traumatized dog who was kept in a cage for four years can overcome the psychological damage done to her.



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