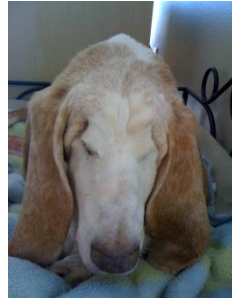


Basset Rescue Network, Inc.  
[www.bassetrescuenetwork.org](http://www.bassetrescuenetwork.org)

Dawn Smith, President  
November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010

An impossible memorial to write.

Our BoW. - The Red Collar Dog.



It is impossible to share Bow's story and truly relay the wonder of a hound named BoW. I have been asked to write it by his fur ever humans Frida and Joe, I will attempt to do him and them justice.

The dream of a basset rescue ranch where we could work with our rescue babies daily, have potential adopters come to meet and greet, volunteers to love on the hounds in a place that is free of stress and committed completely to bassets had become a reality in 2002. Daphneyland opened. Almost immediately an email came in from a friend, Connie at Beagles and Buddies (B & B). A year before we opened Daphneyland a case had come through Orange County which was a horrific tale.

A PD Officer was called out to a park across from an elementary school, a basset had been used in a gang ritual and was hanging in a tree. The responding officer, a dog lover, arrived just as school was letting out. He could not wait for animal control, he needed to remove the body before all those kids hit the park. He climbed on his cruiser and cut the basset down. He could not stand to see the wire wrapped around the bassets neck. He cut it off. And the basset took a breath. He was taken to the shelter.

A series of mishaps occurred and he bounced through one rescue group, was returned to the shelter in 24 hours, and ended up accidentally at Beagles & Buddies. Being terrified of humans and exhibiting severe collar line aggression, no volunteers could work with him and he was languishing in a back run for a year. We opened Daphneyland and B & B was in a decision making process - what to do about him? The email said "Would you try to work with him, we have no solutions". And so it was that the first red collar basset was transferred to Daphneyland. He was transported to the Basset Hound Picnic in a crate in 2002.

Meeting him at the end of the day is a long tale and one day I'll have time to tell it. BoW and I met and took a ride back to the ranch. I parked in the kennel main yard and had to leave the door of the van open, for him to come out and explore on his own terms. It took months to be able to touch BoW. Many people deemed him "Unadoptable". He was my personal challenge. I do not believe in "Unadoptable". The

common statement we make upon visitors arriving at Daphneyland is... Do not pet a red collared hound. This line began with BoW.

Slowly BoW trusted me enough to allow me to massage his chest, he responded to verbal and hand commands, and thus weekday and non public hours had BoW socializing with the pack. Weekends he had to stay in his run until after public hours and the ranch run would find BoW near my side. Always watchful, always just out of reach of any other volunteer - but watching me for any command. I knew BoW would be a "Daphneyland Hound" for life most likely and our bond grew.

One day a couple arrived during public hours. Of all the hounds available for adoption, BoW was the focus. I explained his case, I told them over and over how BoW was NOT the hound for them. They were insistent. Waiting for public hours to end and staying behind the kennel was cleared and after explaining that he would rip their faces off, BoW was released. He charged them as they squatted calling his name, jumped on them. And gave a kiss. My mind reeled. There are times when a hound knows better than we do, just where they should spend their life. BoW knew these were his humans, it took me another week or so to get over the shock. "You'll NEVER be able to leash him up" Joe squatting and putting the leash on and taking it off. Bow standing and smiling at me. And finally he went to their home on a trial basis, foster we called it.

The first week of nightly calls from Frida - the night Stevenson Ranch caught on fire and fireman were everywhere, dogs running loose and I watched with my heart in my throat as the TV played out the rampage of fire sweeping its way through the neighborhood - I just knew I would see BoW charging and biting a fireman - the call from Frida & Joe - they were headed up to drop him off so he'd be safe and sound. BoW came to the ranch every weekend for his "play time" - never to be able to attend a dog park, Daphneyland was his own personal ranch and he ran with glee - chasing me on the Golf Cart and running ahead - the wind in his face, his ears flowing back - full stride and total bliss. BoW was adopted.

Frida and Joe became regular hound wranglers and so it was that when the first parvo pup litter arrived at Daphneyland, they were asked to stay for the intake. They decided BoW might do well with a pup and they picked one out - and Wrangler became BoW's little brother and constant companion. The years flew by. I would meet them at the vet's office to sit and sing to BoW as a blanket was handed over and then I would cover him for the injection to knock him out. It didn't take long before Joe took over this job. BoW stayed here at the ranch when Frida and Joe had to travel, and so over the years BoW has been a constant and many volunteers have come to know him well. Even my father who has been told a million times NOT to pet BoW was caught on the porch petting him. "Oh, THIS is the hound I'm not supposed to touch? But he LOVES me!"

Bow - who took a nice chomp out of a very famous communicator one fine HoeDown Day as she told us the story of Bow's wanting to be a therapy dog for children. Frida's guffaw as she asked... Where?? Juvenile Hall? (So much for that communicator).

BoW's first glaucoma onset. The decisions. Eye removal and rehab here, an e-collar being the only option had one pissed off BoW. Seeing a true angel, wings and all as Stina and I were at the kennel and realizing - those aren't wings, BoW has gotten the e-collar undone!!! Duck tape is an amazing solution to so many of life's problems. His second eye almost 9 months alter and BoW was blind. He adjusted amazingly well with the help of his humans and his brother Wrangler. BoW became paralyzed, surgery was discussed, the question became - how can he be rehabbed? He HATES and stresses at vet appointments and at human touch - how can one sling him, bicycle him and even suture removal would be a challenge - crate rest and herbs saved the day and BoW came back up without that decision having

to be made. And then last Friday (October 29, 2010) as I walked -2- hounds into Dr. Kim's office, and heard a howl that I knew. BoW was not doing well and Frida & Joe were there with him. I NEVER do Friday vet runs, this week for some reason the fates aligned so that I did. I sang to him, and even got to kiss him as he was muzzled, e-collared and very annoyed as blood was being drawn and an IV put in. Acute Pancreatitis was the dx on Saturday morning and prognosis was not good. He spent the weekend at home with his family as the stress of a vet's office surely would be catastrophic.

A million memories of the first red collared hound. Learning to handle an abuse case. Learning to handle triage and rehabilitation with a hound scared of human touch. Alternative therapies when allopathic is impossible. So many lessons our BoW has taught us. Frida and Joe, the most AMAZING humans. Most rescuers would have shaken their heads at the application - new home owners, not married, both working long hours - not an ideal situation in the classic sense - yet they without doubt are the BEST ADOPTIVE FAMILY EVER. BoW knew it when he picked them, they proved it time and again over the years. I am so proud to call them friends.

Joe called me this morning to let me know - BoW passed on his own terms, at home this morning. The wind is howling drowning out my sobs as I gaze into that very blue sky with the wind whipping through the valley's..... I can see him, running at full stride. Forever young, forever free, forever BoW.

There is no such thing as an Unadoptable dog.

Bow Mendoza-Tan of Daphneyland.  
Forever the teacher, forever in our hearts.  
ATB 11/1/10

The tears will be flowing  
Wrangler will need much TLC.  
Lighting candles

Frida & Joe are arriving here at Daphneyland today  
by special request.

Dawn of the West  
Taught by BoW