

The Official Newsletter for friends,
volunteers, and supporters of
Chihuahua Rescue & Transport

NOVEMBER 2006

It's CRT's 10th Anniversary!

10 years

1996-2006

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Hey, can you believe it? It's the holiday season already. Wow! This is a time I sometimes dread because it's often as hard on pets as it is on my bank account. There are all sorts of perils out there for our pups.

Did you know that many holiday decorations and foods can be harmful? Mistletoe is poisonous so if you use it, make sure it's either fake or contained so the berries can't fall off into the range of a Chihuahua mouth. Tinsel, glass ornaments, and wrapped presents can be temptations for our furry buddies, especially if there are foodstuffs and doggy treats in the packages. At our house we put the tree inside an exercise pen or on a table. It keeps the male dogs from forgetting their manners and using it for an indoor bathroom. (You know they've been jealous of the cat for years because the CAT has an indoor bathroom). Make sure the wires from all the lights and such are out of the way so no Chihuahua gets caught in them or chews on them.

If you entertain, remember that your guests may not be as adept as you are in keeping Chico or Conchita from getting out the door. Use a crate, an exercise pen or a locked door to protect your pet while people are coming and going. Remember to put chocolate up out of reach and caution your guests not to feed Fido. (Oh, Teddy Bundy says he'd be good if the guests would feed him doggy treats, otherwise, he might have to bite them.) If your dog is allowed treats, then maybe a few of those could be shared. Also, if your home is not usually entertainment central, you might want to crate your pets in a quiet area of the house so they don't get too upset with all the hubbub.

Remember to microchip your pet and write your cell phone number on the pet's collar if you are traveling. Always use the phone number of someone who will be able to answer it while you are gone. If you are visiting Grandma and have your pet with you, there's no one home to answer the phone if Paco gets lost in Los Angeles and you live in Santa Fe.

Since this is the Holiday issue, I thought I'd share some of the fun things we have on the website to help CRT dogs. Remember, almost all the money goes to the dogs' care. You can buy the greeting cards, the Chihuahua calendar featuring some of our favorite Chihuahuas, an ornament to go on the virtual tree on the website, and for those people who have everything, make a donation to CRT in their names.

It's been a busy year with CRT and looks to be so next year, too. Have a safe holiday season, and remember CRT when you have some spare change.

LYNNIE BUNTEN, PRESIDENT
CHIHUAHUA RESCUE AND TRANSPORT

PEPPER SAYS.....



Hello. My name is Pepper and I'm a barker. I'm going to tell you my story because I know you can understand. When I came to this home, I was very quiet. There was a big-mouthed dog named Pokey here and she barked all the time. My mom would tell her to do something and she'd bark right back at her! Or when she wanted dinner, she'd hop around next to my mom's computer chair and barkbarkbark and her front feet would come right up off the floor every time she barked. It was sort of like HOPBARK, HOPBARK, HOPBARK! until my mom got up and fixed us dinner.

I didn't do anything like that. I never, ever barked at all or made a single sound. I would just sit quietly and wait. I didn't even bark when people came to the door at this house. I *did* bark, though, when I was eating. I took each piece of food out of my dish and put it on a little rug and hopped around and barked at it to make sure it was dead. But that's all I ever did.

Then Pokey went up to the Bridge, and it was pretty quiet around here. And one day I felt this WHOOSH! and there was a wind past my ear, and I barked at it! My mom was so surprised that I had a voice! So I gradually started to bark a little here and there, and I'd feel that WHOOSHING every once in a while, but I wasn't scared because I knew it was Pokey the Ghost, hovering around.

So now that I've been here a year, I've learned to bark for dinner, bark when I want to go to bed, bark when my mom gets on the phone (that's the most fun of all), and bark when I play. But I don't go bowowowow, I go ARK! ARK! and I sound like a seal.

My mom says I'm possessed, whatever that means. WHOOSH!



So. Raise your hand if you've adopted a little Chi lately. Okay, now raise your hand if you've donated money to CRT to help all the homeless Chis. And now raise your hand if you already have a little Chi from CRT.

So what's the matter with all of you with your hands down???? We need help! There are Chis out there just waiting for you to write a check so we can save them. And there are way more than we could ever save in a whole lifetime, so we have to work fast. Please help us!

Just to make it easier, we have several different ways you can help. One is our CHRISTMAS BALLS tree on the website. We don't have it up yet, but it will be up around Thanksgiving, and all you have to do is send \$5 in honor of your Chi(s), in memory of one who's passed on, or to honor anyone you want. We can have as many balls on our tree as you send us, because we can even have TWO trees, or maybe THREE! That would be great, because every single Christmas ball on that tree means more little Chis will be saved. Please keep checking our website for the tree. It'll be on there soon!

You can also check for special sales and fundraisers on the site. We have all sorts of good things going for the holidays. You can be part of our Save-A-Chi program, and for only fifty dollars you can get a little Chi started on vaccinations and vetting. You'll be listed in a special section on our website, and we always have a column of Save-A-Chi donors in our newsletter.

If you look at my picture here, you'll see that I'm wearing a special harness vest. It's a little big on me, so it has to be altered, but it's my favorite thing. It has a buckle under my chin so it can't come loose, and big thick velcro under my tummy. It's nice and warm, and I love wearing it to go places. I feel so safe and special in it. A CRT volunteer makes the harness vests and you can email her at janetchihuahuas@aol.com and see if she'll make you one, too. She makes them to fit each individual Chi, and your mom would have to send your measurements. They're only \$20, including postage, and every single penny goes to CRT.

I just love doing these newsletters! I know all my friends out there are reading them, and I have lots of friends. I have a friend named Daisy, in Kentucky, who is very big, and the same color as my sister Mina. Daisy is some kind of spaniel or something, but she's very nice all the same. And I have a little friend named Hailey who is half Chi and half Dachshund, and she's very nice, too. She's looking for a home, and is on our website. There are many other friends out there too, and some of them sent me their pictures after our last newsletter. My mom lets me look at them sometimes when she isn't too busy on the computer. Some of my friends are even in this newsletter, because their moms sent their stories to my mom, and we printed them. I hope you like them -- it shows how different we all are, and then how much the same.

Have a happy holiday, and please remember all of us. All we want is love and a home -- maybe you could make a little space in yours for one of us.

Love,
Pepper

HELP WANTED!



CRT FUNDRAISING COORDINATOR

CRT has an opening for a Fundraising Coordinator! We're a 501(c)3 non-profit organization with dual goals: 1) the rescue, medical care, and adoption of stray and homeless Chihuahuas & Chi-mixes and 2) control the growing dog overpopulation by spaying/neutering all dogs in our care.

We have a need for someone to manage the overall fundraising efforts necessary to meet our goals. Previous fundraising experience would be a tremendous plus.

The person who takes on this job needs to be acquainted with the regulations for tax exempt organizations or be willing to learn. This person will be responsible for the overall development and coordination of the programs that generate the funds needed to run our program. These efforts will include: general fundraising, special "sale" programs, development of sponsors such as Petco, development of grants through national programs, and other efforts as appropriate. Communication with the volunteers who are the heart of CRT is critical, so good communication skills are needed.

We don't offer a salary for these efforts, but you'll earn the devotion of hundreds of Chihuahuas that you'll help save and also the devotion of their human partners.

If you think you're up to this rewarding challenge, please email Dan at dsls@calcon.net to let us know of your interest.

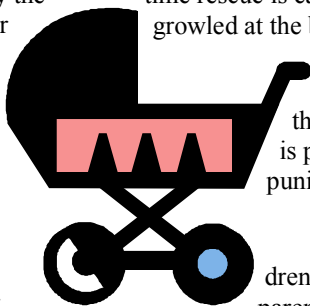
BABIES AND CHIHUAHUAS - WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

BY LYNNIE BUNTEN

CRT and other rescues receive many, MANY, requests to take owner surrenders. The first contact is usually something about finding a better home for the Chihuahua. When we query for location and the dog's likes and dislikes, we discover that there is a problem between the dog and the baby or toddler. This is especially sad when the dog has been with the family for years.

There are several reasons for the problem. Sometimes the dog was almost a substitute child, and at least treated like one. Often, little effort was made to properly houstrain and socialize the dog. When pregnancy happens, it doesn't occur to the couple to start retraining the dog and preparing him for the new arrival. By the time rescue is called, the family is ready to give up on the dog. Usually the dog has peed on things, nipped at someone, or growled at the baby.

As a general rule, Chihuahuas are not known for exceptions. Little kids are mostly focused on what they want and don't read the body language of dogs. A dog that flees is followed. A dog that is cornered is picked up in whatever way the child can manage. When the dog protests by growling or snapping, it is punished or the family begins to try to find a new home for it.



Chihuahuas can co-exist in a family with small children, but it takes a lot of work and may require separation of territory and will require strict supervision. If parents don't understand that a growl is a warning and not necessarily aggression, and a nip is also a warning that should be heeded, then the situation isn't going to work out.

CRT generally doesn't adopt to families with young children. People are often offended because their child is good with pets or is gentle and well behaved. That's actually not our issue. Dogs that have had bad experiences with young children are hard to retrain to accept another child, so we just don't want to risk putting the dog in a situation in which it will fail and a child might be hurt.

For training hints, I currently am recommending an inexpensive book called [Little Dogs: Training Your Pint-Sized Companion](#) by Deborah Wood. While this book doesn't have all the answers, it can help one train to prevent some of the problems that cause people to consider giving up their dogs.

THE DOCTOR IS IN.....

JACKIE BUSCH, DVM



With the holidays approaching quickly, the time for festivities, feasting and fun is drawing near. For many, our furry friends are often at the center of the festivities. It is important that we remember a few things that will enable them to participate safely as well.

Most people are aware that chocolate is a toxin. Unsweetened chocolate, often used for baking, is poisonous to our pets. Even a small amount can result in vomiting, diarrhea, hyperactivity, and seizures. Products containing xylitol (found in gum and candy) can cause depression and seizures. Even the wrapper on candy can cause irritation to the intestinal tract and could result in an intestinal blockage.

As tempting as it is to share our meal with our four-legged friends, we need to remember that pets need to be given only their usual diet. Any change in your dog's diet could cause inflammation of the stomach and intestines (called gastroenteritis) as well as an inflammation of the pancreas (pancreatitis). Gastroenteritis and pancreatitis often result in vomiting and/or diarrhea. Pancreatitis is

often more serious and may require hospitalization for supportive therapy including intravenous fluids, antibiotics, and pain management. In rare cases, it can result in death.

Decorations pose a threat to our pets as well. Tinsel and ornaments seem like toys to our pets but may result in a foreign body that requires surgery to remove. The additives to the Christmas tree water can cause gastrointestinal upset. The electrical cords for our lights pose a hazard to animals who like to chew on things and may cause an electrical burn(s) or electrocution. Even the cherished mistletoe can cause gastrointestinal upset as well as breathing and cardiac problems.

The best advice for a safe holiday season is to maintain your friends on their current diets and keep all seasonal products out of reach-or, better yet, out of the house. Hopefully these tips will allow you and your pets to have a great holiday.

Jackie Busch, DVM has been in small animal practice for over 8 years and joined Westwood Hospital for Animals in Brownsburg, IN in 2001.

CLEO'S STORY

Hello, my name is Cleo. I was adopted May 21, 2006. My journey to my new home started from Columbus, Ohio and ended in Streamwood, IL. Linda, my foster Mom, sent me with my favorite toys, blanket and outfits so I would feel more comfortable when I got to my final destination. I have to admit that I was so scared, even though everyone that transported me treated me very well and gave me lots of words of encouragement.

In Chicago, I stayed with Sandra for a couple of hours because my new Mom had previous plans and couldn't get me until the early evening. I didn't leave my crate at Sandra's. I hope she didn't take it personally; I was a nervous wreck.

When my new Mom arrived with my new sister Sarah, I thought to myself, "now what?" The two of them seemed so happy to see me and I couldn't understand it. They got me home and put my crate out in the backyard and opened the door. They went back in the house, but I knew they were peering out the patio door (these humans think they are so sly). I am so glad they did this, because boy did I have to go! But I still was scared, so I ran back into my crate.

So I am in this strange house and my Mom, Sarah, new brother Joey, and this funny looking long haired Chihuahua (Chuletta) were all looking in my crate and talking to me. They were very strange! But I stayed in my crate until the next day.

When I finally decided to be brave, I crept out of my crate, and let me tell you, my new family was not so bad. Okay, well, Chuletta was a little more curious than I liked.

It's been a few months now and I really feel like a part of the family. My new Mom has taught me to sit on command, walk on my hind legs and jump through a hoop (though I will only do any of this when she has a treat in her hand).

I really love my new family, and despite my being a little "quirky" (that's what Mom calls it), I know they really love me too.

Thank you to CRT for being there when I needed you and finding me a wonderful new Home.



SAVE-A-CHI DONATIONS

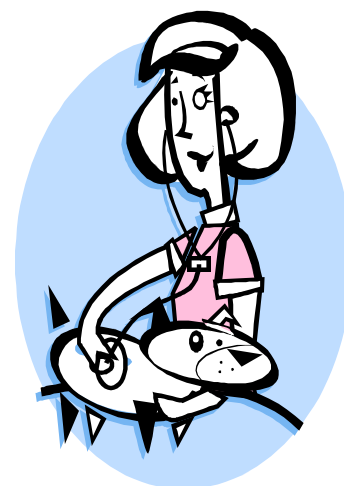
Every dog that comes to CRT is examined by a veterinarian right off the bat. This is a special program to begin their vetting process: **Save-A-Chi!** For each \$50 contribution, we'll publish the names of the donors on our website and in the issue of the newsletter immediately after, along with the name of the Chihuahua who was given a headstart with their vetting process -- a checkup and vaccinations (or as Pokey said, a stab right in the butt with a sharp needle!)

Please help us to help these little guys. As we're sure you all know, vet costs are rising along with everything else, and while \$50 doesn't come close to covering what we spend on each dog (about \$250), it gives us a good start towards getting them ready for adoption.

If you can help just one new rescue, please send your contribution (made out to CRT) to our treasurer at 3414 Pemberton Dr., Pearland, TX, 77584-9483, or use the PayPal button on the page at <http://www.chihuahua-rescue.com/saveachi.htm>. We'll choose the very newest little rescue to receive your donation, and notify you of the dog's name and the region where it is being fostered. If you have questions about the program, please email MidwestCoordinator@chihuahua-rescue.com

Thank you for helping us to help these deserving little dogs.

PATRICIA JONESBARBIE DOLL
 GEORGE, KRISTIE & "STUART" ABBOTT.....MOLLY
 WILMA HOWELLLULU
 DOGGYAPPAREL.COM.....DOREE
 MARION MERGO & "MATTHEW CHARLES".....ROSIE
 ELIZABETH SERIO.....ROSA
 CAROL MULLIGAN.....MARCUS
 LAURA COTTONJENNA
 LEEANN PARLBERG-PHILLIPS.....JENNA
 JANESSA MCWILLIAMS & "LOGAN PEANUT".....SAMUEL
 KATHERINE SIZEMORE.....TINK



BIG BAD BIRD!

One of our volunteers sent this in at the beginning of September. While this happened in north Texas, this COULD happen anywhere, any time, in any part of the country!

"I have to tell you what happened this morning...I took Muppy and Kiwi out in the back yard to pee this morning (with the coyote in the neighborhood, we don't let them go out alone without a human or the "big" dogs). We were not outside more than two minutes when a hawk swooped down with talons extended to grab one of them with me less than 10 feet away. Within 8 feet of taking her, the hawk saw me and went up into a tree close by, and it would not leave until I threw a Frisbee at it to scare it off. I saw a hawk of the same size later this afternoon in the trees nearby. Needless to say, I am totally freaked out because any distraction on my part would have meant that one of my Chihuahuas would be dead right now. In retrospect, it has been two days since we have seen a squirrel, because at any given time there are at the very least three to four visible bounding through the trees in the backyard and the pecan tree in the front since the nuts are ripe. I will have nightmares about what could have happened for a long time."

DIVINE SECRETS IN THE WA WA HOOD

BY GUMBO PETERS

Please allow me to introduce myself, I am MEAN MR. GUMBO. I adopted my human Momma way back in January 2001. I had a reputation for being a ruff-tuff guy. I mean, you just look at me wrong and I'm gonna BITE YA. Gotta keep up those street creds, dawg.

Anyhoo, I put my handsome picture up on a website looking for a human to adopt, and waited, and waited until the right 2-legger came along. I finally accepted this one that drove from Houston to Austin in the rain to audition for me. She was kinda short and didn't look too smart, so I knew I could train her very easily. Piece of cake.

After the long ride home, she let me out of my kennel and I immediately bit her thumb HARD, just to show her who was gonna be the BIG BOSS DAWG around these parts. It must have worked, because then she just ignored me. I had the run of the crib, MINE, ALL MINE. After about 3 or 4 hours of checking it out, I decided to keep her, so I jumped up on the good couch with her and allowed her to give me a hug or two.

And so it went. It didn't take me too long to train her exactly right. Good food, fresh (filtered of course) water, frisky walks, rides in the car and my favorite, the soft fluffy down pillows on the bed and couch. Ahhh, life was good. Then, we moved from the little up-stairs condo, to a big old house with a big old yard and a fence and more couches and even more pillows. SWEET.

Life was perfect for a while, then.....SHE CAME ALONG. Sassy, Miss Sassy Pants, the Sassy-nator, Sassy-licious, Miss THANG. Dang Doggie Diva if you ask me. Life as I knew it was over. Now, I must SHARE, (arrghhhhhh) my fluffy pillows, my big back yard, my cookies, and yes, even my 2-legger.



I GOTTA SHARE EVERYTHING



THE SASSY-NATOR
IN SEARCH OF CHICKEN

Brassy Sassy as I call her, is a hu-Manipulator if I ever saw one, and she THINKS she is the boss of me. Oh, look at me, I'm so cute, I'm so little, I'm so old, I'm so fragile, HAH! What a phony. She just pretends to have wobbly knees. I'm 3 times her size!. Where does she get off thinking she can boss me around? I'd have to show her for sure.

Which brings me to dinnertime. I had trained my human to feed me the best of the best canned food, topped nightly with a little boiled chicken breast, just like I like it. I would eat it at my leisure. Then the THANG arrived. We started having to eat when SHE was ready, but, that part was ok by me. I'll eat anytime. She likes to be served at 7:00 PM. Not. 6:58 PM or 7:02 PM. 7:00 PM. That's when the commotion gets started. First a few chirps, then some LOUD MARFS, that our 2-door-down-and-across-the-street neighbor can hear, with the doors and windows shut. I kid you not. If my human does not have both plates served with the chicken cut exactly right within 30 seconds, Thang-a-ma-jigger starts with her jumps. 3 feet straight in the air, 1 jump per second. I told you she was pretending to have wobbly knees.

The she does a series of runs and jumps that I SWEAR she learned from Michael Jordan himself. Only, she does them better. This nonsense goes on for many seconds until our plates hit the floor. She likes her chicken all minced up and on the corner of her plate, not touching her other food. I like mine all sprinkled over the top of the other stuff. Old "wobbly knees" finishes her chicken first, then rushes



THE "WALL"

over to try to steal mine. I put on my best Elvis impersonation with the curled up lip, and I GRRRRR and Grrrrr and do my Rottweiler imitation, and I give her the evil eye and I ROWF and I sneer and then the 2 legger steps in and moves her back to her own plate. This gets repeated several times. I want her to think that I'm gonna get her, but I never do. It's an image thing. However, I may have to come up with some new scary sounds, because recently, during one of my best and meanest growls EVER, Her Majesty Sassyness simply walked straight up to me, mid-growl, and licked my nose, then stole some of my chicken. PEOPLE, now much more of this humiliation must I endure? Which is why I am writing this little article. You send me your address, and I will FEDEX her to you, immediately. No questions asked.



THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE SASSY-NATOR

Sincerely,
Gumbo

CELL PHONES FOR CRT!

Do you have an old (but functional**) cell phone lying around the house? Would you like to help CRT earn money with that phone??

Holli, one of our fabulous volunteers, has learned about a program that "buys" cell phones from non-profit organizations (among others). Your phone could be worth anywhere from \$5 - \$200 for CRT!

Send your old cell phone to Holli and she'll take care of getting them sent in and the money received for them sent to CRT.



Mail to:

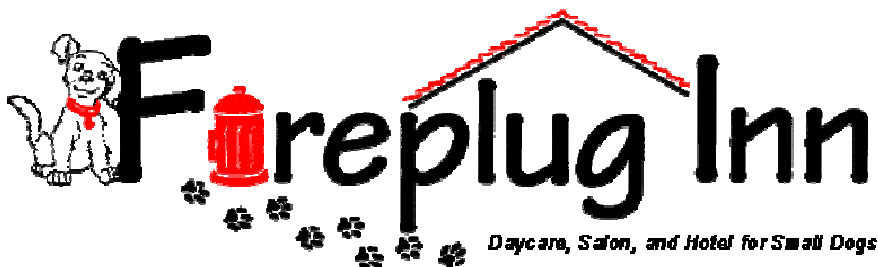
Holli Howard
c/o Fireplug Inn
1607 Hart Ct Suite 100
Southlake TX 76092

**** What does "functional" mean?**

Each cell phone must be fully functional. That means it must power on, LCD displays work and not broken or bleeding, keypad works, scroll bars work, no broken antenna, no water damage, no loose or broken flip, display light comes on, and does not have a cracked body. A red dot that has "bled" beneath your battery on your phone is an indication that it has come in contact with moisture or water.

THANK YOU!

Which brings us to a big THANK YOU to Fireplug Inn for their continuing support of CRT by collecting donations and providing free boarding for our foster dogs. If you live in the Dallas/Fort Worth area and are looking for doggy daycare or bed & breakfast for your small dog, be sure to check them out!



<http://www.firepluginn.com>

BEST FRIENDS...



SHANNON - MIDWEST

Shannon is a teensy little thing at less than 6 pounds! She's a very quiet and gentle little girl that we estimate to be about 9 or 10 years old; she's extremely loving and adores to be held. Shannon's previous owners weren't very good about her dental care so she recently had to have her remaining teeth removed. If that wasn't bad enough, she may have a bone infection in her jaw. Shannon is on a long term course of antibiotics and could use a Best Friend to help with her vet bills.



TOMMY - NEW YORK

Tommy is about 4 years old was rescued from an attic where he was scared and alone. He has a foster momma now whom he adores, but this is a teensy problem since he doesn't love too many other people. His eyesight is poor on account of cataracts and so he's a bit of a 'fraidy boy. He'd love a home where he was an only child or maybe had one sibling. He's very scared of cats so he'd like it to be a kitty free home. Tommy may be in foster care for some time to come, so he'd really like a Best Friend.

BEST FRIENDS

Here are four dogs who need Best Friends....we showed four in our last issue and will show 4 more next issue. These are Chihuahuas who need a forever home. Right now they live with a foster mom or dad who takes very good care of them. Maybe you would love to adopt them but can't do it right now. If you'd like to help take care of them you can become their "Best Friend" by making a weekly donation of \$5 or more, a monthly donation of \$20 or more, or a one time donation of any amount. Even if you are planning to adopt one of them, there are so many more still waiting for that perfect home. When you become a Best Friend to a Chihuahua your name will appear next to their photo on the website.

If you would like to be a Best Friend, please email Sponsor@Chihuahua-Rescue.com



GINGER

Mama Mia!

Ginger and Shuggs are two of the pregnant girls that CRT rescued in Dallas earlier this summer. Ginger had five puppies and Shuggs – bless her heart –

had NINE! If these two don't deserve some Best Friends, we don't know who does! (Read more about Shuggs on page 12.)



SHUGGS

Minnie came into rescue as a tiny, underweight, 4.5 pound senior at about 11 years old. Her foster family has been working to put a little meat on her bones. She is a special needs little girl in the fact that she is mostly blind. She gets around the house just fine and we believe she probably has at least a small amount of sight.



MINNIE - FLORIDA

SOSIEGO'S STORY

BY KATHRYN SIMPSON

CRT's primary mission is to rescue Chihuahuas. If someone contacts us about surrendering a dog, and we can provide "counseling" to enable the person to keep the dog, we think that's just as good as a rescue! Unfortunately, many people just want to dump their "problem" and run. Fortunately for Sosiego (who was not adopted from CRT), Kathryn was the exception. Read on to learn what happened when Kathryn contacted Midwest Coordinator, Laura Hasenstab:

My daughter adopted a Chihuahua pup from the local pound, no less, over a year ago. He was 6 months old, and though I was dubious as to whether he was just a "phase" in her life, it turned out to be a very good match. He is an exuberant, out-going, cheery little fellow, and fit into her active college life very well.

He would come to visit us with her, and sometimes we dog-sat for her, and I found myself falling for his charms. Then my niece got a Chihuahua, and again she seemed to be a great little gal.

So it was that I found myself "just looking" on Petfinder.com one day. Lo and behold, there was a little guy listed who sounded great – housetrained, neutered, the works. And before I knew it I was welcoming a shy, larger-than-I-expected Chihuahua fellow into our family. (I didn't know they come in different sizes!)

As it turned out he was not housetrained, or current on shots, and very withdrawn, not at all like the others. And quiet. Too quiet maybe. He didn't bark, whine, or even hint at having a voice of any kind. He didn't know about asking to go out, or how to play, and just acted fearful in every way. I thought at first that it was just that he needed to adjust to us and that he'd open up soon.

But he didn't relax soon, and it was soon that I realized this dog just wasn't what I had envisioned, and that I certainly didn't have time to houstrain another dog right now. That's why I had picked an adult dog. The only thing this dog was good at was sitting in his crate quietly. I strongly suspect that he was kept in a crate for pretty much the whole first 2 years of his life. He still didn't grasp what was to me the basic concept of play at all, and never made a sound - no barking or anything. Hence his name - Sosiego - which means "silent" in Spanish.

Obviously this little bundle of damaged goods needed more than I knew how to give, so I looked on the internet again and found chihuahua-rescue.com. I wrote the difficult admission that I couldn't cope and waited expectantly for someone to bail me out of an unwanted adoption.

What I got was a good dose of reality when the response was that there were no foster places available – they were full. The local coordinator who responded had some good suggestions, though, and I found that just being able to "talk" with someone about him helped. She did offer more suggestions as we continued to correspond, and I felt encouraged to keep trying with him.

It was like I was seeing him with different eyes, and as I looked into his, I finally saw a desperate soul who wanted no more than to please, if only he knew what it was I wanted. A couple of things that Laura (the coordina-



SOSIEGO

SOSIEGO'S STORY ... CONT'D

tor) said really stuck. She said that sometimes it takes several months for their true personality to emerge after being rehomed, and that they are worth the effort.

There were days, I have to admit, that I thought "That's it – I'm done. This dog will never learn!" And an unfortunately frequent phrase was, "One more time, Soso, and you're so out of here!" (The nickname depended upon my mood at the time!)

But I kept trying "one more time", and the transformation when it happened was remarkable. I know Laura said it could be a slow change, but for Sosi it was as if a light went on one day, and after that he was like an entirely different dog.



**SOSI (FAR RIGHT) WITH HIS FRIENDS
CARTER THE CHIHUAHUA AND LUKE THE DOBERMAN**

So I wrote to Laura again. "He is still with us, and has blossomed just as you said he might, and faster than I expected. He did get housebroken, and has become a very charming member of our family. It's a joy to watch him play (he did learn to!) though my husband accused me of "velcroing" Sosi to my leg! I am so glad that you encouraged me to keep trying with him."

Sosi is still a fairly mellow little fellow, which suits us just fine in our hectic middle-aged lives! He's like a little island of calm whose only purpose in life seems to be just to be with us. He's not as desperate to be underfoot all the time now, although I am sure to see him somewhere nearby always. If I have to leave him for a few hours, when I return, he squeals and dances with joy. I don't think there's a per-

son alive who could resist that kind of welcome home!

He's lost almost all of the excess weight he came with, and loves to take walks, where he used to be exhausted after about 5 minutes. He even explores when we're outside, and I've seen him run in the fields, just for the joy of running! He gets along great with our Doberman and our 7 cats, and even enjoys my daughter's visits with her Chihuahua who is obviously wired for joy!

Sosi just lately has gotten brave enough to meet strangers with a wagging tail (as long as they are patient with him) and he even lets them pet him. Amazing - that this little boy who was unsocialized in every way has transformed into an absolutely great little dog! And by the way, he does bark now to let us know when strangers are around, and if I tell him "that's enough", he "whoofs" under his breath in the cutest way!

Now I can't imagine life without Sosi and I'll be always grateful to Laura and the rescue group for giving me the encouragement I needed. There's a squeeze in my heart sometimes when I look at him, and I hope I remember always how close I came to missing out on one of the best things in my life. My life has become immeasurably enriched by this Soso Chihuahua.

FINALLY - PARIS HILTON BECOMES PART OF THE SOLUTION INSTEAD OF THE PROBLEM

"PARIS HILTON" BIRTHDAY FIESTA RAISES \$\$\$\$ FOR CRT

By Carole Kriste, West Coast Society Writer



As the dog days of summer began to wane, the place to see and be seen was at the birthday fiesta of Miss Paris Hilton of Beverly Hills (no relation to the hotel heiress). On Sunday, September 10, Paris celebrated her 2nd birthday at a gala affair hosted by her mom, Michelle Moszczinsky. Approximately 80 guests descended on Canine Cabana, L.A.'s newest indoor tropical dog oasis in the urban jungle, for an evening of fun and frolicking.

Although she much prefers the simple life and "clothing optional" events, the birthday girl was radiant in a pink, eyelet-trimmed Hello Kitty dress adorned with a bright pink satin rosette proclaiming "I'm 2 years old today," along with matching pink collar. There were plenty of yummys for the canine attendees, who also reveled in doggy massages and "pawdicures" with

colored polish. Human guests feasted on a scrumptious meal of tacos, quesadillas, taquitos, chips and salsa catered by Baja Fresh, along with margaritas and meet-up member Red's special sangria. After all joined in singing "Happy Birthday," Paris blew out the candles (with a little help from mom) on her Three Dog Bakery peanut butter-flavored cake. Following the cake, there were pup piñatas filled with treats and mini tennis balls, and everyone went home with a goodie bag.

Guests included the Who's Who of the Los Angeles Chihuahua and Small Dog Club Meet-Up group. Goober was escorted by her mom, Sondra Barker, author of the new (and only) book on litter box training for dogs, *Litter Boxes Aren't Just for Cats*. Miss Dot (CRT cookbook coverchi) and brother Dini were accompanied by their mom, CRT volunteer Debra Steinbaugh. Other notables seen mingling were Mr. Big and Coco Chanel, Mimi, Bambi, Jack, Smoochie, Princess, Buttercup, Hercules, Simpson, Pricilla, Qaylie, Sophie, Cricket, Lucy, Pookie, Mordecai, Sasha, Daisy, PooPoo-lala, Gucci, Bianca, Lexi, Chloe, Demi and Garbanzo, and others too numerous to mention.

In lieu of gifts, Paris selflessly requested that guests make donations to CRT so that less fortunate Chihuahuas would be able to receive the medical attention they need and then find forever homes where they, too, would be pampered and adored. Paris and her friends raised \$600! Now, THAT'S hot!



WHAT A DIFFERENCE CRT MADE!

BY LOIS WEST

So often you read appeals from CRT to help support our high-needs fosters. I have the privilege of relating what happened to a special foster we took in over a year ago, helping her on her voyage from death's door to a happy forever home. Robin Pitre, CRT's Texas Coordinator, was contacted by another volunteer organization when three dogs were dropped at a rural west Texas shelter. All three were in grave condition. Robin encouraged volunteer Valerie Pruka and me to consider taking the dogs to allow an investigation for neglect by local law enforcement. Our local vet clinic offered to provide services at a discount rate; little did we know what we faced. First thing on a Monday morning, the last week of June 2005, we went to see the dogs with three crates in hand. We were shocked at the condition of all three, but one dog - Buttercup - was obviously worse off than the other two. Besides being severely undernourished, the dogs were dehydrated and filthy. All three had mange and fungal infections. They were whisked to the vet clinic, an hour away. Two vets and numerous technicians crowded around to help. One at a time the dogs were weighed, examined, and medications started. They would all have to stay at the clinic due to the severity of their conditions.



DAY 1 ... BUTTERCUP (LEFT), PATCHES (CENTER) AND BELLA (RIGHT)

Patches and Bella immediately started to eat, drink and improve. They were also immediately friendly but skittish. Soon they had toys, blankets and a great deal of attention from all the staff.

Buttercup was given an IV due to the severity of her condition, but within twelve hours it was infected and infiltrated. I was warned she could die at any time. It was decided she could not tolerate any solid food. During this initial 24 hours I made numerous tearful phone calls to Robin Pitre and Lynnne Bunten. A recipe Lynnne has used with her sick dogs for years proved a life saver. This provided the hydration, electrolytes and nutrition Buttercup desperately needed. With the 4th of July weekend starting, Buttercup came home with me since she needed 24-hour nursing care. I was to have little sleep for the next two weeks. Buttercup took six different medications as frequently as four times a day. Large scabs cracked and bled and pieces of fungus started to fall off. Use of a dozen inexpensive white towels kept us both comfortable. It was clear that moving Buttercup was painful for her initially due to her "skin and bones condition", but the towels needed to be changed every two hours due to bleeding and wetting. A warming disc was used since she was constantly cold and unable to generate body heat even though it was July. Within a few days, though, she became more aware of her surroundings and started to look around her playpen.



BUTTERCUP - JULY 5

Buttercup was monitored, at the vet clinic, every two to three days initially. Medications were checked along with her condition and weight. She was not considered "out of the woods" for over a month. Her spunky personality started to be evident. A weekly medicated bath was added to the complicated medication routine. We rejoiced and clapped at each milestone. I never thought I would be making phone calls and celebrating over a dog's first poop, getting out of bed to pee, and eating solid food. Robin and Lynnne got frequent calls and emails.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CRT MADE! ... CONT'D



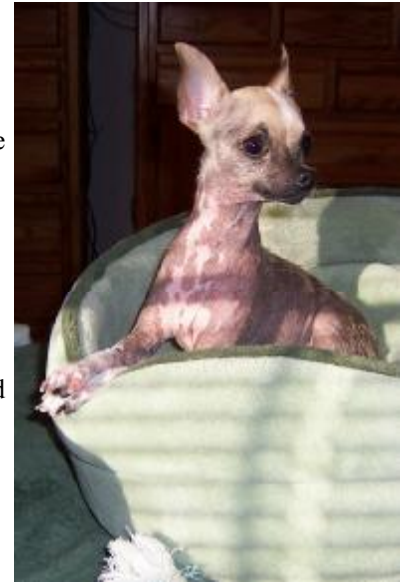
Months flew by and Buttercup started to act like a puppy even though we thought she was several years old. She discovered squeaky toys and the bathroom mirror, barking at the other “dog” she thought she saw there. She became defensive about wanting her own territory and tended to mark places with urine. A fear of men was evident with loud barking but Buttercup loved to be held and stroked by women.

By early fall, scars started to be replaced with pink skin and medications were down to two. Her hearing and vision were normal, but there were concerns she would have kidney and liver damage. After four blood panels she had enough blood volume and clotting factor to be spayed as well as a final ear cleaning and dental with five teeth pulled. The surprise was normal kidney and liver function.

Wisps of fur were started appearing everywhere. Her alpha personality was evident and she was quite the playful imp, dumping trash cans, opening containers and hiding toys. Marking her territory finally

stopped, she learned to wear a harness and walk on a leash (as well as how to squeeze through the baby gate). Someone would have to be ready to take on this strong survivor that had gone from three pounds to six during her recovery. That application did finally come.

Due to all she'd been through, it was decided some visits would need to happen before final placement. Buttercup visited her new potential forever home several times to make sure it would work for all involved. The adoption worked so well that the family has adopted a second dog from CRT. The four-Chihuahua household is quite lively. BC, as she is now known, has become chubby at eight pounds. This is not unusual for dogs that have experienced starvation. She continues to have regular vet monitoring and is very healthy and happy. We did notice the first several times I visited that she “marked” where ever I had sat. Now when I visit I sit on a stool and let her know she is at home and not leaving with me.



It has been a year since CRT took a chance to save three dogs left to die in a barn. Unfortunately, the prosecution did not happen due to investigation issues. Both Bella and Patches were adopted; Bella lives in Lubbock, Patches in San Antonio. Both dogs have full hair with only slight scarring and are doing well. BC continues to have a distinctive, outgoing personality and rules the roost in her forever home.

We can't save them all but CRT made a big difference in the life of these three. Even though much of their veterinary care was discounted, expensive medications, blood

work and surgeries for all three were costly – approximately \$3,000. From the pictures, you can see the money was very well spent. This is an example of the wonderful team effort at CRT. Special thanks to Robin Pitre and Lynnie Bunten as well as the staff at the Angel Vet Clinic in Odessa, Texas. The name of the clinic says it all – they are truly angels for all their hard work.



See next page for Lynnie's Miracle Mixture recipe ...

WHAT A DIFFERENCE CRT MADE! ... CONT'D

Lynnie's Miracle Mixture

Get a couple of syringes (minus needles) from your vet.

Mix the following and shake well

- ◇ 1 cup Pedialyte or ringers lactate
- ◇ ½ can of chicken broth – avoid broth with onion, kosher works best
- ◇ ½ jar meat baby food – use chicken or beef which usually has gravy
- ◇ add enough plain baby rice cereal to thicken slightly but still go through a syringe
- ◇ add a bit of corn syrup to improve the taste

Store in the refrigerator.

When ready to feed, warm a small amount in the microwave for a few seconds. Test temperature by putting a drop or two on the inside of your wrist – be careful not to get the mixture too hot.

Put 1 to 2 cc's in the syringe. Squirt a small amount in the mouth. Repeat after dog swallows.

Feed every 2 hours or as recommended by veterinarian.

Transition slowly to solid food.

A GIFT FOR THAT SPECIAL SOMEONE WHO HAS EVERYTHING



It's getting to be that time of year again. It's time to try to find that perfect present for Uncle Harry, or Aunt Sue. There are a couple of ways you could do that and help needy Chihuahuas at the same time. And no, giving them a Chihuahua is probably NOT a good idea.

If you need to give a wrapped present, consider shopping online through iGive.com where you can access most of your favorite stores and where a percentage of your purchase will be donated to Chihuahua Rescue and Transport.

If your gift list contains people who are really hard to shop for or who have everything in the world they could possibly need, send a donation to CRT in their name or in memory of one of their favorite pets. We'll send the recipient a card that states that a donation has been made in their name.

Of course, you can always help decorate the CRT online tree with a holiday ball commemorating your pet or whomever you choose for a nominal cost of \$5 per ball. Our tree will be up by Thanksgiving, and you can check the website for details.

Every little bit helps, and we appreciate all the donations, thoughts, kind emails, and well-wishes this time of year. The homeless pet situation is getting worse, despite our best efforts, and just as it takes a village to raise a child, it takes the whole country to save a Chihuahua. Please be a part of that effort.

FRIJOLE'S STORY

BY FRIJOLE & CASEY DONNELLY



FRIJOLE - BEFORE

Hi, my name is Frijole and I am a cute little boy Chihuahua who wouldn't be here today if it weren't for CRT. This is my story.

One day three years ago, when I was less than a year old, some kind strangers scooped me up as I was being chased by a grumpy Rottweiler. These folks took me to the Texas A&M Small Animal Clinic where they thought I was going to have to be euthanized. I had been out on my own for some time and weighed only 3 pounds. I was severely undernourished, and I had a horribly itchy skin infection, and that wasn't even the worst of it. My back right leg was badly broken and I had been walking on the bone that was sticking out. The vet school contacted CRT and then my Mommy and Daddy were called to the vet school since they were on the rescue list. Mommy, Daddy,

and Aunt Lynn decided that since I was so young that they would have the doctors try and save my leg.

The surgery took over 4 hours and I had to be revived several times during the surgery. My leg was

pinned and put in a bulky

cage called a fixator, so I walked on my front 2 legs until it was taken off. At one of my checkups, the doctors found that I had a badly broken pelvis that would also need surgery, and I still hadn't been neutered since my body condition was so poor. With all of my major medical problems came major medical bills. Since Daddy worked for the University he got a discount at the Vet school clinic. Also, the doctors and staff at the Vet school loved me so much that I was given a scholarship! The rest of the bills had to be paid out of donations that CRT received. If not for the kind people that donate, I know I would not be alive.

Since it cost CRT so much to help me, my Mommy and Daddy wanted to be able to give other Chi's like me an opportunity for a better life too. They started making delicious peanut butter pet cookies and selling them to raise money for CRT. They have sold the cookies each Christmas Holiday and other special occasions. Frijole's Pet Cookies have raised an average of \$250 each year for the past 3 years. My Mommy has also been crocheting sweaters and blankies for little guys like me. We sold cookies, sweaters and blankies at a fundraiser this summer and made \$100 for CRT! I thought this was pretty good since I was competing with 40+ other rescue organizations. We are already geared up for the holiday cookie sales this December. We sell most of the cookies to dog lovers in Texas and Delaware. Since moving to Wisconsin last year we have been trying to build up a client base, so we will see how local sales are this year. We are setting a goal of \$500 this year, so I need to go take a nap and get ready for December!

Bye for now,

Frijole & Casey Donnelly



FRIJOLE - AFTER

GINGER'S STORY

BY GRETCHEN CRAVER

Once upon a time (May 2001 to be exact) there was a little bitty dog who, through no fault of her own, wound up at the city animal control in a central Texas town. This little dog was 15 years old, heartworm positive and three pounds soaking wet. Her "loving" owner decided that the little dog was "too old", so she took her to the local pound and told them she'd like them to find a new home for her. Did I mention that this was the city pound?



About the same time this was happening, a pair of mother-daughter CRT volunteers outside of Houston were reaching the end of their collective ropes with four dogs of their own plus three VERY-RECENTLY-neutered male foster dogs, one with a hair-trigger temper and one with a hair-trigger temper AND who was missing several marbles. Oh, he was deaf, too, so he couldn't hear his foster mother yelling "No, No Bad Dog" when he went for his foster brother's throat.

Anyway...a post appeared in early June 2001 on the CRT volunteer email list notifying the group about this little dog. Being a sucker for seniors – as well as seeing a way reduce the testosterone level in the household - the mother in this dynamic duo (a.k.a. Barbara, or Granny to the 4-legged family members) offered to take the poor little old dog IF someone else could foster one of the males. Luckily for all concerned, a willing volunteer was found and the trade took place shortly thereafter.



From the time Barbara took that little dog into her arms at the rest stop on I-10, that little dog was HER dog. From the time that little dog entered our household, she hated me. (As you might've guessed by now, I'm the daughter.) Ah, but so what if she hates me...she's old, she has heartworms, we'll give her a good home for a few months and that'll be it. HA HA!

So here we are with this old (ancient? Isn't 15 ancient for a dog?) tiny, skinny, rat-impersonating-a-Chihuahua. We don't know her name, we don't know what to feed her, and we have doubts that she's really 15 since she looks no older than 6 or 8. The CRT volunteer who pulled her just "happened" to get a copy of the animal control record, which just happened to have the name and address of the *&%^# s.o.b. who dumped her, and it just so happened that the s.o.b. had a listed phone number. Oh, don't think we weren't tempted. We were. But we didn't. Well actually, Barbara

did, but she controlled herself and stuck to verifying the dog's age (yes indeed, 15 years old, and the s.o.b. had her since a puppy), finding out her name (Ginger) and finding out what she was used to eating (weenies, chicken legs and some dog food now & then).

The first order of business (after a bath and de-fleaing) was to verify that she had heartworms. The record from animal control indicated she was "high positive". Verified by our vet. Uh oh, that's not good. Well, we weren't planning on putting a 15 year old dog through heartworm treatment anyway. So we started her on puppy Revolution to keep any new heartworms from developing. (Later we switched to Heartgard, which turned out to be the only thing she'd eat with gusto.)

Next, we had to get her to eat, which would prove to be a major ordeal throughout the entire time we had her. The first few months were spent trying to find something that she would eat that wouldn't make her sick. We tried weenies. We tried hamburger (cooked and raw). We tried baby food. We tried Satin Balls. We tried every kind of canned dog food on the market. We found that she seemed to do OK on canned Prescription Diet I/D. Only problem was that she had this "cute" habit of strewing all the food in the bowl across the floor, then licking it and picking through it to find the pieces that were acceptable for consumption. She whined and moaned the entire time. Mealtime was VERY emotional. Her greatest eating pleasure, however, came from stealing food out of the other dogs' bowls as they ate. That's the only time she ever immedi-



GINGER'S STORY ... CONT'D



ately ate anything (other than her Heartgard). Thus we learned that she did well on Iams Mini Chunks and Iams Mini Chunks it remained for the rest of her life.

Somewhere about 6 months after we got her, she started showing signs of feeling “poorly”. After a thorough exam and blood work to rule out any other problems, our vet informed us that Ginger needed to be spayed. WHAT? Spay a 15 ½ year old dog? With heartworms? Are you NUTS? According to him, no, he wasn’t nuts; the risk of pyometra in an unspayed dog of her age was far greater than the risk of surgery, assuming all her systems were fully functional. So we had more blood work done to make absolutely sure her heart, kidneys, liver, etc. were working normally. They were. We took her in and then went home to wait for the phone call that would tell us she’d died during surgery. That call never came. Instead, we were told to pick her up early, and the little stink (after a short rest) decided to fight our attempts to administer pain meds and chose to eat instead. That was our first inkling that this was no normal 15 ½ year old dog.

The months passed by. Foster dogs came and went (since we increased from five dogs to nine, it should be obvious that fewer went than came.) Ginger developed her own little routine. She was never an early riser, but when she did finally deign to join us in the morning, it was done by means of an announcement, not an appearance. In other words, she stood on the edge of her

Granny’s bed and screamed her pointy little head off. I’M AWAKE, COME GET ME! (I’ve only met one other dog as small as Ginger who could match her for sheer volume and window-rattling capability. He, too, was a CRT rescue.) And for the first, oh, THREE YEARS she was with us, she would also express her displeasure in the same way when her Granny would leave her ALONE in the house with THAT PERSON (me). Blood-curdling screams. Coyote-like howls. Yip yip ah-ROOOOO. She never did like me, and why she didn’t remains one of life’s great mysteries. Not only did she NOT like me, she couldn’t even stand to be in the same room with me. If I entered a room already occupied by Ginger, she would take one look at me and leave. Really.

Ginger’s favorite pastimes were sunbathing on a rug on the back patio – even in the middle of a hot Houston summer - and playing the “see Granny chase me around the living room” game. (The game became much more interesting after we removed all the carpet downstairs and replaced it with tile.) Ginger’s next favorite pastime was playing armpit-piranha. In fact we used her performance in this game to determine how she was feeling at any given time. The game started with Ginger being held securely in (or near) Granny’s left armpit. Then someone tried to pet Ginger. If Ginger was feeling really good, the snapping, snarling, gnawing and growling that ensued were enough to make even the biggest, brawniest guy snatch his hand back in terror. Then I would courageously walk up and stick my hand out for the little piranha to rip to shreds...only she didn’t. She was all noise with a bit of acting thrown in; she barely made contact with my skin, but onlookers didn’t know that. This game seemed to give Ginger a great deal of pleasure, so we played it on almost a daily basis.



Ginger’s health remained remarkably good for an ancient, skinny little rat-dog. She’d have “spells” of tummy trouble, so a couple times a year she would get a steroid injection to bring down the inflammation, which had the nice side effect of increasing her appetite. When that happened it only took her 30 minutes to eat her fill instead of an hour or more. She even had her teeth cleaned at the ripe old ages of 17 and 19. See, I told you she wasn’t normal. How many 119 or 133 year old humans do you know who still have their teeth left?

Then, one day earlier this year, Ginger didn’t want to play armpit-piranha. She mustered up a little grrrrr but that was it. She started having “bad” days when her previously crystal-clear eyes would seem to cloud up and she had difficulty finding the water bowl, the food bowl, and the way back to the patio door after going outside. But then the next day her eyes would be clear again and she’d want to play the “Granny chase me” game. So it went for a few months until one day her eyes didn’t clear up. In fact, they turned nearly solid white, both of them. She didn’t seem to know where she was most of the time, often didn’t recognize her Granny and most ominous of all, didn’t ob-

GINGER'S STORY ... CONT'D

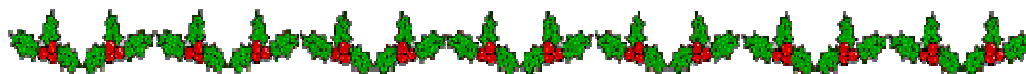
ject when I picked her up. She really disliked being crated but if allowed out loose, she'd just bumble around, running into everything and everybody. Getting her to eat was nearly impossible, and she lost weight until there was nothing left holding her bones together except fur and hide.

No real awareness of her family. No tail wagging. No enjoyment of anything. Difficulty eating and drinking. Constant stress and distress from never knowing where she was, bumping into things all the time.

I'm sure that there will be many who disagree, but we've never wanted to keep one of our beloved pets alive just for the sake of being alive if that's all there is to it. Ginger was alive but that was it. There was no quality or enjoyment of life left whatsoever. So, five years after rescuing this remarkably resilient little dog, we made the difficult decision at the end of August to take her back to the vet one more time, this time to help her to the Bridge.

I don't know if Ginger would have lived to be 20 years old had she been rescued by someone else. A little selfish part of me wants to think that she got those extra years because she lived with us and nobody else. I know from the day they met, she and her Granny had a special bond. I hope that if you're ever given the opportunity to help a "hopeless case" as Ginger seemed to be – 15 years old and loaded with heartworms – that you'll think of Ginger and how many wonderful, love-filled years she had left to live and give... years that would have been lost had someone from CRT not stepped up and asked, "Can anyone help this little old girl?"

A special thanks to the veterinarians and staff of Pearland Animal Hospital West for the very professional, competent and compassionate care they gave Ginger over the years.



BUY SOME BALLS!



Pokey has returned for a short visit:

Yep, it's almost that time again to buy yourself some balls. Christmas tree balls, that is. You know, the one on the web site with all the balls on it. "Buy Some Balls For Christmas," if you don't have any right now. For just \$5 you can hang a ball on the tree with your Chi's name on it, or you can add a package below the tree for a little Chi who is up at the Bridge, or you can put anybody's name at all on the balls, stars, or packages. It's all up to you! So if you're a little short on balls this season, just go right to our website and you'll see that tree listed there with directions to buy those balls! What better deal can you ask for? WHOOSH!



CRT's annual virtual Christmas tree will be up on our web site by Thanksgiving, so be sure to check back then!

DFW CHI-ESTA 2006

CRT's 6th annual Chi-Esta was held in beautiful Bear Creek Park in Keller, Texas on October 28th. The weather was beautiful and the dogs plentiful! We had lots of Chihuahua and Chihuahua-wannabes, including several Pugs and Yorkies, a beautiful merle Cardigan Corgi, and oodles of adorable mixes, big and small. Chi-Esta goers enjoyed obedience and agility demonstrations, raffles, food, music, a cake walk, photo booth, and our famous costume contest. This year's Chi-Esta raised over \$4000 for CRT! Thanks to Petco for sponsoring us this year.

A HUGE special thanks goes to Sophie Shores for coordinating and putting together the entire event. Without her, the DFW Chi-Esta would not be possible. And a big THANK YOU to all the CRT volunteers who donated their time to work at the Chi-Esta or made items to sell or raffle.

Planning has already begun for next year's Chi-Esta 2007! Details will start appearing on the CRT web site early next summer, so check back!



THE PAVILION WHERE ALL THE RAFFLE ITEMS WERE DISPLAYED.



TUFFY MOORE TRYING ON SOME NEW DUDS.



THE PHOTO BOOTH



THE PETCO BOOTH



CHIHUAHUA CLUB OF AMERICA PARADE OF RESCUED CHIHUAHUAS

Chihuahua Rescue and Transport just participated in the very first ever Parade of Rescued Chihuahuas held at the Chihuahua Club of America show the last weekend in October. CCA has made generous donations to our rescue effort in the past, and I thought it might be time for some of the show people to meet some of the dogs they've helped. Saundra Hensel organized the adopters and the dogs. She had each adopter send us a photo and write up about each dog. The stories were wonderful and the photos were marvelous. I put them together into a booklet which was distributed to the people in the audience.

We were scheduled for the end of the lunch hour on the Saturday. The show judge asked for us to wait just a minute so she could be there too. Since I'm the sort that tears up at the least excuse, Saundra served as the emcee. Each dog and its owner came into the ring, made a complete circuit and ended up in the center while the next dog came in. The stories were told as the dogs came through. By this time there were few dry eyes in the room. After all the dogs were in the middle of the ring, the judge asked the whole group to make a round together. Since most of the dogs had been a bit uneasy about this experience at first, I was afraid it would freak them out when the room applauded. Wonder of wonders, with the crowd applauding to beat the band, the dogs strutted around the ring as if they were champion show dogs. They seemed to feel the approval and caring in the room. Of course, at this point, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

Throughout the rest of the weekend, people were coming up to me and thanking us for bringing the rescue parade to the show. After the parade, we all went out to where the show dogs were getting their win pictures and did a group shot of all the rescued dogs and their owners or fosters.

I loved meeting all the adopters and the dogs. Each owner will receive a special copy of the booklet in color with their dog as the cover dog. Thanks to everyone who helped on this event. It was important, heartwarming and a lot of fun.

A major purpose of the parade was to raise awareness of what rescue is about. We also were given a free booth space and set up a raffle of items of particular interest to show breeders. We had several out-of-print books and a number of other items. We brought in over \$700 on that. In addition, some of the other vendors donated some items for use at a later date. We had three other board members helping out at this event: Laura Hasenstab came up to Chicago from Cincinnati and helped staff the booth along with several other volunteers; Dan Spannraft and his wife Liz brought Trudy up to participate in the parade and all helped out with the booth. All the adopters helped draw the crowd and visited with the folks who came by the booth.

Again, thanks to everyone who helped out on the Rescue Parade, and I'll apologize in advance if I've left anyone out.

- Linnie Buntun



Front row L to R: Sabrina Herrera with Nanita; Rose Raimondo with Molly; Liz Spannraft with Trudy; Leticia Villareal Sosa (kneeling) with Montana; Bonita Rodgers with a cute tiny Chi
Back row L to R: Sean and Sherri Pender with Violet; Sue Kalfus with Cleo; Saundra Hensel with Lia; Tony Herrera with Osita; Linda Semenek with Gizmo; Challis Gibbs with Rascal.

DONATIONS

Space does not permit us to list all of our wonderful contributors! Listed here are those who made a donation in memory of or in honor of a friend or loved one (2-legged or 4-legged). For more information on how you can make a tax-deductible donation to Chihuahua Rescue & Transport, see our web site at www.chihuahua-rescue.com/donation.htm

<u>Donor</u>	<u>In Memory of</u>
The Kamis Family	Rocky & Candy
RJ Strafford	“Zorro” Harrington
Alice & Leon Kriesten	Angel
Linda Robertson	Bambi
Williard Moore	Biskit, my best friend
Anne McConnell	Buddy
Carole Kriste	Buddy
Michael L Giovo, Sr	Buster
Mildred Frakes	Ch. Charbo’s L’il Saint Nick
Nancy Pruyne	Ch. Charbo’s L’il Saint Nick
Micki Giroux	Ch. Charbo’s L’il Saint Nick
Kristin Cantrell	Ch. Charbo’s L’il Saint Nick
Robin Pitre	Chiquita
Joanne & Carl Donsbach	Cleo, our 16 yr old blonde Chihuahua
Colleen Dold	Cricket
Heather Henson	Cricket
Jennifer Plodzien	Figaro & Mindy
Connie Brite	Foxx
Emily Williams	Frannie Mae, Mary, Little Bit & Gizmo Williams and Pokey Hasenstab
Barbara & Gretchen Craver	Ginger
Thomas Clarkson	Ginger Snapps
Rita Manogue	Mollie & Sammie Hasenstab
Mary Beth Shapley	my beloved Charles Chihuahua
Carla Gonzalez	Nacho
MT & NL Davis	Napoleonito Rojo d’Santa Ana (aka Chi Chi)
John Seabolt	our beloved Chiquita
Jo Ann Benti	Poochie
Mark Grupa	Rascal
Marilyn & Leo Bird	Speedy
Alexandra Moore	Stroker Moore
Lynn Taylor	Tipsy, my angel Chihuahua
Louise Chandler	Trooper & Brandi
Linda Emilson	William G Bentley
Elisabeth Zuerker	Gizmo Charles Swanson Michels and his Happy Dance
Joan & Bon Duritsky	Stella, a little star we knew only a while

<u>Donor</u>	<u>In Honor of</u>
The Kamis Family	Alex & Smudgie
Chantal Puyleart	all Chihuahuas
Bob & Irene Epperson	all Chihuahuas rescued by CRT
Stephanie Beck	Archie & Deetz
Robin Harman	Audrey Hepburn Harman, my first Chi
Linda Moffet	Bebe, my CRT rescue pup
Kathryn Berry	Boomer & Blue
Bonnie Harne	Bubby Lynn & Bambi, mommy & daddy’s little angels
Meredith & Jimmy Creekmore	Cheri Bergeron’s Chihuahua work
Nora Solitano	Choo-Choo, Carmella & Remy
Katherine Perkins	Chula & Pico
Patricia Smith	Honey
H.L. Ranier, Jr., MSW	Janne Swarengen
Jack Patterson	Janne Swarengen’s birthday
Donna Kopp	Janne Swarengen’s birthday
Molly Parsley	Joey
Rod Thorn	Kim Cronin
Richard & Deborah D’Arcy	Kin (Vato) & Kenya
Nadine Tamborello	Lola & Jimi
Lydia Mason	Mollie
Paul Giordano	Mr. Little Buck
Piper LaNeige	my Chihuahua Connie
Amy Meyers	Vicky Dydek, my mother, on her birthday
Deborah Zihlman	North Texas fosters
James & Jane Tanner	Charro & BeBe, our 2 rescue Chis
Linda Wadleigh	Paco & Mikey
Doris Cotton	Sasha, “Queen of the World” ☺
Jo Ann Benti	Senor Harry & Sunny Smile
Natale Koepenick	Slick & Cheech
Jeff & Tracy Stock	Smokey, a CRT rescue
Tamara Stankunas	Spike & Chico
Shirley Weyenbrg	Tequila, my pet
Laura Genson	the work CRT does
Daniel & Amber Hess	Thor, Avalon & Abigail

Chihuahua Word Search

H S A E L A L E R T Q S K C I L E S O N
 S T O N V X Y L B E A S S P U N K Y K W
 I A C O L L A R C K I T Y N N U F O Q P
 N L Y B G H S S E N R A H D O Q S T A Y
 N M V A U P Q R H A H O C I X E M P T S
 A R E L O M E P O L Q A P P L E H E A D
 L Q W I X T U C K B U T T N E K A S P K
 C D L O Y A L A P D O G M F J E Y W D I
 A E U P Y O F H J E R I Q W B T P E L S
 D H F J D C H I H U A H U A O U F A L S
 R D E B Y G I T N R M P E W H C X T D E
 F X C B L N A L M D E E R K Y I S E T S
 E R A V N O Q L W S E L O G F K M R D A
 A P R I X L V O K D A Y G S V C M N H U
 R K G A M W R E U P T O A G I L I T Y C
 L O S T Q R C T E X D M N F U R B A B Y
 E I L K U D I R E M O O R G W N P J A K
 S H Y B E T M L O D I T R E A T S K T W
 S M O O T H C O A T P R N M I B R L H K
 N X Y A P D Z G L E G O D O R C L E V E

<i>AGILITY</i>	<i>CHIHUAHUA</i>	<i>GROOMER</i>	<i>MEXICO</i>	<i>SPUNKY</i>
<i>ALERT</i>	<i>CLANNISH</i>	<i>HARNESS</i>	<i>MOLERA</i>	<i>STAY</i>
<i>APPLEHEAD</i>	<i>COLLAR</i>	<i>KISSES</i>	<i>NOSELICKS</i>	<i>SWEATER</i>
<i>ATTITUDE</i>	<i>CUTE</i>	<i>LAP DOG</i>	<i>PEEPAD</i>	<i>TOYS</i>
<i>BATH</i>	<i>DEER</i>	<i>LEASH</i>	<i>SAUCY</i>	<i>TREATS</i>
<i>BED</i>	<i>FEARLESS</i>	<i>LONGCOAT</i>	<i>SMOOTHCOAT</i>	<i>TUCK BUTT</i>
<i>BLANKET</i>	<i>FUNNY</i>	<i>LOVE</i>	<i>SNUGGLER</i>	<i>VELCRO DOG</i>
<i>BONE</i>	<i>FURBABY</i>	<i>LOYAL</i>	<i>SPOILED</i>	<i>ZOOM DOGGY</i>
<i>BURROW</i>	<i>GRACEFUL</i>			

** Words are horizontal (forward and backwards), vertical (up and down), and diagonal (up and down)



CRT FINANCIAL SUMMARY – JANUARY - OCTOBER 2006

INCOME		EXPENSES	
Adoption Fees	\$ 45,269	Veterinary/medical	\$ 79,208
Donations	\$ 32,602	Printing/postage	\$ 6,277
Sales/fundraising	\$ 6,313	Microchips/registration	\$ 4,145
Interest	\$ 324	Advertising	\$ 476
		Chicago PetExpo booth fee	\$ 310
		Bank/PayPal fees	\$ 341
		Licenses/permits	\$ 305
Total Income	\$ 84,508	Total Expenses	\$ 91,062

Net Loss: -\$6,554

Please feel free to email our Treasurer at Treasurer@Chihuahua-Rescue.com with any questions regarding CRT's finances.

Chihuahua Rescue & Transport, Inc. is a 501(c)3 non-profit, tax-exempt, public charity. Our federal EIN is 65-1018866.

235 CRT Chihuahuas have found new, forever homes so far in 2006!

**Chihuahua Rescue & Transport
3414 Pemberton Drive
Pearland TX 77584-9483**

address service requested