



# MARCH 2018 NEWSLETTER

"Working together to improve the welfare of reservation dogs and cats"

"Diné Bikéyah bikáá'góó, ahil neilnishgo tééchqá'í dóó mósí baa' ádahwiilyáago"

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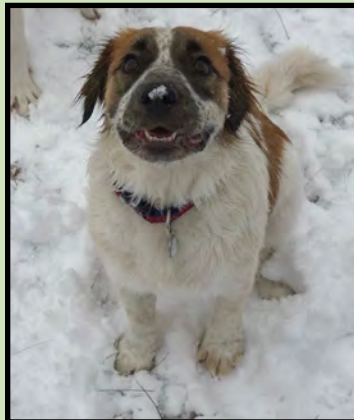
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## The Long Dance of Mr. Bojangles

Bojangles has such a positive spirit – when you look at his face, you can't help smiling. Knowing what he has been through, and what a survivor he is, makes him doubly special. Bo was reported to Blackhat Humane by two young women from Window Rock, Ariz., on the Navajo reservation, who saw him hit by a car. The Blackhat pres, Chris, drove out from Gallup, N.M., to search for him and had about given up hope since it was getting dark when she saw his head pop up from a culvert.

Bo was immediately taken to the vet in Gallup, where he was not expected to last the night. Next morning his vitals were better; enough so to operate. There was no lung damage (major concern), but the vet removed his spleen and did major repair work to try to save his bladder. Five days later he was deemed well enough to be released, but he still wasn't in very good shape and was throwing up. He was taken to a foster in Cortez where he could have peace and quiet for his long recovery. Bo did not get better over the weekend; so he was taken to the vet where they determined his bladder was leaking and performed a second surgery to repair torn stitches and close up some small tears that had been missed in the initial surgery. Because of his condition, the vet kept him catheterized for a week to help the healing process.

Long story short, Bo was on "bed rest" and antibiotics for several weeks to fight a UTI, but through all this, he remained a positive, happy dog. The infection cleared up, all systems seem to be working, and he was



cleared for adoption after another month or so of home care.

Many people had followed his story on Facebook, and were interested in adopting this sweet survivor, but housing regulations, young kids, psycho dogs, and family emergencies precluded him from going to any of these homes. Casey, a prior Blackhat adopter who had moved to Seattle from the rez, had contacted Blackhat immediately when she saw he was available for adoption but was turned down citing the distance and not wanting him to fly unescorted during the winter.

Casey persevered, and after Bo's third "meet & greet" fell through, she was given the green light to arrange transportation. She immediately contacted rescue friends in AZ, was put in touch with Jacqueline who is the Wonder

Woman of animal transport, and much to our amazement, Bo's transport was set up in a manner of days. Bo's trip took two long days, spanned 1,300 miles, involved 12 drivers, and an overnight stay in Ogden, Utah. Through it all he remained a happy little guy, as evidenced by the photo updates by the volunteer drivers, though at times he wasn't too thrilled to be back in a vehicle. The selflessness of driver volunteers was amazing as they battled rain/sleet/snow to get Bo to his forever home, with Casey and Britt doing the last 200 miles and arriving home after 10 p.m. on Dec 16.

Now, three months later, Bo is reported to be fully enmeshed in his family of 3 other dogs, cats, and a rabbit. Casey reports "he is such a ball of joy" and thanks everyone who made his journey possible. Bojangles, dance!

B L A C K H A T H U M A N E S O C I E T Y

## FROM BAIT TO BELOVED

**Flaco** ("Skinny" in Spanish) was rescued from the parking lot of the Chinle Bashes. He was just 40 pounds, covered with infected scabs, and had a severe case of mange and two big, oozing sores on his hind end.

The vet took one look at him and confirmed our worst fears: Flaco had been a "bait dog" for a dogfighting operation. The scars were bite wounds, and the sores on his bottom were from sitting in a crate so small he couldn't stand up.

Bait dogs are dogs that don't fight. They are let out for the other dogs to attack, to work up their appetite for aggressive violence before a match.

It took a while for Flaco's mild, playful personality to emerge. At first he just cowered, slinking from doghouse to food bowl and back without even looking at us.

Gradually, his confidence started to return. At first we noticed his tail wagging, and he would drag himself to the fence when we came home, hoping for pets. As he



put on weight, he became more energetic and would trot on the leash instead of just walking.

We thought we would have this pitiful pittie in foster for quite a while, but after just two weeks, we heard from longtime Blackhat volunteer Carrie Starr in Ramah, New Mexico. Carrie was looking for a dog that "looked intimidating but was really a sweetheart," and Flaco fit the bill. No stranger to the problems of Rez dogs, she was willing to continue his mange treatment and get him neutered.

The first thing Carrie did was change his name. She was determined to fatten him up so "Flaco" would no longer suit him.

A few months later, Carrie reports, "He is the sweetest and most obedient dog I have ever dealt with. He's now 75 pounds of exuberant, vaccinated and neutered good nature. He still has some skin issues, but we're looking forward to a great dog for his lifetime."

His new name? **Bravo**. And that's what we say to Carrie and her new pet.



**Rescue Partners**

**Blackhat Humane gets**



requests daily to help with animals. Many times the requests come in the

form of "there's a brown dog on the highway between Y & Z. Can you get it?" Because we cover such a large geographical area, it's not possible to respond to all of the calls for help, and since we have no facility but are fostered based, placement of animals becomes an issue. In the past two weeks, Blackhat has received requests to help find placement for five different litters of pups, all



strays from the central and western parts of the Navajo reservation. Fortunately, we were able to get all pups and



moms into care. One litter & mom is being fostered

in Cortez, CO, one in Sanders, AZ, for AZ Animal Welfare League, one went to Cooper's Chance in Chandler, AZ, one went to Arf-anage in Phoenix, and the remaining litter and mom went to Park City, UT, with Nuzzles & CO.

*En Memorium*

**Farewell to Clyde**

Clyde, a.k.a. Klyde, a.k.a. Co-llide, a.k.a. The Clyde Monster; overcame the odds and survived being born deaf and blind, orphaned and abandoned in a dirt hole on the Navajo Reservation. He survived with a grumpy old male dog in the home that would have loved to rip him to pieces if given the chance. He developed this bizarre fly snapping syndrome and after 4 months of driving himself and his people crazy, a solution was FINALLY found. He survived to make the cover of the 2018 Blackhat Humane Society calendar! He survived a 2 1/2 hour adventure when he and Teddi took off in the woods by themselves. He went to fundraisers like Barks and Brews, he went to work with his "mom" and comforted anxious and depressed kids, he went to NAU and delighted grad students and schmoozed with faculty. He believed everybody existed solely to see and love on him. Always happy, tail wagging, wrist gnawing, snuggling Clyde... Clyde, who for some inexplicable reason, decided to swallow a dog toy whole. He had it surgically removed, but there were complications and they had to perform



emergency surgery again. They found the sutures repairing his intestine had come apart and everything he had going into his stomach was ending up outside thus causing a critical case of peritonitis.

The Monster didn't make it out of surgery. We buried him on my property by Comet and Tika as he was the third dog we've lost in 4 months.

I know he would have never survived without me. I know I gave him a great life. Still, I am heartbroken. He was a "soft" dog, a big damn baby (I probably enabled), a gentle soul, a goofy soul, a HAPPY soul!

His last night he slept in my arms with my face pressed in the side of his cone. I'm sure it was quite a picture. I knew he didn't feel well and am comforted that he is no longer miserable. Further, those demon flies will bother him no longer.

I am so happy he had a good life with me albeit a very short one. He was only a year and a half old. I am so glad I had this experience with him - I learned A LOT. Thank you ALL for your support - emotional and monetarily (you know who you are), messages, thoughts and prayers. Love to you all. — Kim Kalas, Blackhat Foster Mom

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*En Memorium*

**When It's Not Just One, But Three.....**

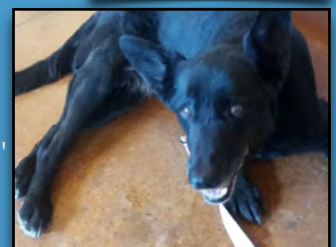
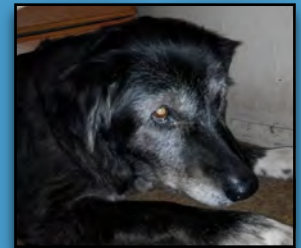
*In recent months, Christine Cape, the Board of Directors President of Blackhat Humane Society has lost not one, but three of her beloved pets. We acknowledge the grief and sorrow that brings, and we appreciate so much the dedication Chris has continued to bring to BHS, regardless of the loss of her beloved companions.*

**Sugar**, my border collie, died in late in 2017 at the age of 15 and was my daughter Alysha's and my beloved pet. Sugar was the first dog that we owned since moving to the Navajo Reservation, and she lived a long, happy life.

**Cedeech**, my first rez rescue, passed just months after Sugar. I picked up Cedeech as a tiny pup at a Ganado gas station and she lived to the ripe age of 15. Losing both wise old dogs left a quiet hole in my household and I miss them.

Then I lost **Yogi** unexpectedly last month at the younger age of 11 due to a cancerous mass at the base of her brain. Yogi was a foster fail that came to me as a runt of a litter of 11. She was a spirited, character of a dog that will be sorely missed and her absence is still sinking in.

While I mourn the passing of all three of my special companions and know that they can't be replaced, I believe more than ever in the mission of saving these special creatures' lives and the healing powers that they can bring. - *Chris Cape, Blackhat Humane Society President*





# Silent but Lively

When Colin Gershon left the reservation a couple of years ago, we thought we would have to say goodbye to one of our favorite fundraisers, the silent auction. But we are pleased to report fundraising coordinator, Alana Morris, and her team of Blackhat supporters at the Chinle Indian Health Service hospital revived the event with flying colors.

For those unfamiliar with the silent auction format, people donate things such as a painting, dinner for four, music instruction, etc. and people bid on them by writing their



bids on a piece of paper. You can keep writing down a higher bid as the evening progresses to make sure you're keeping up with your competitors for an item, until eventually time is called and the winning bids are announced. But the Blackhat silent auction is also a fun party, with food and drink, live music (this year it was from the IHS employee folk band The Pinon Pickers) and a rare excuse to get dressed up on the Rez! We're pleased and grateful to report the event raised over \$5,000 for Blackhat, making it our most successful fundraising activity of all time! Thanks to our hosts, donors and bidders!

## The Numbers

In Jan / Feb 2018, BHS :

- spent **\$10,650** on veterinary costs and medications
- spent **\$1743** on foster support and supplies
- adopted out **28** dogs and **2** cats
- rescued and transferred **16** dogs to other rescue partners
- as of March 15th, supports **55** dogs/cats in foster care, waiting for their forever homes

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## ANIMAL ART WORKS

Animal Art Works - The Return Exhibit was held at The Farm Bistro in Cortez, CO, Feb 10. The weekend evening art show, reception, and fundraiser provided an opportunity for artists, Blackhat Humane and For Pets' Sake Humane Societies to benefit from the sales of the art work. The artists received half of the proceeds of the sales of their work, while the remaining half was split between the two humane societies. Well over half the artwork sold with over \$1,000.00 donated to each of the humane societies, and equal amounts returning to the group of artists.

This was a great collaborative effort with good food, good music, good artwork, good conversation highlighting the evening. Blackhat Humane provided the music by Swanee & Pea (our very own vice president Cindy Yurth and husband Eric Swanson), For Pets' Sake provided the food, and both groups helped with publicity. Thanks to Sonja Horoshko and her Cortez Arts District organization, who helped organize the show, and thank you to Laurie Hall who provided the perfect venue at her restaurant, The Farm Bistro. And a big thanks to the many artists whose wonderful work made this a successful event.

If you missed out this year, plans are in the works for next year !



## Ahé hee'

Animal Grace LL, Cooper's Chance Rescue, The Farm Bistro, For Pets' Sake, Nuzzles & Co, Paw Creek Training, I Coleman, L&G Graham, S. Horoshko, J. Jim, J & G Kimbrough, K. Parr, J Price, RH Sherwin, N. Shinn, LK Tsosie JR, Cedar Animal Hospital, Montezuma Veterinary Clinic, Kaibab Animal Hospital, Verde Vally Animal Hospital, and Continental Animal Hospital and all who fostered, adopted, donated, prayed, transported or contributed in any way.

## Desert Dog at Home in the Bay

Mark Ratteree wasn't really in the market for a dog. He had recently buried Yazzie, his rez dog companion who lived nearly 16 1/2 years, and Yazzie was the kind of dog not easily replaced. Yet he found himself scrolling through the Blackhat Humane Society website, looking at the local rescue's array of homeless reservation mutts looking for love, the way some people occasionally cruise Match.com just to see what's out there.

Then he saw Holly. The border collie mix puppy was not the prettiest dog on the page. She had been found darting chaotically around a gas station in Chinle, confused and probably dumped. Her ears were too big for her head; her little front legs bowed from malnutrition. But there was something in her eyes.

"Something like, 'Uh-oh' went through my mind," recalled Mark. "As in, this could be the start of something." Well, it didn't matter. Holly was in Chinle, Arizona; Mark was on the bay in Berkeley, California. Literally. Mark lives on a 20-foot sailboat. There was no way he was going to drive 13 hours to pick up a scruffy little rez mutt, a desert dog to live on his boat. Was there? Ratteree kept



looking in those soulful brown eyes. They reminded him of Yazzie's. He picked up the phone.

"Everything just sort of fell into place," he said. Mark's former sister-in-law, Lisa, and her family happened to be driving to their home in Phoenix from Colorado. A friend of Holly's foster mom was driving to Durango, Colorado and could meet them. Lisa, a doctor who was formerly posted to the Hopi reservation with the IHS, had given Yazzie to Mark. She was thrilled to be bringing him Yazzie's successor.

Mark flew to Arizona to pick up his new shipmate. Holly took to her new daddy like she had been waiting for him all along. After the short flight to California, Mark introduced Holly to the boat. "She walked all over the boat, checking it out," he said. "She seemed to love it." Her other home would be at the warehouse where Mark works for an art storage and transport company. It's the kind of work environment where folks feel free to bring their dogs, and Mark had set up a house for her there. He had worried that the bigger dogs would bully little Holly — but the cunning little rez mutt held her own. As for his human colleagues, "Everyone's super impressed with her." Little Holly is now Hailey (after Hailey's comet), but she

doesn't care what her new dad calls her. She seems to know she's home at last. "She took to the whole situation," Mark said. "We're in for many adventures together."

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