

DOGS

DOG ARTICLES

DOGS



dog on the beach



The dog hated to even touch the water with her paw.

Sometimes the dog looks towards the horizon at ships on the water.

The dog didn't really like dog food.

Sometimes the dog went to the hills.
I think the smell of the wind at the sea is different from the smell of the wind in the hills.

On rainy days, even though the dog stays under some kind of terrace, but still looks wet and cold. Perhaps the dog had to run some errands.

The dog can do some tricks, sit and shake.
Nobody taught her, the dog learned naturally from just living.

The dog would dig in the beach and find a stone about the size of a fist to chew on.
Gradually the dog's teeth became dull.

I wonder why the dog didn't even eat vegetables.
But then again dogs are not like a Sennin.

If strange dogs invaded the dog's beach, she would make them go away.

Basically the dog wasn't too friendly to other dogs.

The dog is forced to take a bath once a year. Although the dog struggles, she is shampooed and rinsed.

From the look on her face, it seems the dog thinks she will catch a cold, so the dog must quickly shake herself dry.

The dog really doesn't like fireworks. She hates the noise.

The dog cannot understand why people get so excited watching fireworks until midnight.

The dog would watch uninterested eyes.

The smell of the air at dawn is so good.

As the smells of the sea and the sunshine begin to mix.

Such a pleasant combination!

This dog taught me this every morning I woke up early.

Sometimes the dog would go 2 or 3 kilometers away from the sea but would always come back

soon.

I think the dog isn't comfortable far from the familiar sound of the sea.

I know dogs can't get sunburnt.

The dog learned to hold out her paw and beg for food very naturally and was almost always successful.

The dog sometimes digs a hole in the beach to sleep in, and one time a drunk man imitated the dog and slept in a hole nearby.

When I throw stones for the dog at the beach she runs her fastest to get them.

If I throw a stone too close to the waves she gets her feet wet because the dog can't stop in time.

After a wave comes up the dog's feet sink into the sand.

While playing, the dog has a strange expression on her face as she is preoccupied with her sinking feet.

On the weekends many of the same people come to the beach.

The dog knows them and remembers their smells.

The dog has appeared on TV many times.
Almost everyone has taken the dog's picture on
the beach.

The dog never acts like she wants to go yachting,
canoeing, or surfing.
Not even once.

On windy days the dog would stay in a place out
of the wind.

Perhaps the dog was uncomfortable with all the
different smells blowing around.

Many children would come up to the dog to pet
and rub her head.

The dog thinks herself "I am older than you". But
this she keeps only to herself.

Especially on days when there are big waves I
think the dog likes to sleep and snore loudly near
the beach.

The dog has never thought about eating any fish,
dead or alive.

Hawks swoop down and grab fish from the water's surface.

At the moment the hawk is beginning to swoop up with its fish, the dog would run and bark surprising the hawk into dropping its fish. The dog loves doing these naughty things.

The farmer gets angry at the dog when she runs through his fields but the dog continues to do this.

I think perhaps the feel of the squishy mud and the fresh leaves makes the dog happy.

The sand and the sea.

Everything has a smell of its own from birth until death.

冠龍 冲印放大

上海南京东路180号 电话：231161

PICS

DOG

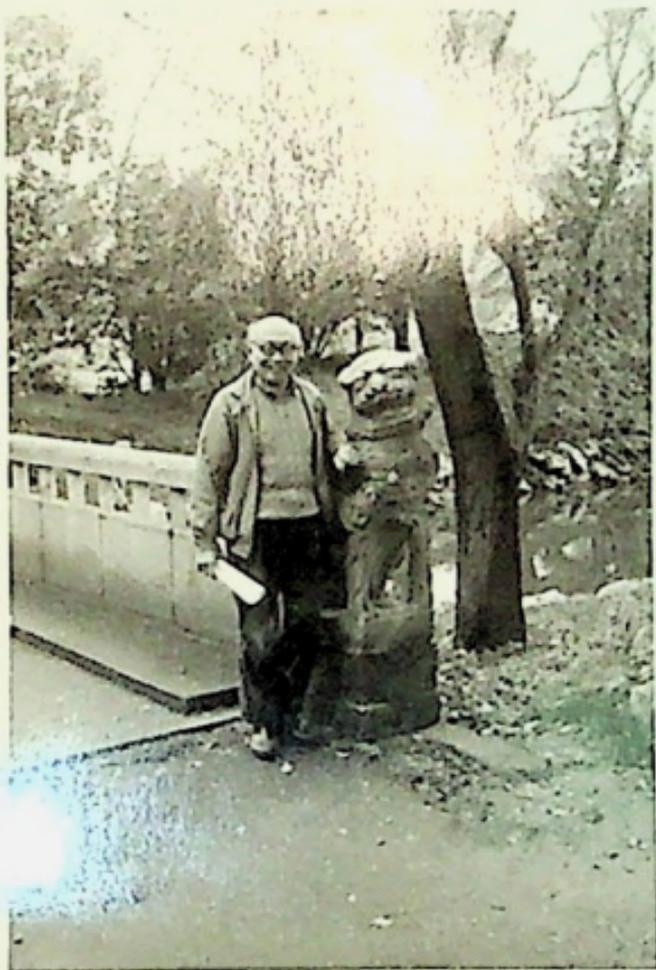
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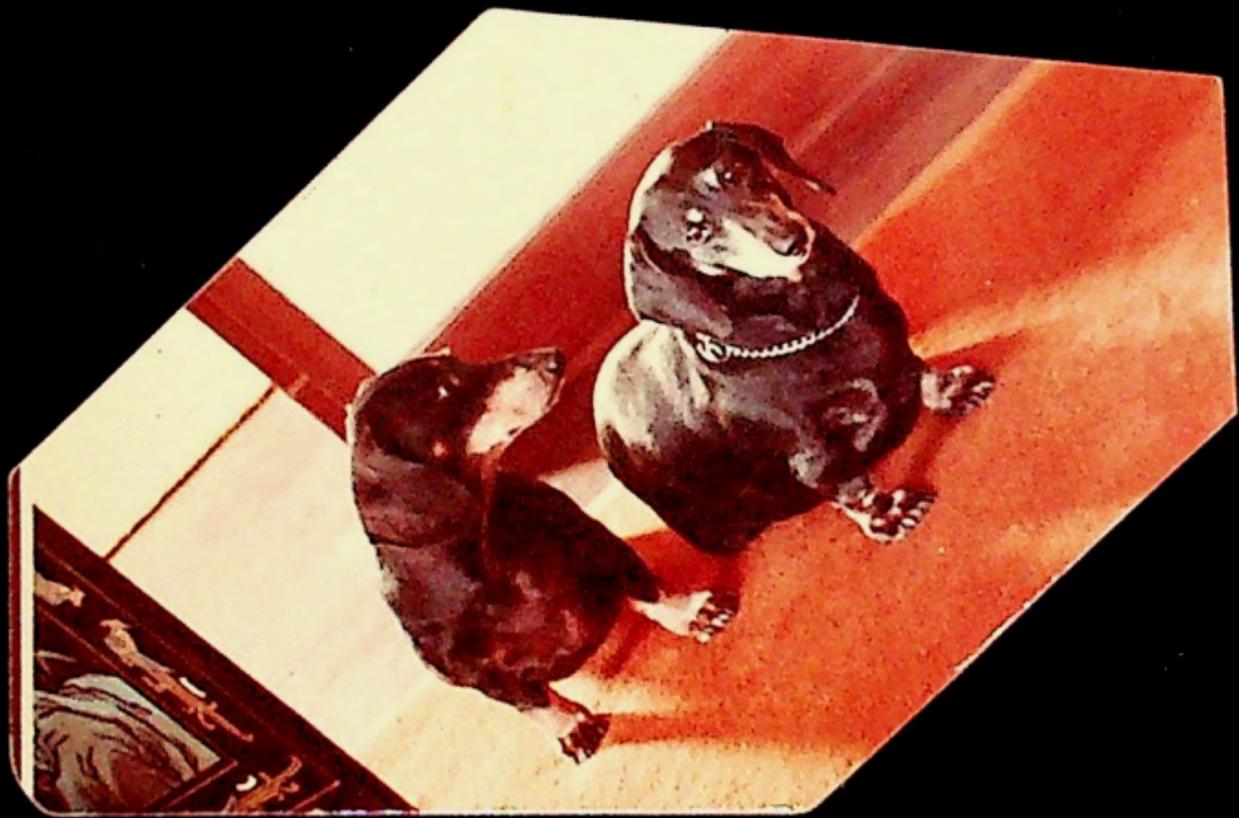
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DOG
PICS

Tess Johnson

More Dog Pics



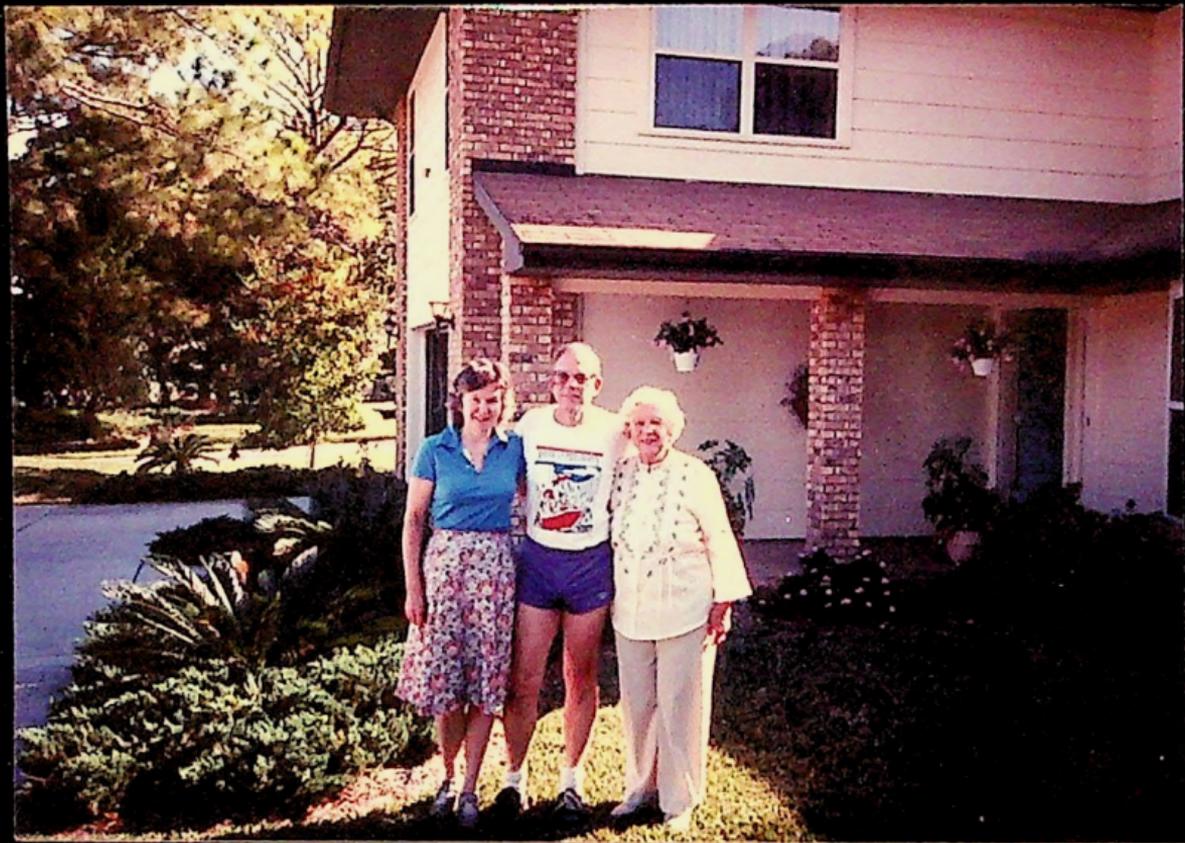












Mary, Bob, + Eugenia Evans

Nov. 1990



Tess Johnston & Eugenia
Evans

Nov. 1990





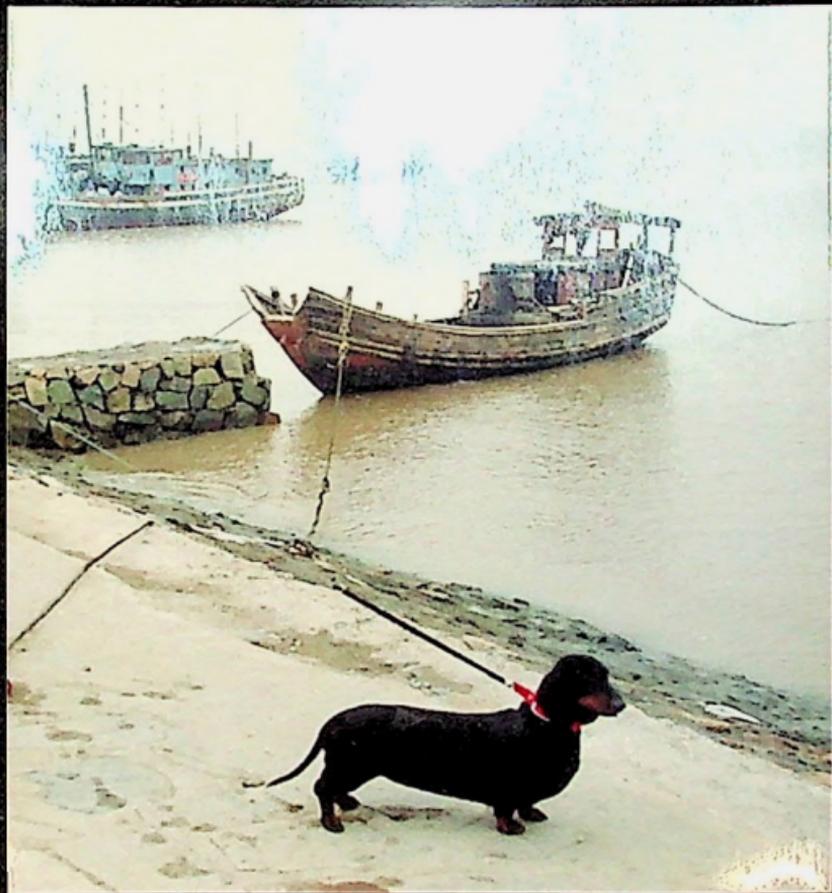
































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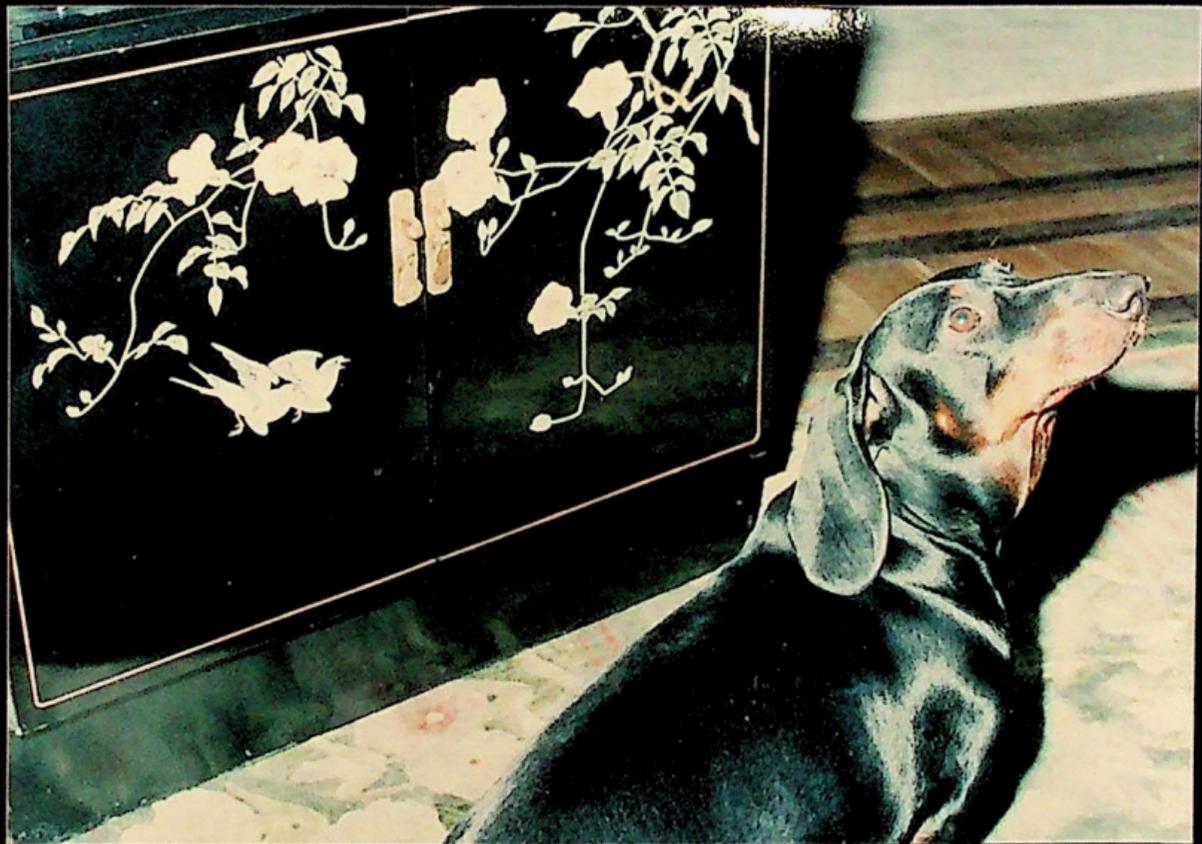
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Tess









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Passing from
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The Terrace
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Pant House



She turns her
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By the Camp Pond,
Consulate General
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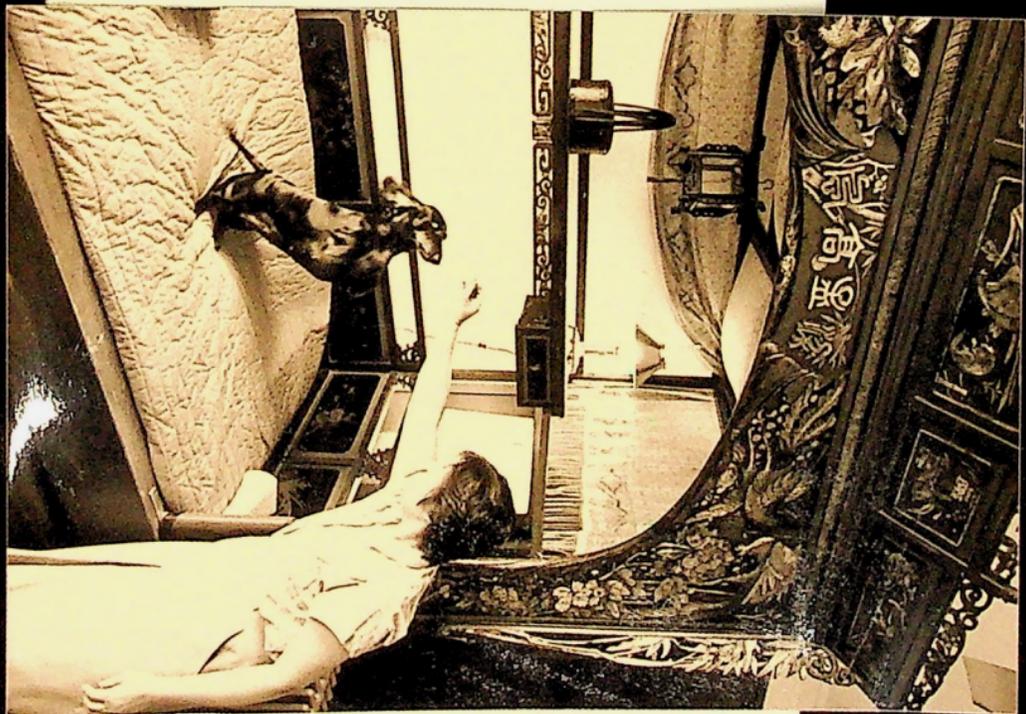


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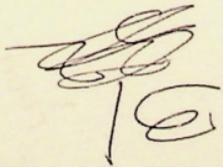
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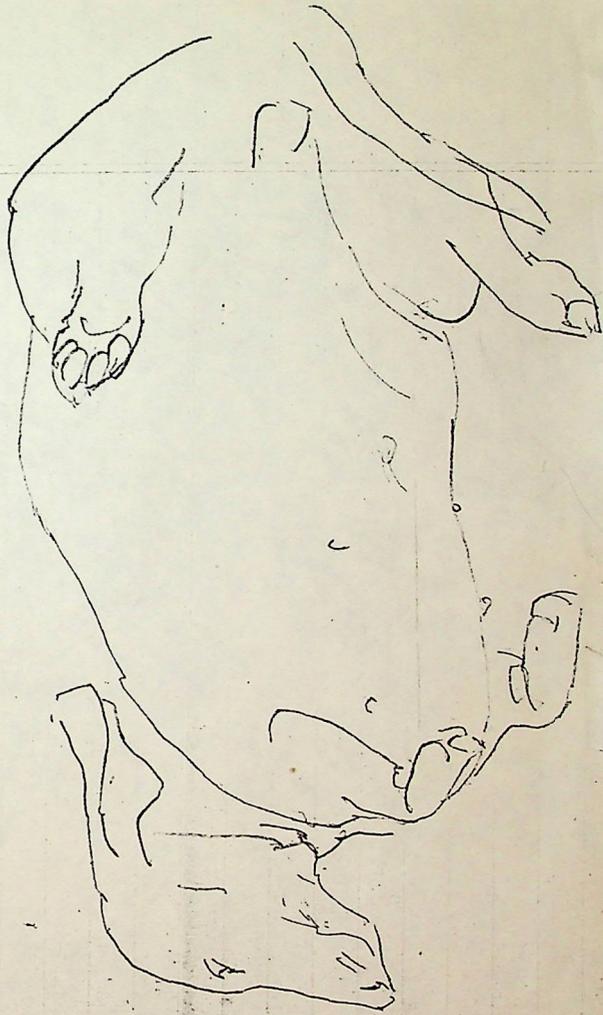
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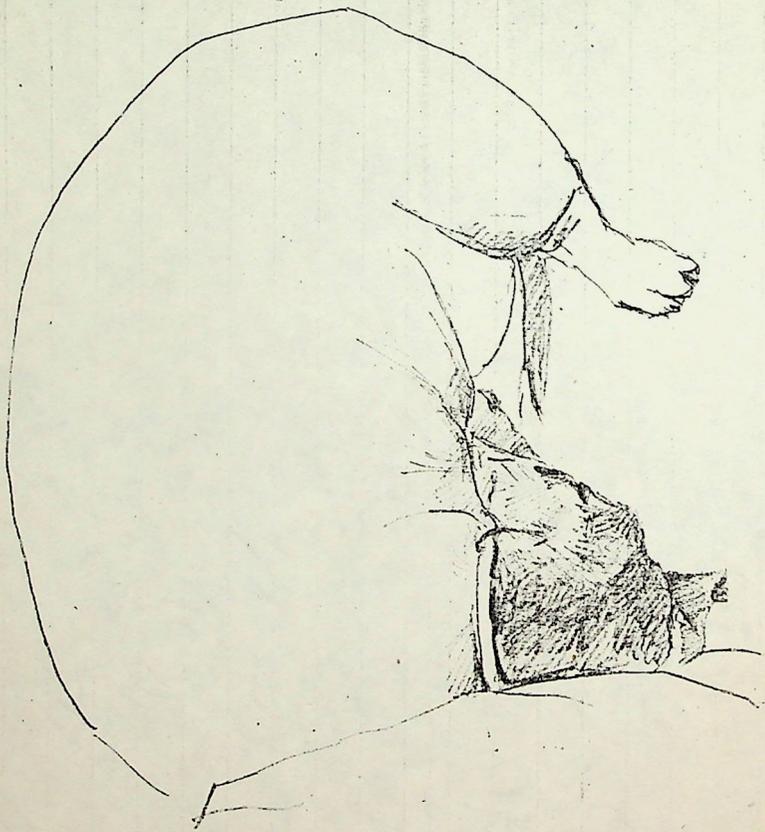
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Nov. 6, 1991
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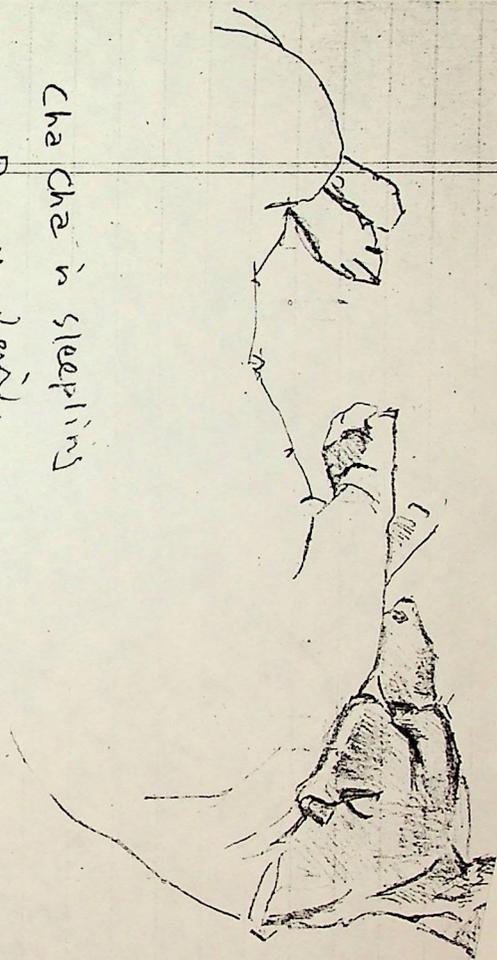
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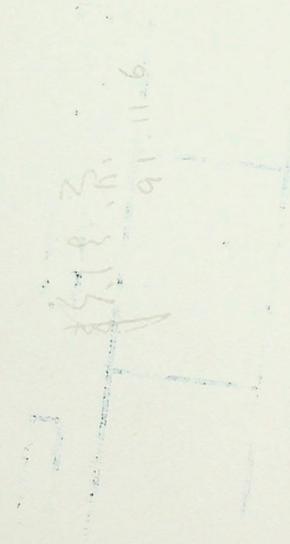
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Danny Leir

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Cha Cha is sleeping





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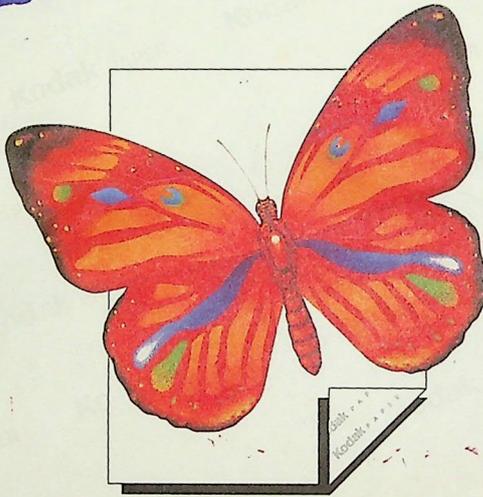
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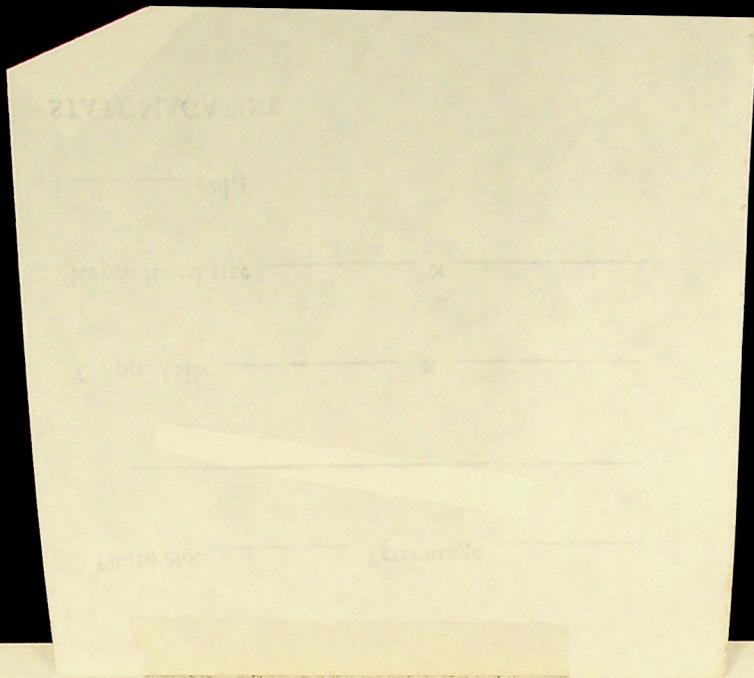
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At St. Andrews Hall

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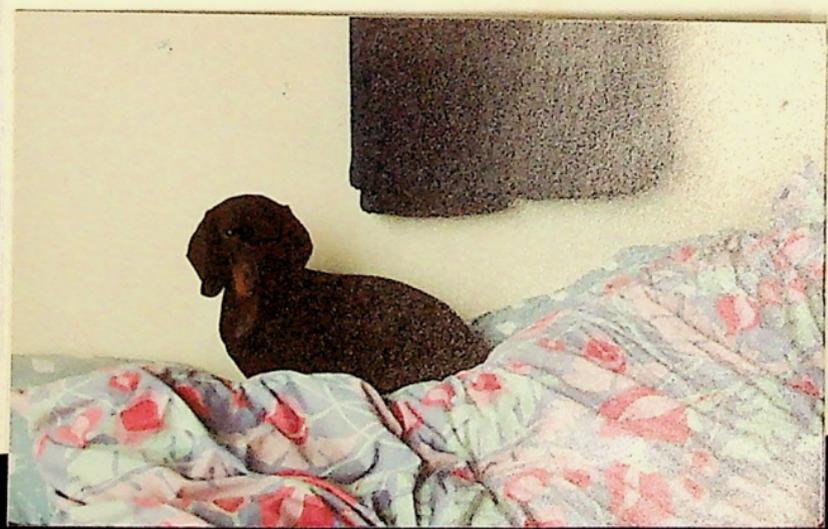


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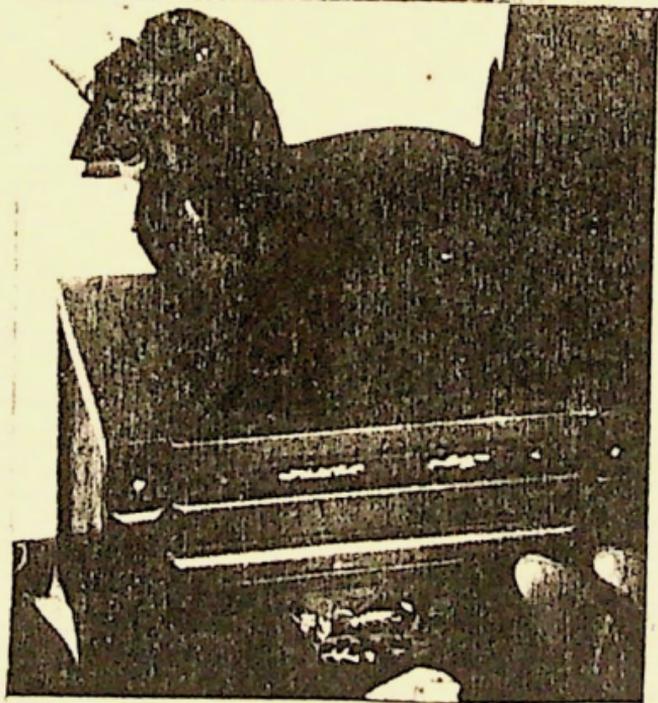
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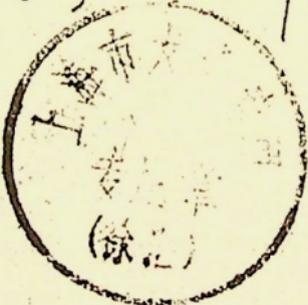
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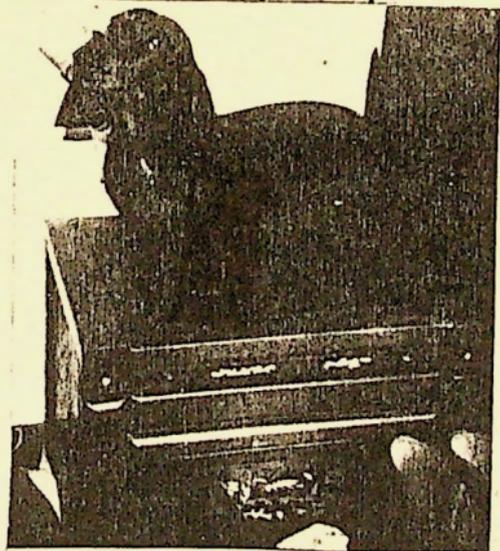


上海市公安局

Tess

犬主姓名	21105102 Johnston		
单位	美商洋行		
地址	上海中法大马路1006号		
犬种	牧羊犬	用途	牧羊
毛色	黑	性别	雄
估重	18斤	犬令	1岁
发证机关盖章			
发证日期	91.1.21	编号	91-265(27)

犬类准养证



上海市公安局

Hand Chop;
ID card





Photo 26

Ain't nothing better than a hound dog

P Ramakrishnan meets a group of dachshund devotees whose pet project revolves around their four-legged friends

HIKING UP TO the house of Esta Overmars, the host of the first and "biggest dachshund party of Hong Kong" in Mui Wo on Lantau at the weekend, the battle cry for every new entrant is, "Look out!"

Guests dodge dachshie-doo near the entrance as if manoeuvring on a battleground. Meanwhile, a family of three dachshunds have taken over one of the more comfortable chairs on the lawn and a gang of six races up and down the embankment, while others are busy getting their tails and ears scratched by their owners, oblivious to the fawning fans gathered. A gorgeous golden retriever and a fluffy white terrier have gate-crashed the party but this is a bash that bars no age, gender, race or breed.

Forty dog owners have assembled for a forum on dachshunds, but little goes to plan as their 30 charges take delight in each other's company and the various competitions that have been arranged.

A distant cousin of the basset hound, dachshunds, also called badger dogs, hail from Germany, where they were originally bred as hunting dogs. Their short crooked legs are deformations, conditioned over the years to help them dig and burrow into fox and rabbit holes. They can be short- or long-haired and come in an assortment of colours as they are mix-bred to suit climates and conditions, as well as fashion.

Ignoring the pooches doing biped impressions on her lawn, Overmars relates the sad tale of her first dachshund, Webster, whose death last year is the reason for the gathering. "He was taught how to swim and he was very happy, but he took in too much seawater one day and got bloated," she says. "He

couldn't be helped in time so he died. So I built the Harry and Potter Web site [named after her two eight-month-old dachshunds] dedicated to information on taking care of this particular breed. We've all come together today to help each other with problems, to learn from each other's experience."

While life-saving first-aid for canines is discussed, the short-distance race begins. Shamshuipo resident William Fung introduces me to his injured pet Michael. "He's got a back injury and he was operated on but he needs his doggy-wheelchair for long-distance walks and runs."

Lady luck hasn't been kind to Michael, who gets into a scrape with an unfriendly neighbour trying to jostle for position before the relay. As the dog whines and hides between Fung's legs, his owner recalls: "Coincidence chose us. Late one night, I was going out to get my dinner and I saw him tied by rope to a lamp post. I asked around and heard that somebody had dumped him. I couldn't leave him and now he's with me. I've had him for almost six years."

As owners try to coax their prized possessions into reaching the finishing line, a few stop at halfway and return. Emma, Mary and Bruce Paterson's long-haired non-starter, cowers back

but their other dog, Molly, goes for gold. "She is the alpha. She is fiercely possessive about her soft toys and putting one as the target at the end helped," Bruce says about Molly, while carrying Emma out.

Molly, who later wins the Miss Hong Kong framed certificate and a toy, is a crowd favourite. Posing for the camera, she hides a stuffed monkey under her chin to the adulatory flashes of the photographers.

"She is a 'therapy dog' so very docile," Mary Paterson says. "I've taken her into a school with children with cerebral palsy and they would make sudden jerks and movements but she'd just lie there peacefully."

Priscilla Wong, on the other hand, has a trio of snappy and suspicious dogs: Roby, Abu and Tanny, who refuse to stay still for a photo. "Oh, they have minds of their own," Wong despairs.

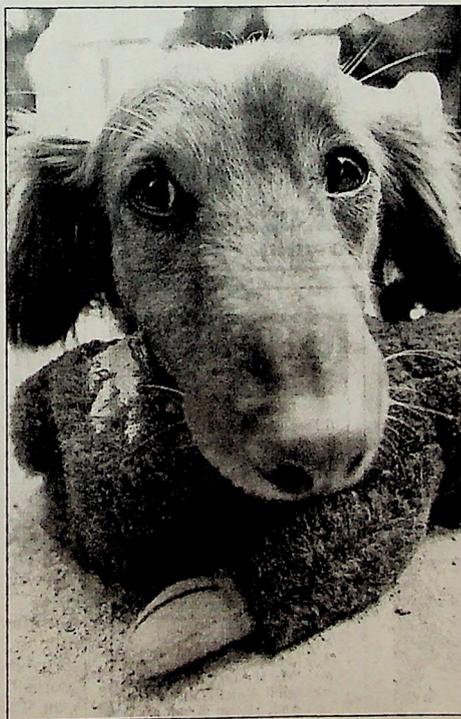
Overmars later comments: "Owners affect how the dogs will eventually be. They can be happy, they can be perfectly nice dogs like my Harry and Potter, especially if you've had them since they were puppies."

Wong runs Lazy Bones, a small shop on Lockhart Road, Causeway Bay, which sells dog toys, accessories, clothes, collars and leashes. She is also an event organiser. "We have parties for dogs every two months," Wong explains, adding that the next event takes place on March 2. "We all get together and go out for walks in different places. Usually about 30 people, 20 dogs turn up."

The second competition tests owners, who are blindfolded and asked to feel the pelt of six dogs, one of which is their own. Boris Chan sneaks into the circle carrying his golden retriever Vincy, but the impatient eight-month puppy does a runner.

By the end of the day, exhausted guests sweat it out and carry their dogs, perfectly relaxed in their arms, down the slope. A couple pleading with their pet to come out from under the chair are among the last to leave. Overmars grins: "Dachshunds own the owner, not the other way around."

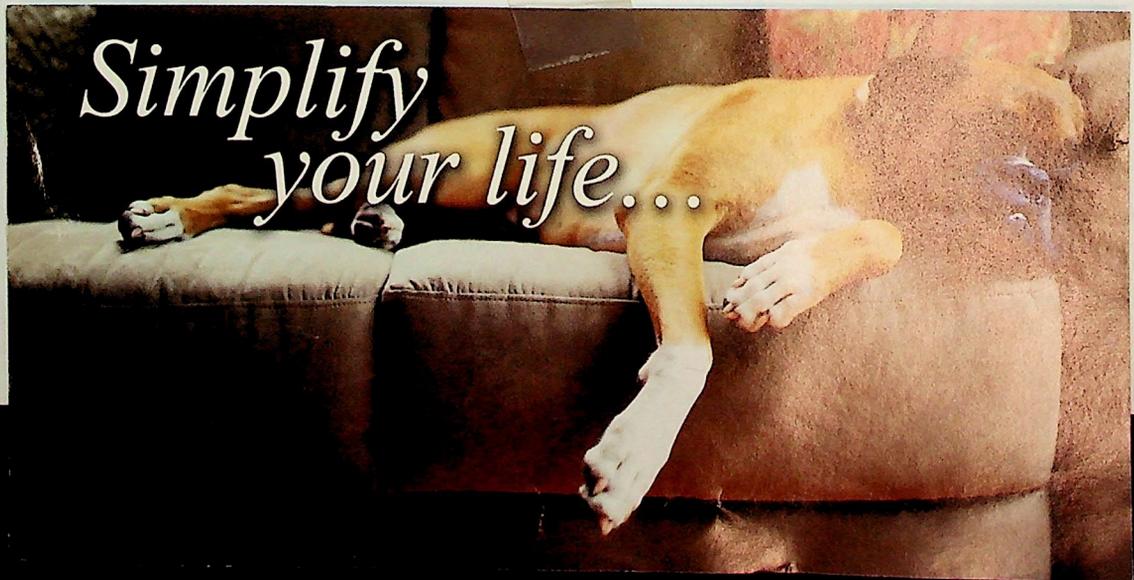
For further information visit *Harry and Potter's Illustrated Guide to Dachshund and Dog Care* at www.cmi.com.hk/hapol



Who's the boss? Dachshunds rule at their Lantau bash on the weekend. Photo: Antony Dickson



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THE NEW YORKER



1855



Strapped for transportation, a dignified dachshund on wheels enlivens 1977 Paris scene by Robert Doisneau.

The final lap



Alan Berner / Seattle Times

Molly Jo and her owner, Patsy Ware of SeaTac, get comfortable in their ringside seat at the Woodinville Basset Bash competition yesterday. More than 150 hounds sought trophies in 10 categories, and had there been a "largest," Molly Jo at 85 pounds would have been a favorite. For the second year in a row, she got shut out in her specialty, the waddle event.



Constantly switching your dog's food can lead to finicky eating.

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State

The Newsletter

United States Department of State

February 1992

'MY LIFE AS A FOREIGN SERVICE DOG'

(Agi!)



State
The Magazine of the U.S. Department of State February 1986

'MY LIFE
ASA
FOREIGN SERVICE
DOG'



THE COVER—That's the author, *Lamb Chop*, at the consulate general in Shanghai, being held by *Ayi*, aide-de-camp to the memoirist. *Lamb Chop*'s story begins on Page 8.

STATE (ISSN 0278-1859) (formerly the Department of State Newsletter) is published by the U.S. Department of State, 2201 C Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20520, to acquaint its officers and employees, at home and abroad, with developments that may affect operations or personnel. The magazine also extends limited coverage to overseas operations of the U.S. and Foreign Commercial Service of the Commerce Department and the Foreign Agricultural Service and the Animal and Plant Health Inspection Service of the Agriculture Department.

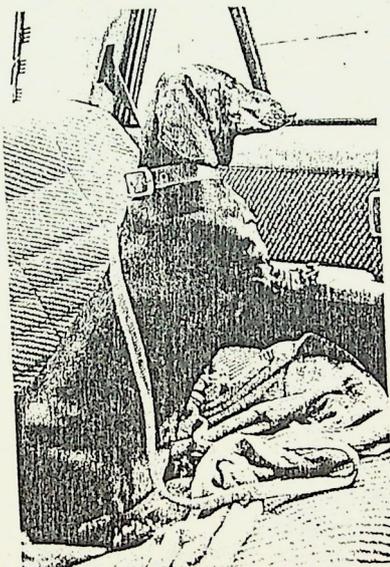
There are 11 monthly issues (none in August). Deadline for submitting material for publication is in the first week of each month. Contributions (consisting of general information, articles, poems, photographs, art work) are welcome. *Double-space* on typewriter, spelling out job titles, names of offices and programs—*acronyms are not acceptable*. Black-and-white, glossy-print photos reproduce best, but some color photos are acceptable. Each photo needs a caption, double-spaced, identifying all persons left to right.

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Assistant editor Barbara Quirk
Staff Assistant Kim Banks □

'MY LIFE AS A FOREIGN SERVICE DOG'



MY NAME IS Lamb Chop—at least that's the name on my collar—and I live in Shanghai. I belong to a lady called Tess, but the Chinese call her Lao Taitai. (I found out that in Chinese that means Old Lady—I bet she doesn't know that.) We've been sent to Shanghai to work in a place called the American consulate general. It's exciting there because a lot of people are always milling around a door marked "Visas." I'm not sure what a visa is, but they all seem to want one so it must be a good thing. Maybe Lao Taitai will get me one.

I happen to know that I am, in all due modesty, a particularly fetching breed of dog called a dachshund. I am glossy black and my detractors say I look like a seal. Jealousy, I'm sure. The Chinese have never seen anything like me. On The Street I hear them asking: "What is it?" Lao Taitai replies that I am a dog of a rare and wonderful breed (true, of course), and this makes me a little nervous. You see, I am plump and I have heard that fat black dogs are a gourmet delicacy here. I don't want to think about it.

When I left California where I was raised, a year ago, I never dreamed I would be coming to one of the biggest cities in the world. Shanghai is a long, long way from anywhere, and it sure has a lot of people. They mostly seem to live in our neighborhood. We are right

BY LAMB CHOP

in the middle of everything: stores and schools and hotels and hospitals, and hundreds and hundreds of little houses in the alleys around back of us. Overflowing trolley buses come by about 10 to the minute. Lao Taitai says from up here in our apartment the whole scene down below looks like one big anthill. The natives are friendly, but believe me, it's not like America one little bit.

Lao Taitai and I share a nifty pent-house apartment. We have a big terrace, and Lao Taitai says the view is spectacu-

Editor's note: Tess Johnston, secretary to the consul general, admits that she has written other articles from Shanghai for this magazine (about her pet crickets and such), but she and Lamb Chop indignantly deny that she wrote this particular story.

lar. How should I know?—I'm so short I can't see over the wall. I share the place with a turtle named Myrtle. I did share it with a frog, but it went over the side and now sings to us nightly from the garden 11 stories below. A pity—it was great fun to chase. Lao Taitai also keeps her crickets out there and their "singing"—screeching, I call it—drives me crazy.

There's no grass and only one tree up here. My life is boring, but oh, what interesting sounds come up from the Street! In the morning I wake to the sound of a Chinese bugle, and the army troops down there do lots of noisy exercises accompanied by funny music. Then a clatter of bottles means the milkman has arrived on his big tricycle. Just when I am dozing off again, the children arrive at the day nursery below, and there is much squealing and squawling. Then come all the street peddlers, each one with a different cry or bell. I especially like the street-washing truck; it plays "Happy Birthday to You." It's pretty hard for a girl to sleep around here mornings.

Life gets more interesting when our amah, or servant, comes in. She is a nice Chinese lady called Ayi. I heard Lao Taitai say she speaks no known language, and she sure doesn't speak English—she can't even pronounce Lamb Chop. So she calls me Cha-Cha. (I can't imagine why—I don't even

dance.) Ayi does absolutely everything around the house. It's a good thing because Lao Taitai's idea of housekeeping is long conversations in Chinese with Ayi. This wears Lao Taitai out, so she has to go lie down with a good book. That's great because then I can be her pillow—and read over her shoulder.

On the farm where I came from in California, my job was keeping the chickens out of the garden. But here Ayi expects me to do nothing except be adorable. No problem. At first she was afraid of me—amazing when you consider that I am only eight inches tall. But she soon realized that I couldn't bite above the knee anyway, so now it's O.K. She's always trying to stuff me full of rice—and I don't even look Chinese! She loves to show me off to the stream of repairmen who come to our apartment almost every day. (I think we should charge admission.)

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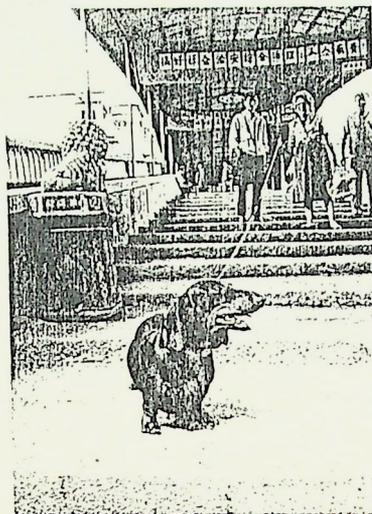
When there's too much going on I retreat under this gigantic Chinese bed we have. It's made of red wood, covered with gold-painted animals; I even spotted a dog. When I'm under there I feel like I'm in my lair, and I become a fierce animal. The kitchen is my regular hunting ground. There I chase the monster roaches that scuttle across the floor at night. Lao Taitai says they are "world class" and praises me, The Mighty Hunter, for my kills. They taste yucky.

I'm not merely a bug killer, mind you. Once Ayi brought home a live chicken for our dinner. (That's how they buy chickens here.) She didn't know I was The Mighty Hunter. She and some amahs were chatting away, when I came around the corner and spotted that chicken. Wow! They still talk about it in the servants' quarters. We don't eat chicken at our house any more.

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"That's right! Give me lots of leash!"

"Haven't you ever seen a dachshund before?"

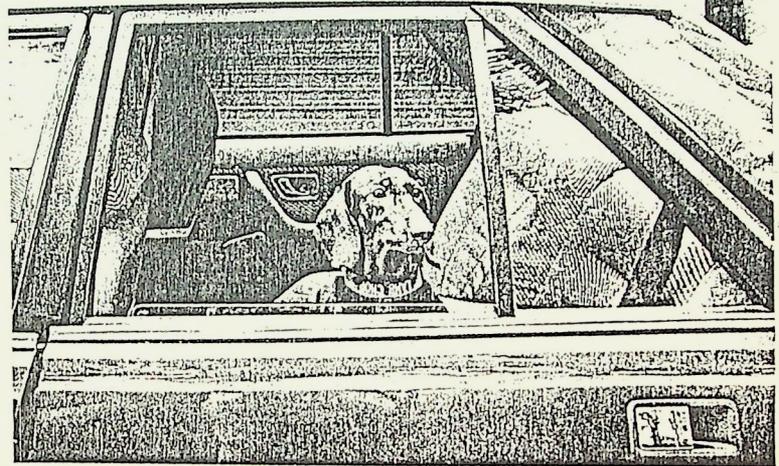
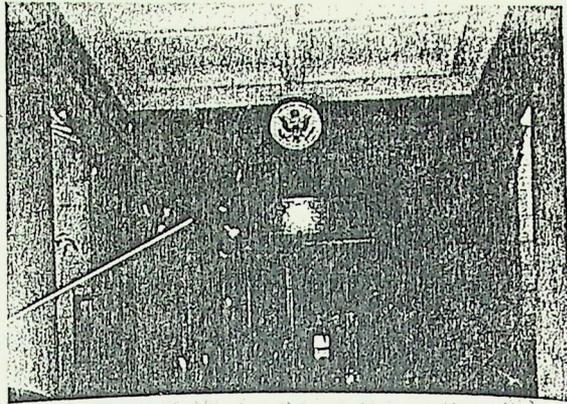
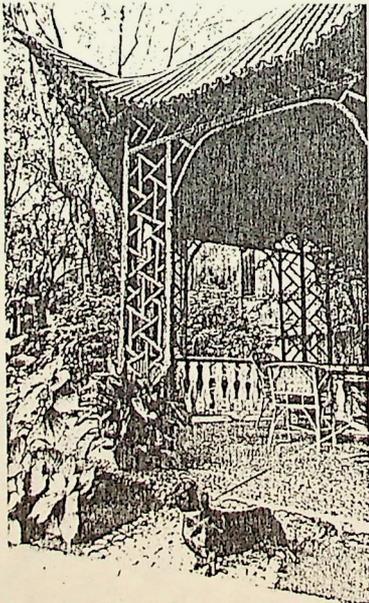


No accounting for taste. (I hope that's not a pun.)

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"I've arrived at the office."

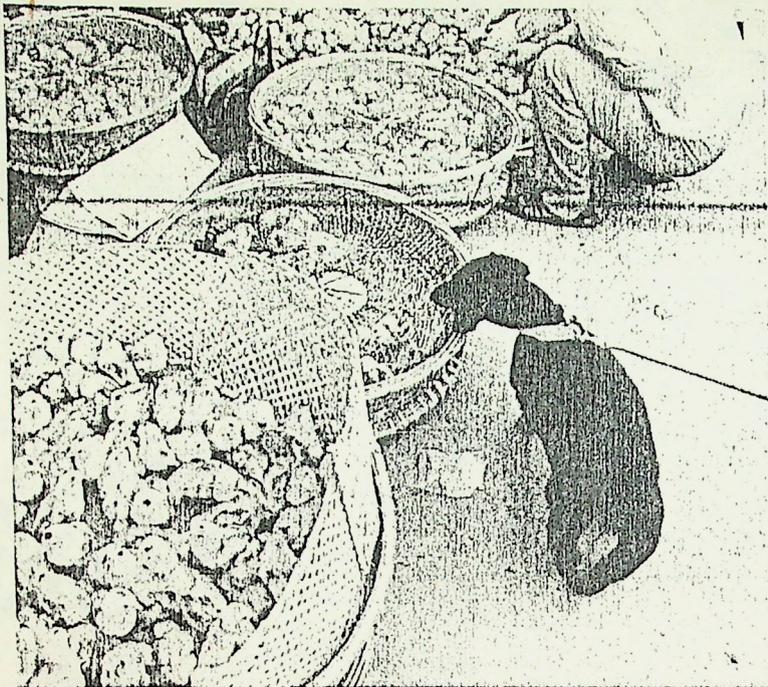
"This is security duty. I'm guarding the gazebo in the consulate garden."

with my mere presence. They make me homesick because they sometimes call me a "dog" rather than the Chinese word, "gou". A few even call me a "dachshund"—now how did they know that? They also know how to pet me, and ask my age and sometimes even my sex. It's a dumb question, but I guess they are too embarrassed to peek underneath and see for themselves—thank goodness.

Next to our local police station is the only grass on The Street. We call it the "Poop Platz." My nose tells me there must be other dogs around here someplace. Once in a while late at night we do meet an inferior type with its privileged owner. I'm allowed a passing sniff, but Lao Taitai is afraid of fleas and diseases and stuff, so she quickly pulls me away. They were not my class anyway.

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"Quit tugging! I'm just looking, that's all!"

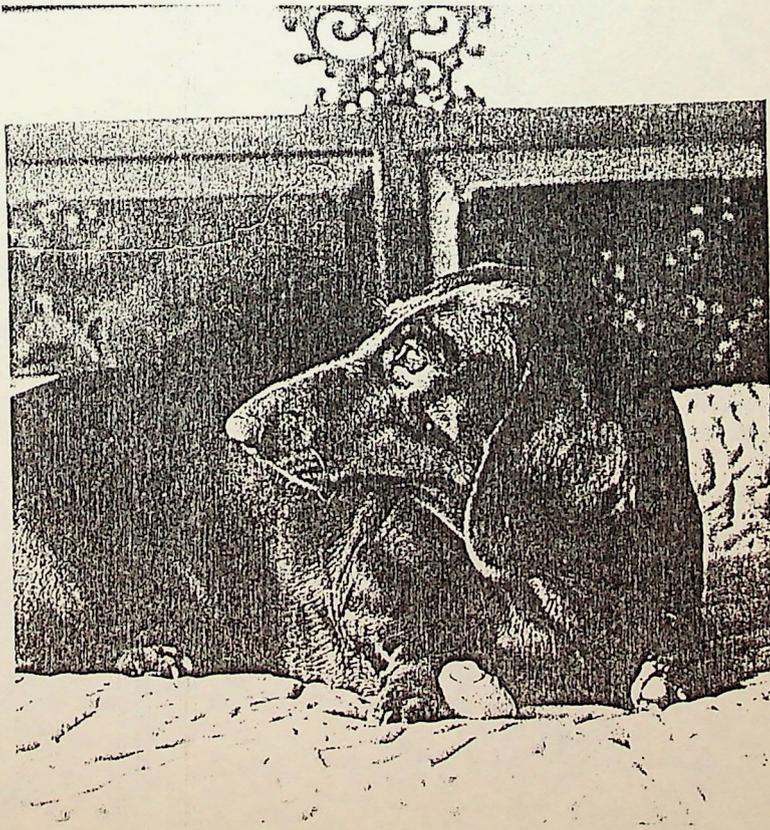
Bedding down.

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I get busy and check out the frog and fish population in the carp pond. Or I try to catch one of our six gardeners napping in the greenhouse and lick him awake. (They used to holler but now they're not afraid of me any more. Pity.) Sometimes I lie in the shade of the gazebo and gaze out on the green lawn. And, oh, how I love to roll in that grass! It's really yummy when the gardeners have honey-bucketed it (but it makes Lao Taitai mad that she has to hose me down afterwards). Sometimes she lets me chase her as she bicycles round and round the circular driveway.

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My name is Lamb Chop--at least that's the name on my collar--and I live in Shanghai. I belong to a lady called Tess, but the Chinese call her "Lao Taitai". (I found out that in Chinese that means "Old Lady"--I bet she doesn't know that.) We've been sent to Shanghai to work in a place called The Consulate General. It's exciting there because a lot of people are always milling around a door marked "Visas". I'm not sure what a Visa is, but they all seem to want one so it must be a good thing. Maybe Lao Taitai will get me one.

I happen to know that I am, in all due modesty, a particularly fetching breed of dog called a dachshund. I am glossy black and my detractors say I look like a seal. Jealousy I'm sure. The Chinese have never seen anything like me. On The Street I hear them asking "what is it?" Lao Taitai replies that I am a dog of rare and wonderful breed (true, of course) and this makes me a little nervous. You see, I am plump and I have heard that fat black dogs are a gourmet delicacy here. I don't want to think about it.

When I left The Farm in California where I was raised a year ago I never dreamed I would be coming to one of the biggest cities in the world. Shanghai is a long long way from anywhere and it sure has a lot of people. They mostly seem to live in our neighborhood. We are right in the middle of everything: stores and schools and hotels and hospitals and hundreds and hundreds of little houses in the alleys around back of us. Overflowing trolley busses come by about ten to the minute. Lao Taitai says from up here the whole scene looks like one big anthill. The natives are friendly, but believe me it's not like America one little bit.

Lao Taitai and I share a penthouse apartment which is nifty. We have a big terrace and Lao Taitai says the view is spectacular. How should I know?--I'm so short I can't see over the wall. I share the place with a turtle named Myrtle. I did share it with a frog, but it went over the side and now sings to us nightly from the garden eleven stories below. A pity--it was great fun to chase. Lao Taitai also keeps her crickets out there and their "singing"--screaming I calls it--drives me crazy.

There's no grass and only one tree up here. My life is boring, but oh, what interesting sounds come up from The Street! In the morning I wake to the sound of a Chinese bugle and the army troops down there do lots of noisy exercises accompanied by funny music. Then a clatter of bottles means the milkman has arrived on his big tricycle. Just when I am dozing off again the children arrive at the day nursery below and there is much squealing and squawling. Then come all the street peddlers, each one with a different cry or bell. I especially like the street-washing truck; it plays "Happy Birthday to You." It's pretty hard for a girl to sleep around here mornings.

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Sometimes Lao Taitai gets exasperated and gives on-the-spot lessons on how to treat a dog. I want to help her so I stand very still while the children approach me slowly and carefully and pat my bottom. The really brave ones then pat my head. I try not to smile and show them my sharp white teeth. Lao Taitai tells them my Chinese name, and now when they see me coming all up and down the alley I hear "Cha-Cha laile!" ("Cha-Cha comes!"). They all crowd around me and we have to stop and visit for a bit. The price of fame.

The nicest people in our alleys are the old folks. I hear that once a long time ago Shanghainese had dogs. These old-timers still remember, and their faces light up when they see me coming. It's nice to be able to brighten up their lives with my mere presence. They make me homesick because they sometimes call me a "dog" rather than the Chinese word, "gou". A few even call me a "dachshund"--now how did they know that? They also know how to pet me, and ask my age and sometimes even my sex. It's a dumb question, but I guess they are too embarrassed to peek underneath and see for themselves--thank goodness.

Next to our local police station is the only grass on The Street. We call it the "Poop Platz". My nose tells me there must be other dogs around here someplace. Once in a while late at night we do meet an inferior type with its privileged owner. I'm allowed a passing sniff, but Lao Taitai is afraid of fleas and diseases and stuff so she quickly pulls me away. They were not my class anyway.

to go lie down with a good book. That's great because then I can be her pillow--and read over her shoulder.

On The Farm my job was keeping the chickens out of the garden, but here Ayi expects me to do nothing except be adorable. No problem. At first she was afraid of me, amazing when you consider that I am only eight inches tall, but she soon realized that I couldn't bite above the knee anyway, so now it's OK. She's always trying to stuff me full of rice--and I don't even look Chinese! She loves to show me off to the stream of repairmen who come to our apartment almost every day. (I think we should charge admission.)

Our apartment is big and must be quite old. I heard Lao Taitai say it was built the year she was born, and she's getting on. It has sixteen doors and I always seem to be on the wrong side of one. The room I like best is right in the middle of everything--so people trip over me coming and going. It has marble floors and leads onto the terrace, so they call it The Sun Room. I call it My Room. It's only fair, as they seem to want me to stay in it. Something to do with "swabbing up" after me. I can't imagine what they mean.

When there's too much going on I retreat under this gigantic Chinese bed we have. It's red wood and covered with gold-painted animals; I even spotted a dog. When I am under there I feel like I am in my lair and I become a fierce animal. The kitchen is my regular hunting ground. There I chase the monster roaches that scuttle across the floor at night. Lao Taitai says they are "world class" and praises me, The Mighty Hunter, for my kills. They taste yucky.

I'm not merely a bug killer, mind you. Once Ayi brought home a live chicken for our dinner. (That's how they buy chickens here.) She didn't know I was The Mighty Hunter. She and some amahs were chatting away when I came around the corner and spotted that chicken. Wow. They still talk about it in the servants' quarters. We don't eat chicken at our house any more.

Lao Taitai is gone all day so I try to help Ayi with the housework. I'm great with, or as, a mop. After we finish up she lifts me onto the high bed and we have our nap. When she goes home I know that Lao Taitai will soon come, so I guard the empty house until she arrives. I need only lie by the door, as the Chinese are scared of dogs and will not come in when I'm there. It makes me feel important, like the famous Chinese "lion dogs" you see in pictures. And I'm sure I'm braver--and definitely cuter.

When Lao Taitai comes home we do our "walkies" (a silly word which she insists on using). That means down to The Street. Oh what sounds and sights and smells are there--every dog's dream. I am especially fetching with my red collar and leash and we draw large crowds just standing there breathing. Bicycles screech to a halt, children drag their mothers over to see me, grown men even bark at me. (Are they trying to speak my language?). At first it was fun being a Star but now I've gotten blase. After all, even on The Street there are some things a girl likes to do in private.

I hear there is some peculiar law here that says the natives are not allowed to own dogs. Like most rules in China people find ways to get around it. But you've got to be pretty important to own a

THE FOREIGN SERVICE--A DOG'S LIFE
by Lamb Chop la Impedimenta, alias "Shanghai Lil"

My name is Lamb Chop--at least that's the name on my collar--and I live in Shanghai. I belong to a lady called Tess, but the Chinese call her "Lao Taitai". (I found out that in Chinese that means "Old Lady"--I bet she doesn't know that.) We've been sent to Shanghai to work in a place called The Consulate General. It's exciting there because a lot of people are always milling around a door marked "Visas". I'm not sure what a Visa is, but they all seem to want one so it must be a good thing. Maybe Lao Taitai will get me one.

I happen to know that I am, in all due modesty, a particularly fetching breed of dog called a dachshund. I am glossy black and my detractors say I look like a seal. Jealousy I'm sure. The Chinese have never seen anything like me. On The Street I hear them asking "what is it?" Lao Taitai replies that I am a dog of rare and wonderful breed (true, of course) and this makes me a little nervous. You see, I am plump and I have heard that fat black dogs are a gourmet delicacy here. I don't want to think about it.

When I left The Farm in California where I was raised a year ago I never dreamed I would be coming to one of the biggest cities in the world. Shanghai is a long long way from anywhere and it sure has a lot of people. They mostly seem to live in our neighborhood. We are right in the middle of everything: stores and schools and hotels and hospitals and hundreds and hundreds of little houses in the alleys around back of us. Overflowing trolley busses come by about ten to the minute. Lao Taitai says from up here the whole scene looks like one big anthill. The natives are friendly, but believe me it's not like America one little bit.

Lao Taitai and I share a penthouse apartment which is nifty. We have a big terrace and Lao Taitai says the view is spectacular. How should I know?--I'm so short I can't see over the wall. I share the place with a turtle named Myrtle. I did share it with a frog, but it went over the side and now sings to us nightly from the garden eleven stories below. A pity--it was great fun to chase. Lao Taitai also keeps her crickets out there and their "singing"--screeching I calls it--drives me crazy.

There's no grass and only one tree up here. My life is boring, but oh, what interesting sounds come up from The Street! In the morning I wake to the sound of a Chinese bugle and the army troops down there do lots of noisy exercises accompanied by funny music. Then a clatter of bottles means the milkman has arrived on his big tricycle. Just when I am dozing off again the children arrive at the day nursery below and there is much squealing and squawling. Then come all the street peddlers, each one with a different cry or bell. I especially like the street-washing truck; it plays "Happy Birthday to You." It's pretty hard for a girl to sleep around here mornings.

Life gets more interesting when our amah comes in. She is a nice Chinese lady called "Ayi". I heard Lao Taitai say she speaks no known language and she sure doesn't speak English--she can't even pronounce "Lamb Chop". So she calls me "Cha-Cha". (I can't imagine why--I don't even dance.) Ayi does absolutely everything around the house. It's a good thing because Lao Taitai's idea of housekeeping is long conversations in Chinese with Ayi. This wears her out so she has

