

Pet News

Delta County Humane Society
PO Box 1111 Delta, Colorado 81416
(970) 874-2149

October-November 2015

Web Sites: www.deltacountyhumanesociety.org or www.petfinder.com

Protect your Pet during Winter and Cold, which is just around the corner



Pets are happiest and healthiest when kept indoors, especially during extreme cold snaps

In many areas, winter is a season of bitter cold and numbing wetness. Make sure your four-footed family members stay safe and warm by following these simple guidelines:

Keep pets indoors

The best prescription for winter's woes is to keep your dog or cat inside with you and your family. The happiest dogs are taken out frequently for walks and exercise but kept inside the rest of the time.

Don't leave pets outdoors when the temperature drops. During walks, short-haired dogs may feel more comfortable wearing a sweater. No matter what the temperature is, wind chill can threaten a pet's life. Pets are sensitive to severe cold and are at risk for frostbite and hypothermia during extreme cold snaps. Exposed skin on noses, ears and paw pads can quickly freeze and suffer permanent damage.

Take precautions if your pet spends a lot of time outside

A dog or cat is happiest and healthiest when kept indoors. If for some reason your dog is outdoors much of the day, he or she must be protected by a dry, draft-free shelter that is large enough to allow the dog to sit and lie down comfortably but small enough to hold in his/her body heat. The floor should be raised a few inches off the ground and covered with cedar shavings or straw. The doorway should be covered with waterproof burlap or heavy plastic. One of the warmest, least expensive dog shelters is a U-shaped straw/hay shelter with a piece of plywood on top, held down by a heavy rock or cement block. Arrange the open end away from the wind.

Help neighborhood outdoor cats

If there are outdoor cats, either owned pets or community cats (ferals, who are scared of people, and strays, who are lost or abandoned pets) in your area, remember that they need protection from the elements as well as food and water. It's easy to give them a hand.

Give your pets plenty of food and water

Pets who spend a lot of time outdoors need more food in the winter because keeping warm depletes energy. Routinely check your pet's water dish to make certain the water is fresh and unfrozen. Use plastic food and water bowls; when the temperature is low, your pet's tongue can stick and freeze to metal.

Be careful with cats, wildlife and cars

Warm engines in parked cars attract cats and small wildlife, who may crawl up under the hood. To avoid injuring any hidden animals, bang on your car's hood to scare them away before starting your engine.

Protect paws from salt

The salt and other chemicals used to melt snow and ice can irritate the pads of your pet's feet. Wipe all paws with a damp towel before your pet licks them and irritates his/her mouth.

Avoid antifreeze poisoning

Antifreeze is a deadly poison, but it has a sweet taste that may attract animals and children. Wipe up spills and keep antifreeze (and all household chemicals) out of reach. Coolants and antifreeze made with propylene glycol are less toxic to pets, wildlife and family.

Speak out if you see a pet left in the cold

If you encounter a pet left in the cold, politely let the owner know you're concerned. If they don't respond well, document what you see: the date, time, exact location and type of animal, plus as many details as possible. Video and photographic documentation (even a cell phone photo) will help bolster your case. Then contact your local animal control agency or county sheriff's office and present your evidence. Take detailed notes regarding whom you speak with and when. Respectfully follow up in a few days if the situation has not been remedied.

Some of our June and July adoptions



Meet Hannah of Montrose, CO and her newly adopted kitten, Kumquat. Hannah lives with her grandmother, so little Kumquat will be doubly spoiled.

Joan Taylor, one of our kitten foster moms, comes up with the cutest names for kittens – how cute is the name “Kumquat” – don’t you just love it?



← Julia, 8 years old, traveled from Carbondale with her Mom to pick up Penelope. We were told that Julia plans to share her bed with Penelope – what a lucky kitten!

James & Lisa came even farther from Gunnison, CO to adopt Blue, who apparently is now in for a LOT of outdoor activities. Super adoption and a great home for Blue. →



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I had an inauspicious start as a dog groomer when one of my first clients bit me. Noticing my pain, my boss voiced her concern. “Whatever you do,” she said “don’t bleed on the white dogs.”

Good Foster Parents are Hard to Find

You may, or may not realize it, but the Delta County Humane Society is managed by twelve very dedicated women. These ladies not only foster dogs and cats, they also make sure these animals have the proper medications/vaccines, arrange for spays or neuters, and put in their own time to socialize the animals for future adoptions. They would never stand up and take credit for all the love, attention and time that they donate to DCHS and to your community, but since I've been given free literary license with this newsletter, I feel that all of you should be aware of the dedication these wonderful women give to our animals and to our rescue group. If you see a DCHS volunteer, you might want to thank them for their time . . .



DCHS Volunteers, left to right, front row, seated: Carol Nations, Jackie Schoonover, Joan Taylor and Chris Porter; Back row: Gloria Griffin, Haley Porter, and Kathie Flynn

Not shown in photo: Renee' Eaton, Carol Lacey, Sharon Grotrian, Mary DuFon, Miranda Rhinehart, Kitt Wilcox, and Judy Weir

Special thanks are also extended to Brittany Rowley and Kathie Flynn, groomers in Delta County, who give of their time and talents to make our animals look so good!!

THANK YOU, SHAYNA !!



For the past 4.5 years Shayna Dix has produced, written, and edited our DCHS Pet Newsletter. She started volunteering for this job when she was attending Cedaredge High School in the fall of 2010, and now attends college in Greeley, Colorado. So, for all those years, Shayna did a wonderful job of preparing our newsletter for you. Unfortunately, her busy college schedule does not permit her to continue. Shayna, you will be missed. We wish you every success in all your future endeavors. Thank you so much for all the effort you put into our Newsletters !!

.... more July adoptions ...



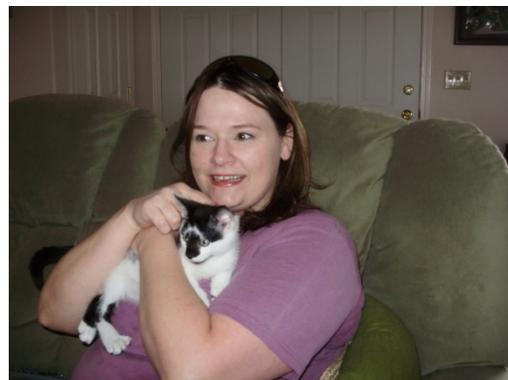
Bev and her husband of Hotchkiss, CO adopted "Serenity," who will have another cat to play with in their household. It was love at first sight who apparently knew that Bev had come to adopt her, as she immediately walked up to Bev and sat in her lap, as if to say "just take me home please."



The Meyer Family of Grand Junction decided that two kittens were better than one, and adopted both Butterfly & Widget. You can tell from their smiles that this is going to be one happy and loving family.



Melissa of Montrose, CO came with 3 of her 4 children to adopt Winston. He accepted and played with her kids and was ready to be part of their family. He's going to be one tired kitty, trying to keep up with 4 kids. →





“A German Shepherd just answered your personal ad. Your name Spot must’ve given him the wrong impression.”

CAT FACT:

A cat can’t climb head first down a tree because every claw on a cat’s paw points the same way. To get down from a tree, a cat must back down!

... and the July adoptions continue ... it was a busy month. ... especially for kittens !!



← Chili Pepper went home with Carl & Joan to Austin where she’ll get to play with 2 more cats & 2 dogs.

* * *

It was a purrfect match when Peaches & Barbara met each other. Now she’ll have a good time playing with Barbara’s 2 other cats and a dog. →



← Chris & Sarah liked Newman’s personality & took him home so he could share their house with their older cat.

* * *

Our final July adopters, Eli & his son took Reggie, “the fetching fool,” home with them to Fruita. A family with 6 kids should keep him busy. →



... and now for August ...



“Angel” is a shy girl, but warmed up to Jon and his son, Guy, when they told her she was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen. Life will be good for Angel in Mesa, CO. ←

* * *

“Gordie” has a home in Delta now with his new owner, Richard. Formerly a stray kitten, Gordie considers himself now in the lap of luxury. →



The Story of Reggie the Dog (long story, will make you cry, but worth the read)



If you believe in the power of love between a dog and his human, and value the sacrifice of our service men and women, then this is a must-read story. Enjoy!

They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie, as I looked at him lying in his pen. The shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. Give me someone to talk to. And I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls — he wouldn't go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes.

I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old stuff, that I'd get him new things once he settled in. But it became pretty clear pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew, ones like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them — when he felt like it.

He never really seemed to listen when I called his name — sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever.

When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes.

I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on the stack of boxes for the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter...I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home. But then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction — maybe "glared" is more accurate — and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down with his back to me.

Well, that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number. But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too.

"Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice."

To Whoever Gets My Dog:

Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner. I'm not even happy writing it. If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different.

I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time... it's like he knew something was wrong. And something is wrong...which is why I have to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls. The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hordes them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after it, so be careful – really don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. The shelter staff probably already told you, but I'll go over them again: Reggie knows the obvious ones — "sit," "stay," "come," "heel." He knows hand signals: "back" to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up; and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. "Shake" for shaking water off, and "paw" for a high-five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down — I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business. Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog. I trained Reggie with small food treats.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff; the shelter has the brand.

He's up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours; they'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet.

Good luck getting him in the car. I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially. Which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new.

And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you....

His name's not Reggie. I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie.

He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well ... well it means that his new owner

should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems. even though, frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family ... but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family. His real name is "Tank", because that is what I drive.

Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with ... and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone call.. the shelter ... in the "event" ... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting downright depressing.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me.

That unconditional love from a dog is what I take with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things ... and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I have to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He is my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight – every night – from me.

Thank you,

Paul Mallory

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope.

Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog. "Hey, Tank," I said quietly.

The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

"C'mere boy."

He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months.

"Tank," I whispered. His tail swished.

I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

“It’s me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me.” Tank reached up and licked my cheek. “So whatdaya say we play some ball?”

His ears perked again.. “Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?”

Tank tore from my hands and disappeared in the next room.

And when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.

* * * * *

. . . . August adoptions cont’d



← Petunia, our very own DCHS spokespet, wanted her own kitten & asked her Mom if she could adopt “Rodney.” Petunia is very good with cats/kittens and figured that Rodney was just a miniature of herself – B&W, didn’t matter they were different species. The adoption went through with no problems & now they’re a matching set at our Crawford foster home.

Sunset was adopted & moved to California with Brian, Dani & their son. We hope she was a good kitten and didn’t cry too much on that long drive home. →



← “Richard” the Doxi-dore was adopted as a therapy dog by Julee (on right) who said he will fill the bill by making her laugh and enjoy life. Of course, we think Julee is great for taking in a rescue dog – thank you!



“The reason a dog has so many friends is that he wags his tail instead of his tongue.” –author unknown



The Delta County Humane Society is a non-profit organization. This means all of your donations of money and materials are tax deductible. The organization is not funded by your government tax dollars. This is why YOUR membership and donations are so very vital to us. As many of you are aware, we have only a small force of volunteers who care for the abandoned and unwanted animals in their homes until they can be provided with a permanent and suitable home. If you are concerned with the well-being of our animals and would like to help financially with a membership or donation, please fill out this form and return it with your check. If you have material items with a value, please call our office (970-874-2149) and leave a message. (We are always in need of blankets, towels, dog houses and runs, pet food, carriers, collars, leashes, food bowls, large food storage containers, wire fencing, etc.)

(-----)
MEMBERSHIP: \$10 (annual) \$20 (supporting) \$100 (lifetime)

MEMBERSHIP: \$ _____ DONATION: \$ _____ PHONE: _____

GYPSY FUND DONATION \$ _____ (feral cats)

Name: _____

ADDRESS: _____

MAIL TO:

**DELTA COUNTY HUMANE SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 1111
DELTA, CO 81416**

THANK YOU FOR HELPING THE HOMELESS ANIMALS
OF DELTA COUNTY