



Central Coast Humane Society

Serving the Animals of Lincoln County Since 1974

www.centralcoasthumanesociety.com



Fall 2013

Big Boy: The Saga Continues

What began as a simple story about a cat several years ago has now become a saga. This will be the fourth time I have covered this cat in our newsletters.

It all began in 2007 soon after I became a CCHS board member. I was new to the community cat business, and knew next to nothing about feral cats. There is an old, dilapidated and vacant house a few hundred feet from where I live. Occasionally a raccoon or two will take up residence under the house. Raccoons are not very good neighbors, so I try to trap as many as I can and relocate them to protect my dogs and garbage cans. This is when a large black and white cat and I first met.

One morning I was checking my traps and was surprised to find a cat had been captured. Early the next morning I took the cat to the spay/neuter clinic and then returned the next day to transport the cat back to the location of capture. I was told the cat had a severe testicular infection that would have certainly caused his very painful demise. I needed to keep the cat secluded for another day before release. The morning of the planned release, he was very calm so I decided the cat I had named Big Boy needed a good meal before being set free. I very cautiously opened the door only wide enough to accept the food dish. Perfect. After eating, I thought he might be thirsty. The only suitable bowl I saw was a dog dish. Getting this dish inside the trap required the door being opened just a little wider. As I opened the door and was setting the full water dish inside, Big Boy saw freedom, leaped through the opening and sprinted out of sight. For the next few years I observed this cat, infrequently, roaming and hunting in the open areas. I thought my story about Big Boy had ended, but I was mistaken.

The second time I wrote about Big Boy was last year in conjunction with the socialization of another feral cat named Pretty Girl. This cat also began hanging out at the same old vacant house. It was a slow and methodical process, but the outcome was very satisfying and after six months the cat found a perfect home as an indoor pet with a very caring senior couple. It was during the socialization process that Big Boy reappeared with more regularity. He knew there was food and wanted his share. This had the potential to be very disruptive and needed to be thwarted. Many times I sat with Pretty Girl while she ate and chased this intruder away when he approached.



Big Boy and Lillie, the new dog in this amazing feral's life

After Pretty Girl went to her new home, Big Boy moved in and claimed the house as his territory. I wondered if a repeat with this cat was possible. He was completely unapproachable just as Pretty Girl was, so I used the same tactics and after a couple of months he did not run away when I brought food. Although he would eat while I was nearby, any physical contact was not possible. When a coyote took an interest in the cat, I was able with a lot of coaxing to get him to stay on my front porch when he wasn't roaming. Soon I was able to have direct contact and our bonding process began.

The third time I reported on Big Boy was in our last newsletter. What prompted this interest was the cat's infatuation with Sparky, one of our rescued dogs. Although Sparky had not been around cats most of his life, he never showed any attraction to feline fraternization when contact did occur. Big Boy sensed this and did not see any threat from Sparky. For more than a year, Big Boy would try to get Sparky's attention in numerous ways but Sparky would always remain aloof. It was last March, and three days before the agonizing decision had to be made to have Sparky euthanized, when he was in the driveway basking in the sun. Big Boy appeared and lay down beside him. Sparky had very little vision but knew he was there. For half an hour, Big Boy rolled around on his back next to Sparky and occasionally

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*CCHS President Kathe Stander
and Savannah*

To reach any of the above
personnel, call 541-265-3719

PROGRAMS OFFERED

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**Call 541-265-3719 for
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**Spay Neuter assistance is
now available by phoning
our number: 541-265-3719.
Call us and someone will call
you back. Be sure to speak
clearly when you leave your
message.**

President's letter

Fall is here and that means tidying up for the coming winter months. Making sure all our animal companions have updated shots and licenses, warm beds, and play time before the Pacific storms roll in.

That also may mean ensuring that our feline friends have been "fixed" before the spring arrives, all too soon. CCHS is very fortunate to be the recipient of a generous grant from Handsel Foundation just for our feline friends. If you have a pet cat in need of spay or neuter surgery, please call us. We will be delighted to help you with that expense. We are calling it "Fix Fluffy for Free."

This is also a time to perhaps be thinking about, yes, gifts for the holidays! Or gifts at any other time, too – a donation made to CCHS in the name of a friend or a family member will be promptly acknowledged with an appropriate card. Giving a gift to help someone in need with the expenses of their animal BFF is so rewarding and will be much appreciated by your BFF.

Our Board VP, David Mitchell, has provided us with yet another episode in the continuing saga of Big Boy -- this one involving his dog Lillie. Big Boy was quite feral until David started spending time with him . . . well, you'll need to read the story.

In our winter newsletter, we plan to present the story of Nimbus/Charlie -- the surviving kitten of a feral mom who is now living the Life of Riley, thanks to Laura, Linda and Nancy. Stay tuned!

CCHS has been fortunate to receive several bags of dog kibble, from two anonymous sources. Three of the bags are for very specific medical conditions -- two bags for skin support and one hypo-allergenic. These are big bags; if you know of someone suffering financially and needing some dog food assistance, please let us know.

CCHS is so grateful for every cent you share with us — in donations, memberships, purchases of our t-shirts and bumper stickers! Thank you from all of us — have a wonderful fall, a spirited Halloween, and a cornucopia of blessings for Thanksgiving!

*Kathe Stander
President*

Big Boy cont'd

extended a paw in an attempt to get his attention, as he had done so many times in the past. Big Boy never stopped looking at Sparky. After I picked Sparky up to take him inside, Big Boy was gone as suddenly as he had appeared.

And now for the fourth update. After Sparky's passing, Big Boy was feeling a little lonely. There was Lillie, our other rescued dog, but she had always chased him at every opportunity. Big Boy decided to stop running, so Lillie stopped chasing. After the customary sniffing and exploring, the two of them made up and became friends. But Big Boy must have received some enjoyment from the previous chasings otherwise he wouldn't now use his favorite tactic to initiate play. When Lillie isn't looking, Big Boy will butt her with his head and then take off running but only for a short distance. When Lillie catches up, their wrestling match will commence (see picture). Big Boy now has a close canine friend.

Big Boy has made it abundantly clear he is here to stay. This is his home (i.e. the garage) and he is not going anywhere — no more roaming. When I'm outside or in the garage, he is literally with me at every step. Whatever I'm doing, he must be involved. Not a real problem unless I'm painting or doing woodwork with adhesives, then things can get a little sticky. Big Boy has two distinct "meows". The soft one says pet me. The loud one says feed me. If I ignore either and walk away, he is after me and will usually tackle my ankle sometimes with his claws partially extended. Not very pleasant when I'm wearing shorts or a bathrobe and my legs are exposed.

I'm not really a cat person. Never owned a cat, and family allergies to cats prevent Big Boy from coming indoors. I am convinced that at one time both Pretty Girl and Big Boy were someone's pets, otherwise there would not have been the positive response to human contact despite their extended time in a feral existence. I have enjoyed dogs most of my life but I must admit, when they are awake, at times there is more entertainment value in a cat than there is in a dog.

by David Mitchell

Corrected Dispatch Number

We incorrectly reported the telephone number for Dispatch Services in our last newsletter. If you see an animal in distress, wish to report it to authorities, and you are in Lincoln County, call (541) 265-4231 and ask for animal services.

Protect Black Cats at Halloween

While October may be the favorite month of thousands of humans, who excitedly plan their costumes of spooks, vampires and monsters in anticipation of Halloween, cats, particularly black cats, have little cause for celebration this month.

Much has been said about the more violent indignities that may be practiced on black cats at this time of year, but a more subtle cruelty has surfaced in recent years. Some shelters have noted a spate of black cat adoptions shortly before Halloween, with many of these cats returned to the shelters in the days after the holiday because "He just didn't work out." One might assume that these people just wanted another Halloween decoration for their house: a black cat in the window, perhaps, or a "familiar" to go with that new witch costume. It probably did not even occur to them that this practice is cruel and inhumane -- this kind of individual typically thinks of cats as property, and not as sentient beings who suffer real trauma from being dragged back and forth from shelter to home and back again.

It is true that statistics on the mistreatment of black cats during October are lacking -- most of the stories we hear are hearsay, and some, no doubt, have been drummed up simply for the shock value. The conundrum is that the problem can be self-fulfilling. Young minds are vulnerable, particularly the minds of youths who have themselves been abused. When they hear stories of abuse of cats, a spark ignites, and a new crime wave is off and running, with a "stray" black cat the target.

The perception of danger to black cats on Halloween has become so prevalent that many shelters and humane societies refuse to allow adoption of black cats during the entire month of October. Lacking this previously easy source of victims, sadists may look to the streets for their black cats.

So for the reasons cited above, it is best to keep all cats indoors during the last weeks of October, regardless of their color, but especially if they happen to be black. (For that matter, cats are safer indoors *any* time of year.) Even though there may be no sadists or cultists in your neighborhood or community, the sheer numbers of people out and about on Halloween, along with increased vehicular traffic make the outdoors a frightening and unsafe place for small furry creatures.

In addition, on Halloween night you'll be wise to keep your cats locked inside an interior room in the house, lest they panic and slip out when hobgoblins come to your door. Even the calmest cat can become upset at endless doorbell ringing and youthful voices shouting. Enjoy your holiday while saving your kitties from unnecessary stress.

Who We Are: The Board



Don Elmore and Ken

I was born in the small town of Ekalaka, Montana, (population 420 back in the 40s). I spent the next 17 years on a 2000 acre ranch/farm which belonged to my parents. So I was introduced to all kinds of animals from my very beginning.

From Montana, I joined the Navy, and ended up in California where I met my wife Lana. We have been married now for 47 years.

Upon my leaving the Navy, we stayed in California where I worked for the next 20 years as an aviation machinist, connected to Boeing Aviation. However unlike the Beverly Hillbillies, California was not the place I wanted to be! So we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah, where I worked for several years as a machinist for Easton Aluminum, making sporting equipment, and then on to Lincoln City, Oregon. Here I started my own furniture moving business. I worked in it for 20 years, then retired from the work force five years ago.

During all my time in Montana, California, Utah, and here in Oregon I can't recall a period of time when we weren't involved with animals or pets such as cats and dogs or both. A few years back, I became involved with a nice lady for whom we trapped-neutered-released a large colony of feral/community cats in the Taft area (aprox. 90 cats). All all of this was accomplished with a great deal of help from the Central Coast Humane Society.

During this period of time I got to know David Mitchell, and mentioned to him that I would like to become more involved with animals in the community that needed help. David mentioned to me that there was an opening on the Board of Directors for the Central Coast Humane Society, so I attended several of the board meetings. I was given the honor of filling that position over a year ago and it is a position that I am grateful for, as it gives me a great opportunity to help our animal friends in need in this community.

As a footnote, we now have four rescued cats at home: Sasha, who we have had now for seven years; Kelly, our calico, who has owned us now for two years; and Kitty (Miss Independent), who has been here for about a year. Then there is Ken (photo and story in last newsletter), who can't get enough attention. He has been with us now for about nine months.

by Don Elmore

Hard Times

As our resources dwindle, CCHS has been forced to reduce the services we offer to Lincoln County pet owners. We no longer have funds to help folks with large vet bills when their pets become ill or are injured. The reality of the emergency medical loans was that they were not really "loans" because people rarely were able to repay them. While spay and neuter remains of paramount importance to us, we can no longer afford to pay for these procedures unless we can secure a grant for that purpose. Right now, we do have a grant that allows us to alter pet cats, but our ability to alter ferals is greatly diminished. The grant we had for altering pet dogs has been exhausted. It appears our funding sources are also suffering from lack of donations which is, in a trickle down effect, causing them to pull back on their grants. CCHS will continue to help in whatever way is possible, but at a much reduced rate. These are hard times . . . for everyone.

Available for Adoption



These cute kittens -- Indiana and Oklahoma -- are in our Rehoming Program and are available for adoption. They need to go together, and need to be "only cats". To inquire about them, call or e-mail Linda van Haste at (541) 557-1585 or LVanHaste@gmail.com.

The Catio

I had not planned to have any more young cats, but the fates saw it differently. With Humphrey at 2 ½ now and Spenser only 1 ½, it became obvious that they needed more to keep them busy and happy than the occasional romp with a bird on a string. Since my back patio already had an enclosure with a glass top that almost surrounded it, I decided to finish making it kitty-proof.

The first job was to close the six foot space into the back yard. A three foot wide panel and a three foot gate took care of that. But at only seven to eight feet high, I knew the cats would immediately sail over the top. So we ordered a huge rectangle of shade cloth. We secured it to the garage and house walls and then stretched it over the top and screwed it down. Unfortunately, we had to cut it to enable the gate to swing out into the yard. So the next step was a two by four across the top of the gate so that we could secure the rest of the shade cloth. To keep the shade cloth from drooping, we made an X of thin plastic-coated cable from corner to corner just below the cloth. A tall youngster and some cable ties secured cloth to wire and we were in business.

One sunny afternoon, I opened the patio door, went out and left it open. Both cats immediately came to the door, stopped, and looked at me as if to ask, "Are you sure?" There was a good bit of startled darting back inside before they settled down to explore. As is his wont, Humphrey proceeded to thoroughly sniff every square inch. And true to his nature, Spenser tried to find a means of escape . . . but fortunately didn't!

Now they enjoy romping out on the catio daily, and are waiting for me to have some ramps and perches constructed. So far I have about \$900 invested in labor and materials, and expect to spend another \$200-\$300 on the "furniture." I also got a bonus. With the shade cloth, I can now grow fuchsias out there!

by Lee Smith



Cricket and Clark

Clark is my husband of almost 42 years. Cricket is our rescued Yorkie. After commuting from Portland almost every weekend for six years while remodeling our home, we finally moved here in 2000. With us was our dog, Sage, and our cat, Smith.

Shortly after moving here, we lost Sage. At that time Clark told me he did not want another dog. Since Clark was still working, we would periodically go into Portland for social events held by his company. The owner of the company and his wife had a Yorkie named Emma. She was a darling and the owner, Frank, told me that any time I wanted an "Emma Dog", he would get one for me.

In 2004, I became a member of the CCHS board. In 2008, I was manning our booth at the Rogue Brewery's Brewer Fest. Next to our booth was the HALO booth (Helping Animals Live On), also a non-profit organization. It was manned by Jackie Beckstead. Jackie and her husband, Scott, ran the organization. She and I were talking about all the different dogs at the Brewer's Fest. I told her I'd always wanted a Yorkie. She pulled out her phone and showed me a picture of a little Yorkie she had just rescued.

We devised a plan. I went home and told Clark that Jackie had just rescued a Yorkie and needed someone to foster her until she could find a suitable home. The next day, Jackie brought Cricket to me. I took her home. I could tell that Clark was immediately smitten. Within two days he was saying, "Cricket, come to daddy".

It has been five years since we adopted Cricket. She is Clark's best buddy. They walk almost every day (weather permitting). He insists we take her in the car unless it's too hot. He also learned that she's a "Chick Magnet". Ladies of all ages love to meet the cute little doggie. So, life is good for them both. And me — I got my "Emma Dog"!

by Mary Lou Starker



Cricket and Clark



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RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP TODAY!

(And if you have an e-mail address, would you please let us know it? We will never share this, or any other information about you, with anyone. We are simply thinking of sending the newsletter, and important communications, to our members via e-mail to save on postage and printing.)

I would like to renew my membership for 2013, thereby helping to provide services to needy animals.

Enclosed is my check for:

- \$15 Junior/Senior Member
 \$25 Basic Member
 \$50 Contributing Member
 \$100 Sustaining Member
 \$500 Patron Member
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E-Mail _____ Are you interested in volunteering for CCHS? Yes/No

