



A No-Kill Animal Shelter
Peewee's
 Pet Adoption World & Sanctuary, Inc.

www.peeweespets.com

Hours of Operation: 10:00am - 5:00pm Daily
 1307 Saratoga, Corpus Christi, Texas 78417 (361) 888-4141

Summer 2006

Letter from the President

Dear Peewee's Supporter,

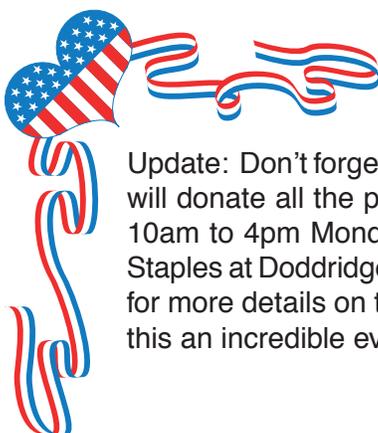
An update: Phase I is almost complete. We did have a slight delay, but it appears that it should be smooth sailing from now until completion. This will allow us to house – hopefully by June – anywhere from 60 to 90 dogs depending on their size. But we are not about to rest on our past success. We are already seeking financial help in building six more dog runs, a permanent building for our cats, and a hospital. **WE NEED YOUR HELP!!**

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. C.A. Winn and Mr. C.C. Winn, we now have a Heartworm Fund to treat 8-10 dogs for advanced heartworm disease. This is a very debilitating disease, and the cost to treat can be very expensive. Their generosity has just saved the lives of these pets who, after treatment, will need a home.

Our first quarter saw 144 pets adopted with an additional 45 adopted in April. This puts us slightly ahead of last year. So tell all your friends who may be interested in a pet to think of Peewee's so we can surpass last years record in adoptions.

On a personal note, I have included a very special article that was copyrighted 50 years ago. The author was a true icon in the world of literature. His name was Eugene O'Neill. He was a four time Pulitzer Prize winner as well as a Nobel Prize Recipient. He wrote this article for his wife as a tribute to their pet dog not long before it died. Only 100 private copies were distributed and it was not until three years after O'Neill's death that his wife had it copyrighted. It was published by Look Magazine in 1971. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I have.

Alan Garrett D.V.M.
 President, Peewee's P.A.W.S.



**HAIRCUT FUNDRAISER
 MAY 29!!**



Update: Don't forget to let your hair grow a little longer this month. Supercuts and CostCutters' will donate all the proceeds to Peewee's raised from haircuts at the following locations from 10am to 4pm Monday, May 29th (Memorial Day): Five Points; Airline; Huntington Plaza; and Staples at Doddridge. Peewee's T-shirts will also be available for a donation. Call 361-510-0862 for more details on this event. The more haircuts, the more money will be raised! Help make this an incredible event.



Thank you!

During February and March of 2006, Carroll High School students raised over 2.5 tons of food and over \$500 cash for Peewee's. The drive was organized by Ms. Velia Zamora, a Spanish teacher and the Student Council Sponsor. It was a contest to see which

class could collect the most food for us with prizes being awarded to the top three classes. 1st place received a pizza party and 2nd and 3rd place received a donut party, all paid for by the student council. The 1st place winner was Mr. Hamil's class, the 2nd place winner was Mr. Cortez's class, and the 3rd place winner was Coach Eason's class. Thank you to all Carroll High School students for helping us out!



Cien

The assumption that a farm animal will be fine without daily human supervision for a few days as long as it has food and water is not true. For example, this young goat was not checked on for days and got her head caught in the fence. While trying to free herself, she broke her neck. She was found days later and is lucky to be alive. She ended up here at Peewee's after the second owner gave her back to the original owner. He did not want her anymore due to the broken and deformed neck.

Basically her head lays over on her right shoulder and cannot be straightened. We had her horn removed on one side so she wouldn't stab herself. By now, "Cien", as we call her, is well adjusted to her disability. She is eating fine and doesn't let her deformity slow her down. She has no clue that she isn't normal. She is about five years old and would really love a nice family to share her life with.



Augi

Maria Garcia, a nice lady living in the Molina subdivision on the west side of Corpus Christi, called us after weeks of watching a pit bull pup wander the neighborhood and deteriorate. Most of his hair had fallen off, scabs had formed all over his body, and he was losing weight. Since no other shelter would accept him, we took him in and named him Augi. He has what is called demadectic or "red" mange. It is caused by a genetic immune system deficiency which prevents their bodies from fighting off the mange. This immune system deficiency is then passed on from generation to generation. It causes hair loss in early stages, and if not treated, a skin infection will occur and scabs will form. Veterinary treatment of this form of mange consists of a good bath to remove the oils from the skin, and a dip with a solution containing amitraz every two weeks. It may take anywhere from four to eight dips to treat along with additional antibiotics if a skin infection is detected. This treatment is effective in about 70% of dogs, and if unsuccessful, there are other treatment options. For more information on red mange, you can log on to www.Dr-Dan.com/red.htm. Augi is now five months old, doing well, and is ready for adoption.



Harry, a neglected Shih-Tzu

Please help us to stop animal neglect. Visit www.hsus.org and browse around the abuse and neglect section to learn how you can make a difference.

A few months back, an old and blind Shih-Tzu was brought to us after being found in the parking lot of the Bingo Hall on Ayers and Crestallen. His condition was purely from neglect. He was covered in fleas and ticks and suffering from severe flea anemia. His fur was nothing but solid mats. We named him Harry, and he now lives in a foster home with some other small old dogs. He was abused by neglect, and after a lifetime of trying to be faithful and loving, this is how someone paid him back.

Get involved! This is the second worst county for animal neglect in the nation. Help us turn it around!

“The Last Will And Testament of an Extremely Distinguished Dog”

By Eugene O’Neill

I, Siverdene Emblem O’Neill (familiarily known to my family, friends and acquaintances as Blemie), because of the burden of my years and infirmities is heavy upon me and I realize the end of my life is near, do herby bury my last will and testament in the mind of my Master. He will not know it is there until after I am dead. Then, remembering me in his loneliness, he will suddenly know of this testament, and I ask him then to inscribe it as a memorial to me.



I have little in the way of material things to leave. Dogs are wiser than men. They do not set great store upon things. They do not waste their days hoarding property. They do not ruin their sleep worrying about how to keep the objects they have, and to obtain the objects they have not. There is nothing of value I have to bequeath except my love and my faith. These I leave to all those who have loved me, to my Master and Mistress, who I know will mourn me the most, to Freeman who has been so good to me, to Cyn and Roy and Willie and Naomi and-But if I should list all those who have loved me it would force my Master to write a book. Perhaps it is vain of me to boast when I am so near death, which returns all beast and vanities to dust, but I have always been an extremely lovable dog.

I ask my Master and Mistress to remember me always, but not to grieve for me too long. In my life I have tried to be a comfort to them in time of sorrow, and a reason for added joy in their happiness. It is painful for me to think that even in death I should cause them pain. Let them remember that while no dog has ever had a happier life (and this I owe to their love and care for me), now that I have grown blind and deaf and lame, and even my sense of smell fails me so that a rabbit could be right under my nose and I might not know, my pride has sunk to a sick, bewildered humiliation. I feel life is taunting me with having over-lingered my welcome. It is time I said goodbye, before I become too sick a burden on myself and on those who love me. It will be sorrow to leave them, but not a sorrow to die. Dogs do not fear death as men do. We accept it as a part of life, not as something alien and terrible which destroys life. What may come after death, who knows? I would like to believe with those of my fellow Dalmatians who are devout Mohammedans, that there is a Paradise where one is always young and full-bladdered; where all the day one dillies and dallies with an amorous multitude of houris, beautifully spotted; where jack rabbits that run fast but not too fast (like the houris) are as the sands of the desert; where each blissful hour is mealtime; where in long evenings there are a million fireplaces with logs forever burning , and one curls oneself up and blinks into the flames and nods and dreams, remembering the old brave days on earth, and the love of one’s Master and Mistress.

I am afraid this is too much for even such a dog as I am to expect. But peace, at least, is certain. Peace and long rest for weary old heart and head and limbs, and eternal sleep in the earth I have loved so well. Perhaps, after all, this is best.

(over)





Distinguished Dog, Continued

One last request I earnestly make. I have heard my Mistress say, “When Blemie dies we must never have another dog. I love him so much I could never love another.” Now I would ask her, for love of me, to have another. It would be poor tribute to my memory never to have another dog again. What I would like to feel is that, having once had me in the family, now she cannot live without a dog! I have never had a narrow jealous spirit. I have always held that most dogs are good (and one cat, the black one I have permitted to share the living room rug during the evenings, whose affection I have tolerated in a kindly spirit, and in rare sentimental moods, even reciprocated a trifle). Some dogs, of course are better than others. Dalmatians, naturally, as everyone knows, are best. So I suggest a Dalmatian as my successor. He can hardly be as well bred or as well mannered or as distinguished and handsome as I was in my prime. My Master and Mistress must not ask the impossible. But he will do his best, I am sure and even his inevitable defects will help by comparison to keep my memory green. To him I bequeath my collar and leash and my overcoat and raincoat, made to order in 1929 at Hermes in Paris. He can never wear them with the distinction I did, walking around the Place Vendome, or later along Park Avenue, all eyes fixed on me in admiration but again I am sure he will do his utmost not to appear a mere gauche provincial dog. Here on the ranch, he may prove himself quite worthy of comparison, in some respects. He will, I presume, come closer to jack rabbits that I have been able to in recent years. And, for all his faults, I hereby wish him the happiness I know will be his in my old home.

One last word of farewell, Dear Master and Mistress. Whenever you visit my grave, say to yourselves with regret but also with happiness in your hearts at the remembrance of my long happy life with you: “Here lies one who loved us and whom we loved.” No matter how deep my sleep I shall hear you, and not all the power of death can keep my spirit from wagging a grateful tail.

Keep Your Cat Indoors!

The old belief that kitties can take care of themselves outside is NOT true. In the last six months, we have received as many calls about lost cats as lost dogs. If cats don't come home, they may have been killed by a car, a mean person, an aggressive animal, or even worse, they may be in a ditch, badly injured and suffering, and unable to make it home. We are experiencing an increase pattern of calls from people like- “There are now seven cats missing from my neighborhood”. Well upon questioning, it turns out that someone on the block complained about the cats doing their duty in the flower bed or that the cats were their car. Well you can bet on who is trapping them and dumping them in another part of town! We get at least two or three calls like this a week.



Here are two examples: Two very sweet cats were found run over. We named them Grey and Red. They both lost an eye, and both have broken jaws. Grey was very lucky that Dr. Watson decided to keep him as a clinic cat, because his jaw fracture is very severe and will never heal right. Red now lives in a foster home, his jaw is wired, and he is trying to adjust to only having one eye.

The average lifespan of a cat is 14 or 15 years, but many have been known to live up to 22 years. My six cats have adjusted to living indoors after six months of working with them. It was a process, but now I can leave the door open and they do not even think about going outside. Visit www.scvas.org/keepcats.html for tips on turning outdoor cats into indoor cats and more.

What are Feral Cats?

They are unsocialized and homeless domestic cats that create colonies by banding together in territories such as schools, businesses and parks. Many colonies have benevolent people who feed them and even tend to their medical needs but unfortunately seldom get permission from the land owners to let the cats live there, and many times down the road the owners say, "They have to go".

We found this case at Wilson Elementary and Hamlin Middle Schools. Two years ago, some teachers got together and had the whole cat population spayed and neutered. They have been feeding them all this time, but now CCISD says the cats have to go.

We were approached by a long time cat rescuer, Colleen Goebel, who met with CCISD and arranged for time to relocate the colony. We found a place at Sunnyside Stables where the colony could live. So now between Colleen, several teachers, and Peewee's, the process is taking place. They must be kept in cages for several weeks so they can familiarize themselves with their environment. We feed them moist food so they feel loved, clean their cages daily, and someone will continue to care for them after their release. The property is 110 acres with lots of farm animals, wild life, and people who will welcome and care for them.



Trews

"Scottie", a black, mixed-breed stray, had been struck by a vehicle, and his pelvis was fractured. He was scheduled for euthanasia when a good samaritan sprung him from a dog pound and brought him to us. Scottie recuperated in a foster home for over three months. Then his photo was posted online at www.Petfinder.com.

Historical romance author Pat Cody of Corpus Christi had lost two re-homed dogs to death in seven months, one a Scottie and the other a lab-mix with hip injuries as a pup. Her remaining rat terrier grieved to the point of immobility.

Though not ready for another dog, Pat checked online resources out of curiosity. Scottie, the first dog she saw, seemed destined for her--half-Scottie with hip problems, combining traits of the dogs she missed. She took a leash when she

drove to Peewee's to meet the year-old pup. Even cuter than his photo, he was spunky and sweet; woman and dog took to each other at once.

At home, Molly the rat terrier showed interest for the first time in days. She followed the smaller dog outside, supervising as he investigated his new fenced back yard. Pat decided to call him "Trews," a Scots word for the short pants worn under kilts.

Two months later, Trews entertains both Pat and Molly with his high spirits. He's gained strength and weight, bounding after birds and toys, chasing Molly, and falling asleep cradled in Pat's arms.

Pat says, "We can find love online without registering on a dating site."

Possum

On his way home one night, Mr. Oscar Rodriguez saw what he thought looked like a dead possum at the intersection of Cedar Pass and Everhart. As he passed it, he realized it was a tiny Chihuahua who was unable to walk. Mr. Rodriguez knew it was still alive because it was moving its head around. He called us after picking up the dog, and we agreed to help. We named it Possum for obvious reasons(see picture).

Possum's X-rays revealed that he had five fractures in his pelvis and also a dislocated hip. Dr. Bill Watson's prognosis was guarded, but after days of syringe-feeding him, Possum started to eat on his own. At first, he required constant attention needing to be cleaned and turned to prevent sores from developing. After three or four weeks, he started pulling himself around the office with his front legs. A few weeks later, he started to walk around on all fours, but he really just lays in his bed most of the time.

He is the fearless office guard dog when any strangers come in. Possum is 10-12 years old and looks like he would love to lounge around someone's home, but if not, he will eternally be our office mascot. If you know who this dog belongs to, please give us a call.



1307 Saratoga
 Corpus Christi, Texas 78417



CHECK US OUT AT www.petfinder.com

We have over a 100 animals from Peewee's on-line waiting to be adopted.



Without your tax-deductible donations we would not be alive. Help us find homes. Please donate so that others may be saved too.

Peewee's Wish List

- Money, money, money
- Homes for adult dogs
- Igloo Dog houses
- Foster homes
- Volunteers

When planning your estate, please remember Peewee's in your will



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