



# Stevens County Cat Care

December 2011 Kit-E-News

*Our next clinic:  
January 15th in  
Springdale*

*Our volunteers and veterinarians hold mobile clinics in a different town's community center one Sunday each month. Our low cost mobile clinics are made possible thanks to the generosity of local veterinarians, grants, and local donations. Low income Stevens County residents may call*

**(509) 935-MEOW (6369)**

*to make reservations for their cat(s) at an upcoming clinic.*

Check out our website in progress at [www.stevenscountycatcare.org](http://www.stevenscountycatcare.org)

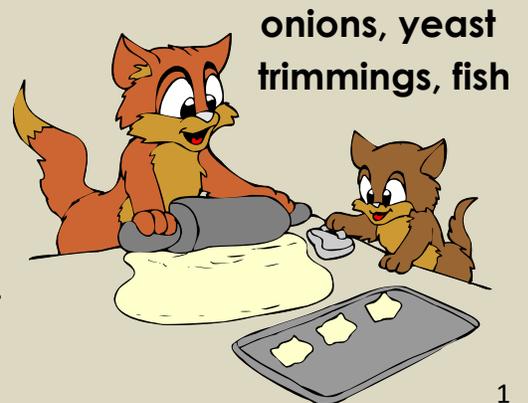


## Help cat-proof Christmas



We all know that when a cat is determined, not much is going to change its mind. But, here are a few tips to help protect your cat.

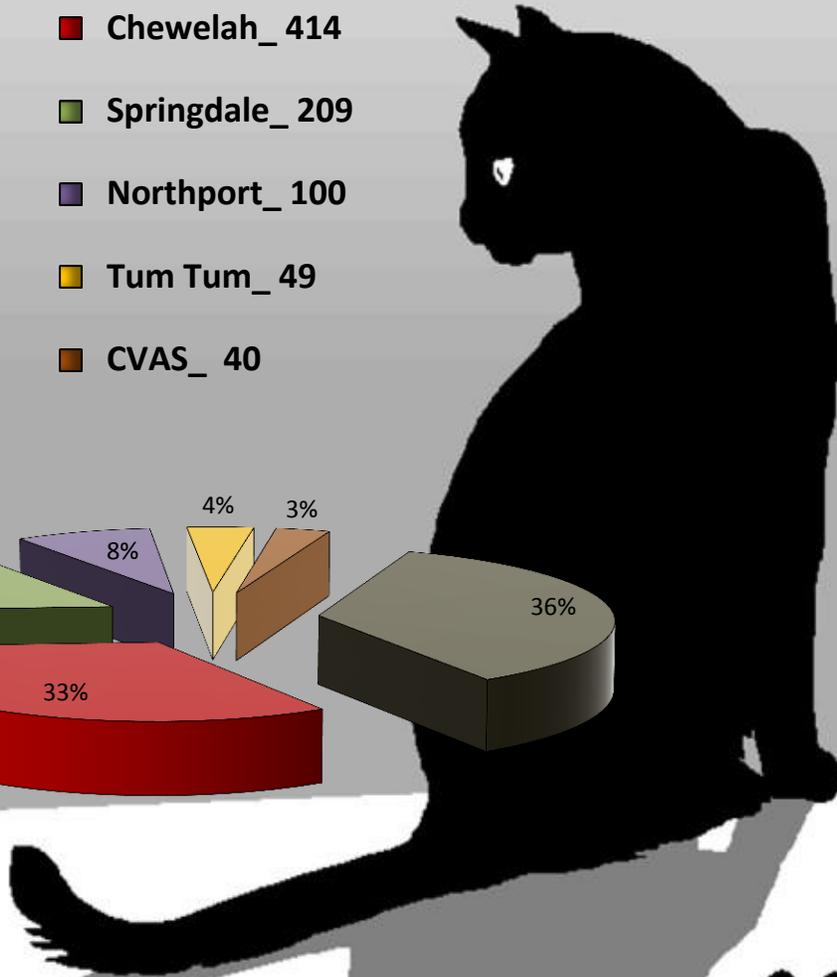
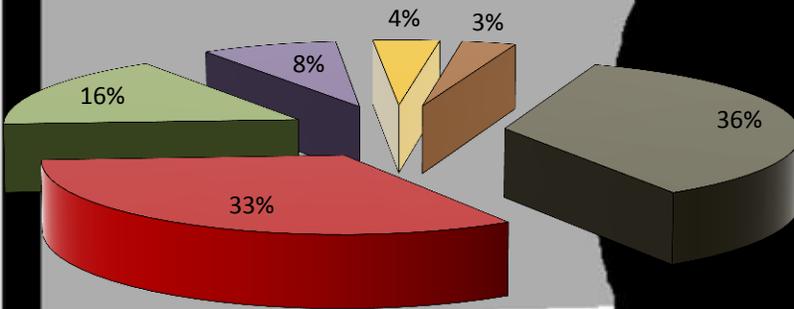
1. Start out with a really strong base to hold the tree up!
2. Keep the tree well away from 'launch pads' that the cat would typically leap from.
3. Cats do not like citrus. Consider orange peels, lemon juice, Bitter Apple spray or citronella spray on the tree.
4. Don't decorate the tree in front of the cat. The dangly items such as tinsel and ribbons might be too tempting to ignore.
5. Try keeping decorations on the upper 2/3 of the tree instead of hanging off the bottom.
6. Remember: tinsel, string, artificial snow spray, poinsettia, ivy, mistletoe, holly berries, Christmas rose, Christmas berry, yew, grapes, raisins, citrus oil extracts, macadamia nuts, mushrooms, garlic, breads, fat and poultry bones, alcohol, chocolate, tobacco can all be dangerous to kitties.



1,262 cats in **2011** = 6,011 cats since 2006!

# Stevens County Cat Care

- Kettle Falls\_ 450
- Chewelah\_ 414
- Springdale\_ 209
- Northport\_ 100
- Tum Tum\_ 49
- CVAS\_ 40



Show your love 

Spay or neuter

## ***Meet our Valuable Volunteer: Arla***

At any clinic, volunteers can find Arla, crate cleaner extraordinaire, scrubbing crates so our kitties can return home in a fresh, clean transporter.

Arla has high praise for Dr. Kam, her family veterinarian, who was instrumental in Arla becoming an SCCC volunteer about 3 years ago. Arla took on the duties of crate cleaner because it needed to be done and no one else wanted the job. The fact that Arla's job can be (quite literally) rather crappy at times, she is always cheerful and has kind words for anyone who has a few moments to chat with her during a clinic is a testament to her sweet personality.

Arla lives in the Colville rural area. In addition to being a cat lover Arla is passionate about her garden and orchard. Arla is married and assures us that her husband is as much of a cat lover as she is. They currently have 9 cats; 5 are indoor cats and 4 are outside kitties. They are dog lovers too, but don't have any right now due to lack of space.

It is evident that Arla has a big heart when you hear of Skeeters, a feral cat she rescued and tamed. Arla is totally Skeeters' person and he is fearful of everyone else, including her husband. But Skeeters does have a bad habit. Arla must keep all of her shoes closeted up and well hidden, or Skeeters piddles on them. Why only Arla's shoes? Is it because he was feral? Is he claiming Arla as his own by marking her shoes? We don't know and neither does Arla, but she loves him all the same. A true cat



lover through and through!

**Thank you Arla!**

## ***Things you always wanted to know but were afraid to ask your cat.***



- Cats come back to full alertness from the sleep state faster than any other creature.
- Cats can jump up to 7 times their tail length.
- A cat will spend nearly 30% of her life grooming herself.
- When a domestic cat goes after mice, about 1 pounce in 3 results in a catch.
- Cats respond most readily to names that end in an "ee" sound.

## Meet Mac and Mimi-



**The saga begins:**

### "Coming to America"

Typical of today's relationships, I first met Mac and Mimi via computer. Though not a dating service, it was through a woman trying to find love matches.

Johanna was a young American living in Taiwan, who, besides teaching English, volunteered in a large animal shelter. 'Large' as in over 1000 dogs and 250 cats.

In her spare time, she arranged to send dogs who would never be considered adoptable in Taiwan, such as unlucky dogs (black dogs with a white chest), to Americans she communicated with by email. Attaching dogs to the airline tickets of people coming to America was affordable. Sending dogs alone as freight was not.

When I first saw the photo of the two kittens, blinded by horrid looking eye infections, I suggested she send them along with the next dogs coming to rescues in Seattle and I would drive over and pick them up. Not to adopt (famous last words), but just to keep long enough to find them a good home. Their ruined eyes were removed and they were spayed, neutered, and vaccinated for the trip.

And so it was that my husband and I found ourselves in the airport in Seattle, standing with other anxious rescuers waiting for animals we had only seen pictures of. Our vehicles were given priority parking thanks to an airport security guard who also worked in rescue.

Our little group grew as onlookers drifted towards the television crew who came to document the arrival of a blind beagle and his Taiwanese companions.

Suddenly all eyes were on the conveyer belt as it began to hum, rolling crates of formerly unwanted dogs and cats onto American soil; one paw closer to realizing their dream of becoming someone's pet.

The dogs were overjoyed to see the welcoming arms of people carrying treats and cameras. The cats were not. While the blind cats could not see what was happening, the strange sounds and smells were terrifying.

The trip home was odiferous but uneventful.

Upon our arrival at home, although customs did not require the cats be kept in quarantine, my personal standards said they did. So off the cats went to the Chewelah Vet Clinic. The cats stayed there for two weeks in hopes of not bringing any foreign diseases into our home to our other cats. When they finished their two weeks of isolation and were assumed to be disease free, I brought them home.

I put them in a large wire cage in an old pantry/closet area complete with litter box, food and water, and gave them a few days to adjust to the smells and sounds of their new surroundings.

After a few days when they seemed well settled, I opened their cage door and shut the pantry door, allowing them a larger area to explore, yet still small enough to remember where the groceries and litter box were.

And then after a few more days, I opened the pantry door, giving them the freedom of the whole upstairs. Within two weeks they began to 'peek' down the stairs, twisting their sightless heads at various angles, picking up suspicions of a whole new world below them.

And then slowly, a few steps at a time, they began to explore the great unknown; the downstairs. Although we didn't know what to expect, we were still surprised to see how quickly they adjusted. In no time they found treasures untold. They stole our pencils, rubber bands, paperclips, my Bluetooth, anything they could find on or near the floor. Then, clutching their treasure tightly, they'd trot for the stairs and hide their new toys upstairs. Then they graduated to stealing items off my desk and then off the kitchen table. One would not imagine how creative a blind cat can be when it suspects a hidden treasure is just out of reach.

It was like they had radar. Once they were comfortable in what we now accepted was their new home, they had no clue that they had a disability! 

