

Winter  
2014

# All Things

# Pawsible



## In This Issue:

Flapjack's  
Amazing Comeback

A Hail Mary Pass  
for Zeus and Skilo

Turning Off  
the Puppy Faucet



901 Ames Ave.  
Milpitas, CA 95035-6326

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**Pet Store**

408-262-2133 x164

**Adoptions**

408-262-2133 x150

**Behavior &**

**Training**

408-262-2133 x352

**Lost & Found**

408-262-2133 x110

**Pet Surrender/**

**Euthanasia**

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# From the President

*Confluence: a coming together of people or things; concourse.* It's a scientific word that also implies something magical or ethereal — the hand of fate; coincidence and serendipity. An aligning of the stars.

From Flapjack the cat showing up on the one night Dr. Cristie Kamiya was working late to a well-timed text from a generous donor that allowed us to save two very deserving dogs, the stories in this newsletter are great examples of the confluence — both magical and scientific — we see every day.

Everything we do, every animal we save, is the result of a coming together of a community that cares deeply about its animals. With your generosity, we're able to have amazing resources available for the animals that find themselves at our door. Resources like a surgeon for Zeus, access to rehabilitation and a foster home for Baxter, and dedicated staff that could find Maisie's owner more than two years after she had gone missing.

Thank you for being that community.



*Carol Novello*

Carol Novello, President

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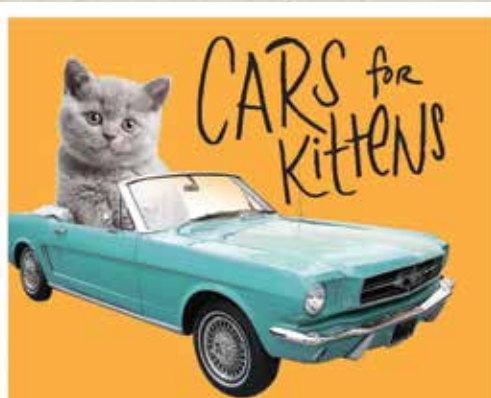
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# Baxter

**“He walked like a drunk monkey.”**

Those were the words spoken by Dr. Andrea Berger, a staff vet here at Humane Society Silicon Valley (HSSV), when asked about her first meeting with this 5-month-old Labradoodle puppy.

When Baxter came in, he could hardly wobble more than a few steps without flopping on his bottom.

*“Due to an injury or infection, he had some spinal inflammation that resulted in neurological problems. As a result, his brain didn’t quite know what his back legs were doing,”* said Dr. Berger.

Baxter, an adorable dog with a teddy bear face and puffy coat, didn’t appear to be in any pain. And no matter how often he fell down, he got right back up again.

Since Baxter came to us without a history, it was impossible to know what caused the damage to his spinal column . . . or what his prognosis was. But Baxter’s sunny personality and tenacity convinced us he deserved a chance.

**A chance we were able to give him, thanks to your generosity.**

Our medical team determined that aside from his dragging back legs, he was in great health. An orthopedic specialist recommended that Baxter be put on cage rest in a foster home to give him time to heal.

Farinaz Khatibi, a Finance Associate here at HSSV, offered to foster Baxter. Farinaz was an experienced dog owner, and she quickly became dedicated to this exuberant puppy.

Though his temperament was fantastic, Baxter’s manners were lacking. He chewed up everything. He wasn’t housebroken. He would bark and whine when left alone.



Baxter, after he completed physical therapy.

*“He was super sweet, very smart and absolutely full of energy,”* Farinaz said, laughing affectionately. *“He was always doing something.”*

Farinaz patiently crate trained Baxter. Under her guidance, he steadily made progress until he was well enough to move on to physical therapy.

Our friends at Scout’s Animal Rehab Therapy Fund, Inc. generously donated physical therapy sessions. Farinaz brought Baxter to Scout’s House for weekly hydrotherapy and mobility exercises, and worked with him tirelessly at home.

***“He was super sweet, very smart and absolutely full of energy. He was always doing something.”***

Day after day, his “drunk monkey swagger” improved. First, he could walk across a room without stumbling. Then, he was able to jump on his back legs. After only nine weeks, Baxter was ready for adoption!

Though his back legs are still a bit wobbly, it’s not something you’d notice. Baxter was recently adopted by Inna and Christian, and he spends his days playing with his dog brother, a hound mix named Kipper.

While we’ll never know what happened to Baxter, we do know what gave him a second chance for a better life: your support. Thank you for caring.



Thanks to you, Flapjack is happy and healthy today!

# Flapjack

When an anonymous call came in about an injured cat, our staff recommended a nearby emergency vet. So we were shocked when our staff discovered a box with a critically injured cat at 9 p.m. that night.



The long-haired gray cat, who we named Flapjack, was unable to stand. Blood matted his thick coat. He had no identification, was dehydrated and in shock. Without medical intervention, Flapjack didn't stand a chance.

Thankfully, Dr. Cristie Kamiya, Chief of Shelter Medicine, was still at the shelter catching up on paperwork. When an Animal Care Technician (ACT) came by to tell her about the cat, she rushed into surgery.

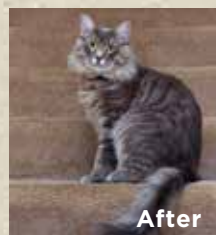
*"We couldn't tell if he was friendly or not," she remembers. "He was so out of it. But he wasn't going to make it through the night without a lot of help."*

While operating, she discovered his extensive wounds were several weeks old. It would take weeks of bandage changes and cleaning for him to recover. And no one knew how Flapjack would respond to being handled after he felt better.

The next morning Flapjack was shaved and sore. And, we discovered, the friendliest cat anyone had ever met! For the next 10 days, he patiently withstood treatments to care for his wound. Anyone walking by would see a large, hairy gray paw beckoning — Flapjack gesturing to come say hello!

*"Blood matted his thick coat. He had no identification, was dehydrated and in shock. Without medical intervention, Flapjack didn't stand a chance."*

Flapjack recovered like a champ. He ate with gusto, tolerated the head cone and greeted everyone with enthusiasm. And we needn't have worried that his shaved back end would deter potential adopters. Within days of going up for adoption, he had several suitors.



But true love struck when Megan and Teresa, two fantastic teens, fell for him. When their parents met Flapjack, he won the whole family over.

We'll never know how Flapjack ended up in that box on our doorstep. But we know now that, fully healed and with a full coat of fur, he will have a life of love, affection and attention. All thanks to friends like you!



Butterscotch, Twix and Jujubee — the candy pups!

## Turning Off the Puppy Faucet

The puppies with the candy names were absolutely adorable. Little balls of white and tan fur, they seemed to cock their heads in unison at any noise. They buried themselves in mountains of toys, snuggled together and clowned for admirers.

Within a day of being moved to the adoption floor, Butterscotch was adopted. Jujubee found a home the next day. Finally, Twix (the adorable pup on our cover hugging his stuffed bear) joined a family with two kids.

*But how did they get here?*

*“The P.U.P. program helps stop pet overpopulation by working with dog and cat owners to not only place unwanted puppies and kittens, but to prevent future litters.”*

Jose and his family were overwhelmed. They already had several small dogs when one of their two males impregnated the female. With a litter on the way and tight finances, they couldn't care for more dogs.

They considered selling the puppies — Yorkie mixes were in demand — but wanted to be sure the pups would find loving homes. So they turned to our P.U.P. (Prevent Unwanted Pregnancies) program.

The P.U.P. program helps stop pet overpopulation by working with dog and cat owners to not only place unwanted puppies or kittens, but to prevent future litters. When owners bring a litter in, we charge no surrender fees if they allow us to spay the mother — at no cost. In this case, we also neutered the father, and vaccinated all their dogs.

Then the canine parents went back to their loving family. The pups were also spayed/neutered before going to their new homes. Just “fixing” the five pooches from Jose's family will prevent hundreds of unwanted puppies!

In 2013, we took in 28 litters — 102 puppies in total — through our P.U.P. program. P.U.P. is made possible by a generous donation from one of our newest board members, Debbie VanderZwaag and her husband, Bill Johanson. Bill and Debbie, huge proponents of spay/neuter, made a \$50,000 multi-year pledge to ensure we can continue our P.U.P. program for the next several years. Innovative programs like this wouldn't be possible without the support of generous friends!

*If you'd like to make a gift in support of a specific program or initiative, please contact Amy Winkleblack at 408-262-2133 ext. 144.*

## PET DETECTIVE:

# A Case of Assumed Identity

I knew Ms. Maisie wasn't who she was pretending to be, but no matter how much I asked the distinguished calico cat, she wasn't talking. You know the kind I'm talking about — sweet as the day is long with her big green eyes, and as proper as only a senior can be. Sure, she had a headbutt and a purr for me, but when I asked who she really was, those whiskers weren't wiggling. She was a great old dame with a mysterious history.

It all started over two years ago. Gwen, a Good Samaritan, could never say no to a feline in distress. When our sassy little lassy showed up at her door meowing for vittles, Gwen said yes. Sure enough, the calico turned up the next day. And the next. And the next. Until the only thing left for Gwen to do was take her to a vet to make sure she was healthy and keep the kitty kibbles coming. Gwen looked around a bit, but no one seemed to be looking for the petite feline with the ingratiating manner. She named her Maisie and took responsibility for her. Maisie, meanwhile, seemed more than happy to accept her new digs and new name and took to Gwen like a toddler to sugar.

Fast forward to an unfortunate turn of events. No longer able to care for Maisie, Gwen brought her to us for rehoming. Maybe it was the weird glint in Maisie's eye that tipped us off that this little cat wasn't who she said she was. Or maybe it was just that we scan every incoming animal for a microchip. Either way, this little miss was no Maisie at all. Or at least hadn't been when her previous owner microchipped her.

It turned out Gwen's Maisie was really Julie's Cali. Around the time Maisie had invited herself into Gwen's life, a woman named Julie, who lived several miles away, had been searching for her lost calico cat, Cali.

Julie and a neighbor both cared for Cali and when the neighbor had to move into



an assisted living facility, it was decided that Cali would go with her.

Cali, it seemed, hadn't found assisted living to her liking and struck out on her own, probably looking for Julie. Along the way, she had gotten lost and met the kind Gwen. And thus, Cali had become Maisie.

*“Maybe it was the mischievous glint in Maisie’s eye that tipped us off that this little cat wasn’t who she said she was.”*

You see, I found this out when I traced that chip. While Gwen's vet had missed it, I caught it here because that's what I do — I'm a pet detective. Finding the lost and tracing the missing is my business. Quick as a tech CEO at a Tesla sales event, I was on the phone to Julie letting her know that we had Cali here.

Two years is a long time, but it was nothing to Julie, who was at our door before I could say “triple vente latte skinny with sugar-free caramel.” And it was nothing to Maisie née Cali, who fell into Julie's arms like she had only seen her yesterday. It was a big something to Gwen, who was ecstatic to know that the Maisie she had known was going to a loving home that knew her.

After witnessing the happy reunion, I ushered everyone out, put my feet up on the desk and drank that really complicated coffee I could order so quickly. It's days like these that make my job worthwhile.

Happily playing after her secret identity was revealed!





Skilo and Zeus,  
the inseparable brothers!

## A Hail Mary Pass Keeps Two Big Brothers Together

Were it not for Zeus's limp, it would be almost impossible to tell the two brothers apart. Skilo weighs 104.5 pounds — a mere half-pound more than his brother. They share identical widow's peak markings on their sleek russet and brown coats. Both of them sport matching, jowly grins.

When their beloved guardian passed away, friends and family were unable to find a home for the two Rottweiler mixes. People offered to take one of the brothers, but not the other. And the two wouldn't be separated. Out of options, the family brought them to us.

We knew the gentle giants deserved a chance. Their first stop was our medical department for a look at Zeus's leg.

The news wasn't good. The big dog had torn a ligament in his knee and required costly, specialized surgery. Our vets are amazing surgeons — but due to Zeus's size and the complexity of the surgery, he would need an orthopedist.

This is where a long-time donor and volunteer — who wished to remain anonymous — threw the big dogs a Hail Mary pass. Days before, this

kind-hearted friend texted our Development Department asking, *"Have any particular needs right now? I have some extra money."*

This guardian angel's gift allowed us to provide the long-term care the pair would need.

Dr. James Roush, a skilled surgeon and supportive friend, came to our facility to rebuild Zeus's knee. While Zeus was in surgery, Skilo fretted non-stop. Volunteers and staff kept him occupied with walks and attention, but he still howled mournfully for his brother when left alone.

*"People offered to take one of the brothers, but not the other. And the two wouldn't be separated."*

After the surgery, Zeus would need to remain on kennel rest for six weeks. This was complicated by the fact that when together, the dogs were perfectly

*Continued on page 8*

Continued from page 7

calm. But left on their own, both of the dogs were stressed — vocalizing and scratching at doors.

Luckily, our adoption suites were large enough to accommodate two big dogs — and one very large crate. Though Zeus stayed in the crate, he could see and smell his brother. Skilo would hurry back from walks and play times to make sure Zeus was okay. At night, Skilo slept with his back pressed up against the crate as his brother slept inside.

As the weeks passed, checkups showed Zeus was healing beautifully. Gradually, Zeus’s potty breaks got longer until he was released from his crate. Though he couldn’t join Skilo in the play yard yet, he could enjoy walks with him and the two could sleep in their preferred position — piled on each other.

*“ . . . our adoption suites were large enough to accommodate two big dogs . . . at night, Skilo slept with his back pressed up against the crate as his brother slept inside.”*

With Zeus’s knee fixed, we focused on finding the giant dogs a home together. After they were cleared for adoption, Customer Care staff began introducing them to anyone who came in looking for a large or mellow dog.



When Michael and Alicia came in looking for a big dog to love and spoil, they fell in love with Zeus and Skilo. While they weren’t looking for two dogs, they were open to the idea. After a night to think about it, they came back the next day. Zeus and Skilo found a home!

From the vet area to the admin offices, staff streamed up front to say goodbye. With a person on each leash, the two left as they had come in — side by side.

## Walk 'n Wag



Walk 'n Wag 2014, our 12th annual fundraiser, was held on October 4th and raised an incredible \$267,000 to save the lives of local animals!

800 participants, accompanied by 405 canine companions

joined us at Hellyer County Park to enjoy the Walk, a new 5K race, live music from The Engine Room and a “Doggie Fun Zone” obstacle course.

**Thank you to everyone who participated, raised funds and donated in support of this community effort!**

**A big thank you to our lead sponsors:**

