



Page 2

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C.L.A.W.S Newsletter 71 December 2020

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Page 3

Helpline 01189 341699

NEWS FROM HQ

A MESSAGE FROM BEVERLEY



Well, what a year ! It has certainly tested everyone's spirit and determination to the nth degree.

You, our supporters and volunteer, have come up trumps. Everyone has been so kind and generous – with phone calls, offers of help, money and food. On behalf of the animals "Thank You"

I am in isolation looking after everyone. We have a regular routine so that everything is done each day. The cats even know when it is "treats time" and I start getting pathetic looks !

I will celebrate Christmas with the cats and I hope that however or wherever you all spend Christmas you have a wonderful time.

With lots of purrs and many thanks

Beverley and the residents of Bear Cottage.



NEW ARRIVALS MAU MAU

The help line rang. It was Sue asking if we could take a cat in. Recently her parents, now in their 90s, had move into a care home and their elderly cat was locked in the garage being fed by kind neighbours.

I asked her where the cat was and it soon became apparent that we knew her mum and dad (and the cat) who had been friends of CLAWS for many years.

I explained that we always promised to take cats back if the people who adopted them could no longer care for them for whatever reason. BUT it was not always possible to take them in immediately as space was always at a premium. I said I would speak to the lady who managed the sanctuary and get back to her.

Fortunately we were able to make room for her – her name was Mau Mau, a feisty madam of 19 ½ years.

Beverley arranged to collect her from the family home at lunchtime. She put her into a pen in the run of six with a cosy igloo, food and water and left her to settle down.

Settling down took all of two minutes, then there was an angry yell. I AM HERE, WHERE ARE YOU ?. I WANT A CUDDLE. And that is how we have carried on. she reminds us so much of THE DIVAS An affectionate cat that loves cuddles and a little bit of grooming. But as usual with CLAWS cats everything is on her terms.!!! Any of the other cats that walk up to the wire to visit are told in no uncertain terms to go away. Mau Mau does not look or act like a 19 old. She is very spritely and plays well with her catnip banana.



When she went to the vet for a check up a test revealed struvite crystals in her urine so she was put on a special diet. She loved it, both wet and dry food !

When she went for a second check up there were no struvite crystals in her urine so the diet had done the trick !

MEMORIES DEANO

When Deano's owner died Caroline, her community nurse, made it her business to find Deano a loving home.

He had one eye removed in 016 and the other one exploded, but was left untreated, in 2018. It soon became apparent that it was infected and so had to be removed. He also required an extensive dental. He came through the surgery well and soon settled into his new home. He was a friendly boy who liked to be made a fuss of and enjoyed his treats.

He was also nosy ! Gemma lived in the room next door and they used to stare at each other through the cat flat. One day he slipped in to say "Hello" only to be spat and growled at. Things settled down and they even touched paws under the door.

One morning when we went to give him his breakfast were amazed to see a dead mouse in his room. We thought it must be Maggie as she often brings in mice (dead or alive) as a present for Beverley. Perhaps a live one escaped and ran under the door perhaps Maggie pushed it under the door. Either way although he was blind his instincts were sharp and the mouse was dead.

More recently he became unwell and there were several trips to the vet but none of the medication helped. He was diagnosed with cancer of the gut and put to sleep in October.

He was a dear gentle boy and we shall miss him dreadfully.



C.L.A.W.S. NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

MEMORIES FELIX

My husband and I are heart broken, we had to say “Good Bye” to our beautiful boy Felix on Monday 19th October.

Thanks to Claws, Felix came into our life’s in July 2008. He was a rescue kitty (approx. 12 months old) and living in the Claws rescue centre at Knowl Hill. For me it was love at first sight ♥ his beautiful gentle personality shone through and we were so excited when we were allowed to bring him home.



From the moment he arrived, he knew he was truly loved. Both my husband and I work from home, so he always had company (and invariably he would always want to sit on the papers you were working on)

On a number of occasions, he sent emails to my husband’s boss as he walked across the key board... when Phil got a message saying “ What ??” he would just reply... “Kitty 😊😊”

We both can’t believe he’s gone, but after a short battle with cancer, we were left with no choice.

The house feels dreadfully empty without him and I haven’t put the Christmas swag over the fireplace yet, because it was always one of his favourite places to sit. He loved to be near us. We will always be grateful for the time he spent with us and we pass on our deepest thanks to Claws for rescuing him and making it possible

CLAWS NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

MEMORIES POTS

My lovely pussy cat who I got from you in 2006 died this week. I called her my poster girl because for a couple of years afterwards she was still on your promotional boards. She was called Chrissie when she came to me, but I renamed her Pots. She was well known by my family and friends and she regularly visited my second home in Dorset with me. During lockdown she had been an ever-increasing companion, often appearing with me on conference calls with my work colleagues.

During this crazy year Pots has been of great comfort to me.



Helping Rose at Work

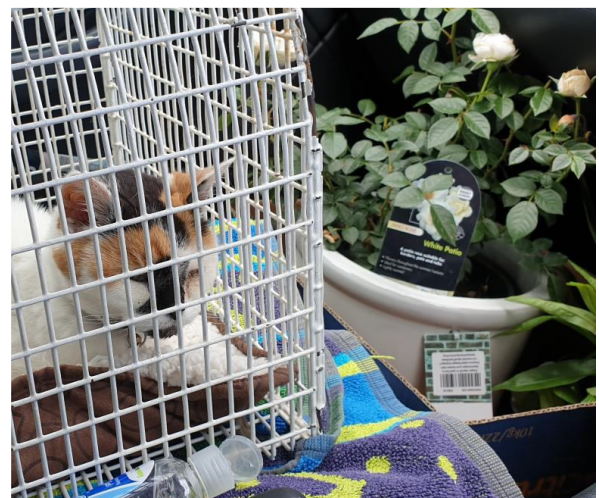
My house feeling sadly
soulless this week



Pots Relaxing



Fast asleep on the sofa



Ready to travel with Rose



Potts Relaxing



Potts and Me

C.L.A.W.S. NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

MEMORIES TIA

TIA came to CLAWS in February 2014 when a medical condition, which the family vet could not identify, made it impossible for the family to keep her.

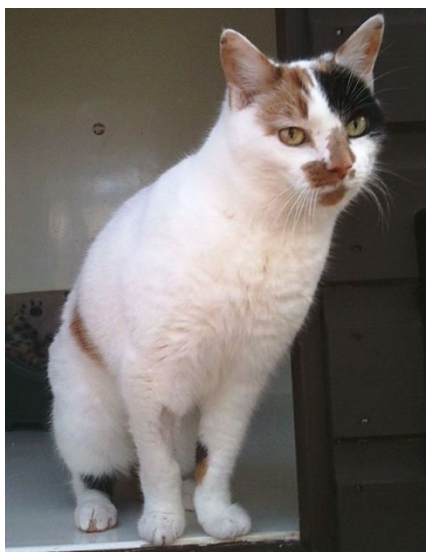
A trip to the CLAWS vet and a series of tests soon established the cause of the problem. Just one tablet a day mixed with her food kept her fit and healthy.



These are two of Mary's favourite photos of TIA

When the Divas came into care Tia had a ready made family. They all settled down and enjoyed each others' company.

Now that her medical condition had stabilised we started to look for a home for her. We thought she would make an ideal companion for an older person.



Despite our best efforts she remained with us. Then two of our volunteers got in touch to say that one of their neighbours was looking for an older cat as a companion for her and a friend for her resident cat. Two days later they brought the lady along to meet Tia. They got on well and two days later she rang to offer Tia a home.

She settled in and "got on" with the resident cat.

They spent 5 happy years together – they were inseparable.

Then in October 2020 she was diagnosed with cancer and put to sleep. She was 16 years old.

Mary is in our thoughts at this very difficult time.



DOWN MEMORY LANE MILOU



Marie-Jeanne writes :-

The house seemed so empty after we lost our dear cat, that I started looking around for another cat on the net. I looked and looked, but could not make up my mind! By chance I found C.L.A.W.S. and looked at the pictures of available cats, and when I saw Gregory (Milou), eureka!! I had found him! I was so excited and impatient, I phoned straight away and was told the lady dealing with adoptions was away but she would be back soon.

Anyway, finally I made contact and a lady came to inspect the house. We passed this test and were ready to go! Beverley gave us her address and we arranged to visit the next Sunday morning, if I remember? Beverley asked us if we knew Binfield Road, and of course we did as we are locals. Of course, we did not think that "our" Binfield Road was not the same as Beverley's Binfield Road. So we got lost and had to put in a frantic call to Beverley, no sat nav then! The upshot was that Beverley came to Bracknell to guide us to CLAWS. I am sure she was busy enough without having to deal with a couple of imbeciles and I did feel guilty, but at the last minute did not want to lose the cat I had set my heart on!

I was so worried that Beverley might find us unsuitable because we did not expect to take the cat until we were vetted, and Gregory had to have a last check-up for this that and the other!



I had taken the precaution of taking some cat mint from my garden, fortunately as it turned out. We were taken to the compound and were very impressed by the space the cats had, and the beautiful surroundings. We were introduced to Gregory and, as I approached him and tried to stroke him, he hissed at me! Beverley was so worried and said 'Oh no Gregory!' I then put the cat mint under his nose and put my head on his tummy! He just turned over and let me. We clicked there and then and I knew we were friends for life, yes, I fell in love or rather we fell in love with him and could not wait to be given the go ahead to collect him.

I said as much to Beverley and she said 'Oh but you can have him today!' I could not believe it and explained that we had not brought a cat basket with us! Never mind said Beverley I can let you borrow one. I was so pleased. Off we went with me and Gregory me in the back seat, worrying because I knew it was a big shock to him being transported by strangers! I spoke all the way back home in French some sweet endearments such as; do not worry, you have a good home to go to, I'll look after you etc, he seemed to understand.....

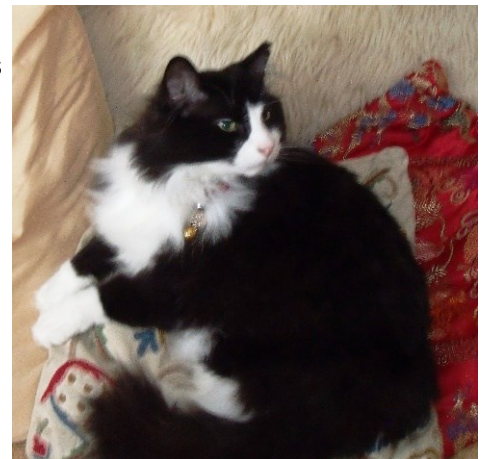


We put him in his room full of toys and tray and the first he thing he did was to hide under the bed. I kept on going in and on my knees and talking to him and worrying of course hoping he would get used to us in time. He was very clean and used his tray and one thing he did not lose was his appetite! So far so good. He wanted to get out desperately and I bought a harness with a long retractable lead and took him for walks in the garden. He got to know the whole house gradually but still very nervous! He certainly knew about the cat flap when he was set free.

wE have had him now for 2 years or so, and he is still the king of the house. He has his routine, he gets fed in the morning (early because he miaows and wakes me up or my husband opens his cat flap and he is off in the garden. He comes in every so often to say hello or to have a snack. When we get back from shopping, he recognises the noise of the car engine and miaows by the gate. He gets fed ("quick please and make it snappy!"), then he is off again. If it is wet outside he installs himself on my husband's chair (ie, his chair) and has a "dodo" (sleepy-byes in French). Out again in fine weather.

Late evening, in the dark, I call him and that is when the pantomime starts! He will not come in, in spite of me shaking his croquettes! I go out with the torch and he is at the top of the garden and as soon as I get near him, he jumps over in the next door's garden! Finally, he comes in at his own time, goes off to his chair to watch TV for a bit and then to sleep, when I can be with him and speak to him endearments in French such as: l'amour de ma vie! Mon petit Milouni! etc... He goes on his tummy and gets lots of kisses and caresses and do you know when we first had him, he could not really purr, just a little brr noise?! But now he purrs away and can't get enough cuddles. Often in the middle of the night he jumps on my bed and we have more cuddles till we both go to sleep. We would not be without our Milou (beau).

Thank you CLAWS for a wonderful present!!



DOWN MEMORY LANE

PENGUIN

Maggie writes : -

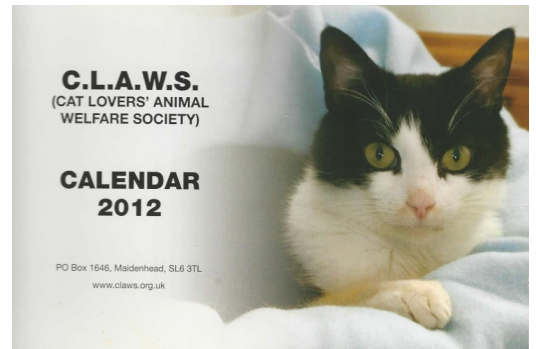


Penguin was found in Windsor, covered in ticks and fleas and weighing no more than a hamster. He was brought into Alma Vets where it was found that not only did he have the Calichi virus (which meant he that could never mix with other cats) but also gingivitis which meant that most of his teeth had to be removed.

Thanks to the incredible care from the staff at Alma he made steady progress and, along the way, won the hearts of the staff with his determination to survive and his loving quirky nature. Eventually he came to C.L.A.W.S. And went to a foster mum. As he had to have weekly injections C.L.A.W.S. volunteers took him weekly to Alma for the injections. Eventually his elderly fosterer could no longer care for him and back he went to C.L.A.W.S.

PENGUIN WITH VICTORIA RUDOLPH OF ALMA VETS

An advert was placed in the Pets Corner of the Maidenhead Advertiser but alas there was no response and that was when Penguin came to me. By this time the weekly steroid injections has been replaced with one steroid tablet twice a day. Penguin settled in very quickly and before I knew it he had me at his beck and call and was totally in charge of the house!



PENGUIN WAS COVER CAT FOR THE 2012 CALEDNAR red AI-



As time went on Penguin put his paw up for anything that was going - he developed diabetes entailing two injections a day; pancreatitis; a severe rash around his neck which became very and raw. This entailed yet more hospitalisation at ma (which by now had become his second home). He finally came home to e wearing a collar around the dressing on his neck. Eventually the collar came off but the dressing had to remain. This he removed with great regularity - usually in the middle of the night. Back to Alma for a new dressing whatever the time. I had by this time given Penguin the nickname of Lazarus because of his will and incredible ability to survive.

DOWN MEMORY LANE

PENGUIN



I remember vividly the day I took him to Alma for a check up. I thought he seemed a bit listless and as the Vet lifted him out of his carrier Penguin's legs buckled and gave way. He was rushed into the treatment room, given glucose and put on a drip - his blood sugar levels had dropped dramatically and it transpired that this was because, as his steroids had been reduced from two tablets a day to one, he needed less insulin. As usual, Alma worked their magic and Penguin bounced back

I also vividly remember going to see him when he was hospitalised in Alma. He was in a top cage and in the cage below him was a dog. A nurse was tending to the dog and in front of Penguin was his bowl of water. I swear I saw a look of mischief go across Penguin's face and, as if in slow motion, saw him put his paw under the rim of the water bowl and tip it - yes, it did go over the nurse!

Despite his many ailments, Penguin had a good quality of life and was a happy, loving and sociable cat. He liked nothing better when friends came round than to greet them as they arrived and then, when they left see them out. He was also the only cat I have ever come across who was not scared of the vacuum cleaner - simply didn't move and always had to be moved out of the way.

Some considerable time later I took Penguin to Alma because he wasn't right. Yet again he was hospitalised and it transpired it was his kidneys. Penguin always bounced back but sadly this time it was not to be and on 31st March 2017 my beloved Penguin was put to sleep.

I had five and a half happy years with my little man and I would like to thank, not only C.L.A.W.S. for entrusting him to my care, but also to his first foster mum and the team of volunteers who took him to Alma in his early days. I was indeed very blessed to have had him in my life.



BRAMBLE'S BAZAAR

DOWN MEMORY LANE

Bramble's Bazaar was held on Saturday, 4th June 2006 in memory of BRAMBLE



and to raise money for CLAWS The rainbow, painted by the children of the local comprehensive school, alludes to the poem RAINBOW BRIDGE, familiar to so many of us, and spanned the entrance to the bazaar



One of the stalls



Linda and the pupils from the local comprehensive school who designed and painted the rainbow



Another stall with Anne, one of the volunteers



The Jewellery Stall



Mike and in the background Jill Jones and Susan Hamson who are still volunteers to this day



These bright, cosy cushions were crocheted by one of our supporters



The Mayoress of the Royal Borough of Windsor and Maidenhead, Mrs Margaret Hubley and her husband admiring some of the goods that were for sale



These beautiful cards were embroidered by one of our supporters



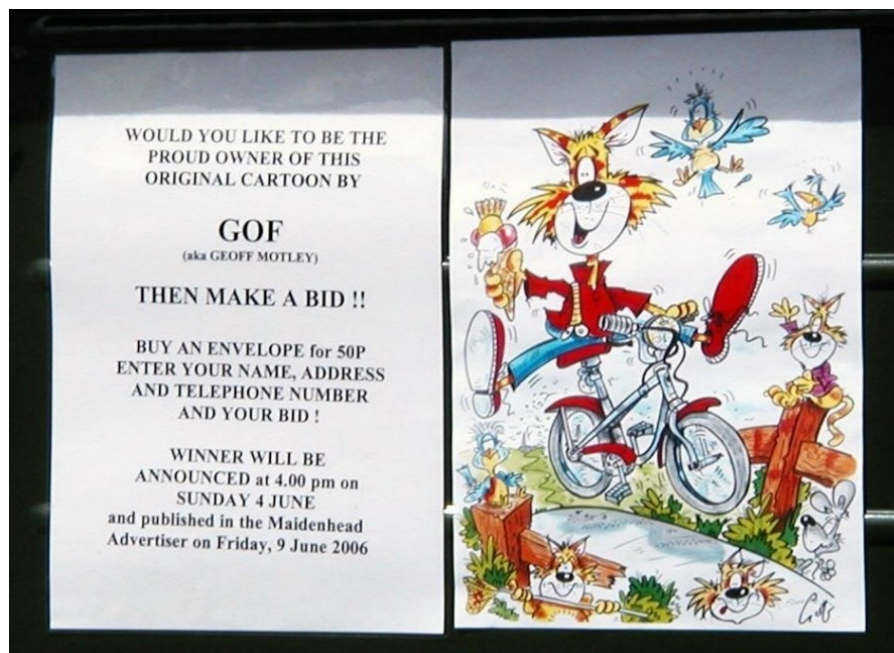
A general view of the bazaar



Geoff Motley, aka GOF, with the cartoon he raised to raise money for CLAWS



The Tombola Stall



and a close up of the cartoon

IT WAS A HAPPY FAMILY OCCASION AND AISED £1,000.00 for CLAWS

ITEM FOR CLAWS NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

CHESTER WINS A PRIZE

Linda writes : -



Just to let you know that Cats Protection (Cherwell Branch) had an on line cat show and Chester came second in the category "Cats with Special Needs". We had to supply a photo and he is now the proud owner of a blue rosette and certificate. The cat who came first was a stray 2 year old who had to have both her eyes removed because of an infection She also won overall best cat in the show. A worthy winner I would say.

STOP PRESS Chester is doing really well, has become so affectionate over the last few weeks.

Sounds like a seagull and eats like one !

The winning photo

CLAWS NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

A LETTER FROM OLIVER

BY VERA HOOKER

I thought I was on holiday and that it wouldn't last
But Mum says that I live here now and must forget the past.
I've been here just one day and I've really settled in,
But those two girls they hiss and moan and really make a din.
Mum says they are "sorting out supremacy" to see who leads the pack,
Well, we all know I'm the guv'nor so I'll just lie here on my back.
I won't get mixed up in their hissing – at each other and at me
'Cos I've got lots of sorting out to do – of facilities, you see.
I've already claimed the nicest bed and in the conservatory
I've booked my space on a comfy chair so the garden I can see.
Mum says when the new fence comes and the paint dries just enough
I can wander round at leisure and really strut my stuff.
That "quiet little Jenny" what a mouth she's got on her
Growling like a lion and a-raising of her fur.
Yesterday Jenny screamed at Pansy and Pansy screamed at me
And then they screamed at one another till it was time for tea.
I ventured to kiss Pansy – not because I'm hip
But she had a piece of chicken stuck on her upper lip.
Last night I was tired and Mummy laid me by her side
But Jenny was quite near so I kept my eyes open wide.
But Mum says "Don't you worry, I will hold you tight !
And you know she did, for two whole hours, just in case I got a fright.
Mummy never passes us without a kiss or strokes our chest
We're all supposed to be equal (but I know she loves me best)
Now it's lunch time on the second day, so far there's no high jinks,
Just remember you to ladies I'm having forty winks.
So if you want to hiss and spit (though they've so far not let rip),
There's an old bloke in the best bed trying to get some kip.

NEWS FROM BEAR COTTAGE : HECTOR IS A POORLY PUSS

One early summer morning, Heidi decided to jump on my head to tell me that it was breakfast time. It was 5.30 am !!! . So bleary-eyed, I went down stairs to dispense six bowls of cat food. So then, why was I filling a seventh ?? Sitting behind the usual gang, was a beautiful, big, black and white cat with a gentle face and a pink nose. Such a gentleman, waiting his turn. So I fed him.

That was the beginning of Hector joining the Bear Cottage Gang. He would come for the day, then disappear for a month or two. Then come back again, sample the service and disappear again.

To begin with, even on the coldest nights, he slept in the dog kennel by the front door of Bear Cottage. To this day we refer to it as Hector's house. Then gradually his visits became more frequent until he slept here each night and eventually joined the rest of the gang on Beverley's bed. Big Toby accepted him, we think because he was so gentle and did not cause fights. Unlike Toby in a mood.!!!



So we now had another stray in our gang. Beverley canvassed the village to find out if anyone owned him but no one did. So we neutered him, microchipped him, wormed and flead him and HE WAS NUMBER SEVEN.!!!

That was a few years ago. He loves wandering around Bear Farm itself, and often goes to the farm just down the road, but always comes back.

One dark night this September, he was late coming in for his supper. When he did he limped in on three legs. So straight into a basket and down to the vet. As all of you cat owners out there know, cats always need to go to the vet JUST as the clock has reached two minutes past 7.00 pm when the expensive emergency call out kicks in.

So it is late evening at the vet. I sit in the car waiting for Mel to come out and tell me what has happened to him. I thought that perhaps he had been hit by a car. But no. He had damaged his cruciate ligament, and would have to be operated on. He was in the vet for 4 days, and loved every minute of it, being fussed and cuddled.



During that time Beverley ordered an enormous pen because he could not move or jump around. The one she bought could take an Irish wolfhound!!! Anyway poor, free-ranging Hector is confined only to be let out five, then ten, then twenty minutes a day. We are hoping when he visits the vet next Mel will say he can be released from his cage. We will keep him in the library until February/ March time because we do not want him out on cold dark nights with what is still a bit of a limp. He has a room-mate, Betty, that he gets on well with so he will have company and be warm and happy.

CLAWS NEWSLETTER DECEMBER 2020

ON A LIGHTER NOTE : MAGGIE AND THE MICE

Maggie is an inveterate mouser / voler. There is a colony in the thicket just opposite Bear Cottage so a ready supply is available. Rarely a day goes by but that she brings Beverley a protein packed breakfast or dinner (sometimes alive and sometimes dead)

Beverley had just settled down for the evening when Maggie rushed in chirruping loudly – always the signal that she has caught a mouse : this one was alive – and in the general commotion it escaped and shot under the bookcase in the library..



Maggie took up position on the chair and stared fixedly under the bookcase. She was still there when Beverley returned. With the help of a tea towel Beverley managed to catch the mouse and put it back in the thicket.

Maggie remained on the chair and shortly afterwards rushed up to Beverley chirruping loudly – she had caught another mouse. A white one with pink eyes and a pink nose. Maggie seemed not to notice the difference and had great fun playing with. Eventually she tired of it and it ended up under the sofa !





