



**CHARLIE and the**

**RVC**

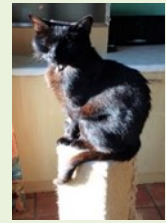
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**C.L.A.W.S Newsletter March 2021 No 72**

Facebook: @ClawsMaidenhead



**SIRIUS**

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Helpline 01189 341699

## NEWS FROM HQ

### A MESSAGE FROM BEVERLEY

I once read a quote from Sir Winston Churchill. You make a living by what you get , but you make a life by what you give.

This is so true and has has been proved by you, our supporters, and volunteers. CLAWS has made it through the pandemic with your constant support and appreciation.

Thank you to the good fairy who leaves lovely knitted cat blankets on my door step. .

The cats, of course, have no idea what is going on. It is just life as usual . spoilt rotten.

Sue is permanently chained to her computer to get us the best deals on food and litter delivered in the quickest time.

Hopefully , by summer we will be open for visits to the feline residents who I think are sick and tired of me so a pleasant change to look forward to !

Thank you all once again.

With love from all at Bear Cottage

## PROJECT 25 YEARS OF CLAWS CHARLIE

In the reception area at the Royal Veterinary College, Hawkshead Campus, is a memory tree. On it are hundreds of golden and silver leaves, each of which commemorate a very special pet.

The Animal Care Trust is preparing to publish a dedication book and asking owners of the pets which have leaves on the tree to contribute a memory,

This is the one we sent for CHARLIE – our bond with the RVC is particularly special and poignant as Beverley donated his body to the RVS Medical School,

The RVC returned his ashes to Beverley and they are now in the rose garden along with her mum's.



7.00 am one Sunday morning the phone rang. It was Paul from Slough. "Come quickly, they're going to shoot that cat I was telling you about".

The cat was a big black and white unneutered male that was beating up any cat in the neighbourhood that crossed his path. He had been annoying the neighbourhood for months and everyone was thoroughly fed up with him. Some of his victims even needed veterinary treatment.

A good start to the day -. Beverley threw traps, nets, blankets and sardines in tomato sauce into her van and shot over to meet Paul in Slough.

When she arrived there was a rather menacing man standing next to Paul waving his arms around. She introduced herself and told the man "I will take the cat away" and he calmed down a bit. She also reminded him that discharging a weapon within 20 yards of a public thoroughfare was illegal and she would call the police. Magically the man disappeared and she and Paul got to work. They set the trap in a suitable place, put plenty of sardines in tomato sauce squashed in the very end of the trap and waited and watched from the kitchen. They had hardly drunk their first cup of tea when along came CHARLIE, as he was to be named, straight into the trap.

Beverley had a hint of his personality then. As she walked over to the trap he took no notice of her – just kept stuffing his face !!!

Back at Bear Cottage she put him into a pen with warmth, food and water and left him to settle down.

Charlie had two obsessions – hitching a lift in any vehicle – car, van, lorry – and on one never to be forgotten occasion an ambulance when Beverley's mother had to go to hospital there was Charlie sitting on the [other stretcher](#) waiting to accompany her much to the amusement of the paramedics.

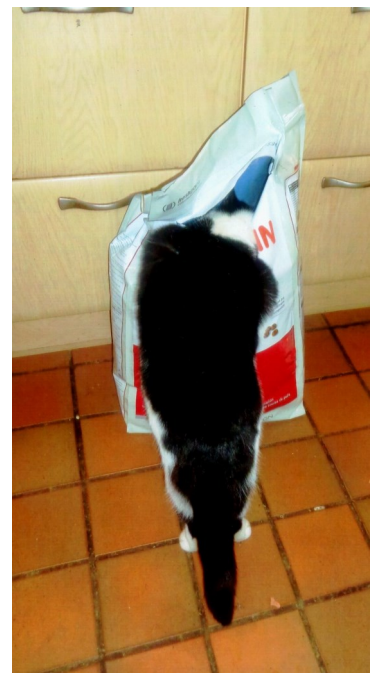
## PROJECT 25 YEARS OF CLAWS CHARLIE (Continued)



HERE HE IS IN JEMMA'S CAR



CHARLIE DECIDED TO JUMP ON THE ROOF OF DI'S CAR. HE DIDN'T REALISE THE SUN ROOF WAS OPEN AND FELL STRAIGHT THROUGH. AS YOU CAN SEE HE WAS NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR



CHECKING THAT THE RIGHT FOOD IS DELIVERED AND THEN SAMPLING IT FOR QUALITY

## PROJECT 25 YEARS OF CLAWS CHARLIE (Continued)

Sadly his obsession with vehicles was to be his downfall. All visitors to Bear Cottage were told to search their vehicles in case he was stowing away. A visitor was driving home from Bear Cottage when a heavy object landed in her lap and jumped out of the window. It was Charlie. He was struck by a passing car which failed to stop.



He was taken to Alma Vets and then transferred to the Royal Veterinary College but their combined skills failed to save him. He was put to sleep on 19 July 2018. We were devastated.

He is remembered with a gold leaf on the memory tree at the Royal Veterinary Hospital which also helps raise funds for this organisation.



**WHAT A HANDSOME CAT HE WAS !**

**These photos commemorate a very special cat – chief meeter and greeter, head butter supreme and inveterate biscuit thief !**

**He brought joy and laughter into our lives**

**We miss him still – he was**

**SIMPLY THE BEST**



## MEET MAGGIE

Beverley had been trapping ferals in Slough and took 2 to the local vet to be neutered.

One of the vets came out to see her and said “You like a challenge don’t you ?  
(Nothing is more calculated to grab Beverley’s attention than a challenge !)  
When we came in this morning there a plastic bag on the door doorstep. It contained two tiny kittens only about two days old The brother was dead but the little girl was clinging to life—just.



So home the little kitten went with Beverley. It was August 2010 – and the kitten was eventually named – MAGGIE, the black cat well known to all of us.



WAIT-  
ING TO

This little scrap fought long and hard to survive. From the very start she had her paws round the bottle at every meal, every two hours. Slowly, one bottle became two, then three and she survived three weeks and then four.

Beverley had not given her a name. Years of experience teaches you that just as you think you are winning you open the basket one morning only to find that the little soul has departed.



Right from the start she had lots of human visitors and was picked up, cuddled and cooed over.

Maggie, our volunteer came over one day and Beverley put the kitten in her hand (she fitted perfectly). She scrambled up her front and slid down her back.

It was then that Beverley said "We'll call her Maggie" And the rest is history !



**WITH HER FRIEND TOBY**



**SHE COMMANDEERED BUBBLES  
WINTER QUARTERS**

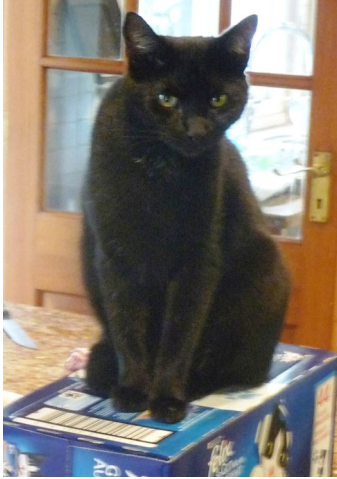


She loves drinking water or tea out of glasses or cups and then can't resist pushing them gently until they fall off the edge of the table. Four cut crystal glasses went the same way .



**THE EARTH MOVED LITERALLY ! IT  
WAS A MOLEHILL AND MAGGIE  
WAS FASCINATED**

**WAITING TO GO FOR A RIDE**



! On a “bad” day she is on top of the homing list ! When it is quiet in the evening and Beverley is sitting down there will be a sudden crash, a sudden scuffle, a thud, a loud noise of some description. It’s Maggie ! Always

When young one of her greatest pleasures was to run full tilt and jump on the coffee table sweeping all the magazines on to the floor and then go back and do it all over again !

She has been shut in the fridge, and smashed four Royal Doulton plates (part of a dinner service – good job Beverley isn’t a society hostess !)

She is an accomplished mouser, often bringing Beverley a protein packed breakfast or dinner, either alive or dead ! On one never to be forgotten occasion she brought in a live rat !

She is 10 years old now - a madam and a minx - adorable, aggravating, endearing, exasperating, irritating, incorrigible, mischievous (you could go on through the alphabet !)

## **THE ONE AND ONLY**

### **MAGGIE**





## **ADOPTION MAU MAU.**

Gill, the lady who had helped trap Betty and Barny and bring them safely to CLAWS, rang.

She had some friends who were wanting to adopt an older cat. Did we have any ?

Beverley said we did have one but, although spritely she was 19 1/2 years old, Perhaps tht would be too old for them ?



"Let me ask them" said Gill. She rang back and that wasn't a problem—when could they come to see her ? They came round the very next day .

The visit went well and it was arranged that they would pick her up in two weeks time when she had had her check up at the vet.

She has settled down very well and already has Mark and Francessa under her paws !!

See THE ADVENTURES OF MAU MAU for further details.

## Sirius Robinson

I am delighted to be writing this story for the CLAWS Newsletter about our black cat Sirius. I first met him as a 4.5-month-old, calm, curious and fluffy bundle playing with his toy in the middle of the room on our visit to CLAWS to choose two cats. We were drawn to him and then frankly smitten; this one was coming home. Sirius grew into a tall, gangly cat with an exceptionally long tail and we thought he looked like the pictures of the sitting black cats inside the Pyramids.

He was incurably nose-y and spent a great deal of time lying across my shoulders, critiquing my veg prep, cooking and washing up skills; he particularly loved the first fizz of frying and the bubbles in the sink. Water was a real fascination and a dripping tap, hours of entertainment as he flicked his paw backwards and forwards through it.

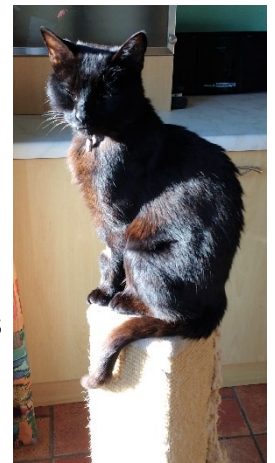
Sirius was an outdoorsy cat, always wanting to be outside regardless of the weather, he loved sunbathing and had many favoured spots in the garden. He proved to be an extraordinarily athletic cat, skilled at spotting a potential audience. He would wait until we had sat down by the tree in the garden to eat and 'hey presto' there he would be, swinging around above our dinner table at the very end of the tree branches. Of course, all conversation stopped, and everyone had eyes only for him (with some of us wondering when he was going to land in our dinner – he never did!)

The most important thing about Sirius, what drew people to him, was his capacity to love. He really was a cat with a huge heart, our neighbours and the local allotment holders knew him by name. He was particularly popular with the latter as his hunting prowess with pigeons and rats was legendary; it was amazing what a determined Sirius could drag through a cat flap!

When he was only 6 years old, we noticed he was off colour and after tests the vet informed us, he had stage 2 kidney disease. He developed further complications within a year: pancreatitis, low grade anaemia, an eosinophilic granuloma (a type of auto immune disorder which when it flared up caused a

lump in his mouth) and at one point diabetes. The treatment for the kidney disease mitigated against that for the granuloma and vice versa; so, it was a constant fight to keep everything in equilibrium. I could not have had a more dedicated vet than Callum Patterson, ably supported by the rest of the team at The Pines in Maidenhead and Sam Taylor, the medical specialist at Lumbry Park Veterinary Hospital in Hampshire. All those involved with his veterinary care loved him 'he was such a sweet boy,' a 'real gentleman', always greeting them with his signature head bob and never hissing, biting, or scratching anyone whatever needed to be done. This approach from Sirius, that all people were potential fan club members, meant stress free treatment and opened the door for a good quality of life for him.

Sirius's care at home was demanding, he needed blood glucose tests twice a week as one of his meds was diabetogenic. The nurses at the Pines patiently taught me how to do this and trust me I was not a quick learner. Sirius diabetes required 2 injections/day until it went into remission.



Sirius also needed:

- a special additive free diet, only available online, we weighed and monitored intake daily
- 3 or 4 different tablets all with various schedules of when they needed to be taken
- his mouth needed checking twice/week in case the granuloma had come back
- weighing weekly to check he had not lost weight
- and regular testing for his renal function

The only solution was a spreadsheet to keep track of it all! We relied on his health insurance, which allowed us to have nearly 3.5 more years with him, as vet costs for a cat with such complex needs were high.

Sam Taylor, medical specialist vet from Lumbry Park Hospital has our 'Sirius' spreadsheet to add to her other data collected over the years and uses it for veterinary education both here and overseas. A further solace for us is the thought that Sirius is fascinating new audiences, this time as a case study at symposiums and other teaching events. The latest is for vets in China, so now he is an international star!



Sadly, our wonderful, social cat died on Burns Night, Jan 25<sup>th</sup>. This night is a celebration of the life and work of the poet Robbie Burns who wrote Auld Lang Syne. It feels very appropriate for as the team at the Pines said, 'Sirius was a bit of a legend' and 'It feels like the end of an era'. Sirius left us a fabulous legacy, our memories of over nine years of love, fun and friendship. We can assure you 'Old Acquaintance will not be forgot, and he will be 'brought to mind.'

Thank you to everyone at CLAWS without whom we would never have met Siri-

us.

Liz Robinson February 2021.

### JACK

Sue was making one of her many visits to Alma Vets. As she went into the cat room there was a beautiful white cat with tabby patches sitting in his carrying basket so, of course, she had to say “Hello”. He was introduced to her by his owners as “Jack”



She said she was bringing two of the rescue cats from the rescue she worked in for treatment. “Oh which cat rescue do you work for “ ? “C.L.A.W.S.” And then the penny dropped it was Lorna and Hugh who had adopted Jack in 2012.,

We had kept in touch from time to time, most recently in the summer of 2017 when Jack had gone missing for 17 agonising hours, He returned looking a bit bedraggled but basically none the worse for his adventure..



Hugh writes : -

It has taken him a long time to settle in with us and now very occasionally he will pose in front of not so loud visitors.

he likes to pop out for his evening round and return about 9.30pm. If another cat is out he may stay out for a mock battle

In the summer of 2017 when Jack had gone missing for 17 long, agonising, hours. He returned looking a bit bedraggled but basically none the worse for his “adventure”.

He now suffers from asthma and has to have a monthly injection to help control the condition. Otherwise he is fit and happy.

We spent the next few minutes chatting about Jack and the work C.L.A.W.S. does – it was such a happy re-union Hugh takes up the tale.

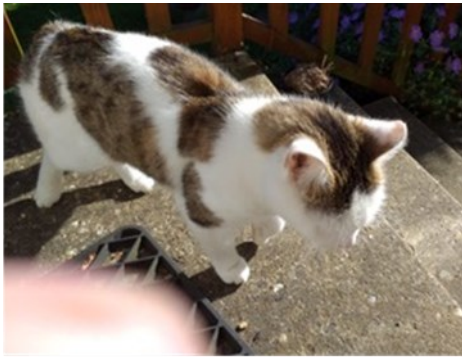
Jack is a medium-sized cat, white with tabby markings, and we saw him at CLAWS nearly eight years ago in November 2012. He was in a large enclosure on his own and for some reason he liked me (rom the start. We saw him on the Friday and thought about it for a couple of days before picking him up on the Sunday.

He spent the first night on the settee just staring. He was terrified of Pauline and didn’t like the smell of women’s perfume. We feel he may have been abused by a woman in an earlier life.

On the second day he followed me around and we then had to keep him in for six weeks. He used to sit in the front bedroom upstairs and we would wave to him when we went out.



## Jack (Continued)



.When we let him out eventually it soon became apparent that Jack was, and is, an explorer. Our garden is adjacent to a large common and if allowed, he will set off across to the stream on the other side. Dangers lurk in the form of a family of large foxes who are always looking for a tasty bite, so we tend to keep him off the common, his favourite place. He has also started to climb the bank of the nearby Windsor relief road which, nor-

mally, would be very busy.

His wanderings have ended in near disaster. Two years ago he went out late on a warm June evening and just did not return, the fear of all cat owners. The next day we delivered notices throughout our road and waited. About 2.30pm a bedraggled and hesitant cat returned over the back fence. Where he had been we have no idea but he stayed in for a while after that. Generally he likes to pop out for his evening round and return about 9.30pm. If another cat is out he may stay out for a mock battle

. Our main hope is that residents do not bomb along the road in their cars and most do not.

A creature of habit, every evening about 10.15pm he sits on the floor looking at Lorna and her chair intensely. He is making it clear it is time for the chair to be vacated for him. He usually comes upstairs about 2.30am and likes to walk all over his tenants.

Jack has been, and is, a major focus in our lives and when we go on holiday we occasionally leave him at the cattery a day early. The silence is deafening. No cat flap opening. No miaow asking for something or other. He is a difficult cat to please, turning his nose up at most food offered.

From being a scared little animal Jack has become a loving and affectionate person. He has a very clear-cut character and is a friend indeed.

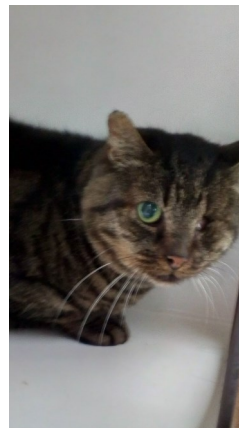


**Hugh Davies Lorna Berry**

## LETTER FROM BRUCE

All in all a tolerable billet. Blatantly obvious that that I was already half trained so that my further education, though possibly slow, proceeded satisfactorily.

I have only to demonstrate the merest modicum of affection and he is pure putty in my paws. We of the feline fraternity can spot a sucker a mile off. While stroking and the daily grooming session are both pleasurable and acceptable any attempt to pick m up or plant a kiss on the top of my bonce is met with a severe “No you don’t matey unless you fancy a trip to A&E ! I may only have one eye but it can speak volumes !



Pete complains bitterly at my constant use of the litter tray insisting there is an expensively installed cat flap in the front door. If he thinks for one second I am parking my backside on cold, damp earth at my age, he definitely needs to think again ! Am shortly due my MOT but we’re not anticipating any problems. However, I’ve been warned to be on my best behaviour. We shall see—he has to get me in the carrier first !

Grateful thanks and love to Bev and Sue

**BRUCE**

## **Fifi**

Recently Jill adopted FIFI. She is 11 1/2 years old, a sweet natured and happy girl. She weighs about 5 kilos and the vet said she should be 4 kilos so needs to lose 1 kilo. Jill decided to take the advice of an experienced dietician.



She advised Jill what food to use (Royal Canin Satiety wet and dry food) and how much to give her to keep her fit and healthy whilst losing weight safely and steadily..

Taking plenty of exercise is also important so Jill spends part of most afternoons playing with her. Fifi likes fishing rods—ones with tin foil or feathers are her favourites.

## **Oliver**



Oliver was mentioned in the last newsletter as he was the cat in A Letter from Oliver , a pen written by Vera Hooker

### Adventures of Mau Mau

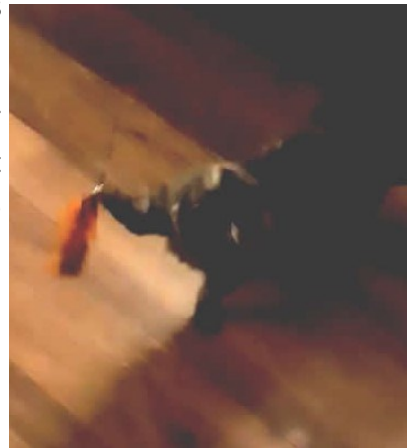
On a rainy Autumn morning, the 28<sup>th</sup> of November to be precise, 19 year old Mau Mau made the short car journey to her new forever home. Mark & Francesca, her new parents, had lovingly prepared the house for her arrival with a host of blankets, beds, toys and other necessities that would be expected by your average feline friend.



Sadly the excitement of the journey had taken its toll, and so instead of settling in straight away, the little bundle of fur made a beeline for the safety and sanctuary of behind the sofa. It was a couple of hours before Mau Mau felt brave enough to venture out, but paw by paw she began to explore her new home. The lounge was claimed first, quickly followed by kitchen. Relatively soon everything on the ground floor belonged to her. She began to walk around with a little more confidence, establishing which places were the best place to snooze which places were the cosiest to snooze and what role these two humans

were going to play in in attending to her needs

Over the course of the first two weeks there was a great deal of learning for all parties involved. Eventually a balance was struck where Mau Mau learnt which places, for her own safety, she was not allowed to go (such as on the hob while we were cooking) and Mark and Fran learnt the language of Cat. Mau Mau as her name would suggest is quite vocal and she is not shy about making the odd request here and there.







### **Adventures of Mau Mau (Continued)**

Now that she has fully settled in, Mau Mau spends a great deal of time snoozing. With each passing day she wants to spend more and more time with her humans and now each evening she will wait on the sofa to be joined by Mark and Fran for an evening of television, reading or listening to music.

She loves her cuddles and tickles and can't get enough grooming. Mark and Fran now give her three play sessions a day and Mau Mau, with the energy of a kitten, is still hungry for more.

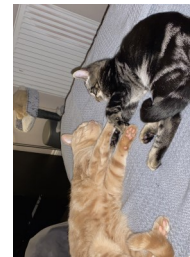
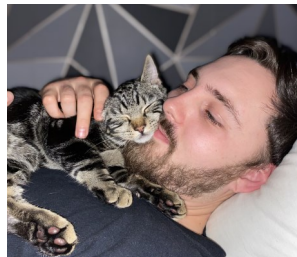
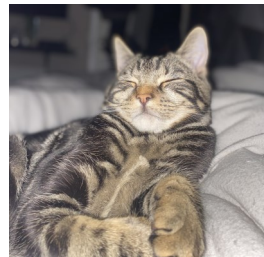
On a daily basis Mau Mau continues to find new ways to get up to mischief, or behave in a diva like fashion. She also finds new ways to be adorably cute and express her love and gratitude to her new parents. All in all, this is one happy family 🐾

## Milo then and now

### AT A FEW WEEKS OLD



### AND NOW



## **Re-united after three years**

This is Mary's story.

Back in the summer a cat took up residence in my garden, I ignored him for a while thinking he might go away but he didn't so I began to feed him and have been doing so ever since.

He is always sitting patiently on the door step and is always ravenously hungry.

As winter took hold I felt so sorry for him until the other night with snow on the ground I could bear it no longer and let him into the house.

He ate his food and then ran upstairs and jumped on the bed and went to sleep. He stayed there all night not even moving when my husband and I went to bed.

He has never shown the least aggression, never bitten or scratched.

I was so worried about his future that is when I decided to get in touch with CLAWS.

(I had not long lost my dog and did not ready to take on another animal, otherwise I would have been happy to keep him.)

Sue said that the priority was to take him to the vet to get him chipped. She also advised me not to yakke a cat on until I had found it a home.

I took him to the vet the next day next who scanned him—and he was chipped !

They got in touch with the owner who was coming to collect him that very afternoon.

HE HAD BEEN MISSING FOR THREE YEARS.

This shows how important it is to get your pet chipped. ED

## Reflections by Vera Hooker

You'll never believe what happens  
When the light is on at night .....  
I can tell you, it gives me a turn  
My word it gives me a fright .....

When I'm sitting on the window sill  
As quiet as I can be  
Another cat he sits outside  
STARING AT ME

It doesn't happen in the day,  
Or when I sit on the floor,  
I don't know where he comes from  
Or what he's waiting for.

He only comes at supper time  
And when it's dark outside  
And only when the light is on,  
No matter how I hide.

He such an awful copy cat  
And mimics as I do.  
No matter if I sit or stand  
He'll go and do it too.

I try to creep up on him  
To give him such a fright,  
But when I jump from the window sill  
He disappears from sight.

He only comes at supper time -  
He doesn't come to tea,  
But what is really very odd -  
He looks so much like me !!!

I just don't know what to make of him  
This chap who comes at night,  
But I can tell you, it gives me such a turn,  
My word, it gives me a fright.

### Hector has been “signed off”

Hector has been given a clean bill of health so no longer has to stay in his cage.



During the day he is in the library with his friend Betty, Once the doors are closed and the cat flaps locked in the evening he has the run of the house during the night



He still has a slight limp which will improve with exercise but it makes him more vulnerable so he won't be going out until the spring when the weather will be warmer.

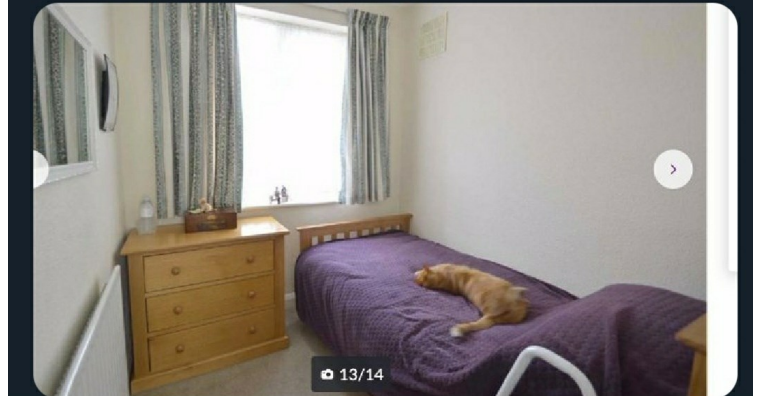


**What part of "STAY AT HOME"  
did you not understand?**



The neighbours just put the house up for sale. Couldn't resist checking it out on Zoopla.

That's our bloody cat.



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