

Burlington Reports

Paws and Claws Society, Inc., Thorofare, NJ



Issue 6, February 2012

Partners in Prevention *Not* Destruction, since 1993

Paws and Claws Society (PACS) is a 501(c)(3) non-profit corporation legally registered with the State and Federal governments.

What's New At PACS



The 2012 No Kill Conference will be August 11-12 in Washington DC

The February issue of Burlington Reports is here, AND you can now discuss the content

88 Cats and Dogs are killed every day in New Jersey

See our flyer about our work in Cape May County

Happy Valentine's Day!

Have you seen the Funny Pages yet?

Grant applications being accepted by Paws and Claws to fund no-kill programs and services.

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Happy St. Patrick's Day!



Did You Know?



Fascinating bits of dog and cat facts and trivia found around the Internet:

From glendamoore.org:

- Both humans and cats have identical regions in the brain responsible for emotion.
- Cats purr at the same frequency as an idling diesel engine, about 26 cycles per second.
- The life expectancy of cats has nearly doubled since 1930 - from 8 to 16 years.

From petyak.com:

- Most dogs have a double coat of hair -- an undercoat that provides insulation and an outer coat of guard hair.
- The Greek writer Homer is considered the first person to write about dogs. Dogs are mentioned frequently in *The Odyssey*.

From Dogs 101 on The Animal Planet web site (the video on Golden Retrievers):

- A Golden Retriever has what is known as a "soft mouth". They can carry multiple raw eggs in their mouth without breaking them.
- Golden Retrievers have webbed feet, as do many other breeds that like to swim.
- The Golden Retriever breed was developed by Lord Tweedmouth, a.k.a. Sir Dudley Marjoribanks. The first Golden puppies were born in 1868, when Tweedmouth mated a yellow retriever (who had been the only yellow puppy in a litter of black Wavy-Coated Retrievers) with a Tweed Water Spaniel. Wavy-Coated Retrievers were developed from cross breeding the St. John's Newfoundland with the Irish Setter. The Tweed Water Spaniel is now extinct, but it is believed that the modern Golden's temperament, intelligence and retrieving skills come from the Tweed Water Spaniel.

From lisaviolet.com:

- Cats that live together sometimes rub each others heads to show that they have no intention of fighting. Young cats do this more often, especially when they are excited.
- Does your cat snore? That means that your kitty is totally relaxed and a sign that your cat trusts you enough to let her guard down.

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Did You Know?

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From lisaviolet.com and a google search for further information:

- With the exception of the *Prionailurus viverrinus*, cats in the wild don't typically hunt for or eat fish. A wild cat's natural diet is normally small mammals (or large mammals in the case of larger cats), rodents, birds, lizards, and even plants and insects at times. Cat food manufacturers began using fish in cat food during World War II when meat was rationed. The *Prionailurus viverrinus*, also known as the Fishing Cat, is a medium-sized wild cat of India and various parts of Asia.

From funtrivia.com:

- The belief that female dogs have better personalities if they are allowed to have a litter before being spayed is actually a myth.
- In ten years, two uncontrolled breeding cats and their offspring can produce 80,399,780 cats! (Eighty million, three hundred ninety-nine thousand, seven hundred eighty.)
- A dog that is afraid and may bite out of fear will generally snarl at you with the hair on his back raised. His tail will be low and stiff and his ears will be laid back. The best way to react is to give this dog an escape route and don't force yourself on him. A dog that is dominant and likely to bite will generally approach you slowly, looking directly into your eyes, and will seem to be walking on his tiptoes. His ears will be up and his tail will be up and wagging slowly. If you see a dog like this coming toward you, turn your side to the dog and do not stare at him. Talk soothingly and quietly and try to back away.
- Older cats should be groomed more often than younger cats because dry skin can be a problem for older cats. Brushing helps to spread natural oils through the coat by stimulating the sebaceous gland.

From funtrivia.com & happypitbull.com:

- Pit Bulls do not actually have jaws that "lock". Their jaws are very powerful, but no dog of any breed has ever been found to possess a mechanism in their jaw which would allow them to "lock" their top and bottom jaw together.

Find full links on our web site - click on Burlington Reports.

Burlington the Cat's St. Patrick's Day Surprise



Hello. Burlington here.

With St. Patrick's Day approaching again, I thought it would be fitting to tell you about a very interesting experience that my family and I once shared on that day.

But first, some history and folklore. You may have heard of some of the more well-known Irish Faeries. A few examples:

The Sidhe ("Shee") are very small garden faeries dressed primarily in green tunics. The Irish look for them on Midsummer's Eve. They love to dance and sing. In fact, you may have seen a painting of the Sidhe dancing in a circle. Irish housewives often say thank you to these garden faeries, for their help in the flourishing of their gardens, by setting out small sweet treats. A full birdbath in the garden is also appreciated by the Sidhe, as they are very clean and will use it as a bathtub.

The Irish Banshee is a solitary faerie. She is a lonely Sidhe who, rather than living with other Sidhe in the garden, attaches to one particular human family and lives with them. If a member of the family dies, the Banshee's wails can be heard in the house as she mourns the loss with the family.

The Merrow lives under water, like the mermaid in legends of other cultures. When she ventures onto dry land, she removes her clothes and assumes the appearance of a seal. The Irish believe that if you find clothes left lying along the coastline, you must never remove them, because if they belong to the Merrow, she will play vicious tricks on you.

I'll bet you *haven't* heard, however, of Shannon, the mysterious "finder" faerie who appears in the form of an Irish Red and White Setter.

Legend has it that this lesser-known faerie turns up when something has been lost.

The lost item must bear some sentimental significance, and Shannon is said to only appear within one week of the Vernal Equinox, which, here in the Northern Hemisphere, falls within days of St. Patrick's Day.

Mallory, the youngest member of my human family, told me about Shannon after she'd heard about her at school. No, not from her teacher; in fact, her teacher asked her to share her research when she included Shannon in a report she'd written about Irish folklore. It was Ronnie, a fellow student who'd told Mallory about Shannon.

The "finder" faerie, the boy had said, shows up wearing a green collar and a tag that bears only her name; no contact information for her owner or owners.

"That's how you know she isn't a real dog," Mallory had explained to her brother Matthew and me, "Because if she were a real dog and her owners put a tag on her collar, they would include more information on the tag."



The legend goes on to say that Shannon is a real sleuth, "sniffing" out clues until she uncovers the lost item.

"I wonder if that's why Private Investigators are sometimes called 'hounds'," Mallory wondered aloud as she told us the story.

"And why they 'tail' suspects?" Matthew said, eliciting snickers from all of us.

"There are supposed to be three clues that tell you if she is the real Shannon," Mallory went on, "The green collar, something special that she does when she leaves after she helps you, and one other thing."

"What?" Matthew asked.

"Ronnie didn't know. He never saw her for himself."

Several weeks later, as the family gathered in the kitchen for breakfast one morning, Mom said she and Dad had

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Burlington the Cat

(Continued from page 2)

something to tell everyone.

"We've decided to be a foster family for a cat who is waiting to be adopted," she said, "She's about five years old and she's waiting for the shelter to find a permanent home for her. She needs medication twice a day, and Josie from the shelter thought she would do better in a foster home, where she can receive more one-on-one care."

Mallory and Matthew immediately cheered.

"This is a big responsibility," Mom told them, "and it will be hard to say goodbye to the cat when someone adopts her, because we'll all become attached to her while she is here."

"So, it will be more like babysitting?" Mallory asked.

"That's a good way to look at it," Mom said.

The family was quiet for a few seconds, and then all eyes turned toward me. I blinked, suddenly feeling as if I were in the spotlight.

"What will Burlington do?" Mallory voiced what they had all apparently been wondering. "What if he doesn't like sharing his house?"

"We thought of that," Dad said, "And we won't force them to be around each other if they don't want to. We can set up the guest room as Sojourn's space, and then we can give her a chance to roam the house for a little while each day, while Burlington waits in one of our bedrooms."

"Sojourn?" Matthew asked.

"That's the name we decided to give her," Mom said, "It means 'a temporary stay'."

"Don't you know her name?" Mallory asked, her voice filled with empathy.

Mom answered, "No. She was found wandering in a residential neighborhood and no one knew who owned her. The vet estimated her age to be about five years, and he said she had been well-cared for. He discovered a thyroid problem that her previous owners may not have known about, and now she is on a low dose of medication."

I wasn't entirely sure what all of that meant,

but later that day, Mom went out and came back home with a gray and white cat. I didn't know she was gray and white at first; I heard her before I ever saw her.

"Where am I nowwww?" she wailed when Mom set the carrier down.

Mallory had me in her arms and everyone watched me to see how I would react. I stiffened in her arms, yet I was curious at the same time.

"Who are you?" I asked the cat.

"They've been calling me Sojourn, but my human used to call me Lucy."

Mallory saw me leaning forward and tentatively set me down. She and Mom allowed me to creep closer to the carrier. I stayed low, with my belly to the ground, ready to run if I needed to.

"What happened to your human?"

"That's what I want to know," she said, peeking out through the wire on the carrier door, giving me my first glimpse of her face, "I didn't see her for several days, and then there were all sorts of people in the house. People I didn't know. They said we were moving. They were putting all of my human's things into a big noisy truck outside, and when someone opened the back door to get the patio furniture, I ran outside and hid under the shed. The next thing I knew, everyone was gone."



She laid her head down and I noticed there was something under her paw.

"What's that?" I asked her.

"My mouse."

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Humor

Funny quotes about dogs . . .

From dogquotations.com:

My neighbor has two dogs. One of them says to the other, "Woof!"

The other replies, "Moo!"

The dog is perplexed. "Moo? Why did you say 'Moo'?"

The other dog says, "I'm trying to learn a foreign language."

-- Morey Amsterdam

A dog is one of the remaining reasons why some people can be persuaded to go for a walk.

-- O.A. Battista

Breed a Labrador Retriever with a Curly Coated Retriever, you get a Lab Coat Retriever. The choice for research scientists.

-- Good Dog! Magazine

Funny quotes about cats . . .

From ryankett.hubpages.com:

The problem with cats is that they get the exact same look on their face whether they see a moth or an axe-murderer.

-- Paula Poundstone

From cat-urine.net:

Most cats, when they are out want to be in, and visa versa, and often simultaneously.

-- Louis J. Camuti

Meow is like aloha - it can mean anything.

-- Hank Ketchum



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Cats and Dogs in History



The love of cats and dogs and the desire for their companionship in our lives is not new. Ancient Roman and Egyptian artifacts reveal a love for cats, dogs, and birds. Cats and dogs were not only kept for hunting and pest control, but seem to have been beloved pets and even idols of worship.

Looking even further back into history, we see that a study by Carlos A. Driscoll, of the National Cancer Institute, and his colleagues, collecting and analyzing DNA of many species of wildcats and house cats, concluded that cats were first domesticated 10,000 years ago in the Near East. A 2007 article in the *New York Times* explains:

Wheat, rye and barley had been domesticated in the Near East by 10,000 years ago, so it seems likely that the granaries of early Neolithic villages harbored mice and rats, and that the settlers welcomed the cats' help in controlling them.

Unlike other domestic animals, which were tamed by people, cats probably domesticated themselves, which could account for the haughty independence of their descendants. "The cats were adapting themselves to a new environment, so the push for domestication came from the cat side, not the human side," Dr. Driscoll said.

It is believed that dogs were the first animals to have been domesticated, however, somewhere between 13,000 and 30,000 years ago. A 2009 *Slate* article states:

How did dogs get domesticated in the first place? The first ones were basically just tame wolves. Some researchers believe wolves were first attracted by the garbage produced by early human settlements. Those canines brave enough to approach humans, yet not so aggressive as to attack, got fed. Eventually, they no longer needed the strong jaws and sharp teeth of their feral counterparts. Their noses got smaller, too. (Dogs characteristics can change a lot in only a few generations.) After this initial process of "self-domestic-ation," humans started breeding dogs to help with hunting, herding, standing guard, and carrying stuff. Humans also deliberately bred dogs to be more adorable.

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I inched a bit closer, both of us growling low and steady, a sound we were using to say to one another, "I'm still not sure of you." I saw her toy mouse and recognized it as being similar to one that my family had given me.

"I have one like that."

"My human gave it to me. It still smells like our old house. It's the only thing I have left to remind me of my old life."

During the course of the next several days, Lucy and I had more short conversations. They were mostly from opposite sides of a door, but eventually we were allowed to be in the same room together. We fussed at one another a bit; making noise more than actually doing any fighting, but we established our boundaries and ground rules so that we could share space for a while.

I told Mallory that Lucy (who everyone else still called Sojourn, of course) had been left behind when her human moved. It took a great deal of work to communicate this to Mallory. I had to knock the big yellow book down from its shelf under the telephone in the kitchen and flip the pages until I saw pictures of moving trucks like I'd seen out our front window when our neighbors moved into their house. After initially thinking I was playing with the pages of the book, she finally caught on and noticed the pictures.

"Moving companies?" she asked me.

I looked at Lucy, who was sleeping on the arm of the couch in the adjoining family room, then back at Mallory.

"Sojourn's family moved away?" Mallory guessed, and I rewarded her by rubbing against her legs and purring.

She told Mom, who called her friend Josie at the shelter.

"I don't know how my daughter came upon this knowledge," Mom said into the telephone, "But sometimes she just 'knows' things. Can you find out if anyone recently moved out of their house in the neighborhood where Sojourn was found?"

Burlington the Cat

Mallory and I listened with rapt attention as Mom spoke with her friend, and suddenly from behind us, we heard a loud, "Noooooooooo!"

We turned to find Lucy, awake now, standing on the arm of the couch, panting, her eyes wide and mouth open.

"What's wrong?" Mallory asked, walking over and petting Lucy on the head.

"My mouse is gone!" Lucy cried.

I ran over to the edge of the couch and looked all around. It wasn't under the couch, or on the arm with Lucy, or on the seat cushion.

"What are you looking for, Burlington?" Mallory asked me.

I quickly ran to my basket of toys in the corner and pawed through them until I found my mouse. I picked it up in my teeth and carried it to Mallory, dropping it at her feet.

"Oh, Sojourn lost her mouse," she said, picking mine up, "Maybe Burlington is saying you can play with his."

She handed my mouse to Lucy. Lucy jumped down from the arm of the couch and ran to the corner of the room, where she curled up in a ball, sobbing silently.



At some point while we tried to comfort Lucy, Mom finished her phone call and hung up, then came in to tell Mallory that she was going next door to check on Mrs. Reinhart since she'd had surgery, and that she would be back in just a few minutes.

The moment Mom closed the front door behind her, we heard a "rowf" from the family room.

Matthew came running down the hall and met us at the doorway into the family room.

"Did I hear a dog?" he asked.

We all saw her at the same moment.

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Burlington the Cat

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Shannon!

There she was in all her glory, green collar and all.

"Did someone lose something?" she asked, a hint of an Irish brogue in her speech.

The kids ran to her.

"Are you the real Shannon?" Matthew asked.

"That I am," she replied, and then, with a wink, she asked, "Are you the real Matthew?"

Matthew giggled.

I was mildly surprised that the children could hear her spoken words. When I talk, they hear what all humans hear: meows and trilling sounds from my throat.

"Can I pet you?" Mallory asked, and her question was answered with a head-butt to the hand. It was the same trick I have used from time to time, to tell my humans that I wanted to be petted.

I hung back, observing from a safe distance. Shannon didn't have the same type of scent as other dogs, so my "alert" response wasn't triggered, but I chose, regardless, to wait before approaching.

"What's been lost?" Shannon asked after the kids had both had their turn petting her and rubbing her ears.

"Sojourn's toy mouse," Mallory replied, pointing to Lucy, who was still in the corner but was no longer crying. She was observing, as I was.

"Do you mean Lucy's mouse?" Shannon asked.

"Is her real name Lucy?" Mallory asked, then turned to Lucy for additional confirmation.

"I fell asleep, on the arm of that couch over there, and when I woke up, my mouse was gone," Lucy said, and the kids turned their attention back to Shannon, which told me they hadn't heard Lucy's words.

Shannon stood up and trotted over to the couch. She sniffed a few times, and then,

like a duck diving under the water, she plunged her head in between the cushions and came back up with the mouse in her teeth. She took it and dropped it on the floor in front of Lucy.

"Oh, thank you!" Lucy purred, rubbing her cheek against the mouse.

"Lucy's mouse wasn't the only thing that was lost," Shannon said to the children, "She also lost her home and her human. She needs a new family to love her and care for her. She doesn't know it yet, but she has found that family."

The front door opened as Mom came back in and Shannon trotted toward the kitchen door. Without needing to be asked, Mallory knew that Shannon wanted her to open the door for her.

"Thank you," she said to Shannon, giving her a quick kiss on the snout before opening the door to let her out.

"Josie called me back on my cell while I was next door," Mom said, laying her cell phone on the counter, "She did some checking and found out that a moving company was recently sent to a house in Sojourn's old neighborhood. The house belonged to an elderly woman who passed away. Some of her relatives came in from out of state to arrange for her belongings to be moved. They knew she had had a cat, but they never saw her, so they assumed that someone had already come to get her before they got there."

"Her name is Lucy." Mallory said, matter-of-factly.

"How did you know?" Mom asked, her chin dropping in surprise.

Mallory turned and looked out the window, gesturing for us to look also. Lucy and I jumped up on the low table in front of the window, and we all peered out. There was Shannon, standing in the yard, looking at us.

"What?" Mom asked.

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Cats and Dogs in History

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More recently, in ancient Egyptian cultures, images of dogs were featured on monuments and in wall paintings. The god Anubis, guide to the dead, is sometimes represented as a dog and other times as a jackal. Other Egyptian gods that often appeared in the form of a dog were Wepwawet and Set. The Tour Egypt web site says:

We, and everyone else it seems ha[ve] given homage to the cats of ancient Egypt, but dogs too were important, both as symbols of gods and as domesticated animals. Certainly they were pets, but it is difficult to say whether dogs were as beloved by their Egyptian owners as cats. They were never shown as animals to be petted. But as in modern times, their uses were much more diverse. Nevertheless, they were mummified and they were often buried with owners, or sometimes in their own coffins. At Abydos, part of the cemetery was set aside for dogs near the graves of women, archers and dwarfs.

We are, of course, more familiar with the elevated role of cats in ancient Egypt and Rome. An inscription in the Valley of the Kings says, "You are the Great Cat, the avenger of the gods, and the judge of words, and the president of the sovereign chiefs and the governor of the holy Circle; you are indeed the Great Cat."

Cats, known as "mau", "miu" or "miut" in Egyptian, were important in the interpretation of dreams, and were closely connected to a number of gods and goddesses. The most commonly known of these is Bast. From Wikipedia:

As cats were sacred to Bast, the practice of mummification was extended to them, and the respect that cats received after death mirrored the respect they were treated with in everyday life. The Greek historian Herodotus wrote that in the event of a fire, men would guard the fire to make certain that no cats ran into the flame. Herodotus also wrote that when a cat died, the household would go into mourning as if for a human relative, and would often shave their eyebrows to signify their loss.

Other cat-deities included Mafdet; Sekhmet, who ruled over the Fate of humanity, and of course the Sphinx, who has the head of the pharaoh and the body of the lion.

You can find links to many fascinating articles about our pets' earlier ancestors on our web site. Click on Burlington Reports.



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Are Pets Really Psychic?



On which side of this discussion do you normally find yourself? Some people feel that animals are psychic or have a well-

developed sixth sense, while others are skeptical and say that there is another explanation.

Both scientists and those in the psychic community agree that all things are made up of energy. People in psychic circles believe that everyone has some psychic or intuitive ability, though in some it is undeveloped, and it is by sensing this energy that we are able to "know" or "see" information about others, places, and events.

If this ability is an innate part of all living creatures, it makes sense that animals would tend to display it in higher percentages than humans, simply because animals trust their instincts and are not subject to cultural beliefs that tell them what is "real". They do not filter their sensory input through intellect and emotion, as we do.

Add to that the connective bond that pets and their owners form, and it is even easier to fathom that it is a psychic connection that explains how a dog knows when his person is coming home, or how a cat knows when her human has a headache.

On the other hand, traditional scientists say that animals' acute senses of hearing and smell (see sidebar on next page) and their ability to read human body language and note other cues in their environment may explain the phenomenon.

"Another simpler explanation," cited in an article at petcentric.com, "is that owners notice their pets' mysterious 'psychic' behaviors only when related events coincide. The cat may curl up by the phone now and then, but the owner doesn't notice. If the cat happens to sit by the phone when 'dad' calls, the owner is more

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Burlington The Cat

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"You can't see her?" Matthew said.

"See who?"

Mallory picked up Mom's cell phone and snapped a picture. She turned the phone so that we could see it. We all smiled as we examined the picture.

"You took a picture of the lawn?" Mom said, sounding very confused.



She still couldn't see her!

When we returned our eyes to the back yard,

Shannon was gone. For a few seconds, the air where she had been standing shimmered as if infused with glitter, and then something even more magical happened. A rainbow sprouted from among the sparkles, glowed brightly for a few seconds, and then faded away, leaving the back yard looking just as it had before Shannon's arrival.

"Ohhhh, wow . . ." Mallory and Matthew breathed in unison.

After a silent moment, Matthew said, "I wonder what the third clue was. The other way to know she was the real Shannon."

"I think I know," Mallory replied.

She held up the phone again, so that we could see the picture one more time. She had zoomed in on Shannon's right front paw.

There, in red against white, was the shape of a shamrock!



To see a larger version of this image, visit our web site at www.pacsnj.org. Click on Burlington Reports.

Weird Pet Laws

In the interest of avoiding any unintentional criminal activity, we here at Burlington Reports thought it would be a good idea to share some lesser-known laws in various cities in the US. Petcentric.com compiled a humorous list of "Odd Pet Laws". Some may not actually be on the books anymore, and, as most "weird" laws, they are probably not enforced, although they are very entertaining. Among them:

In Zion, IL, "it is illegal to give lighted cigars to dogs, cats, or any other domesticated animal". If you go to Zion, don't try to try to create a living diorama of one of those Dogs Playing Poker paintings!

In Collingswood, NJ, not far from where Burlington Reports is produced, "dogs are not allowed to bark or howl between 8 p.m. and 6 a.m."

Master: "Rover, it's 8:45! Are you trying to get me thrown in jail?"

Rover: "I forgot about the clocks springing forward. My bad."

In Memphis, TN, "if a frog's croaking keeps you awake at night, you can have that frog arrested". This brings up all sorts of images of police, slogging through the marsh, trying to apprehend the offending amphibian.

In Baltimore, MD, "it's illegal to take a lion to the movies". The funniest part of this is . . . aren't most laws written because someone once *did* the thing the law is created to prevent in the future?

"It is illegal to educate dogs" in Hartford, CT. Wow. If you search for "dog obedience school" in Hartford, CT on yellowpages.com, you'll find a whole list of rebels, including "Pet Education & Therapy". (And, gosh . . . why is it illegal to educate dogs in Hartford? Are they afraid if they know too much, next they'll want to vote?)

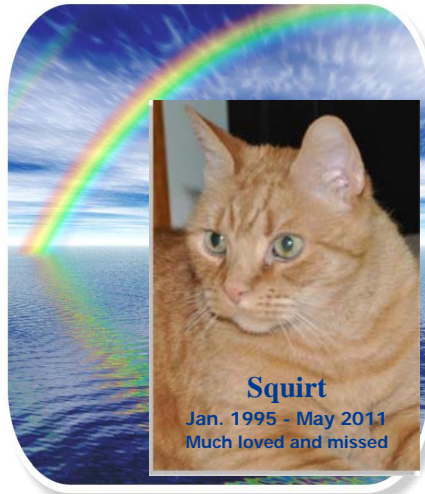


Check out the rest of the list! (See our web site for the full link; click on Burlington Reports).





Squirty's Words . . . From The Rainbow Bridge



In memory of Squirty, a longtime friend of Paws and Claws Society who passed away on Mother's Day 2011 at the age of 16½, Burlington Reports added a new section to remember pets who have passed. Ask Squirty a question, or share your pet memorial story on our web site (click on Burlington Reports). Let Squirty meet your pet(s) at the Rainbow Bridge and escort them to Pet Heaven.

Question: Why does my cat get under my feet and try to trip me in the kitchen?

Answer: A lot of humans seem to wonder about this, because it doesn't make sense to the way you think. If you imagine being a cat,

however, you can begin to figure out how *we* think.

When we are kittens and we want our mother to lie down and feed us, we quickly learn to trip her. That is how she knows that we want her to lie down. We see our human caretakers (especially the ones who feed us) as being like our Mom, and so our instincts tell us to trip them. We don't mean to upset you or make you fall down (we forget that you aren't as lithe and graceful as we are), and we *really* don't like getting stepped on, but an instinct is something that is hard to fight. Our brains are wired so that "I'm hungry" = "Make the 'Mom' lie down", even though we know that our human gets our food out of the cabinet or refrigerator and doesn't feed us the same way our Feline Mom did.

We also learn by cause and effect. If we go through a particular set of behaviors and that is followed by you doing something, we learn that that behavior is what it takes in order to reach that outcome. So, for instance, if we get under your feet while you are in the kitchen and you get some cat food out of the cabinet for us, we learn that if we want cat food, we must get under your feet.

Question: Why does my cat follow me into the bathroom?

Answer: This tends to baffle humans. Keep in mind that we don't view body functions as "embarrassing" and we don't view privacy in the same way that you do. Going to the bathroom is a normal, ordinary thing to do, and since we are a part of your life, we also want to be a part of all the normal, ordinary things you do.



Besides, when you are in the bathroom, you are more or less a captive audience, and it's a great opportunity for us to be the center of your attention for a while. You *know* how we love your attention!

Are Pets Really Psychic?

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likely to take note of it and think they have a psychic cat."

Rupert Sheldrake, author of *Dogs That Know When Their Owners Are Coming Home*, published a study in 2000 in *Journal of Scientific Exploration*, Vol. 14, No. 2, based on videotaped experiments and observations. He investigated a dog called Jaytee and his owner, Pamela Smart (P.S.), in more than 100 videotaped experiments. Smart would leave her home, traveling to at least 7 km away, while time-coded video cameras were filming continuously in the place where Jaytee usually waited for her. Smart would return home at random times outside her normal schedule, and captured video was compared. The "Abstract" section of the paper reports, "In experiments in which P.S. returned at randomly selected times, Jaytee was at the window 4% of the time during the main period of her absence and 55% of the time when she was returning" and "Jaytee also spent very significantly more time at the window when [P.S.] was on her way home".

What is your opinion? Visit our web site to join the discussion.

Read the full paper, as well as several other interesting articles, by following the links on our web site. Click on Burlington Reports.

A cat's sense of smell is 14 times more sensitive than a human's, and dogs can smell 1,000 to 100,000 times better than humans. There are 200 million odor-sensitive cells (scent receptors) inside a cat's nose, compared to 5 million in a human's, and a larger portion of a cat's brain is devoted to processing smells. A dog, depending on breed, can have 125 million to 300 million scent receptors, and the portion of the dog's brain that is devoted to analyzing smells is 40 times larger than in a human!

A dog's approximate hearing range in Hz is 67-45,000 and a cat's is 45-64,000 compared to a human's 64-23,000. Dogs and cats are also able to hear pitches that are below or above what a human ear can pick up.

We'll have more about animals' amazing senses in a future newsletter!



Paws and Claws Society, Inc.

1017 Grove Avenue
Thorofare, NJ 08086

Partners in Prevention *Not* Destruction, since 1993

Visit us online at www.pacsnj.org

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Checklists For Bringing Home Your New Dog or Cat

See full list on PetSmart's web site

Dog:

- Take your dog or puppy to the vet as soon as possible

Have on hand:

- Bed/Pillow/Pad
- Carrier
- Collar
- Lead
- I.D. Tag
- Gate
- First-Aid Supplies
- Dog or Puppy Care Book
- Dog Food
- Treats
- Water & Food Bowls
- Food Scoop/Storage Bin
- Vitamins & Supplements
- Dog Door
- Brush
- Comb
- Shampoo
- Nail Clippers
- Dental Products
- Toys

For puppies:

- Indoor Potty Pads (for housebreaking)
- Stain & Odor Removers
- Pooper Scooper
- Training Toys
- Crate
- Training Books & Videos

Cat:

- Take your cat or kitten to the vet as soon as possible

Have on hand:

- Carrier
- Dry Cat Food
- Canned Cat Food
- Water & Food Bowls
- Food Scoop/Storage Bin
- Vitamins & Supplements
- Cat or Kitten Care Book
- First-Aid Supplies
- Bed/Bedding
- Window Perch
- Cat Condo
- Scratching Post
- Litter
- Litter Boxes
- Litter Mats & Scoops
- Litter Box Liners/Filters
- Stain & Odor Removers
- Toys
- Catnip
- Treats
- Cat Grass
- Brush
- Comb
- Shampoo
- Hairball Remedy
- Dental Products
- Nail Clippers
- Harness/Lead