

Revelly
Reveille
-1/30/85

Cats

Editor:

On Friday, April 12th, my cat, Sunshine, died from a blow to the head by the fender of a car. I had lost my friend, Sunshine, and the other person gained a tragic memory. What can we do to help prevent accidents like this? Two possible solutions came to mind.

The first possibility was to not let my other cat, Cheekie, outside ever again. After a day of listening to my cat cry by the door and remembering how happy and playful she was outside, I changed my mind. I decided that a short happy life is better than a long unhappy one and felt that Cheekie would agree. This possibility was a full solution, not a solution. But taking it into account that she would probably be killed, I had to make a compromise. Now, Cheekie and I go outside together for 30 minutes an hour each day. It helps ensure her safety and I have the joy of watching her play. But what about the day when my innocent wanderer

to let's say, maybe a conversation with a neighbor that's passing by. All it would take is a minute or two, Cheekie could wander and be left to the mercy of cars and the people who drive them.

What could I do as the driver of a car to help Cheekie and other people's pets to be safe? What follows is my answer. All it would take is a few minutes of your time to help keep an accident, like the one that happened to Sunshine, from happening again. Each time you go to get in your car, the following precautions could help ensure a pet's safety.

1. Look under the hood to see if a cat's in the engine or hung on the hood a few times to scare one away.
2. Blow your horn, wait about 30 seconds, blow it again and wait another 30 seconds before starting.
3. After starting, hesitate a moment then back out slowly to give a pet time to run that may be under the car.

If you feel that looking under the hood is too inconvenient, at least use the blow-the-horn method and back out slowly. Another way to cut down on pet accidents is to go slow through subdivisions and apartment areas. I'm not asking you to "crawl," but to go the speed limit. A watchful eye wouldn't hurt either.

Through Sunshine's death, I learned to take the time to care. But my efforts alone can only do so much in preventing accidents like this. I'm asking you, as the driver of a car, to care.

CHARLOTTE KYZAR

the engine. You can always claim it was an accident then. Also, be aware when driving through your subdivision, in order to strike, and therefore eliminate, any cat you happen to see crossing the road.

Third, before you mow the grass, walk every square inch of your yard, looking for maimed, or even healthy, frogs. This may take a few hours, but isn't it worth a little frog's life? Also, if you have a chance to hit a cat while mowing the grass, do so. They make quite a strange noise: "Meowwroow-roosooow—thunk!"

Please, show you care.

STEPHAN KINSELLA

D.R. 5/8/85

escaped from his cage. He made his way to my neighbor's yard. There, my neighbor's cat attacked and maimed poor, defenseless, wart-giving little Amphy, but not enough to kill him. My little frog, Amphy, was left to die in my neighbor's yard. But before he expired from the cat's wounds, my neighbor was mowing the grass, and accidentally splattered Amphy all over creation.

This left a trauma on my neighbor, and also on his little girl, who was riding on the mower with him. Oh, I have another frog now, Elsinore, but he'll never replace the special place in my heart that Amphy had. I have some suggestions to stop things like this from ever happening again.

First, please, people, keep your frog in a secure cage, and when letting him browse around, keep him in sight and away from tall grass.

Second, kill all the cats in your neighborhood. They are hair-balled, disloyal, cold-blooded creatures anyway, who only use you for food and a home. Everyone hates cats anyway. A good way to accomplish this is to put one under the hood of your car, and then start

Frogs

Editor:

In the Tuesday, April 30 Reveille, there was a letter about the tragic death of one cat named Sunshine, and delightfully helpful hints on how to prevent further repetitions of the senseless cat-billings going on in our society. This letter prompted me to reveal another tragic story to you.

I had, until a few months ago, a lovely little frog named "Amphibeatur", short for AMPHIBIAN entrepENEUR. Well, one fateful day, Amphy (as we fondly abbreviated his name)