



ANIMAL AID & ADVICE

Registered Charity Number 1036940

ISSUE 36/37



SUMMER - AUTUMN NEWSLETTER 2008

ALL CHANGE

Things never stand still, there are changes all around. Spring through to summer, summer to autumn and so on. Even in Animal Aid, we have had some changes. Our Chairman, Doreen Rolph has hung up her gauntlets, no more scruffing of timid or feral cats for her, she has decided it is time to take a complete break from our charity. We would like to thank her for all her dedicated hard work she has put in over the years which has contributed towards making the charity what it is today.

We hope to continue with all the good work that we do, always putting the animals first above our own wants and needs. This is the legacy of care that Doreen always instilled in us; we hope that she remembers that she was the person who taught us this. Thank you Doreen.

Due to the re-organisation within the charity everything is rather late. We have not produced a summer newsletter and autumn is a bit late so we are combining the two and hope that you will bear with us until we are all sorted.

YEARLY MEMBERSHIP ONLY

Membership was due in September which is now also running late. Please find enclosed a form for you to renew your membership with us. We are always looking for new members as our membership numbers are steadily decreasing, if you know of anyone who would be interested in receiving our newsletter and supporting us in anyway please put them in touch. Please send completed form to our new contact address as follows.

Our new contact details are as follows:-

**Animal Aid & Advice
48 High Road
East Finchley
London N2 9PJ**

**Telephone
020 8444 6290**

For Adoption or Stray Cats you can also phone on 020 8348 0045 or 020 883 6021

Volunteers we are very short of, can you spare a few hours a week? We need help in both our charity and bookshop. People with a car who would make a visit to the vets for us or help in collecting or trapping stray cats in gardens are also urgently needed.

OUR CHARITY SHOP

In our last issue our charity shop had just had a make-over. Trade in our shop has improved with customers commenting on how much better the shop looks and with better quality items of clothing and bric-a-brac being donated our shop remains the main money earner for the charity, long may it continue.

A TALE OF TWO BOOKSHOPS

Due to the rising cost of living and the unstable economy and the fact that we had no current lease on the old bookshop, we have made the decision to close the old bookshop and concentrate all our efforts into making the newer and bigger bookshop our main concern.

Our volunteers and customers have been very supportive of the changes and our shop still has a wide variety of subjects which match the wide variety of customers who call in to see what they can find.

NEVER



GIVE UP HOPE

This is picture of Ozzie Marks who went for a ride on his ninth birthday and was not found until three months later.

Ozzie is a very cheeky inquisitive cat, like most we know, but this time it got him into serious trouble. A van picking up some things from the neighbouring flats where he lived left its doors open and Ozzie being Ozzie was quick off the mark to go and investigate what was going on. Having a good mooch around inside the van and not taking too much notice of what was going on around him, the driver returned and shut the doors trapping Ozzie inside. His mum was frantically looking for him later that day but he was nowhere to be found.

She remembered the van being there so she phoned up the estate manager to see if he knew where it had gone. He said he would contact the driver and get back to her and later that day he did ring her to say that the driver of the van did see a small tabby cat jump out and run off when he opened the back door.

Kathy was given the address which was about a mile away, not too far but far enough. She went round there calling him and asking any one she saw if they had seen a small tabby cat. She put notices up and hoped that he would be found. About two weeks later she got a call from an elderly person who thought she had seen Ozzie, he had come into her house looking for food, Kathy rushed straight round but by that time he had gone. She left some food with the lady and asked her to call her if he came back.

Weeks went by and Kathy thought she would never see Ozzie again, she was very upset and it was making her ill. She cried every day

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

and got very depressed, it was the not knowing which was getting to her you see, as she said, if he had been killed on the road she could have accepted that, but him just disappearing, especially on his birthday, was the most upsetting thing of all.

12 weeks later Kathy got a call from the lady's son to say that his mother was feeding this cat and he thought it was hers, she could hardly believe what she was hearing and a neighbour rushed her over there before he went out again. Yes, there was her Ozzie; a bit thinner and a bit bewildered by it all but it was her lad that was sitting there.

We do not know why the lady did not ring sooner, as she had been feeding him all this time, and we did not find out why her son decided to suddenly phone up when he did, but Kathy was just so pleased to get Ozzie back she did not question their motives.

The morale of this tale is never give up hope, strange things do happen in life and we do not really know the reasons why, but sometimes there is a good ending just like Ozzie's.

HELLO STRANGER

Su, a volunteer from our bookshop rang to say she had just come home and found a cat in her garden, it was wearing a collar but she could not get to it as she is disabled and it was behind her Christmas tree that was growing in her garden. As Su has a ten foot high brick wall dividing her from the neighbours opposite and she thinks the cat had slipped off the wall into her garden and could not get out. We went round later that night and caught the cat and put it into a basket. Although wearing a collar with a disc it had no telephone number on it and the cat was not micro-chipped. We decided the best thing to do was put the cat back onto the wall so it could find its way home. We also taped a message on the collar to say what had happened to the cat and that it should have some identification, Su also put her telephone number on as well. About an hour later Su received a call to say their cat had come home, it had been missing since 8:30 the previous night and to thank Su very much for her help and they would definitely be putting ID on their cat called Shoo Shoo.

He was laying in the gutter, no one cared about him so he had given up all hope. A kindly passer-by who lived in the next street thought he had been hit by a car and stopped, she had seen him a few times before but never in this state.

He looked up at her with a slight glimmer of hope, is this someone who might stop with a kindly word and offer help. Yes, she bent down and said a few kind words and scratched his ear, he felt a warm glow come all over him and hope in his heart. She said "you just wait there and I will be right back". His heart sank as she walked away, would she come back, or would she just carry on walking, he did not have the energy to move on so he just lay there and waited.

There she is, I can see her walking towards me, he tried to sit up a bit as his excitement grew, had she brought him some food? He was very hungry. She came towards him smiling "hello again, I'm glad you waited for me" as she bent down with an outstretched hand and offered a piece of ham. Boy, did that taste good, it went down so fast he hardly tasted it. Another piece came straight after and another. In his excitement he had not noticed the basket she carried and after a few more pieces of ham and a few strokes and a tickle under his chin he was scooped up and plopped into the basket.

He became very frightened, as he did not know what was going to happen to him, but she spoke very softly to him and told him not to worry and he felt much better. A cover came over the top of the basket and he could not see where he was going, but he felt much calmer, he felt he could trust this kind lady with the softly spoken voice with the gentle hands and of course, the very tasty ham.

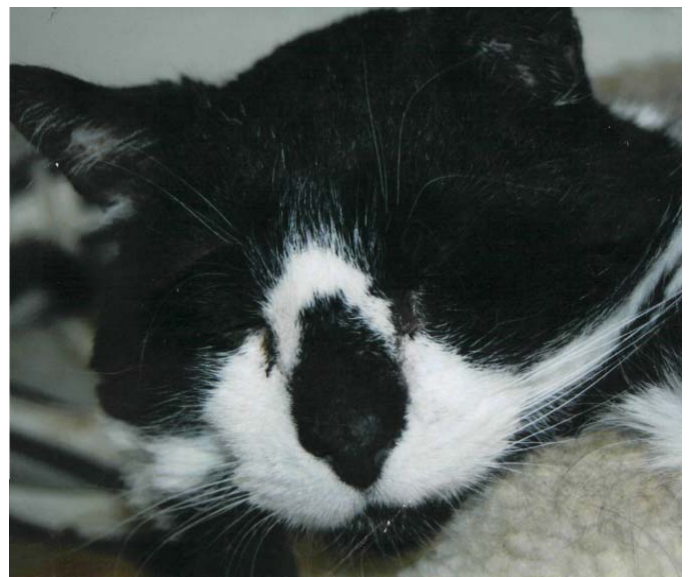
After a bit of a bumpy ride and a lot of noise he finally ended up in a strange place with lots of other animals but very kind people who all spoke very quietly to him. He felt a sharp prick in his leg and fell asleep.

When he woke up he felt a bit groggy, but after a while he was offered a lovely dinner which he ate rather quickly as it was so nice and he was very hungry.

The next day was very exciting, people were rushing about, there were lots of strange

noises, but best of all, food came every few hours, he had never had it so good. The kind lady came to visit him, she was sad, she spoke in that gentle voice of hers "I'm glad you are looking a bit brighter today" she said "but I'm so very sorry that I can't take you home with me, as I already have a cat and she hates other cats" I could see the sadness in her eyes and I felt very sad too that she would not be able to take me home with her. "don't you worry though I have arranged with Animal Aid & Advice to find you a home and they have promised to look after you". She said goodbye, I have never seen her again.

People have been very kind, I am in a foster home at the moment but as I don't like other cats it makes it very difficult for them as they have three cats of their own. They do care for me, but it is not like having your own family, to be loved by them and to feel special, I am still waiting for that very special person or persons to come for me. It is going to be a bit harder for me as I did test positive for FIV but Animal Aid have promised to take care of me for the rest of my life even when I do find that special family to love me.



Here I am, having a quiet snooze, dreaming about what I am going to get for my tea.....mmmm.....something nice I hope.

If you could give Chester a good, kind, loving home, or any other cat, as we have many waiting for a good home, why not give us a call?

Tele: 020 8348 0045 or 020 8883 6021

CHIP whose photo is on the front of the newsletter went missing one Sunday morning. After a couple of days I started to put leaflets around as he had still not returned. On the following Wednesday night after getting home late, there sitting in my kitchen was what I thought was a stray blue grey cat, where on earth did you come from I said and who are you. He looked at me sitting there as if to say don't you recognise me mum? When I looked more closely I could not believe my eyes, as there in front of me was my white cat Chip. He did not have any white left on him anywhere, he looked like a British Blue, every part of him was blue grey. I managed to get hold of him and put him in a pen so he would not run off again. I then discovered that he was covered in soot and he must have been up the chimney for the four days he was missing, what a mess he was in.

The next morning off we went to the vets where he was sedated and bathed and he came home looking quite himself again with no after affects thank goodness.

REMEMBER ME

Mrs Mustafa, who fought a long and hard battle with failing health, although a grumpy old thing, we loved her funny little ways.

Zak, another one of our foster cats who has been well loved and with us for some time

Lester, although with us for such a short time, knew love and care in his last days.

Toby, who liked an exciting life.

Poppy, her foster mum loved her dearly.

The little stray, help came too late.

Clifford, life was short but much loved by foster mum who was very upset.

LV, an old lady who was handed into us age 20 years, she was very happy in her new foster home and loved and cared for.

Grace, age 12¼ - Amazing Grace who loved everyone, in pain no more. Your sister misses you.

Felix, with us just a few weeks, we miss you.

HELP I received a call the other day, I have two mum cats in my garden who each have kittens and I now have nine kittens running around and I don't know what to do. Can you help in any way? I've tried other organisations but they can't help.

Off I went with my trap, my bit of string and my colleague. We managed to trap all eleven cats and we took them to the vets where the mother cats were neutered and the kittens checked over. I then spent the rest of the afternoon phoning around our fosterers to see if they could help and I was in luck, as they all agreed to take two kittens each and another organisation Arch also took two from us, my colleague agreed to have the last one.

To date mum cats have been put back into the garden from where they came from and the people have agreed to carry on feeding them and were very pleased to know that there would be no more kittens. The kittens are all doing well even though they were a bit wild as there were four at nine weeks and five at seven weeks and had never been handled.

Gunner, who lived to 17 years, well loved.

Ruby, had been fed outside for many years and taken in just in time, died a few months later but not alone.

The very sad case of the blind cat, beyond help, the kindest thing was to let her go.

Ian, as featured in our last news letter, much loved by all.

Gino, time to let go.

Felix, well loved for many years.

Rani, could do no more for her.

Sparky, another stray, help came too late to save you.

Rocky, again help came too late for a lovely lad; his foster mum of five days was devastated.

Puss, loved so much, it was painful to let go. Rest in peace little one, always in our hearts.

Karen's little feral cat, age 16 yrs, at rest.

