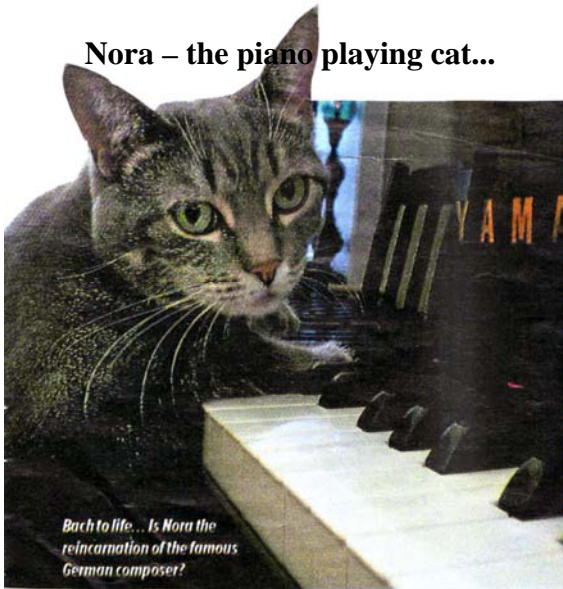




We hope that you have survived the winter, with all that snow, then the rain, we can only hope that when the spring comes things might look a bit brighter.

Here are some light hearted articles, tidbits and stories that we thought would be of interest to you to start off the New Year.

Nora – the piano playing cat...



Back to life... Is Nora the reincarnation of the famous German composer?

Nora's owner is a piano teacher, so Nora is showing us what she has picked up by watching her owner and listening closely.

You may have seen her on YouTube and has made Nora a global star.

The story on page two is taken from an old children's book that was found dating back to July 1959. It is very poignant and it is no different to what is happening today. People are still feeding their out-door cats and saying they do not belong to them; they move on and leave the cat behind and expect the person moving in to feed it. They do not think that the cat needs to be checked by a vet or found a good home, like we are often told, "It's not my cat." I hope you enjoy this story as much as I did when I read it.

The cat's-eye view that lets owners see exactly what their moggies get up to.

Caught on

Cat Cam



CURIOSITY may kill the cat but now their inquisitive owners can find out exactly what their pets are getting up to – by hanging a tiny digital camera from their necks.

The initial inspiration came from physio-therapist Jessica Bavington, from Islington, North London, who had always wondered where her Burmese cat Sarty disappeared to during the day.

She bought the £40 camera – called a Cat Cam – online, set the timer to take pictures every 30 seconds and hung it from seven-year-old Sarty's collar.

The pictures provided a fascinating view of the world of her cat. It showed all the places that her cat had visited that day, and showed what the cat saw from a cats-eye view. To the plastic pigeons in the next doors garden that she spends hours watching and stalking, to the progress of the building works in the house up the road.

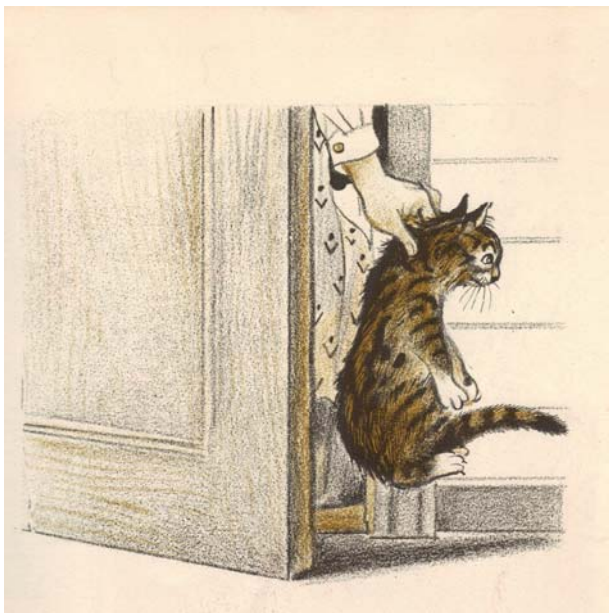
The results so intrigued her friends that they joined in and the phenomenon has spread as far as Australia and America.

The Outside Cat - by Jane Thayer

Samuel was an outside cat because he was never allowed inside. The people in the house were good to Samuel. They put bits of meat and sometimes a saucer of milk in the yard for him. They did not invite him in, because they had an inside cat. On cold winter days, when even Samuel's fur coat could not keep him warm, he would see the inside cat sitting snugly at a window looking out. He decided to be an inside cat if he could manage it. Sometimes the inside cat came out for a breath of air and a stroll around the garden. Samuel explained that he would like to be an inside cat. The cat yawned. "But you can't be an inside cat." "Why?" said Samuel. And the inside cat got up lazily and went to the door, which opened for him, but shut in Samuel's face.

In spite of what the inside cat said, Samuel still hoped to be an inside cat. He watched the door closely. He saw that when the postman came the front door always opened. That was the way to get in! The next time he saw the postman coming he rushed to the front door and slipped inside. But someone put him out before the door closed. He saw that when the laundryman came the back door always opened. That was the way to get in! When he saw the laundryman coming, he rushed to the back door and slipped inside. Someone put him out before the door closed.

Samuel then jumped on to the window sill and looked in. "If I can *see* in, why can't I get *in*? Meow!" he said. "Let me in!" The inside cat jumped up inside the window. "Meow!" he said. "Go away!" So Samuel sat outside the door. He was sure that if he sat long enough he would get in. People went in and came out. Samuel dodged inside between their legs.



Everyone picked him up -politely, of course- and put him outside, saying, "You are an outside cat."

One day Samuel was sitting outside the door, waiting to get in, when he saw a big van stop in front of the house. Two men got out. They opened the back of the van. They came up the path and rang the bell. The door opened and they went in. So did Samuel. Nobody stopped him or put him out. At last I am in this house, thought Samuel, and I am going to stay! I'll get under this chair and they won't know I'm here. He was sitting quietly under the chair when, to his great surprise, somebody picked up the chair and carried it off. Well! thought Samuel. I shall get under that table. He was sitting under the table when, to his great surprise, somebody picked up the table and carried it off. What's going on here? thought Samuel in alarm. I'd better get under that bed. Somebody picked up the bed and carried that off, too. And there sat Samuel in an empty house! All the furniture had been moved out. All the people had moved out. Even the inside cat had moved out! This is a fine thing, said Samuel to himself in disgust. He walked around the house. He couldn't find a bite of food or even a soft spot where he could take a nap. So finally he decided that he might as well go out. Only he didn't see any way to get out. He jumped on the window sill, where he had often seen the inside cat sitting, and looked out. "If I can *see* out," he said, "why can't I *get*

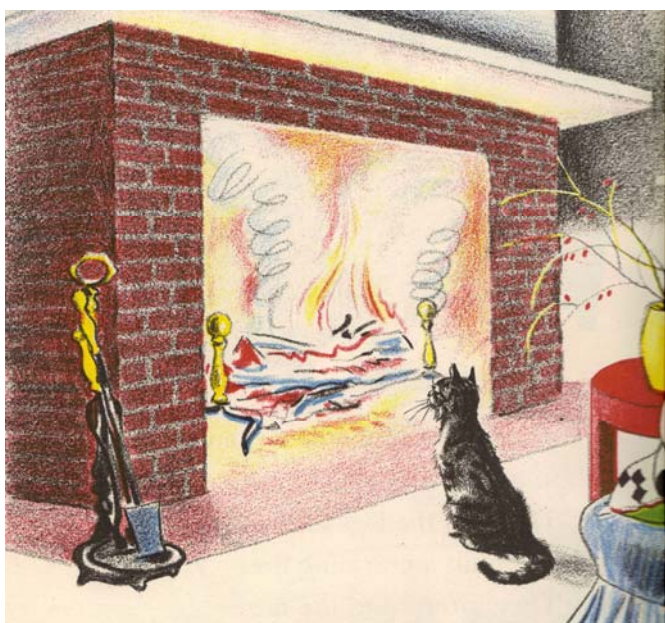


out? Meow!" but he couldn't get out.

He jumped down and went to the back door, but it was closed. He went to the front door, but it was closed. By this time Samuel was very anxious to be an outside cat once more. He wandered about the house looking for a way out. Suddenly Samuel's ears pricked up. He rushed to the front door, as a man opened it. Samuel dodged between his legs and slipped outside at last.

Then he crawled under a bush to calm down. Men began to unload furniture from a moving van. They took in a chair. They took in a table. They

took in some rugs and a kitchen stove and all sorts of furniture. They then closed up the van and drove off. Some new people drove up in a car and went into the house. Samuel watched it all. He watched the house for several days. It began to look cheerful and homey. Finally he decided again that he would be an inside cat if he could manage it. He marched boldly to the front door and sat down. Someone opened the door and came out to cut a branch of red berries from a bush. Samuel leaped up the steps. "Here is somebody's cat," said the people. "Go home, kitty." Samuel then went to the back door. Someone opened the door and came out to get some wood from a pile. This time he managed to slip inside. No one saw him. At last I am in this house, thought Samuel, and I am going to stay! I'll get under this chair and they won't know I'm here. He got under the chair and fell asleep. The people in the house put the red berries in a yellow bowl. They put the logs on the fire and built a crackling fire. "How cosy it all looks," All we need is a pussycat, curled up in front of our fire!" At that moment Samuel woke up. He heard the fire crackling. He crawled out from under the chair. He stretched and he yawned, and he sat down to blink at the fire just as if he were the inside cat and belonged there. "Why, here's that cat!" cried the people. They looked at Samuel. "Maybe he hasn't got any home," they said. "Let's let him stay and be our cat." Samuel pretended he wasn't listening, but his ears twitched. "It's a smart outside cat who gets to be an inside cat!" he said to himself. Then he curled up in front of the lovely fire, and purred!



Samuel seems to have a happy ending to his tale. He was one of the lucky ones

This is a picture of Celia Hammond who turned her back on the fashion world in the sixties to rescue unwanted animals.



Celia Hammond is well known to most people today. The work that she still carries on with started in the early sixties. She left her top modelling career, where she appeared regularly on the cover of Vogue magazine to concentrate on animal rescue.

In 1986 she applied for charity status and the Celia Hammond Animal Trust was set up and it has gone from strength to strength. You may have heard on the news that she trapped and re-located hundreds of cats on the Olympic sight that is being built. We are grateful that there are people out there who are able to take on such a mammoth task.

By Claire Williams (Yours)

Thank you Celia.



This is a picture of Celia as a model. Ironically she became a leading fur model and it wasn't until she saw footage of a seal being culled that she vowed never to wear fur again. She was one of the first models to make a stand against against fur, and encouraged other models to sign a declaration stating they wouldn't wear it.

This was taken from the Mail on Sunday written by **Suzanne Moore**

My scary brush with the furball Taliban

IT'S not often you hear yourself saying, as I did the other week: "I can't go out tonight. I've got the Society for Neutering Islington's Pussies coming to inspect me."

Before you say anything rude, no, I don't live in Islington.

But yes, I had contacted this organisation because we wanted to get a kitten. Indeed, I contacted several and SNIP, as it is called, is certainly on the provisional wing of the cat societies that I have encountered.

Everyone said that I should get a cat from a RSPCA or some other animal charity. You must not buy one from a shop, a breeder or, God forbid, over the internet.

I could see their point. What about those poor Japanese who bought 'poodles' online that turned out not even dogs, let alone poodles, but oddly sheared sheep?

Could I be that daft? Probably. Instead, I spent weeks talking to women, always women, about adopting a kitten. Adoption is a difficult process. Would I like to foster? No. Clearly that marked me down as defective in that pussy-loving club. Then the fact that I wanted a kitten and not an adult cat meant I was somehow suspect.

One lady volunteered to drive an awfully long way to inspect my house because, she said, some people claimed to have houses when they had flats. Worse, some told porkies about having a garden. No cat could be placed with such lying scum.

ANOTHER lady insisted I have two kittens instead of one as re-homing policy was to place them in pairs. I was crossed off that list – and also told that I had a six-year-old child 'as children can be very aggressive at that age.'

I began wondering who is ever good enough to adopt these cats and what happens to them if no one is.

We went for a viewing at the Cat Protection League but it was closed as there had been a fire. Someone called Margaret phoned to say I could have a very nervous cat that needed to be held all day. But not, obviously if I worked.

SNIP got on the case. It neuters feral cats, a necessary service of course. It does raids at night. Kind of undercover. It made me an offer of a cat with cat flu. When I balked at that, this was further evidence of my lack of commitment. I began imagining these catwomen as an army of

Ann Widdecombes crossed with the Taliban. Only with fewer social skills.

How could I ever have been allowed to have three children? So I did the bad thing and found a website and some kittens we could actually see.

But SNIP was on to me. "Well" said a disgruntled woman, if you find that the owners are on benefit or a low income, pass on our number so we can neuter the mother.

The whole insanity of it hit me. Yes, they care a lot about cats but was I supposed to walk into a stranger's house and do a means test?

We met the young couple who weren't the wealthiest in the world but clearly loved their animals and, yes, we got a gorgeous kitten that is here now purring away.

The next day, one of the cat women called again. I explained we had got a nine-week-old female. "Then get it neutered," she commanded.

I will, I promise. Because that is the responsible thing to do.

But mostly because I know they know where I live.

VOLUNTEERS

We are still asking for volunteers but have not had a lot of luck.

Our 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

REMEMBER ME - 2009

Cleo an elderly cat taken in by us and cared for in his last 6 months. A friendly old boy who liked a cuddle.

Alex who was fostered for 2 years. His foster mum loved him so much, and he loved her. Much missed.

Sylvester a cheeky chappie who was full of fun and mischief. He was taken in as a stray and was only 18 months old, but when he went to the vet for his check up it was found he had a massive tumour in his stomach, so we sadly had to let him go. A great shame this one.