

THE CAT

VOL. XL

No.6

Official Organ of The Cats' Protection League and Tail-wavers - Founded 1927 - Registered National Charity. Prestbury Lodge, 29 Church Street, Slough, Bucks, England. Telephone Slough 20173

EDITOR: Mr. A. A. Steward
PUBLISHING DATE: First of the Month.

ISSUES: 10 yearly.
There are no commercial advertisements.

CONTENT

Short Stories - Branch and Group News - Members Corner - CAT CHAT dealing with press and other published cat papers.

Selected photos of Members' cats and kittens - notes relating to League's activities and appeals

Literary contributions and photos welcomed, but no publishing fees paid.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Membership Only U.S.A.
Life Member £10 - \$30
Member (Annual) £1.1.0 - \$4
(all above includes magazine)

Subscriptions can be paid under Deed of Covenant and by Bankers Order. Details from the General Secretary - Mr. A. A. Steward - to whom communications should be addressed.

NEXT ISSUE 1st JUNE 67

CAT FARMS: Not all our readers subscribe to the popular weeklies so would not have seen the article about which we have commented on page 416. A copy of this report of an interview with the Cat farmer is available "on loan", on request and a stamp to cover postage.

WILFRED RISDON: A tribute to the late General Secretary of the National Anti-Vivisection Society appears in the current issue of the Animals Defender and we feel the least we can do is to record it: see page 407. The C.P.L. was represented at the memorial service by Mrs. N. de Clifford.

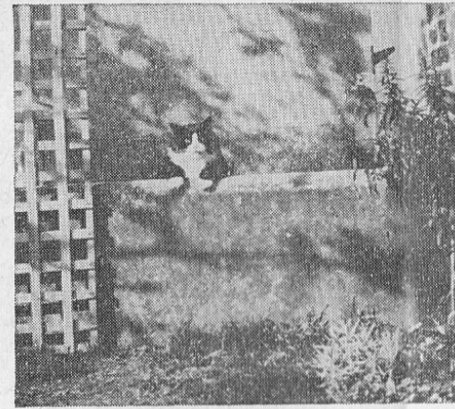
THE SQUEEZE: In previous issues we have commented on the effect the squeeze has had on the League and the need to effect economies where possible. The economics of running an organisation like the C.P.L. are difficult to explain or detail but you can be assured that in a variety of ways economy is practised and expenditure kept at as low a level as possible.

We have now reached the stage when consideration has to be given to income via subscriptions. In future there will not be an Associate membership subscription rate but the change will not effect those members who already subscribe the amount in question (10/6d. per year). We shall still include the magazine in this subscription rate as we feel that it is an essential link between our members and ourselves. A further economy proposal is dealt with on page 406.

A. A. Steward.

EDITOR & GENERAL SECRETARY

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING
SATURDAY, JULY 1st 1967
AT CAXTON HALL.



ROUND AND ABOUT Cat News From Near and Far

PRESS:

From the **EVENING STANDARD** we learn of the adventure of Bambi, a seven year old Siamese cat who as far as we know, journeyed alone, 80 miles, back to the place of his birth, Beckenham Kent. It would appear that a caravan holiday did not appeal to him so he decided to emulate the cat that "walked by himself" and make the long journey home. Whether or not he lingered by the wayside or lost his way we will never know but the journey did take him about six months. Although this is by no means the greatest adventure to befall a member of the feline family much can happen on a journey of 80 miles as indeed was the case, as Bambi was found in a deplorable condition. However careful nursing has won him back to health and strength.

Cats travelling long distances who find their way home raises the point that has been mooted in some circles that there is an infinity between cats and homing pigeons.

A mission of mercy is recorded in the **RUTHERGLEN REFORMER** and was enacted by Mrs. Helen Anderson who for two days was haunted by the appearance of a small kitten that she had seen when visiting the birth place of Sir Alexander Fleming. To settle her fears Mrs. Anderson undertook a 60 mile ride on the pillion of her son's motorbike and sure enough found the kitten where it had been left. She took it home and now "Penny", the kittens new name, is part of the Anderson's family.

From a **SEATTLE NEWSPAPER** we have a picture of a Siamese cat bedecked in jewellery estimated to be worth over £15,000. The caption is "Vulnerable to Catnappers" which is a very apt comment. In this instance we could very well consider that the "adornments" were likely to be more attrac-

tive to thieves than even the valuable Siamese but why leave cats open to risks of this kind or for that matter, any kind.

This reminds us of the title of a book which is probably in many cat lovers libraries the title, "Cats for Pleasure and Profit". Profit in the broadest sense of the word would include popularity or reflected glory. This appears to be much in evidence in some directions: "pity the cat".

THE TIMES: tells us of a pet cat being savaged and killed by a pack of hounds. It was classified as an accident and excused on the assumption that the pack was on the scent of a fox that might have crossed the garden where the cat was. The owner of the cat said "it was torn to pieces just like a fox".

What a ghastly thought whether cat or fox and what a sport.

THE BRISTOL EVENING POST: describes the conditions that exist at the time of the article, in Stanley Street which the reporter referred to as "Cat Alley". Derelict houses gave shelter, if such it could be called, to cats that had either been left behind when their owners went away or had strayed from the new home back to the old one.

This is a typical side-effect of slum clearance or local development schemes and one against which it ought to be possible to guard.

For many years the C.P.L. has tried to get something done at high level but it would seem that we are "a voice crying in the wilderness".

THE DAILY MAIL: records the disappearance of Sandy a 19lb. (heavy weight) cat and his discovery under the floor boards of his owners home six weeks afterwards, alive but several pounds lighter.

One wonders how it was possible not to have heard something during all that time to give a clue as to Sandy's whereabouts.

THE LEICESTER MERCURY: tells of the adventure or misadventure of a stray kitten that became involved (and hurt) in a student rag procession.

"Rag organisers" took the kitten, which they named Carnival to the C.P.L. Leicester Branch representative who took the little lady into safe keeping.

THE DAILY EXPRESS: gives space to views on dog licenses by Stanly Dangerfield who strangely enough precludes his opinion by reference to public feeling on licenses for cats and concludes his column with what we consider the operative observation which is "how could a cat tax be enforced"? Unlike dogs, cats are free ranging wanderers. Ownership is not as positive. Only my cat and myself know for certain that I own a cat.

These are the Leagues views too and have been expressed many times.

ROUND AND ABOUT cont.

TAILPIECE:

We heard, only recently of an incident that we feel should be taken as a warning that the unexpected can happen. A male cat, presumably a Burmese Stud, from the description, was loaned to a television company for filming. He obviously did not like the idea and escaped. Luckily he was found (by accident) and eventually returned to his owner, no longer a Stud cat because the person who found him had him neutered, assuming that he was a stray and therefore better a neuter than otherwise.

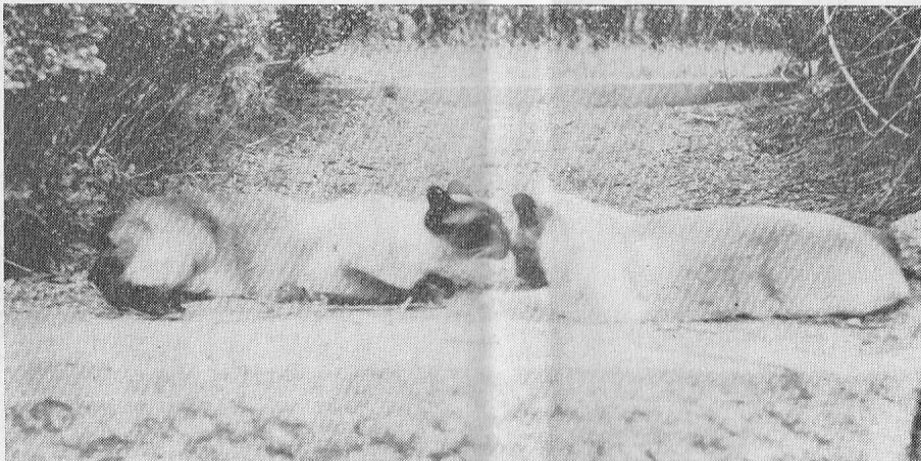
The C.P.L. is very chary of creating film stars of cats. There are too many risks.

RENEWAL OF SUBSCRIPTION: In the past we have continued to send the magazine and the official renewal form for three months after a members subscription has lapsed. This has involved the League in a heavy annual expenditure which we would naturally wish to avoid.

The object of the extended "credit" if you will pardon the expression, was to ensure the continued interest and support of members and to allow for extenuating circumstances.

We feel we should endeavour to limit the expenditure in this direction and are certain that you will agree.

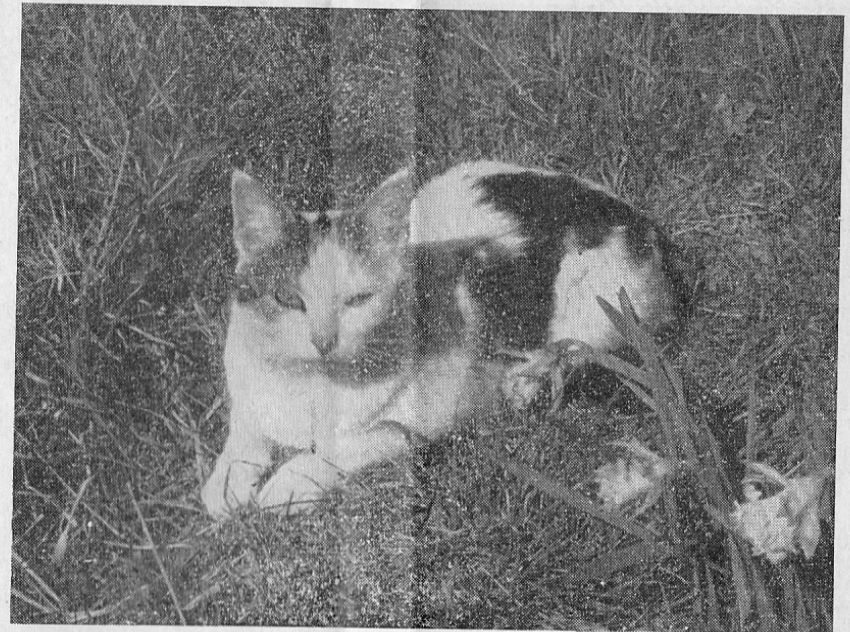
In future we propose to send only the one "renewal" form, with the magazine for the month the subscription lapses and follow this with an enquiry letter, if no response is received. May we please have your co-operation.



A TRUST BETRAYED: For more years than we care to remember the donation box at Headquarters clinic has stood, where it stood on Saturday, April 8th, until sometime between 9.30 and 11.30 when it was "missed". It is a great pity that such a record of trust should be broken by one of the many thousands who come to the clinic in the course of twelve months.

The possibility of this happening had not escaped us and we had introduced a safety measure sometime ago. An alternative box had been let into the door between the reception room and the waiting room. There is a slot each side of the door into which donations can be put. The box can only be opened from the clinic side by a key that was always in my possession.

Despite a notice both sides of the door indicating where donations should be put, it would seem that habits are hard to break. The old box was still much favoured and asked for, so the ultimate change-over was delayed just too long to avoid the first theft we have experienced in all the time we have had a donation box in the clinic. We are distressed to think that the service we provide has been abused in this manner but feel sure those who use the clinic will in future co-operate in using the "door box". We relate this experience mainly as a warning to our Branches and Groups who may have a donation box that can be "taken away".



Obituary Wilfred Risdon

It is with profound regret that we record the sudden death, at his home, of Wilfred Risdon on the morning of Saturday 11th March.

Mr. Risdon was active right to the last and with his passing the anti-vivisection movement has sustained a great loss.

Wilfred Risdon gave many years service to the animal welfare cause having been appointed Secretary to the London and Provincial Anti-Vivisection Society in September 1941. With the fusion of the London and Provincial Anti-Vivisection Society with the National Anti-Vivisection Society in January 1957 he continued as General Secretary of the amalgamated organisation, and in that capacity served the animals cause with outstanding ability and dedication.

Among his many undoubted talents he possessed great fluency of expression and this made him an exceptional speaker; but it was in debate that he excelled. He had mastered this difficult skill completely and his advocacy of the anti-vivisection case in debate on television, radio and the public platform will long be remembered by those privileged to hear him on these occasions. His ability commanded the respect of both friend and adversary.

Wilfred Risdon had a vast knowledge and understanding of the problems that face our movement and his vision and guidance has influenced the anti-vivisection campaign throughout the world.

The practical application of his vision led to the establishment of the Lawson Tate Memorial Trust, and he served the Trust, in the capacity of Honorary Secretary since its inception. There could be no better memorial to his life's work than the development of the Trust and the ideals which were responsible for its foundation.

In addition to his work with the NAVS and the Lawson Tait Trust, Mr. Risdon carried many onerous responsibilities. He served for many years as Chairman of the Conference of Animal Welfare Societies, and also a Chairman of the Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society following the passing in 1961 of his colleague Miss Lindaf-Hageby. At the time of his death he was also Chairman of the British Council of Anti-Vivisection Societies.

He will be remembered with affection by all those who knew and worked with him, particularly for his courtesy and kindness.

The Council, Branch Secretaries, staff and members of the Society extend their deepest sympathy at this time to Mrs. Risdon and her family in their sad loss.

A Service of Memorial to Mr. Risdon was held on Tuesday March 21st, at All Souls Church Langham Place, The Rev. Stott, Vicar of All Souls conducted the Service and Canon Pearce Higgins gave the address. A. M. A. Moore, Esq., read the Lesson.

As this issue of "Animals Defender" goes to the press messages of regret and condolence are being received at our offices from all quarters.



BRANCH & GROUP NEWS



CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. J. Middlemiss, 335, Springfield Road, Chelmsford, Essex.

Sad news first—our two “hospital kittens” both died quite suddenly—the second had brain damage, probably due to severe infection. Well, we tried!

£12 11 0d. resulted from the sale at 66 Broomfield Road, postponed from February. The Easter Fair was unlucky in having another fair nearby at a school, also, sleet and a biting wind made many unwilling to venture out, which was a pity, because the hall looked quite gay with assorted stalls, including home-made wine and cheese—new to us! The hot-cross buns were outside and delicious, so we did not mind buying up the surplus! One local paper favoured us by sending a photographer and using one of his “shots” in the next edition. As usual, our problem was transport for the surplus goods, some of which have been sold since—including the Easter Eggs, bringing up the takings to about £48.

Three new committee members have been co-opted bringing us up to strength and improving the transport system a little and new helpers are coming forward. We send our thanks to “anonymous, Bow” for the Postal Order, and to several other good friends. We received a dollar from Pasadena, California, from a family whose cat, one of “ours” born under their hedge, should now be safely there by arrangement with Spratts’ Livestock Shipping Dept. His mother, abandoned once, was again abandoned by an apparently “nice” family, but taken in to a new home and again, the R.S.P.C.A. said that they were unable to

take action because of certain circumstances—more’s the pity. We were approached by a hospital about two cats belonging to an elderly lady, stricken by a “stroke”. These were causing anxiety to a neighbour, but this has been dealt with—a real emergency which justifies our existence, as does the little emaciated “stray” recovering in the cattery with two possible homes awaiting her.

Our small Whist Drives continue fortnightly, a Rummage Sale is upon us and plans for a Strawberry Fair are “in the air”—anyone with Strawberry jam or bottled strawberries to spare? We hope to renew the Market Stall shortly and any saleable goods are welcomed.

7 cats went to homes in March, but already we have a “Mum” with five kittens in the cattery—Spring came early this year! Altogether there are 11 cats up there needing homes.

Note: The Editor regrets the omission of the following from last month’s issue of *The Cat*.

We have rescued cats & kittens from queer places but none more so than under a hospital bed! One Saturday night our Secretary received an urgent S.O.S. from a Hospital—which shall be nameless—“I have two kittens in my room and the porter has found them and threatened to drown them tonight”. The mother was trapped and destroyed (how we know not). One kitten died and the gentleman, a regular” long-term patient, being a cat lover, had fed the other two. My husband and I drove up to the hospital at visiting time, with a large, zipped bag, feeling like conspirators! We made the acquaintance of a distinguished-looking gentleman who was very relieved to see us. They moved the bed and I dived for the two well-fed mites, dumped them quickly in the bag before they knew what was happening: after a very interesting chat, we left for the cattery with our burden. I had noticed runny eyes and noses so our long-suffering Mrs. Groves inspected before transferring to a cage in “solitary”. After much antibiotic, good food and peace they are slowly recovering. Happier is the story of the stray little lady in Braintree which, when I went to collect her, had so endeared herself to the couple who had taken her in that they just couldn’t part with her. These good people were also instrumental in finding our “stray”, lost since August, from his new home. He is now happily settled in a caravan.

M. Raynor.

BRANCH & GROUP NEWS
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

EDMONTON GROUP: Hon. Organiser, Mrs. C. Walledge, Hon. Sec. Mrs. S. L. Brown, 39 Oxford Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N.9.

Good news this month, Jane Christmas has been given a wonderful home. So have several of our larger cats. Also we now have kittens, kittens and still more kittens. All adorable and eagerly awaiting good homes.

Our programme of spaying and neutering is still keeping us very busy, also trapping, which is often a long and tedious task.

The Shelter at the moment is absolutely full, except for the beds which are kept for accident cases. Unfortunately, these beds are too frequently occupied by the feline victims of careless, couldn’t care less drivers who don’t even bother to stop. Although some drivers and witnesses of these accidents are very upset and show great concern for the animal involved.

Please try to understand that when people want a cat taken in and Mrs. Walledge says she is “full up”, she really is. Many people handing in cats usually insist that they are kept until good homes are found and not be put down. The Shelter can only house a certain number of cats and kittens, and space does not permit Mrs. Walledge taking in cats from everyone, she does her utmost to help cats and kittens in her own area which is very large.

GLOSSOP & DISTRICT GROUP: Hon. Sec., Miss M. Wilson, Cowbrook, Glossop, Derbyshire.

We are carrying on as usual, giving as much help as funds will allow where the need is greatest.

Our area extends from the northern part of the Peak District of Derbyshire, through a strip of north east Cheshire and several Lancashire towns to the Manchester border.

Our main concern is for strays, particularly to bring in the females before they have litters of starving, unwanted kittens.

From our experience over the past four years may we suggest one possible reason for the never ending problem of strays. Many people are reluctant to report them to an Animal society which will only put them down.

Through our work of rescue and rehabilitation we are selling a new image of a society really concerned for the welfare of cats. We care for those we take in until good homes are found.

In order to continue with this work we need every possible bit of help from every one of our friends.

With more funds at our disposal we could offer much more help with spayings.

The young cats in the Speedwell caravan now have a cat hole in the door and are free to play, in the garden. They enjoy the sunshine on the lawn and Tiger the house cat has encouraged several of them to venture with him into the house.

This year’s first two little mothers have come in and are each rearing a kitten. Dusky was found with tiny kittens sheltering in a coal place. Tish was unwanted when the family emigrated to Australia. We were given less than twenty four hours to collect her with a litter of tiny kittens from among a bewildering chaos of carrying cases and junk. A small donation was suggested but she was not worth even this.

These now enjoy the comfort of soft warm blankets brought to us by a friend at Easter. Another friend from the Highlands of Scotland sent us two very good carrying baskets. These are most welcome. If we had a few more we could have them on loan in various places.

We also need two more kennels with runs, and wondered whether two more friends would care to donate one in memory of a loved cat. These cost around twelve pounds including transport.

Several of the hill farm cats have gone to homes. Tannia however is back on the farm. Once a town cat we tried her in a town home but she was not happy so we brought her back to her companions in the caravan sanctuary. Tannia is our Green Shield cat. Much time and trouble is spent on finding the most suitable home for each cat.

To celebrate our fourth birthday we are holding a Caledonian Market, new, next to garden produce etc. at Community House, Market Street, Glossop on Friday May 5th at 7.30 p.m. We would welcome any help with stalls or refreshments.

Perhaps friends unable to come would like to have one of our Birthday Table collecting cards.

On behalf of all our rescued cats and those we help to feed, we thank all our friends who by their gifts make this work possible.

LEICESTER & OAKHAM BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mr. S. W. Spencer, 11 Ullswater Street, Leicester.

During this month we held an Easter Fair in a local hall and although it wasn’t heavily patronised the folks that did attend spent a very enjoyable evening. There was a great variety of stalls and some members took the opportunity to pay their subscriptions and we did manage to get one or two new members. We did manage to clear £40 and all helpers really put their backs into the effort, we had a fair amount of merchandise left, but it makes

BRANCH & GROUP

NEWS cont.

Leicester & Oakham Branch—cont.

a good start to our next effort whenever that may be. We shall also have to start getting organised for our June Raffle, this normally turns out to be the best of our two annual Raffles. I hope to have more information for you next time, one heartening thought, recently we have noticed pet shops in this city have been advertising for kittens, there doesn't seem to be so many about now, this is probably due to spaying and neutering. May I thank all friends near and far for donations received, till next time.

LONDON COMMITTEE: Hon. Organiser Mrs. N. de Clifford, 12 The Close, New Malden, Surrey.

First we want to thank all the kind people who have sent us goods for our big sales. We are very grateful—and we would be glad of still more. So if anyone has anything left, please send it, by post to 12 The Close, New Malden, Surrey; we have depots in London where goods can be delivered, or our van will collect large parcels. We are asking for just anything you can spare, not forgetting our "curio corner" where we sell antiques which include all sorts of things over 25 years old. Please send us all you can. This is a tough time for us, but we will go on making every effort to raise funds and our bazaars and jumble sales are our best sources.

Our **BIG JUNE SALE** is on the **3rd June** from 2.30

at **THE CATHEDRAL HALL**

Ashley Gardens, Victoria, S.W.1.

this is very near the hall where we have had our sales up to now, but it is very much larger, there will be room for everyone to sit and have tea in comfort, and stalls will be arranged much more conveniently. Please come and bring your friends and help make this a real success.

After the June Sale, we have not any fixed summer dates, so we hope that some kind hostesses will be found to give tea-parties or coffee mornings for us, or to organise a jumble sale, with our help. Can you do something of this sort for us, please?

Our autumn Bazaar will be held in Wimbledon on September 20th. Mrs. Grudzinska is organising this again, and she will be glad to

hear from anyone who can help. We want to make this bigger and better and so more helpers will be needed.

At the Rescue Centre we have two problem cats. The beautiful Black Prince, a full Persian who was injured in Western Avenue last February. We think he must have an owner, but so far we have not found an owner. He is a lovely cat, but unhappy with us. And "Mum" a small black cat with green eyes, very shy, very quick and very needy. She was caught off a derelict site, and obviously has never been a pet. She does love poultry a kind friend gave her some chicken, and every meal-time since she has been hoping for more—we really cannot give such delicacies on our usual menu, but if anyone would like to send her an extra shilling, it would be very welcome.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. Davies, 435 Caledonian Road, London, N.7.—Contributed by Miss D. T. Malfatti.

I am happy to report that the Branch held a very successful Jumble Sale in March. Our thanks go to all members and well-wishers who so kindly supported us; without them, our achievement would be infinitely less.

Readers may remember the story of the Pekinese with a weak heart and his frequent visits by unmechanised transport (a shopping basket on wheels) to the abode of one, Miss Prissy owned by Mrs. Davies. Sadly, we have to report his death; and even more sad is it to see poor Prissy waiting hopefully each morning for her old friend.

The post is exceptionally heavy at the moment with requests concerning the boarding of cats over the Easter holidays. The trying thing is that this will continue all summer.

I am asked to repeat that we do not board cats as the policy of the Branch is to serve stray and unwanted cats and all donations received are used solely to relieve suffering among these unfortunates. This is why we did not apply for a boarding license even although such a decision limits our income.

Lastly, we feel that we must again thank our Auditor, Mr. King-Farlow, for all his help and interest in the shelter. The Audit of our accounts—arduous though it must be—has now become only a minor item among all the ways in which he assists us.

BRANCH & GROUP NEWS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SUSSEX BRANCH: Sec., Mr. G. M. Holmes, 35 Pevensey Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

He's been at it again! Simon, of course! The Craziest Cat Ever Conceived! Believe us or not, he has now gone into the window-cleaning business!

A few days ago, our office window cleaner paid his periodic visit to try to make the place look respectable. He is something of a philosopher: a very likeable type. He placed his ladder against the window frame, draped his washleather over the lowest rung and—as is his custom—turned to regale Mrs. Perry and me with his views on the world and life in general.

Enter Simon, licking his chops after a quite inadequate meal—in Simon's view—of a half pound of oxheart. After a preliminary pause for meditation, he stalked across to the ladder. He sniffed the washleather and decided it was harmless. He looked up at the ladder, gave the matter profound consideration and deferred his conclusions until he had washed behind his right ear with his left paw and behind his left ear with his right paw. He then looked again at the ladder, emitted a "chirrup" and dashed up to the top rung. Here complications set in. The ceiling impeded further progress.

A problem! He couldn't go any higher. He couldn't get down because, in common with all cats, his hind legs were longer than his front ones, so—blimey!—wot gives? He glanced down at me. "Could you, perhaps, do something instead of grinning in that inane manner?"

Having restored him to earth, I couldn't resist the jibe: "Fancy yourself as a window cleaner, eh? You couldn't clean."

"Window cleaner?" said Simon coldly. "I'm afraid you're not quite with it. I was exploring Outer Space".

You recall the episode of Percy the Persian? We are happy to say he has found a happy home with the Matron of Eversfield Chest Hospital, St. Leonards. From being a fierce hater of human beings—misanthropist?—he now stalks around the Nurses Home purring in top C. Sometimes he drops in on the wards—when his other engagements permit—and favours the honoraries with his therapeutic theories, which, naturally, are received with becoming deference.

We have just registered our youngest member, Mr. Kevin Boorman, of 8 The Croft, Hastings. He is eight years of age. He is rather younger than our oldest member, who will—Deus volante—celebrate her 100th birthday next year. And believe it or not—she lives alone and does her own housework.

ULSTER BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Miss E. R. McKee, 92A Earlswood Road, Belfast 4.

Since our shelter opened Mrs. Wilson has been so much a part of it that it is almost impossible to think of one without the other. Nevertheless "the old order changeth" and from April 1st Mrs. Madge Russell has taken over the running of 147 Cliftonpark Avenue. We welcome her and hope she will be happy working with us. Here I would like to say a word to the members who do voluntary duty in the Shelter. Your help is more important than ever just now and we count on you to keep it up. Furthermore, we urgently (repeat urgently) require a few more volunteers who will give either regular or occasional assistance, particularly with the approach of the holiday season. Please think about it and don't just dismiss the appeal as having nothing to do with you—it concerns us all.

We wish Mrs. Wilson much happiness and a richly deserved rest and are glad to know she will often join us for meetings and other functions and that she will continue to help raise funds by the sale of used postage stamps. What we owe her for her ceaseless and selfless work in the Shelter can never be repaid.

Already one Jumble Sale has been held but please continue to send us your "unwants" for other Sales will be held from time to time. If anyone has a lot of "jumble" and no way of getting it to Cliftonpark Avenue please contact me and we can probably arrange to collect it. We also want your "White Elephants" not only in clothes, but household articles, books and so on. Anything that is "too good for a Jumble Sale" can be sold for something nearer its actual value at our White Elephant Sales.

A Coffee Party was organised by Dr. L. McElroy just before Easter and raised the splendid amount of £63 odd. Then, on Wednesday, 10th May, a similar effort will be held in the home of Miss D. Kertland, 1 Knightsbridge Park, Stranmillis. We hope members will support this—and if you can help by supplying a few small cakes or biscuits for the Coffee it will be much appreciated.

Last month I mentioned a pretty mother puss and her five babies, found on a rubbish dump in the City. All the kittens have found homes—but the mother is still waiting. Poor little Mum! Could any member offer her food and shelter. She's a very unusual looking little lady, white and tortie, with beautiful markings. This being the season, we have several mother and baby units at the moment. Why, oh why, do people keep unspayed female cats? I'm sure it's true to say that at least 75 per cent of the cats in the Shelter are female.

BRANCH & GROUP

NEWS cont.

Ulster Branch—cont.

The next General Meeting will be held at 147 Cliftonpark Avenue on Wednesday, 24th May. The usual notices will be sent out but I thought I would mention it here and urge you to come if you can possibly manage. It's a splendid opportunity for you to see the Shelter if you have not already done so—we want to make it a sort of family gathering. If transport is a problem let us know—we may be able to offer "lifts". We'll certainly try to see that no one is prevented from coming because of the distance from town. SO—see you then, if not before.

WEST CORNWALL BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. K. Beesley, Carclew Catteries, Trewinnard Road, Perran-ar-Worthal, Nr. Truro, Cornwall.

Most visitors to the catteries are impressed by the lack of smells and the fine condition of the cats. They congratulate us on our care and use of soap and water. Naturally we thoroughly clean the pens and surroundings each day, groom the cats when time permits and pay attention to teeth, ears and eyes, but our main concern is the adequate feeding of our cats. We feel this is of great importance. Our own family of cats have never tasted milk and although they are knocking on thirteen and fourteen years their coats are gleaming, they behave like youngsters and they rarely need a vet. It would be impossible to guess their ages.

Lean meat, liver, chicken and fish is the main diet of all the cats here. Herbs, green vegetables, grated carrots, wholemeal bread and parsley are added to their meals when possible. Fresh water is always available, also grass, catmint and yeast tablets. Just two meals a day and no tittbits or fatty foods. Overfed cats are usually unhappy cats and a constant worry to their owners particularly if they are overweight. Most vets will tell you that more cats are killed with kindness than any other way, and an obese cat so often dies of heart trouble or other diseases before his time.

Enjoying a "cuppa" in a cafe the other day I was horrified to witness the owner feeding her cat on a large ice cream cornet. "She has one every day" she informed me with obvious pride. "She's always eating but doesn't seem to put on much weight..." Puss was

thin (possibly worms...) her coat poor and eyes dull, yet she was only three. Soon her breath will be bad, her coat mangy and she will be dirty about the house due to an ill-used stomach. She will no doubt be replaced eventually by a younger healthier cat. So many cats are received into the catteries in similar condition. "She will be dirty in the house" the owner complains. It isn't surprising, the poor cat is usually suffering from enteritis due to rich foods and a surplus of milk often mixed with white bread. A good plain diet and vitamin tablets soon puts things right, and a clean, healthy contented little cat awaits a new home where she will be treated in a sensible way.

"You are what you eat" is a wise saying, so if our cat is overweight or too thin, suffering with diarrhoea, bad breath or loss of hair, let us look to his diet before we resort to drugs. We could be pleasantly surprised.

IN MEMORIAM

May 12th 1966 My Andrew, always in my thoughts and May 18th 1966 pal Henry joined you. Until we meet again. D. M. B. M. C.

In loving memory of Danny age 10 months killed by a hit and run driver on 7th March 1967. Always remembered, till we meet again, sadly missed. Mr. and Mrs. Riddle and Family, Glasgow.

In memory of Marmaduke dearly loved pet of Matron, Watlington Hospital. Run over on March 2nd. 8 months old.

In loving memory of my gentle little Bobby and his brother Michael—my Golden Boy—who died on April 15th and May 14th 1965 in their sixteenth year. Much loved and so greatly missed by W. Bales.

In loving memory of our beloved Battina, who passed away on March 9th, 1964: also dear Nicholas, age 14 years, missing since September 6th 1964. Resting where no shadows fall. From all who loved them and Misty-Heather, age 15.

The Duchess Nana: May 1947—May 16th 1960. Remembered every day in grateful love. E. C.



MEMBERS CORNER

Thank you very much for forwarding the letter sent to us in response to the article you kindly put in the last issue of THE CAT. There was a postal order for 15/- in it, but whoever sent it did not put their name and address in it, so I cannot thank them for it. The money will be very useful and it was very kind to send it. Ann Good, Chalkland.

I have been wanting to ask you to warn your members about the possibility of a missing pet being shut in a shed or garage when the shed owner is going away. We did everything when our beloved "Pet" went on the 23rd of December, advertised, had a notice on a shop window and enquired all over the district and actually at the house where the sheds were but they had left and were away in icy weather until the 4th of Jan. 13 days. My daughter was enquiring at the same place again because it's a sort of Agricultural place and a Caretaker lives there. He had just returned and promised to look. Can you imagine our joy when shortly afterwards our Precious Pet, came home—and the heartbreak when after all our efforts, and our Vet's constant attention, he failed to pick up after his starvation in the cold bleak shed, for he had just recovered from Pnuemonia, hence the worry when he slipped out that cold morning. E. M. Halmshaw.

Much good luck to you and all the wee furry ones who can't speak for themselves. We are very deeply involved in Animal Welfare work here and it is really needed too. Was shocked to find out how badly in need of help ALL animals in Australia are! Few people there even seem to care about defenseless animals as far as I can see. Mrs. A. Haworth, Old Greenwich, Conn., U.S.A.

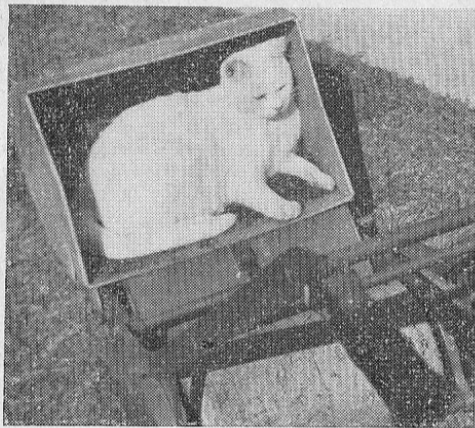
"This is the Tale (Tail)! of Timothy"

I am writing to the Pussycats Protection League to tell them what a wonderful thing has happened to me. Late last summer I was a poor starved dirty, bedraggled and a very frightened pussycat. Humans terrified me, and although I was starving I always knew I must run away from them as fast as I could, oh! how I did long for a kind voice and some affection. I was so miserable and unhappy however, my new Auntie took pity on me and with infinite patience and kindness, succeeded in making me less afraid. She kept feeding me on the top of the steps of her sunporch, and also put a nice soft sleeping box there and I slept many hours in it in the sun where no one else could see me.

Then one day, I had a very bad septic front leg which made my Auntie very upset, and although I cried with pain, I let her pick me up and look at it, and didn't bite or scratch. She used to lift me up the steps to get my food and milk inside the sunporch and I slept there unmolested, but my leg went worse, so my Auntie took me to the vet where I stayed and was given treatment, injections and antibiotics. By the time I was recovered, I was beginning to wash myself again and feeling much happier and content. I have since been back to Hospital where I had my operation for neutering, and I am now living in the sunporch as my own special home, but go inside often but my Auntie has to be careful as she has a little resident black pussy who doesn't like me much (and I don't like her yet either!) so it will be a little time my Auntie says before we both become used to each other, because both the vet and my Auntie say I am a very docile and good tempered pussy and I do enjoy being in her arms and nursed on my back like a baby while I purr hard to let her know how happy she makes me. I do try to be good and use my tin like a good pussy, and wash and try not to mew too much for her to come to me. I also climb on the door knob to look through the window so that I can see everything. I have a lovely view of the garden and birds, and oh, it is so wonderful to be loved and cared for like this and I spend a lot of time with my Auntie in the house now which is lovely.

I believe we have 2 other pussies living in the greenhouse here and being fed and cared for. They too have been given a warm cosy box each to sleep in and are very happy. Goodbye, now, Mr. Steward, but I wanted to send you my photograph and to tell you what a lucky and happy pussy cat I now am.

Love from Timothy.



I want to say that "don't give up hoping" when one loses a cat, my beloved Snowy (photo enclosed) was found by some kind people about half a mile away after eleven days. He had a cut down his back due no doubt to a car or something and ran madly away and then must have laid low till he healed up and then was lost. He was very thin and hadn't eaten all that time. (The vet. says). He's plump and sleek now and hasn't stopped purring and he and I are so grateful to be together again.—Barbara Gutteridge.

Hope the enclosed will help with your "stamp" drive. Please note two envelope covers each from "Santa Claus", and also there is a complete set of unused stamps from Pitcairn Island. These were purchased by my husband in hope they would be of help to your drive.

You need not acknowledge the enclosed.



CAT LOVERS OF HAIFA UNITE

Haifa—A Cat Protection Society was registered here last week. Its aims, "to propagate information about the usefulness of cats in controlling poisonous snakes, mice and rats, the latter a carrier of dangerous contagious diseases".

According to research in Germany, one cat saves up to ten tons of grain a year by preying on field mice, a spokesman of the Society explained. The society will also advise cat owners on how to prevent pregnancy, or, if too late, what to do with unwanted kittens—call the temporary office at Haifa-84348. It will arrange for their painless destruction.

Sesambie (T.W. 4226) was knocked down and killed by a car last Friday. The person responsible did not even bother to stop.

We now have a new kitten and would like him to become a Tailwaver. Miss E. J. A.

I enclose cheque £4 14 0d. for cards received to date. Rev. A. W. R. Hughes.

I have pleasure in sending a cheque for £13 17 2 and also a cheque for £2 5 0 from a dealer to whom I sold a load of U.S.A. Commemoratives, and a Postal Order to the amount of 13/6 from Mrs. Sherratt. Total amount made from the sale of stamps this month is £16 15 8d.

I haven't a good photograph of Sheba yet but will send one when I have, also one of Mopsa.

Sheba came in last night with a nasty tear in her ear. I was upset as I am afraid it will spoil her beauty rather. She is such a sweet gentle thing, not at all a fighter so I don't know what happened. Audrey Cozens and Sheba.

CHINTHE

I didn't see her till she was four months old, because she had to wait for me to come back from Burma. But that didn't matter—we were to have nearly fifteen years together.

She came from Devonshire by train, in a basket, and when I went to meet her at the station she was very angry indeed. A Siamese voice carries, and I was glad to get her home. I opened the basket and found a confident, inquisitive small figure with a white coat, lazurite eyes and dark brown mask and legs and tail. I remembered the stone leogryphs that guard the pagodas in Burma. "Chinthe," I said.

She inspected the house, talking continuously, and then found a box by the boiler which she thought would do her very well for a bed. She had a good supper and slept soundly after it.

Chinthe grew up, her coat staying milky, silky white. Her face was too round for the fancy, and so were her beautiful retousse, and her tail too bushy. "You couldn't show her," they said. She was neat and gay and elegant, and had no time for anyone but myself. She could be jealous—a temporary remoteness.

In time I arranged a mating with a fellow-aristocrat with the prefix name of Sealsleeve-Sealsleeve Petit-Gitto. Have you ever taken a calling Siamese queen through a built-up area in a car? The worst part is having to stop at traffic-lights. You just don't know where to look to avoid the horrified and reproachful stares of other motorists. Never is it more tempting to exceed the speed limit.

Each time her family was imminent there was a lot of rigmarole. She knew she had to have them in the washing-bucket under the sink, but followed me about, insisting that I shouldn't leave her. "It's all right Chinthe don't fuss. I'm here." When the kittens were about ten days old she'd try to move them to under my eiderdown, and if I caught her lugging one down the passage, she put it down gently and started on a long explanation about what was best for them. But I was stern.

When she was two she got feline enteritis and nearly died. For a week I never left her, giving her teaspoonsful of white of egg, glucose and brandy mixture every two hours. "Chinthe, you're not to die. I'm here." She didn't.

She was five when we had to go to Germany. Just outside Harwich I let her and Hantu, the other cat, and my bull terrier, out of the car for a run in a field. Anxious moments as Chinthe, grumbling over her shoulder, set off purposefully down a furrow; back,; she

thought, to what had been home, a hundred miles away. My voice prevailed—just.

Later, in Germany, a harassing adventure: Chinthe was missing. Thirteen days passed, during which I searched and called and asked. No news. Then one evening she was seen sitting in the upper window of an empty house round the corner. I suppose she'd got shut in when the tenants moved out the next morning. I was out when she was found, and though kind neighbours got the keys and tried to coax her back, she wouldn't come. At last I returned and rushed round and called her. She came at once, complaining loudly about my leaving her so long. Neither then, nor ever, would she heed any voice but mine.

When we came back to England she was eight years old, and had to be in quarantine for six months. At the end of it, again I went to the station to meet an angry cat basket and again she went thoroughly all over her new home. She talked a lot to me, and I to her. "We shan't move again, Chinthe."

Her coat was still milk-white.

Now she had limitless garden and fields to hunt in, and life was very good. Always a special growl to show me what she'd caught. She learnt to glide up on to the table and sit neatly, tail curled round her, glancing at me occasionally with calm defiance as she dabbled a paw in and out of the milk jug and licked it—diligent and persistent, and leaving a ring of drops round the jug. She had her favourite delicacies. "Do you want cheese, Chinthe." Importunate cries, and a fiercely batting paw to grab it.

She was subtle and unobtrusive. Wherever I might be—gardening, lying in the bath, sitting reading—I'd notice that she had quietly joined me, and when I spoke to her she'd look up with slow-blinking dreamy eyes and answer me. Usually she slept on the Aga, but sometimes she'd suddenly decide to spend a few nights on my bed. And she had a way of sitting by the fire, looking demurely down, with one forearm lifted and resting on her stifle.

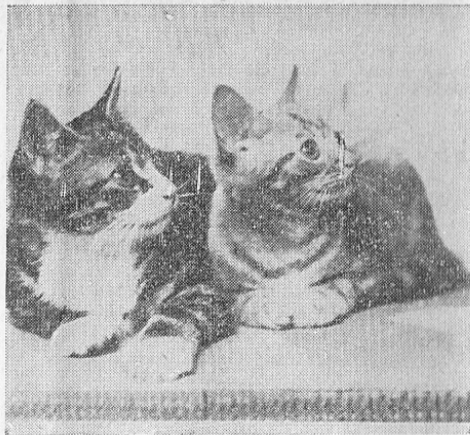
Awareness of her being had become part of me.

The years passed, and at last her coat grew darker. She had her portrait painted. She was sleepier now, and took more note of the weather. She kept to her contented routine. I began to wonder sometimes, and to hope that at some future point I shouldn't have to make a decision. But conscious that if I did, it would be the last and most important thing I could and must do for her.

Then one day when she was nearly fifteen she refused her dinner. And the next day. No sign of illness—simply knowing her own

mind. I got some rabbit, and she ate a little of it, but only from my fingers. She was self-possessed and withdrawn, but still purred and talked to me. The spring afternoons were sunny, and I put her in her basket out in the greenhouse, where she stretched out, enjoying the warmth. And then I didn't move her from in front of the Aga any more, nor did I leave her. She looked up at me with her still beautiful blue eyes, calmly and patiently, and I said, "It's all right Chinthe, I'm here." We both knew.

She died quickly and with no distress. I buried her under a lilac tree. Sadly, but so gratefully. Deidre Wheatley. With due acknowledgement to The Lady.



CAT FARMS: Breeding cats for laboratories is not only an established fact, borne out by the article by a News of The World reporter (March 6th, 1967) but would appear to be an established business. It has been known for some time that cats are bred for laboratory tests, etc. etc. but this is the first time to our knowledge there has been an open admission.

Naturally cat lovers are shocked and want to know what can be done to stop it: or what the C.P.L. is doing about it.

It is a matter which can only be settled at highest level or by a national demand and quite frankly I doubt if either alternative can be considered as likely. Let us examine the situation: in the first place there is nothing illegal in breeding cats for the purpose in question. It could be contended to be the alternative to cat stealing and indeed was considered in this light in the report of the departmental Committee on Experiments on Animals (1965) page 198 under the heading Supply of Animals in the section "Recommendations".

There is no doubt that farms were established before the report was published and licensed premises have been breeding their

own cats for some time, and as long as it is considered necessary to use animals in the many, varied experiments "for the benefit of Mankind" the balance of public opinion will be in favour of their continuance.

From letters received it is obvious that a large number of our members are unaware of the legal side of the situation which as we see it leaves no loopholes so long as those who are engaged in breeding cats for experiments conform to the conditions laid down in the provisions of the various Acts in connection with Laboratory Animals.

This all boils down to a complete revision of the relevant Animals Acts but in the face of the fairly recent report already mentioned any further intervention by the government is extremely doubtful.

Please do not consider these comments as a defeatist attitude: far from it, the intention is to state facts and look the matter squarely in the face and to pose the somewhat trite question "Where do we go from here"! Naturally the answer is one that the Animal Welfare Societies are expected to provide so until the situation has been considered at an Animal Welfare Conference level we can only register protests in the hope that some notice will be taken of us.

CAT WEEK 1967

Oct. 1st to 8th inclusive. Please let us know as early as possible if you can help in any of the ways suggested

WAYS and MEANS

Readers can greatly assist the League by sending to Headquarters, 29 Church Street, Slough, Bucks, any of the following:

Odd ounces of wool for making woollies for sale at our Bazaars.

Notification of change of address.

Linen and blanket pieces, newspapers and odd pieces of string (about 18 inches long), for use in the Clinic.

Used envelopes, foolscap size only please, with flaps intact.

News-cuttings concerning cats, but please make sure that the name of the paper and the date of publication is given.

Used stamps, British Foreign and commemorative.

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable for our Bazaars.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries



Other ways of helping the C.P.L.

Astrological analysis of character. Letter with date of birth, stamped addressed envelope and donation for the C.P.L. to Mr. Curtler, 5, Hill Avenue, Worcester.

Graphology (Character from handwriting), letter with signature, stamped addressed envelope and donation for my C.P.L. collecting box to Miss E. M. Jackson, 11, Clarence Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

Buy your hand knitted dishcloths from Mrs. Peggie Ilves, 38, High Street, Oakham, Rutland. Price 1/3 including postage.

A Toy Mouse will provide fun and exercise for your cat or kitten. Send 2/6 to Secretary, Cat's Protection League and Tailwavers, 29 Church Street, Slough.

Aprons to order in aid of funds 5/11 each. Details from Mrs. P. Ilves, 38, High Street, Oakham, Rutland.

Perspex Name Brooches in various colour 1/6d. each. Profits to C.P.L. Send S.A.E. to Miss P. E. George, Gilfach, Whitton Knighton, Radnorshire.

Dolls, specially old ones, bits and clothes for dolls are wanted by The Doll Club, 21, Holland Park, London, W.11.

Water Colour Portraits of Pets from a clear snapshot, 10/6 each.

Snapshots of pets or children Enlarged and Coloured from own negatives, £1. Please give description. Cheques should be made payable to C.P.L.—Dorothy Hall, Plemont, Hill Road, Watlington, Oxford.

Old Postally Used Picture Postcards, dated before 1920, of Britain or overseas wanted by the Revd. A. W. R. Hughes, The Vicarage, Coalbrookdale, Shrops. 5/- for every 100 received to the C.P.L. Sender's postage refunded.