

# THREE IN ONE

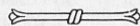
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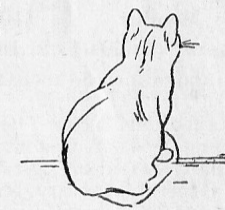
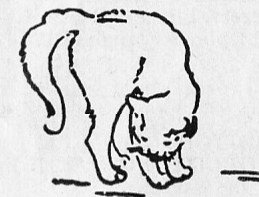
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# THE CAT

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO  
CATS AND THEIR WEL-  
FARE



A CAT'S A CAT FOR A' THAT

DECEMBER 1967

# THE CAT

VOL. XLI

No. 10

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  
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## 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 Leagues' activities and appeals

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

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NEXT ISSUE 1st January 68

WE THINK you will not mind further comments on Cat Week 1967 so we will not apologise for returning to this fascinating subject. The more we think about it the more amazing the result appears because with far less outlay we have achieved a great deal more, but and we emphasise this point, nothing could have been achieved if you, our loyal members and friends had not so fully co-operated in the new scheme and given us your overwhelming support. What can we say but thank you most sincerely.

WE DO APOLOGISE to all who did not receive their acknowledgment as soon as we would have liked. We have never before had to deal with so much mail as we did over the past six weeks and to make matters worse we had to be away from Slough for just over a week on a working holiday, the tag end of an annual vacation. See Round and About.

STAMPS: Periodically we introduce pictures of stamps that portray cats, and they never fail to interest our readers, if the requests for more are any guide. We are very fortunate in having an expert on this subject to write for us and his first contribution appears on page 506.

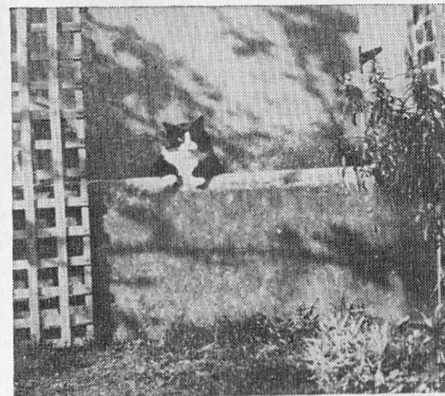
HOW MANY CATS? During the past few weeks we have been asked at least six times by different people engaged in this or that survey etc., etc. "how many cats are there in Britain"? The number of similar enquiries received periodically is beyond belief. You may be interested in our reply given in Round and About.

## CAT WEEK 1967

TOTAL TO DATE  
£2807-2-5

A. A. Steward.

EDITOR and GENERAL SECRETARY



## ROUND AND ABOUT:

*The Secretary's Comments on "this and that" concerning cats and kittens and the work of the League.*

## HEADQUARTERS:

Keeping an eye on things and a finger on the pulse of the League's activities is all part of the General Secretary's job, but this is not easy with only two eyes and the normal number of fingers. The pulse of the C.P.L. beats in many districts, and with the best will in the world one cannot be in two places at the same time. So visits to towns where the League is represented have to be arranged so as not to clash too much with office duties. If there were two of me, life would be somewhat less hectic.

However despite the handicap we occasionally cover a lot of ground and somehow manage to keep the wheels of office routine moving if only slowly. So let's journey on.

## BRIGHTON

In the previous number we referred to the Cat Rescue Centre at Brighton from where the Edith Woodward Charity is being operated. A much needed "service" is supplied at this centre but like the majority of Shelters it can only cope with a very small percentage of requirements of Brighton and the surrounding district. Under the new trusteeship in which the C.P.L. plays a part, it is hoped to develop the potential which is enormous, but this will need a greatly increased income. We make an annual monetary contribution apart from giving what advice we can based on our experience with cats and their welfare and attend meetings of the Trustees whenever possible.

## NEW MALDEN

We have recently visited the South London Rescue Centre where development, within limits, is being considered. The proposals, which have been put to the League's Executive Committee open up possibilities for a link up with our London strays activities.

It is however early days yet to go into details but at least we are moving, if only at slow speed, in the right direction and we shall proceed at increased speed as soon as possible.

## RYDE I.O.W.

Another development programme is emerging from the embryo stage. We are planning a new Cattery for both boarders and strays and hope to be able at last to establish the facilities required by the Aston Bequest by modernising and alterations to our existing large cat house. More information (and pictures eventually) from time to time as the work proceeds.

## CARDIFF

Whilst on the subject of developments we would like to mention our visit to Cardiff where the possibility of the C.P.L. assisting in the establishing of a Shelter (under the will of a local resident) was discussed. There are problems to be solved before a "yes or no" is given but more of this later. This matter and that of the Isle of Wight were dealt with during the working holiday mentioned in the Editorial.

## THE IMPOSSIBLE TAKES LONGER!

We are told nothing is impossible and whilst we appreciate the faith that some of our members and correspondents have in our ability to do the impossible, we have to confess that we are only human and cannot solve the stray cat problem by the wave of a hand, find good homes for cats or kittens anywhere in England by pressing a button, rescue, (mainly by trapping), colonies of cats by a specified time, or succeed in introducing or altering the Law where more influential organisations have been unable to do so.

All this we would very much like to do and we can only express our sincere regret that if in failing to live up to expectations we have endangered our reputation.

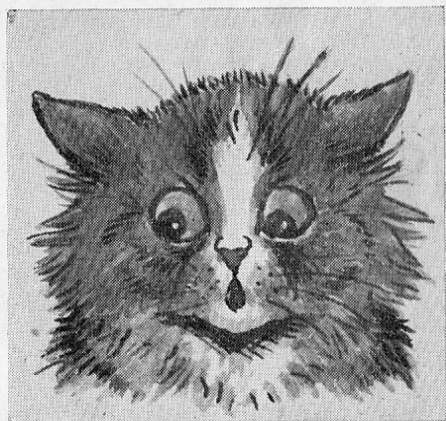
We know there is a great deal needing our attention but we can only continue to pursue a policy of progressive activity in the hope of eventually achieving the near impossible. With your continued support we will do just that.



**HOW MANY CATS:** Who can tell with any degree of accuracy just how many cats there are at any given time. The fact that someone poses this question fairly frequently gives the impression that it is of some interest in some circles and that in itself is something.

What a fascinating job it would be to take a census of cats and how revealing. We at C.P.L. Headquarters consider the cat population of Britain to be about 6,000,000 and divided into four distinct classes.

The aristocrats (cats bred for show or sale) 15%. The domestic cats 60%. The home-



#### AND CATS :

Jessy Wade, The Animals Friend, April 1927

It seems passing strange that during all the years which have gone by since Richard Martin first stood up, literally, for the legal protection of horses, and a Member of Parliament shouted in derision, "You will want a Bill to protect dogs next!" and another added, as the crowning absurdity, "And cats!" that no adequate Society has ever taken root to befriend these household gods who often fall from high estate, and their brothers the strays. A society has been suggested several times, but when one reads of the many cat shows and breeders, the many devotees of Puss, one wonders why this interest in, and possibly love of, the feline tribe, does not lead any section of the public to come to grips with the appalling state of misery and muddle which besets the problem.

less and strays 12% and those that live on farms, in stores, factories, etc. etc. 13%.

These figures show a high percentage of cats and kittens not getting their share of the necessities of "cat life" but having to fend for themselves or rely on the kindness of those who "feed the stray".

Not by any means a pretty picture so we hope that those who ask the question. "How Many Cats?" will bring home to those who read the results of their enquiries, the conditions that exist in the Cat World.

A. A. Steward

Should cats be taxed? Can they be taxed? Does chloroform provide the most humane death, or is electricity better? Are the shelters properly run? and many other points, are often argued, but never settled. Dogs and horses are better provided for.

At the present moment we read that the College of Pestology, of all places, is urging the registration of cats, and a Bill to make it law, and thinks the animals themselves will greatly benefit thereby—in other words, a tax. There are many objections to the suggestion, and we doubt if it could be worked.

Two recent cases in court have also helped to bring home to many people the feeling that something should be done.

One was the mismanagement of a lethal box at a cat shelter, when the victim, "appearing to be dead," afterwards crawled back to his home, and was discovered by the owner a week later, when it then died—after how great suffering, who can tell?

The other was a case of the "old fashioned method" of drowning kittens, which was very rightly condemned by the magistrate. The defendant did not even keep the kittens underneath the water. Their cries were heard, and a prosecution by the R.S.P.C.A. was the result.

This cause is just typical of many others. The majority of people do not know what to do with unwanted animals, and there is no signpost available.

Education, instruction, persuasion, district visitors and district lectures—all these might be tried, because knowledge and the inculcation of sympathy would help to stem the swarms of miserable cats that the shelters, with all praiseworthy zeal, do their utmost to collect from the streets.

We want to see a special society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Cats inaugurated, determined to find a way to improve their condition, without bringing hardships or restrictions upon the poor, whose only friend may be a "furry" brother.

#### AND CATS—contd.

Specialisation is the order of the day, and so it must have its place in this matter. We cannot get away from the fact that some folk like dogs best and others cats; some detest the sight of them, but even these are not heartless—they will see that justice at least is done to the harmless necessary cat.

At the ANIMALS' FRIEND office we feel ashamed at our inability to tell enquirers where they can safely board their cats when leaving home—so few are the caterers for this one urgent need.

My new society, to be, must make this want supplied—a temporary home without danger of infection or escape.

Who, then, will think out a happy idea? And who, agreeing with this little appeal, will send in their names as soon as possible to the A.F. Secretary. Notices of a meeting-place will then be issued, and an opportunity for some practical proposals, which will, we hope, start the ball rolling. And remember, above all, that shelters are palliatives—useful indeed—but they are not cures for what is wrong with our cats.

Mrs. Ball, of Mapperley, Notts, had this interesting story of a cat to tell in the *Observer* of January 30, 1927:

"Three years ago an intelligent and beautiful cat died suddenly one night, apparently from poison, to the family sorrow, as he was a great pet. The following evening, as nearly as is possible to ascertain at the exact time, my husband, on descending from the tram at the terminus with friends, felt something rub against his leg, and discovered it to be a half-grown, and apparently more than half-starved, tabby kitten. Without waiting for invitations, he walked along with him some considerable distance, and, on nearing the house, preceded him, turned in at the gateway, and down the side entry to the door. Having apparently learnt to be wary from early troubles, he still decorates the hearthrug, a somnolent sphinx of incredibly good temper.

"Now, did the discarnate 'Tim' put the lost and inconsolate 'Peter' on to a good thing? or did my husband's sympathy (conscious or unconscious) with the children's grief at their pet's unnatural end reach out in some telepathic or hypnotic manner and find a lost cat who happened to be at the terminus in the darkness at that particular time? And why did the cat turn in at the gate of his own accord?"

*Editor's Note:*—And so the Cats Protection League came into being in June 1927.

# S - O - S

SEND ME THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF

# ANYONE

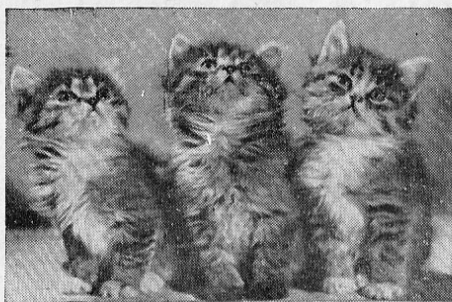
YOU THINK MIGHT BE  
INTERESTED IN THE

# C. P. L.

I WILL SEND A GREETING—BOOKMARK—CALENDAR

A. A. Steward, Secretary





## MEMBERS CORNER

Thank you for the very interesting booklet showing pictures of your Headquarters. It was almost as good as a trip, and I am sure you do splendid work.

Daytona Beach, Fla.

I would like to tell you about the Coffee Morning. I was not able to have it at "The Bindery" this year as they have sold up, so my sister, Mrs. W. H. Taylor and her daughter, Mrs. Williams Thomas, said I could have it at their house. They did put the most fantastic amount of trouble into making it a success. They gave the use of the whole of their lovely house and provided all the refreshments, as well as a lot of home made goods to sell. The grand total of the "Event" was £53.10.0.

M. INGRAM

### SIGNORA SIDRO

I have just got back from my annual tour of Italy during which I again visited the Cats Home in Naples run by Signora Sidro. I thought you and your subscribers might be interested in what I found.

Unfortunately last September in a freak storm the Refuge was badly damaged and a part of the outside terrace collapsed and the wire enclosure swept away. However, she has had it all repaired and a new wire enclosure made. The house itself has been renovated and distempered inside and out. This has involved her in very considerable extra expense and she needs help very badly.

There are some 400 to 500 cats in the home, she could not give any accurate figure. They seem very happy and are well fed.

Our mobile Veterinary Dispensary calls there once a week and treats any sick cats free and puts down all incurable ones and any new born kittens.

(continued page 513)

### NIMROD DEFEATS THE BUS COMPANY

From time to time I have occasion to take my Siamese cat, Nimrod, on a country bus. Since he is a fairly well-known local character, and since he travels in a quiet, well-bred manner in his own personal basket (complete with cushion) we rarely have any trouble. Recently, however, we were not so fortunate. It was, of course, Nimrod's fault. He decided to sing. Loudly and continuously.

Eventually this proved too much for the driver-conductor. "That cat's basket has no business on the seat" he said irately. "Put it on the floor".

I lifted the basket gently and placed it where requested. Immediately, as I anticipated, protests arose. Not from Nimrod, but from the other occupants of the bus.

"What a shame".

"Down there all by himself, on the draughty floor".

"Poor little soul, what's 'e done?"

"And the floor is DIRTY" proclaimed a severe looking lady in a red head-scarf.

I glanced around, smiled, made a grimace at the driver's back, placed the finger firmly on my lips, and opened the lid of the basket.

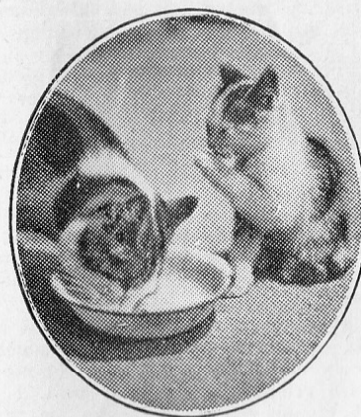
Nimrod looked round approvingly at his fellow-passengers, leapt into my lap, rubbed his wet brown nose against mine, snuggled down and purred.

The silence in that bus was intense. You could have heard the proverbial pin drop.

I went to Isle of Man again this year for a holiday (I love it so much in every way, and went after the "Season"). Manx cats seem to have increased considerably since I was there last year, they seemed plentiful. I had only just crossed the road after leaving the quay, and when a nice black one came up and greeted me outside a tobacco shop! A real welcome and a good beginning to a very happy holiday, only one day of rain, which I spent riding on the recently re-opened steam narrow gauge railway.

Regarding the Cattery at Douglas, Novles Park. The cats are well cared for, and in fine condition, but I would like to express what many people (and myself) feel, that is, that the cats do not seem happy, because they are really prisoners. If only they had an outside run, (like an aviary). There is plenty of room for such an extension, like you see in zoos. I felt I wanted to pick the cats up and love them; to my mind such imprisonment seems cruel. They would be much happier if they had a chance to lie out in the sun, like "Big Cats" in the zoos.

C. LANGLEY ALDRICH



### I AM STRONG FOR CATS:

By George R. Farnum  
(Reverence for *Life Magazine*)

Ever since I can recall, with the exception of several years of hotel residence at the nation's capital, a house cat has filled a privileged place in my family life. There have been times when we have had two. At this number, however, we always drew the line, doubtless with the conviction that, even with felines, three is a crowd. From first to last, though most of the common varieties have been represented, the black and white cat has predominated—without any intentional selection.

The first cat I remember as a child was such, and boasted the name of Pompey. What inspired my parents to consult the roster of Roman celebrities when choosing a name for a pet, who could probably point to no more distinguished an ancestral background than alley breeding, I never heard.

The cat that stands out most vividly in my memory after I had a home of my own was black and white Bobbie, who came scratching on our window as a stray and was taken in. A gentle and tractable creature, he was a joy to Mrs. Farnum and me for ten years. His days were ended tragically, as end the days of so many of our house pets, by an automobile. It was a sad hour when we laid him away under a rosebush in our garden.

Our present cat is also black and white. By an interesting coincidence, some six years ago, she also came to our door of a winter night, a forlorn and homeless little kitten seeking shelter. So Lucky Strike, as

we named her, became a member of our household and since then has shared our affections with our Norwegian elk-hound, Sonja.

A friend wrote the other day, "How is your sweet dog and your temperamental cat?" Thinking back over her numerous predecessors, I am quite sure that Lucky Strike is by far the most unconventional and incorrigible individualist of them all. Yet what I see in her and what she contributes to our home life goes to largely explain my confirmed liking for the entire species *felis domestica*.

A cat is notable for its grace, whether in movement or repose. Lucky Strike is no exception. I love to watch her unpredictable actions as she responds to those strange and varying moods that possess her and reacts to the goings-on about her. I marvel at her superb agility. I admire the rippling play of muscles under her glossy coat, whether she is quivering in preparation to spring or rambling about the house I sense in many traits of her character the untamed spirit of her distant ancestors. I marvel at her unflinching self-sufficiency, her supple intelligence, and her insatiable curiosity. I succumb to her irresistible ways when meal time is approaching, though I more than suspect that her ingratiating advances reflect little genuine sentiment. I respect her resentment at any intrusion upon what she quite evidently considers her right of privacy. She has a basket, donated by a friend, arranged with curtains resembling those in use on Pullman sleepers, and bearing the legend "Lucky Strike - Private". Hands off when she is within!

At times she will sit on an elevated point of vantage, utterly immobile, and look at me intently. Unlike the eyes of a dog which mirror his thoughts, those of a cat are largely unreadable. And so, as Lucky Strike surveys me, I ponder over the mysteries hidden behind that veiled scrutiny. Only in one respect do her eyes betray her. When unruffled, pensive or drowsy, the pupil contracts to a pin point and her eyes become tawny. When her emotions are stirred, however, the iris recedes and her eyes turn to a blackness that somehow appears to blaze.

There has always seemed to me something exceedingly tranquilising in the spectacle of a cat at rest. Its consummate mastery of the art of relaxation is reflected in its fine discrimination in selecting a place in which to sleep, in its meticulous preliminary ablutions, and finally in the postures it assumes. Years ago I called at the home of



## CATS ON STAMPS - 1

by Philaticus

Since their introduction, a little over 127 years ago, adhesive stamps for the prepayment of postage have become the shop-windows of the countries issuing them—shop-windows in which can be, and in which often have been displayed their industrial products, historical and cultural achievements and traditions. Thus in addition to their purely utilitarian purpose postage stamps have an enormous educational value. It is possible today to study through them to quite an advanced degree such subjects as the history of literature and that of various means of transport. The term "thematic" or "topical" has been applied to describe collections based on this subject-matter principle rather than on that of the purely chronological arrangement of the stamps of individual countries which used to form the backbone of most early collections. The shift in the designing of stamps from a numismatic to a thematic basis which took place generally around the turn of the century has definitely made the stamp album a more colourful object, even if it has tended to be abused at times.

There has in recent years been quite a profusion of stamps featuring dogs and cats, although it must be admitted that animal life has always been fairly well represented on the stamps of various countries. It is the aim of the present serious to describe

and illustrate the various individual stamps and sets devoted to cats. All things considered, I think the prize for beauty in the animal kingdom would have to be given to the cat family as a whole, and these very appealing creatures consequently form excellent subjects for postage stamps.

One of the first sets of stamps devoted specifically to cats came from Poland, having been issued in 1964. It was in fact pre-dated by one year by an equally charming set devoted to dogs and set the fashion for many further sets, both from Poland and a number of other countries.

The Polish set, which is illustrated here, consists of ten stamps, each of which is effectively multicoloured. The representations are remarkably realistic and, I feel sure that each reader will have his or her favourite amongst the various cats portrayed. Taken in columns from left to right in the order in which they are illustrated we have: a Siamese cat, two so-called European cats, a further European cat, two Persian cats, three further European cats and, finally, another Persian cat. Each differs in colour, size and expression and if I were personally asked to select one of them I should, with difficulty and reluctance, choose the two black European cats in the extreme right-hand column, with the Siamese cat at the top of the extreme left-hand column as a close second.

We shall be considering a further set of cats from Poland in a subsequent article.

## I AM STRONG FOR CATS—contd.

a man of considerable public prominence. I remember to have been deeply impressed at the time with the stamp of affluence everywhere. But the only specific recollection I have retained is of two kittens sound asleep in an overstuffed chair!

After a hard day in the law courts, or when my books and manuscripts have been laid aside for the night, and I am weary, Lucky's antics have often brought me welcome relief. The other evening she came into my chamber and spied a pair of house slippers on the floor. Their effect on her was like catnip. After rolling over and over them in ecstasy, she suddenly seized on one and began to bite it violently, and to maul it frantically with her hind legs—whether in paroxysms of rage or in transports of play, I know not. Suddenly she sprang

away and disappeared from the room like a shot. The laugh I got from the performance was as good as a tonic. It is surprising when I come to think of it, how continuously she stimulates my sense of humour. Of course, I except such occasions as when she selects the Aubusson tapestry on some antique chairs as the place to exercise her claws!

We all naturally enthuse about our own pets. It is well that we do. So I can overhear the cat lovers among my readers exclaim, Why, our Fluffy, or Tiger, or Lady Manx is more original or intelligent or appealing than Lucky Strike. Well, I do not think so much of the sincerity of one who, professing to be a real animal lover, does not think his or her pet just a little superior to all others. So I shall take no offence.



## IN MEMORIAM

In memory of my lovable little pal "SMUTS" Tailwaver No. 3889 who died on 18th October, 1966, aged 8 years, and sadly missed.—M. Blore.

Alaric, 14th October, 1967. "He came and stayed, and went, nor ever ceased to smile." R.L.S.—Helen and Peter.

In memory of beautiful Buttercup, T.W. 4217, who died Sept. 26th 1967, in his fifteenth year.—J. Allan, Hove.

Bambii, in loving memory of my most loyal friend, passed to a happy country 13th Aug. 1967, aged 20 years; also dear Cheetah, 1965 aged 17 years and my little Debra, 12 years, lost never found, daughter of Bambi.

I think that even Death himself, looking into that wise eye  
Could not have dared to hurt you very much!

Surely when I am dead, and wandering,  
I should happen on Cat Paradise,  
Then you would come and gently welcome me. *Cedric Morris.*

—Elizabeth Johnson



## BRANCH AND GROUP NEWS AND DIRECTORY

Enquiries from anyone wanting a kitten or who would adopt a cat or two are welcomed by C.P.L. Honorary representatives whose names and addresses are starred. \*

But please note:— DO NOT CALL AT ANY OF THE ADDRESSES EXCEPT BY APPOINTMENT: MAKE CONTACT BY LETTER OR PHONE FIRST.

CHELMSFORD & DISTRICT GROUP: Hon. Sec., Mrs. J. Middlemiss, 335 Springfield Road, Chelmsford.\*

We could not have chosen a worse night for the Coffee Evening on October 2nd. Rain and a gale blew up during the afternoon and cut our audience to a very small number, which was regrettable as Mr. R. Masfield an active member of The Essex Naturalists' Trust Council gave an interesting talk on its work and a slide show of historic and beautiful places. A lovely series of Scotland was accompanied by a Scottish voice and suitable music. Another, on "Grimes Graves" in Norfolk was informative. These depressions are old flint mines, two of which have been reconstructed. The other two series were on Rochester and a local walk. The evening brought in only £5. 13. 0d. On Saturday, October 21st a member held a sale at her home, postponed from last month. This resulted in £18. 6s. 0d. from donated goods. Two Whist Drives added their quota and the month ended on a better financial note with a Rummage Sale on October 28th which shifted quite a bit of stuff stored by various members and raised £21. 18s. 0d.—and this in spite of eight other sales in various parts of the town! These opened at 2.00 p.m. or 2.30 p.m. but we opened at 1.0 p.m., because the dealer had to come at 3.30 p.m. even so, there was a queue in the rain.

Today's paper brings another tragedy caused by hunting—the fox crossed a garden where the cat, a ten year old crossbred, was immediately afterwards set upon by the hounds and left bleeding from stomach wounds. When will our "civilised" (?) country stop this unnecessary cruelty?

We are no further with our "wild" cats but no doubt the bad weather will make them easier to trap—when we obtain a trap! One friendly little creature, little more than a kitten, was picked up from a garden with a back leg almost severed—it was not in pain apparently, but going gangrenous and had to be put down. This was almost next-door to Police Headquarters but it had not occurred to anyone to ask them to take action, which they are bound to do for an

injured animal. We traced the owner a couple of days later.

Fourteen kittens and three cats found themselves in new homes in October. One lost cat belonging to a warden, turned up inside the Prison! They had "adopted" it in the boiler room to replace the deceased prison "mascot". It could have picked a worse place—for a cat!

Finally, helpers and goods urgently needed in the Witham district—Christmas Bazaars, Church House, Collingwood Road on Saturday December 16th at 2.30 p.m. A new area of activity!

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

Readers who remember the Mother Cat and her three 'High Born' kittens mentioned in last month's report, will be pleased to know that they are all thriving. The men who work on the building site where they were found have continued to take a great interest in their welfare. The Foreman of the site is eager to give the Mother Cat a good home when she has been spayed. Other workers on the site have promised homes to all three kittens, and have agreed to bring them back to us for neutering when they are old enough.

We have an extra long list this year of needy cats and kittens who benefit from our Christmas Parcels Scheme. Although we give help all year round to these cats, we do like to give them something "extra delicious" at Christmas. Some of these cats are the pets of old age pensioners, others are factory cats and cats who live in shops and offices. With factories, etc., closed for the Christmas Holidays, the plight of some of these cats would indeed be tragic if it were not for our efforts. Please, can you send us a little something to help make Christmas happier for the poor, unfortunate stray? We are sure that your own Christmas will be that much happier knowing that you have helped to stave off hunger for those who cannot speak for themselves.

## BRANCH & GROUP NEWS

The number of cats in the Sanctuary has been swelled by three Firework Victims; all obviously pet cats. Two of them have burns, and one a singed rear leg. They arrived at various times, one quite late at night. Understandably, each one was a very frightened cat indeed, but they are recovering under Veterinary care. We are advertising to find the owners.

In recent weeks there have been a very large increase in cats and kittens brought to us for neutering. More owners have offered to pay for this, or have at least donated something to help defray the cost, which is helpful.

S.O.S. Newly arrived from a local Bingo Hall where he was found locked in, "Legs Eleven". He is jet black, as yet undoctored, aged about 15 months. His legs really are very long, and he will be enormous when a little older. He is adorable and very affectionate, he must surely belong to somebody. He is not a fussy eater, but he does like a lot.

In this Season of Peace and Goodwill, spare a thought and a prayer for all unfortunate creatures wherever they may be.

We, of Edmonton Group, take this opportunity to thank members for their support, and to wish you all a very joyous and happy Christmas.

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

During the past six weeks we have had a rather heavy programme. A meeting with Mr. Steward, two committee meetings and the Branch A.G.M. all this in a short space of time has played havoc with my correspondence. I had become ashamed of the time lag involved so much so that I asked the membership at the A.G.M. if there was anyone with more time to spare that would kindly take the job away from me as I felt these time lags with correspondence might prove harmful to Branch interests. There were however no offers and I am left to struggle and apologise to anyone that I owe letters to. We have received substantial assistance from H.Q. also advice on the future from Mr. Steward. Many kind friends have sent donations to me and we in this Branch are most grateful it; has done much to relieve the tension and the feeling of hopelessness. If I said we were "out of the woods" I should not be telling the truth, let me say that we are in a better position than we were and with great care and a minimum

budget we look like pulling through, but it is going to take many months.

We have organised our Christmas Raffle and we also have a Fair laid on and we hope that the proceeds from these two events will tide us over to the end of the year. I was very much moved by the response I have had from people that must read "THE CAT" the kindness and understanding of this band of people always gives me the feeling that the circulation of "THE CAT" is so unique and one must always write truthfully and from the heart in order to justify the tremendous faith that these readers have in the work of the C.P.L. both Headquarters and the scattered branches up and down the country. My kindest regards to all.

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

Our Christmas Bazaar took place on what I think was the wettest day for years, but despite this, lots of people came and we had a successful day. In fact we sold out on nearly all our stalls, and now we are making a big drive for more stock. Please send us anything you can spare. The Curio Corner will need as much as we can get of things of every kind, over 25 years old, and any little "oddments" can help to feed our hungry creatures.

The Rescue Centre. Annual Report will be ready early in January, and a copy will be sent to anyone who would like it (a stamped addressed envelope would help.) In taking stock at the close of the year, we find that we have helped over 400 cats, and during the year only three have died, two in their sleep aged over 17 years, and one, nearly as old, was put to sleep. Our very old cats who are ending their days with us are paid for by special donations. If anyone would like to help this special work, we would be pleased to let them have particulars of old cats. In general, our cats come in and stay about a month as soon as we are sure that they are healthy and well-behaved, they are put on the list for a home, and off they go, to lord it over some meek home and never give anyone a hint that they were once starving strays. Our most haughty and overbearing cat "Flossie" was actually taken out of a 'lethal box' to be brought to us, with a request that we would not destroy him although he was so ugly. He is now a handsome person, with a long thick coat. We have several very lovely cats waiting for homes, but our cats seem to need rather



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unusual homes. "Queenie" is so snooty she hardly lets anyone speak to her, but she will not sleep alone, she must have freedom to sleep in somebody's bedroom. "Willum" is the friendliest puss, but if there is anything breakable within ten yards of him, he will break it from sheer high spirits. "Carrots" is a huge ginger but so shy that a rabbit can chase him. "Simon" is a cook, he likes to spend his time superintending cookery, with frequent tastes. "Freddie" is small and has a passion for sliding round corners under human feet. She sits in doorways, waiting for someone to come, so that she can surprise them! We do want kind homes for all of them, but it is no good trying to pretend that they are going to be angels—little feline imps are what we have to offer!

Real hard cases come our way. We have just admitted "Sunday Man" as thin as a wraith, and so grubby, he had fallen into a yard with no outlet, and when he was rescued, with great difficulty he was half crazy with misery. He is picking up wonderfully, but will need several more weeks of care and extra-good food. We have two little cats whose kittens have grown up and left for homes, but they need care for a bit before speying, both are sweet and friendly but not the kind to go to any except most devoted cat lovers, for they will want attention, or they will mope. Please, will everyone try to find homes for us.

We plan to have a meeting in London early in the New Year, to discuss home-finding, how to do it and how to avoid the pitfalls. Will any reader who would like to come, please let me know, at 12 The Close, New Malden, (again with S.A.E., please) the meeting will be by invitation, and I need to know how many to expect. Tea will be available and there will be Bring and Buy Stalls.

Can someone please send us a pretty fancy wooden box, we have been asked for these, as many as we can supply, for a collector.

All good wishes to all our kind friends, and many, many thanks for all you have done—and for all we hope you will do for us in the future.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. D. Davies, 435, Caledonian Road, London, N.7.\*

Thanks to the hard work of our valiant helpers, our Jumble Sale on the 7th October was a rousing success. Four hundred and

sixty two people paid to come in and, on average, they each spent 7s. 0d. The result was enough to pay for the running of the Shelter for three weeks. The work was hard, however, and the organiser of our sales lost 5lbs. in weight in two days. Any members who feel overweight and wish to slim are welcome to help at our next sale.

Our intake of cats at the Shelter has dropped dramatically this month, as is usual at this time of the year. We have very few kittens—and many people coming in to ask for kittens.

We were recently asked to collect a wild cat and its kitten from a factory in City Road. The cat was in a terribly neglected state and there was no alternative but to put it humanly to sleep. The kitten was starving and was too weak to run away and was easily picked up. If it lived, our informant said that she would give it a home. We are happy to say that, after a month of careful nursing and feeding at the Shelter, it has gone to its good home. It will return to us after Christmas for neutering.

We were later asked to collect another cat, abandoned by its owners some three years ago. In three years she had been fed by kind people, eating only in their garden. The problem of constant kittens made them decide to have the cat collected by us. They were overjoyed to be told that the cat was not too old to be spayed. She was brought to the Shelter, kept for a time for re-habilitation purposes, and neutered. She is now comfortably installed in the home of her former adopters.

Our Shelter is sparkling with new paint, thanks to the voluntary efforts of Mr. Reginald Smith who does so many jobs for us in his spare time.

Last week, a long haired tortoiseshell stray was brought into us, very beautiful, but painfully thin. When lifted into a cage, it screamed with pain, lashed out and tried to bite. Closer examination revealed a dreadful abscess under the long hair on its shoulder. Our staff could not treat the wound and the cat was sent to the Vet for treatment and observation. The Vet reported that apart from the abscess, the cat had deep weals around its body, just in front of its hind legs. The weals could only have been caused by a rope or wire tied tightly around its body for a period of several weeks. It is hoped that this story will have a happy ending, but many months of careful nursing and feeding will be necessary before the end of the story can be told.

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Our Christmas Bazaar is to be held on the 2nd December at Upper Holloway Hall, Holloway Road, N.7. We hope that many members will attend.

We also ask members to help us in our work by ordering our very attractive Christmas Cards from Miss Hutt, our Treasurer.

SUSSEX BRANCH: Asst. Sec., Mrs. H. G. Perry, 35, Pevensey Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.\*

On November 1st we held our Cats' Christmas Market at the White Rock Pavilion, Hastings and were rewarded for all our hard work by making a net profit of £180 after deducting expenses. Unfortunately the weather was against us—all day long the wind blew and the rain poured down, but many of our good friends braved the elements and came along.

We had five stalls, four raffles, a film show of animals and a fortune teller.

Our grateful thanks to all our members and friends who helped us before and on the day, and to all who sent us gifts for the stalls and donations.

One evening a few weeks ago a lady came to our door with two little kittens. She and her husband had been motoring down from Tunbridge Wells and in a country lane had seen these two little mites playing in the middle of the road, quite innocent of the certain death that awaited them. Feeling very worried these kindly people looked around to see where they might belong, but there was no house anywhere in sight so they must have been dumped there from a car. They picked them up and brought them down to Hastings, but could not take them home as they had Alsatian dogs. Fortunately in passing our house, they noticed the C.P.L. board in the gate and brought them in to us.

One of our very hard working members, Mrs. R. Round befriended a little lady cat that belonged to someone she knew. After it had had a litter of kittens they threw it out because they didn't want any more kittens and wouldn't bother to have it spayed. Mrs. Round brought it to us already inkitten again, and it is now being cared for at our Shelter where it will have its babies in comfort.

We would like to thank all friends who have kindly sent us used envelopes with flaps intact, which we use for sending out the magazines.

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

Hurrah! We've done it. This year, for the first time, the Sale of Work has raised over £200 (all expenses paid) and so our Target has been reached. To everyone who helped to make this fine result possible we send warmest thanks. Many parcels and contributions have come from across the sea and Mrs. Kennedy has asked me to specially mention a gift of Jewellery—no name was enclosed and apparently no acknowledgment desired but we would like the sender to know how much it was appreciated. This applies to other contributions too—especially handkerchiefs. They came from all parts and Hilary almost doubled the amount she made last year. She thanks all handkerchief-senders.

During the next few months we hope to have a Christmas Sale, a White Elephant Sale and I expect there will be another Jumble Sale early in 1968 so there won't be much chance to relax.

Now for the story of Floss. She began life around the dock area, near the Glasgow Shed and often begged scraps from the men who work in local warehouses. A year ago she was brought to us, just before a family was born and she was allowed to rear one glorious golden kitten which went to a home. Then Floss herself was spayed as a home was thought to be waiting for her too. Alas, as often happens, this offer fell through and Floss remained at the Shelter and seemed to settle down though she never really liked the other cats much. Last September she disappeared and after a fortnight was given up as lost. Then, believe it or not, she was found—back at her old haunts around the Glasgow Shed. The distance from Clifton-park Avenue to the Dock area where she was found is not all that great but she had to go through one of the busiest parts of the City and cross at least two main roads.

She was brought back to the Shelter in a basket and kept in for a few days. She seemed to be happy enough and purred loudly when she was petted, but a week later she escaped and after five days had elapsed she re-appeared at the warehouse where she had friends among the workmen and was found by one of our members, curled up in the boiler-house. She had made the dangerous journey once more and arrived safely at her

We wish you a very Happy Christmas

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stination. She is there still—the men asked that she be allowed to stay and they share their food with her. We pop in to see her from time to time. It's really amazing that she should have suddenly remembered her old life after a year at the Shelter and even harder to understand how she found her way back, how she got food, how she escaped the traffic. Makes one think.

Well, maybe Floss didn't appreciate the comforts of the Cattery but others do—Flash, the big white half-persian rescued from a locked house when his owners emigrated, went to a home, fortunately in the Cliftonville area and a few days later turned up at the Shelter, evidently delighted to be back.

I would like to remind Members that we still collect milk bottle tops so please keep sending them—the more the better. Mrs. Wilson is glad to receive used postage stamps (or these can be left at the Shelter if more convenient) and we could also use old nylon stockings. Good quality Jumble and "White Elephants", always accepted at 147, Cliftonpark Avenue and always needed.

Christmas wishes to all Members and friends and our thanks for everything you have done for the pussies in the past year.

WEST CORNWALL BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. K. Beesley, Carclew Catteries, Trewinnard Road, Parran-ar-Worthal, Nr. Truro, Cornwall. Perran-ar-Worthal 176.

Christmas again, and we are busily stocking up for the cattery party. We are most grateful to the kind readers, some anonymous, who have sent us such welcome donations.

Dear old Chang, Yum-Yum's twin brother died on the 24th November aged fifteen. He was one of the happiest cats I ever knew, and a real personality, inspiring his humans to help unfortunate cats in true Yum-Yum tradition. We shall miss him sadly.

The past year has been nightmarish, and I had reached the conclusion that I must be imagining that work was becoming so wearisome, but after a lengthy discussion with our local R.S.P.C.A. Officer, my fears were confirmed. His work for cats had increased alarmingly too, and he was anxious about the rumours of cat stealing in the district. We agreed that it is quite impossible to cope with this problem satisfactorily

because owners of lost cats will not co-operate by reporting their loss quickly enough. The majority will do nothing at all about their lost cats, whilst the people who find them cannot dispose of the little stray quickly enough, and if we are unable to take the cat, then it is destroyed or left to its fate. Naturally there are real cat lovers who always abide by the rules, and we are extremely grateful to these kind souls who think of others as well as their little cats.

It is rewarding to realise that more than ever cat minded people are taking advantage of the service we offer. The voucher system for veterinary work, basket loaning, free boarding for O.A.P.'s cats complete with free transport, and sometimes for the old person as well... home finding, cat welfare work, collecting unwanted, and the caring of our collection of cats awaiting adoption. The phone rings non stop, and there are always piles of letters screaming to be attended to. Sadly people expect a twenty four hour a day service, they love to descend upon us at all hours, they demand instant attention and often become churlish when it isn't forthcoming. It becomes irksome to keep reminding people that our work is voluntary and we could do wonders with some paid helpers, but funds won't run to it. To put it bluntly, the people who take up most of our time rarely support our Cause. Due to my enforced neglect over propagandist matters, we are often coupled with other animal charities who sometimes receive useful legacies whilst we are landed with the family pets to rehabilitate. This situation will not improve until we expand. Our new move to larger premises should enable us to organise fund raising events. The West Cornwall Branch has become a hive of industry, and must continue to thrive, and we know this is impossible with just two of us coping with everything. A trained assistant would be the answer, and would help to relieve the burden of overwork.

Our O.A.P.'s have been receiving quite a fan mail and some very useful "comforts" included. Self appointed "Queen" Amber the lively eighteen year old has taken to sleeping on the best human bed. She is the fattest cat we have known and a noisy sleeper, I am wondering if it is only a matter of time when the "Oldies" move in and I move out... incidently they wish to send their love to the kind folk who have helped to feed and warm them and to join us in wishing cats and cat people a very Happy Christmas.

## BRANCH and GROUP DIRECTORY

BOURNEMOUTH GROUP: Hon. Sec., Miss A. Sydenham, 59 King's Road, Bournemouth. Phone 50165.\*

CANTERBURY CAT SOCIETY: Hon. Sec., Miss M. W. Paine, 37 Beverley Road, Canterbury, Kent.

COVENTRY BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. C. Bloomfield, 32 The Hiron, Styvechale, Coventry.

DOVER BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Miss O. Watson, 6 The Paddock, Dover, Kent.

DUBLIN BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. S. Connolly, 11 Leicester Avenue, Rathgar, Dublin.

GREAT AMWELL & DISTRICT GROUP: Hon. Sec., Mrs. Jones, 376 Ware Road, Hailey, Hertford.

ISLE OF WIGHT: Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. Kent, Cheviot Cottage, St. Lawrence, I.O.W.

MANCHESTER BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mr. C. Cadley, 89 Northen Grove, West Didsbury, Manchester.

NEWBURY AND DISTRICT BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Mrs. I. A. Earnshaw, "Heatherpine", Curridge, Nr. Newbury, Berks.

SOUTHAMPTON BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Miss B. M. L. Sayce, "Dungarvan", 79 Portswood Road, Southampton. Phone 57212.\*

WALSALL BRANCH: Hon. Sec., Miss R. A. Nash, 25 Wolverhampton Street, Walsall, Staffs. Walsall 21630.\*

Where names and addresses only are given Branch—Group news had not been received at time of going to press.—Editor.

### OUR PETS NEED SPECIAL "AUTUMN" CARE

Now that the season of wild winds, and heavy storms has arrived, we shall find ourselves well repaid by a little extra care of our pets. During a long and lovely summer they have been much out-of-doors, and have perhaps lost some of their regular home habits.

It is good to seek out sleeping baskets and cushions from under the stairs, to be sure they are clean and then to give them a good airing before winter use by the cat.

Coats too, need extra combing. The heavy moulting of spring is long past; but there is a second seasonal moulting, which occurs about or just after "blackberry time".

In this way Nature gets rid of older hairs before the coming of the thick winter coat. The advice of a wise old Yorkshire Vet comes back to me:—"It is easy to remove loose hair from the OUTSIDE of a cat, but precious hard to remove it from the bowels, and more dangerous."

Should you notice any constipation in your cat, or any straining when passing a motion; just mash up either one or two sardines, and add one teaspoonful of oil from the tin. This not only sets everything right quickly, but it is a welcome and an enjoyable change of diet. The extra fat is both building and a protective food against the cold of the coming winter.

Siamese coats are improved in class by finishing the grooming with a velvet pad, or old silk handkerchief. A little Fuller's earth gently rubbed in, and then brushed out gives an excellent "special clean", if and when necessary and before shows.

Coming in wet from the garden, rub pussy dry carefully, all over, on its own special towel. This should have its own place in the kitchen or scullery.

Do not forget to dry the openings of his ears and just inside. If damp and wet get down inside a cat's ears, it predisposes towards the dreaded "canker of the ear", which calls for veterinary attention and which is not always easy to get rid of.

These small points are worthy of our attention remembering the rheumatism, chills and fur balls, that neglect of these may cause our cats. They also add to the life space of our older or more delicate cats.

MAUD MOORE

From page 504 Col. 1.

Signora Sidro is a remarkable woman. She is very frail and devotes her life and all her means for these stray cats. I feel she is a very honest person and I do hope Cat lovers in this country will help her.

Brig. B. U. S. Cripps, C.B.E., M.C., Vice-Chairman, The Anglo-Italian Society for the Protection of Animals, 49, Red Lion Street, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (To whom donations should be sent.—A.A.S.)