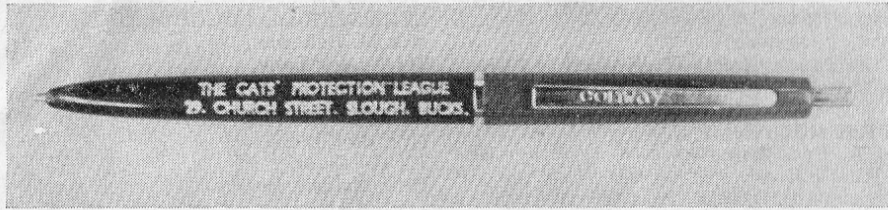


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Wanted: Cloth Badges, County, Club, School Cap or Blazer. Each will earn 2/- for my C.P.L. Collecting Box.

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

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THE CAT

Christine

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



"Perhaps the most valuable gifts which the cat can give to man are its tranquility and grace and detachment, and in this distracted era of ours we were never more in need of tranquility and grace and detachment." *Compton Mackenzie.*

MARCH/APRIL 1970

THE CAT Vol. XLIV No. 2 MARCH/APRIL 1970

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY - FIRST OF THE MONTH

CONTENT: Short Stories — Branch and Group News — Members Letters — CAT CHAT dealing with published references to Cat Welfare and the League's activities and appeals.

ILLUSTRATIONS: Selected photos of Members cats and kittens.
Literary contributions and photos welcome. NO PUBLISHING FEES PAID.

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THE CATS' PROTECTION LEAGUE AND TAILWAVERS
(Founded 1927)

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ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

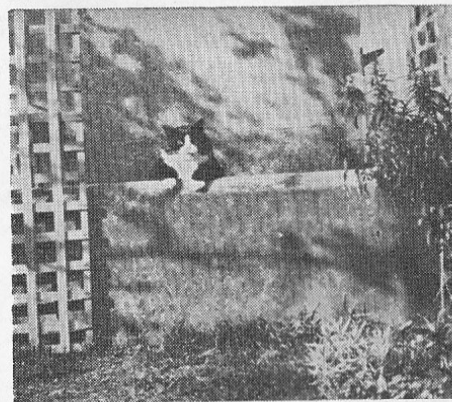
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Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.

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.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries.



ROUND AND ABOUT

Report and Comments on "this and that" concerning the welfare of cats and kittens and the work of the League generally by the General Secretary/Editor.

1970: So far, at the end of January, the outlook is rosy. The support we are getting for our neutering scheme is very gratifying. We are deeply appreciative of all that has been said in favour and the donations to help meet the expenditure involved. Everything is working to plan and if at the end of 1970 the situation is as satisfactory as it is now we shall be more than satisfied. During the trial period of 1969 the project was confined to requests sent direct to the League's Headquarters. Branches continued to operate their own neutering schemes locally, most of them using books of vouchers printed and supplied to them without charge by the League, but paying the Veterinary Surgeons fees themselves, aided by grants from Headquarters funds if or when the need arose.

NOW, apart from the two or three Branches where special arrangements with the Veterinary Surgeons in the district are in operation, vouchers supplied by us are to be used, within limits at first, but with every intention of meeting the full requirements in due course.

TWO FACTORS govern the fulfilment of this objective. The length of time needed to merge the distribution of vouchers to Branches with those issued on direct appeals to Headquarters from districts not covered by the Branch. Secondly it will be necessary to have available funds to cover the dual purpose expenditure.

REMEMBERING the neutering project is number 1 priority and what has been said in the opening paragraph of this resumé of the situation at this stage, we can go forward in 1970 with high ideals and every hope of success.

SHELTERS: As far back as can be remembered in the history of the C.P.L. the question of "shelters" like that of "licensing" for cats has been a periodic talking point or the subject of intense correspondence. There have been and no doubt always will be those who, rightly or wrongly, cannot see or think beyond the establishment of "shelters" in or serving every town or city. This is idealism at its greatest and attracts many followers and can and will become more demanding unless the stray and unwanted cat problem is successfully countered.

THERE WILL ALWAYS be a need for shelters, but they should be capable of meeting the requirements of the immediate district or fit on to the programme laid down by those responsible for their establishment, namely the Branch Committee.

By far the best situation is that where funds are available to meet the initial outlay and contribute largely to upkeep. This is not impossible, indeed the idea should be cultivated as it must surely appeal to many who are philanthropically minded in this direction. It is true we so often have to start in a small way but there is no reason why we should not think, plan and strive for something a great deal better.

Patience is a virtue but it is not wise to take it for granted that everything comes to those who wait. Hope springs eternal but whilst possessing patience and retaining hope one should be up and doing, taking advantage of opportunities as they arise. Having said this I would like to give a word picture of what is happening at the C.P.L. Memorial Home, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

continued next page

ROUND & ABOUT

IT ALL STARTED with a legacy we could not use in strict accordance with the terms of the bequest, so we did the next best thing. We invested the capital and with the approval of the Charity Commission, used the interest or as much as was required by introducing a voucher scheme that was as near as possible to what was required of us by the Will—a small beginning—By a process of linking hope, patience and opportunity over a period of time we are now in a position to put theory into practice, to convert 'abstract' into 'concrete' (literally to some extent.) It is too long a story to detail but in effect we are introducing a three part project:

A CATTERY of two—54ft. buildings (on concrete bases) each comprising a six compartment cat house either side of a central kitchen/storeroom.

AN EMERGENCY CLINIC BUILDING, 24ft. by 12ft., suitably equipped for the purpose intended.

A COMPREHENSIVE VOUCHER SCHEME.

IN MEMORIAM

In ever loving memory of my beloved friends, Bubbles, Andy, Pippin and Eros. Never forgotten. M. Meredith.

In memory of my three darling Cats, Jimmy T.W. 3760 2 years; Tippy TW.3761 7 years, Whisky TW.3281 16½ years. S.C.

In loving memory of darling Micky, died 13½ years ago, Bunty 2½ years ago, and Cindy this Jan. 1970. All *greatly* loved, very loving and happy. God bless my dear pets till we meet again. Micky 10½, Bunty 11½ and Cindy 13½.
Mrs. J. M. Morley.

In everlasting memory of gentle and lovely "Sammy" age 5 years. Was given a home and Veterinary aid, but he passed away to his last sleep at 5.30 p.m. on Wednesday 21st January, 1970 in my home. He died through lung trouble. He is now in the care of St. Francis till we meet again. J. Murphy, Glasgow.

DOMINO. On February 2nd, 1970 our very dear and faithful friend for more than 19 years. Remembered with love and affection. A. & G. Grudzinski.

THE BUILDINGS are equally spaced on a 200ft. by 80ft. plot of land and are surrounded by and linked together with concrete slab paths. It is expected that the whole development of the cattery will be completed by the late Spring of this year, possibly sooner if weather conditions allow.

WE HAVE ACHIEVED a somewhat ambitious objective embracing three important phases of cat welfare. A cattery, capable of accommodating a minimum of 24 cats and a maximum of 36 to 48 if there are two or more cats of a family that will agree; secondly a small clinic which can be used for emergencies and thirdly a voucher scheme which will take care of the neutering which is as I have said so often lately a very important and essential part of our scheme to combat the stray cat problem. All this has been achieved without using any of the capital except of course for investing in a manner that would and has given us funds to cover the expenditure involved.

One cannot expect this kind of thing to happen too frequently but it can be used as an example of what is possible if, to use another quotation, one has faith, hope and charity. Obviously the greatest need is charity. A.A.S.

In memory of our Siamese Baby Boy Fraser who died on 1st December 1969 only 6 years and 2 months. We will always remember with gratitude the unbounding love and companionship he gave us with all his little heart. He will never be forgotten by his Mum and Dad. J. & G. Melville.

Timmy—maliciously killed 13th January, 1969. Treasured memories of the love and happiness given by this dear feline friend. Anne and John Dodd.

In memory of gentle, affectionate "Pixie" died 18th January, 1967. Beautiful "Penny" put to sleep 18th January, 1968. Lovable little "Dinkie" died tragically June '69. Beloved affectionate "Alfie" who just 'disappeared' (believed stolen) 23rd July 1969. All much loved little cats who will *never* be forgotten. A. L. Irvine (Miss).

In memory of dear Jillie who went to rest March, 1968. A most lovable cat and always remembered, also of dear Jimmy who went to rest March 1963 and still missed. And dear Billy who went in 1949. All three were wonderful cats never to be forgot. J. D. Pratt, Mrs.

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.

SEE INSIDE BACK COVER — FOR BRANCH AND GROUP HONORARY REPRESENTATIVES NAMES AND ADDRESSES

BIRMINGHAM:

Cats lovers all over Birmingham are still seething with rage and horror at the story, first published in the Birmingham Evening Mail, of Smudge, the kitten who was found unable to stand, lying shivering and bleeding in a Birmingham street gutter, after someone had pulled out all 18 of her claws probably with a pair of pliers, and then turned her loose.

It is horrifying to think that someone responsible for such barbaric cruelty is living in our city. The Birmingham R.S.P.C.A. have dealt with more than 3,000 phone calls from animal lovers all over the country who were outraged by this act of cruelty. Two people, one a Birmingham housewife, have offered a reward of £150 for information leading to the conviction of the people responsible and an overwhelming number of people offered to give a home to Smudge, who happily is recovering from her ordeal. In the same evening paper as Smudge's story was published I also had an advert for a home for a very timid little abandoned cat. Consequently many of those people phoning the R.S.P.C.A. and finding the line jammed, phoned me instead, and I had 17 calls offering a home to a cat or kitten, some came from as far afield as Tamworth and Redditch. Happily many homes proved to be excellent and we were able to place the little timid cat in a quiet home with a widow living alone.

A second "difficult" case was also placed—a little crippled cat who had been found begging for food wandering the streets with a broken shoulder. Her owners were traced but were uninterested in her welfare. Finally we took her in and boarded her for a month where under veterinary supervision. Her shoulder mended but the nerve had apparently been damaged and she is still unable to use her one front leg. The vet assured us that she was in no pain and could live a perfectly normal life and that eventually she may even recover the use of her leg, although it may take as long as 6 months. We were on the point of having to decide her fate, when along came a delightful couple who

chose her because of, and not in spite of, her deformity. Two more cats have been placed from this advert, and we still have several homes to vet.

While we were delighted to receive so many offers of good homes, I only hope that the public won't need another heartrending story before they respond so readily.

At the beginning of the year we were delighted to receive our first quota of neutering vouchers from H.Q. We have written to 18 vets in our area advising them of the voucher scheme and inviting them to co-operate. While a few vets refuse to accept the vouchers others are most happy to do so.

Our search for somewhere to put a small shelter and for someone to run it still continues.

Please write if you feel you can help.

One lady in Glasgow has offered us £100 for our Shelter fund if we can double it by the end of March.

Please help us to do this by sending your donations to our Treasurer, Mr. A. Bennett, 36 Rodborough Road, Dorridge, Solihull, Warks.

CHELMSFORD:

We are overwhelmed by the wonderful kindness of the readers who responded to our sad story in the last report. Our shattered hopes for our own Shelter and the Branch's financial difficulties demanded a miracle and it happened. Not one good fairy, but 24 have come to our aid with sympathetic letters and donations from 10/- upwards. We hope that all of them will be able to come and see us and let us thank them personally, in the not too distant future.

We have more or less cleared our debts up to the end of '69 and have money left over to found our Shelter. We are truly overcome by our sudden good fortune and change of luck. As so often happens, things get worse before they become better. The debts continued to mount up and we were greatly saddened by two things: 1, at a Coffee Evening we had four Ronson table lighters stolen. These had been donated by a lady for sale on behalf of the cats. Two of them were gold

CHELMSFORD—contd.

plated and the value of the four was £60. A very thorough search was made and the police informed to no avail. A second disappointment was the sheds which we had been offered for our Shelter, they were found to be too dilapidated for use.

Just before Christmas the situation improved, the Bazaar raised £44 and our Christmas Draw £112. We had a generous donation of £200 from Headquarters and other small donations from our friends locally. We had 44 cats in the boarding kennels through Christmas, of course home finding was at a stand still at that time. Since the January/February issue of "The Cat" was published we seem to be in another world. The foundation of our Shelter is a reality instead of a dream. We have been "planning" for the past two weeks and hope we have no difficulties in getting planning permission. We plan to erect a wooden shed 24ft. by 10ft., on a concrete base, fully insulated to keep the warm in and the cold out. Infra-red and vinolay floor for easy cleaning and two sort-of shelves with cubby holes round the interior walls. The cats will be able to snuggle up there in the wood-wool/blanket lining provided. We will have a few baskets on the floor for those that prefer them. A complete wired in "compound" about two or three times the area of the shed built on concrete for hygiene, will connect with the shed. This will be the main part of the Shelter.

We shall need several wooden sheds (mini shelters) one, a nursery unit for kittens, two, for mums with kittens, three, for expectant mums and four, for cats awaiting neutering and five, for cats recovering from neutering or any other operation.

The most important need of all is to have an isolation unit and a hospital unit. New arrivals will be in isolation for a specified period and when cleared and neutered will be able to join the others in the main Shelter. Many will be with us only a short time but others may have to stay longer. We shall also need a kitch/store-room and a large area of Mrs. Middlemiss's garden will have to be fenced in. This will make the Shelter "private" and prevent vandals who might get in and either do damage or release the cats. These then are our Shelter plans which may seem over ambitious but in view of the fact that homes were found for 584 cats and kittens during 1969, 80% were under our care either at various cat boarding kennels or in our homes, the need for a Shelter here is very real and we shall be able to help even more cats because our boarding bills will be much reduced. Visitors will always be welcome and we shall have Open Days and Garden Parties

to raise the money to pay for the running of the Shelter.

Once again we thank our anonymous donors for their gifts for our Christmas Bazaar and Saturday Sales, for the £10 which was sent in a parcel at Christmas and for the wonderful box of chocolates which will make a raffle prize well worth winning. We shall be grateful for good second-hand clothing, gifts for Bazaars, used postage stamps and 1969 Christmas cards to make into calendars for next Christmas. Anyone wishing to donate towards one of the mini shelters are invited to apply for further information to the Honorary Secretary (name and address, inside back cover.)

COVENTRY:

At the moment we are enjoying a brief moment of comparative quiet, but we know that this is only a temporary lull before the influx of spring kittens. Actually the first of these has arrived, a dear little Tabby with a white mother, and three kittens of three weeks old. In five weeks time when they are ready to go to homes there will be quite a demand for kittens, but unfortunately, this does not last, as we all know, and come May and June our problems will really start. I think the sad thing about placing kittens is that their mothers are almost invariably rejected by would-be owners, and this is a most distressing aspect of Animal Work. When one has boarded a mother and family, and seen how good the mother has been with her kittens, it is most distressing to see her kittens willingly accepted into new homes, but poor old mother rejected, time after time.

As usual finances are presenting a problem. We held a very successful Christmas Raffle, which raised £140, but as our vets bill for October of last year was £101, you will appreciate that this did not go far. We have a rather ambitious event planned for May 2nd. It is a Spring Fair, to be held in one of the largest Church halls in the centre of the city. We intend to open at 11.30 a.m. and serve coffee and light lunches, carrying on until late afternoon, serving tea's. In addition there will be the usual stalls selling all types of goods, from nightdress cases to home-made jams! There will be side shows, and a Tom-bola Stall. You will appreciate that we will need a great many items to furnish these stalls, and any gift of suitable goods, would be greatly appreciated. In conjunction with the Fair we are holding a Photographic Competition, in which our members, and the general public are invited to take part. The subject of the entries will be, of course, cats, kittens and other animals, and a selection of the best photos will be on display at the fair.

COVENTRY—contd.

We were delighted to receive news of the voucher scheme for neutering which has been brought into operation by Headquarters, and in fact, received our first batch of neuter forms last week. This should reduce our Vet's bills by a very considerable amount.

Now, what I think is a very happy and interesting story; with a moral too. About two years ago, one of our boarding members placed a charming tabby tom, of about four months old with a very nice family of Scots, living in Coventry. He was duly christened "Jamie", and became very much one of the family. Last July the family started out on their journey to Scotland for a fortnight's holiday, and of course, Jamie went too. He was quite used to car rides, and thoroughly enjoyed them. At the last exit on the M6, at Preston, the family car pulled into a service station, and Jamie was allowed to stretch his legs on a piece of waste ground, well supervised, of course. Unfortunately, he wandered, quite slowly, over to some long grass, and within seconds, had completely disappeared. His distraught owners searched for several hours, without success. They reluctantly continued their journey North, and spent two rather miserable weeks in Scotland. On the way home they stopped at the same service station, hoping for some news of him, but there was no sign of him.

On returning to Coventry they reported his loss to our members, from whom they had obtained him. She suggested that they write to Preston, to find out the name of the local paper, with a view to advertising for him. This was done, and a little time later, they received a letter from a lady living near the service station where he had disappeared. The description she gave of the cat that she had taken in was so like his, it was Jamie, looking well and happy. The lady had found him wandering, about three days after he had first become lost, and had taken him in, and intended to keep him if no-one claimed him. Although she lived quite near the Service Station, he would have had to cross the Motorway to reach her house, which he had obviously managed, without mis-hap. Altogether, quite a remarkable story, and one, I feel that should encourage people not to give up hope when they lose a pet. Think this also shows the merits of advertising for lost animals, and I never cease to be amazed when people come to us to let us know that their pet is lost, and when asked if they have advertised in the local paper, one is met with a blank stare.

DERBY

The summer months at Derby have been hectic. The Secretary and Treasurer have been bombarded constantly by telephone (not forgetting the door-knockers too), with seemingly insurmountable problems which somehow or other have been sorted out—the impossible having taken a little longer. Members and friends have worked untiringly to spread the gospel regarding spaying and neutering. During 1969 homes have been found for 106 kittens and 43 adult cats. We have a delivery service in this connection which has been of great help, regrettably we are very short of helpers with cars so most of the work falls on the shoulders of the few. Our veterinary fees have soared to high levels. Three jumble sales were held culminating in a prize draw and Christmas Bazaar, we are very pleased with the result but alas not enough yet for our own cattery which is our main ambition. We therefore must continue to use commercial kennels where necessary. We thank Mrs. Shooter of Chesterfield, who along with other friends in that area has kept us supplied with items for jumble sales, knitted goods and toys for our bazaar. We hope that we in turn have helped them a little by supplying vouchers for the spay of needy cats in their area. Special thanks to Mrs. Shooter also, for her great help in home finding. The two-cat problem has cropped up twice recently in Derby, one involving a broken home, the other through the death of the owner. Loving homes were found by Mrs. Shooter for Polly and George who now own Mrs. Riggott of Danesmoor, and Kate and Pru who are in charge of Mrs. Alton and her family of Chesterfield. Even if we just "scratched" the surface concerning the over-population problem during 1968, we feel that in 1969 we did much better, and without being facetious we know we have saved many a mother cat from bringing into the cold harsh world families of unwanted kittens.

As these contented spayed cats sit by their fireside we feel they would thank CPL if they could, in the sound knowledge that they can continue to browse and become kittenish again in their own right—and ignore with disdain the Tom calling outside the back door—once a welcome guest. We face the onslaught of 1970 with far more knowledge through experience, not only of cats, but of human nature too.

WE REGRET

See Page 27

EDMONTON:

We would like to thank most sincerely all our friends and supporters who have been so very kind and generous to us during 1969. Also Headquarters and the Executive Committee for their unfailing help.

We still have several Old Age Pensioner Cats here if any kind Members would like to sponsor one of them. Details on request from Mrs. Walledge. If you can afford even the price of one tin of food it will help a needy cat.

During the rather long Christmas holiday we were kept busy feeding stray cats in factory colonies, hospital grounds, etc., also shop and office cats who were very pleased to see us.

Dear 'Fluffy' who is nearing 24 years of age, will be having another party in July, the date will appear in a later edition of The Cat Magazine.

If you have any unwanted gifts, please send them to 'Fluffy' to help raise funds for Needy Felines.

A lovely ginger and white cat was brought to us during a very cold spell some weeks ago; he appeared to be nearly frozen. However with constant care and attention he is now beautiful, loving and affectionate. Can anyone offer him a kind home, please?

Our expenses are constantly rising, electricity is used to keep our cats warm and comfortable, and our van costs a lot to maintain.

Visitors are always welcome providing they make an appointment.

GLOSSOP:

News this month of rescued cats, we have, as M.C.C. (members' corner last issue of 'The Cat', would say), "given away" or as we would prefer to put it, have "placed in homes for adoption."

Incidentally we wonder what M.C.C. considers we should have done with the 120 for which we found homes last year, the hundreds in previous years and those still needing help.

Perhaps she does not know that Headquarters' Rules do not allow these cats and kittens to be sold under any circumstances. The reason for this we should think is obvious.

As we see it there are only three alternatives to the rescue and rehabilitation of strays and unwanted. 1. Turn one's back on the whole problem in common with most people. 2. Have them destroyed. This we consider is a wrong thing to do, at least until a reasonable attempt has been made to trace the owners, 3. Feed them 'in situ' thus leaving them to breed and add to the already enormous number of strays. This applies particularly to the females. It would seem that this could account for the cats in M.C.C.'s area "going quite wild".

Perhaps this would be as good a time as any to let readers of 'The Cat' know something of what is involved in homefinding. Firstly we must make sure that the home is reliable, also get the cat neutered if old enough before going to its new home.

The prospective owners must sign a printed Headquarters Agreement promising to get kittens neutered when old enough. They must also promise 1. To accept the cat/kitten for a trial period and return it to us if unable to keep it. They must not give it away without the written consent of the Branch/Group/Representative from whom it was obtained. 2. To give strict attention to feeding, grooming and Veterinary or Clinic attention when necessary and to be guided by C.L.P. in these matters.

3. To allow any authorised representatives to see the cat at any reasonable time.

In this Branch we also require the new owner to keep the cat in at night and we recommend some kind of indoor sanitation.

Fi-Fi has come back to us after two years. Her owners have emigrated to S. America. As she has come from a very comfortable home, one of our committee members is caring for her in her own home until another good home is found. Her former owners kindly send a cheque to pay for her food.

An O.A.P. who took in one of our older cats writes "I have had my Susy just a week tonight and she is a darling. Everybody round about and my friends have been to see her. She is wonderful, lies on my side and watches T.V. every night. Don't let any body tell me cats are colour blind. Susy likes bright yellow. She is happy and so am I. Thanks for the sunshine and joy you have given to both of us.

We have news of Charlie mentioned in our report a little over a year ago. He was the little black kitten sheltering under a shed in the snow and going from house to house begging food with his little black mother. Only the kitten was able to crawl through the hole for shelter. Now the centre of the household 'and living in luxury in the home, we found for him, he still hides things under the garden shed.

These and many similar letters give us the encouragement we need to carry on this very exacting work.

If friends have not yet received letters of thanks for gifts perhaps they will excuse us as we have been victims of the recent flu epidemic and are now we hope, making a slow recovery.

At present we have 29 cats and kittens in our care. Most of these are boarded out until suitable homes, are found. The few Old Age Cats are being made as comfortable as possible but would appreciate a little extra for tit-bits.

GLOSSOP—contd.

Mrs. Swinden asks me to tell friends not to send silver paper and milk bottle tops through the post as it is not worth the postage. She thanks all who sent parcels but the stamps on these cost more than the price she gets for it.

We are however collecting pennies prior to 1954, for which we can get 3d each, farthings we can sell for 6d, and for coins out of circulation we can get the face value. These should be sent to me at Cowbrook, also used postage stamps (please leave margin of paper all round) gifts for sales and tatting patterns. I could supply a little collapsible collecting box for coins.

Miss Thomas, 292 Hyde Road, Woodley Nr. Stockport, still collects Green Shield and S. and H. trading stamps for us. A receipt will be sent for a complete book.

Miss Houston would now be pleased to have a few more postwar novels, including paper backs, for the lending library, also unbreakable disc records for sale. Address and list of records on request.

Please remember to put out clean drinking water for strays. Water is even more essential than food.

LEICESTER AND LOUGHBOROUGH:

Not only has 1970 brought us dozens of cats, abandoned over the Christmas holidays, but we have had to deal with cruelty deliberately inflicted on helpless young kittens. On the first Sunday afternoon in January, Mrs. Linwood-Wright and Mrs. Gray were called to a house in Forest Road, a seedy part of Leicester, by an elderly cat-loving lady, who had found three tiny kittens lying by the high brick wall in her garden, over which they had apparently been flung. Their injuries were too distressing to describe. Two were dead, and the third died later. On further examination of the pretty fluffy apricot-coloured little ones, it was found that they had had builders' sand rammed down their throats and into their newly opened eyes. Mrs. Linwood-Wright and Mrs. Gray, shocked and saddened, toured the district for four hours, trying to find the owner of the mother cat, but to no avail, receiving lots of abuse in the process. Tired and cold, they arrived home to find a long haired young white cat in a box on the step. She was also in a dreadful state—her fur was matted with blood, dried mud, vomit and diarrhoea, and she appeared to have had lighted cigarettes pressed onto her back and head. As she was so beautiful, we decided to try and save her life, and with our Vet's help she is slowly recovering, and we are hoping someone will give her the good home she

deserves. We have also dealt gently but sadly with quite a few cats so badly neglected that there was no alternative but to have them put to sleep out of their misery, and we have endured flea bites which made us resemble currant cakes!

On a brighter note, we held a most enjoyable Bring-and-Buy Sale on a stall at the Coventry and Leicester Cat Club Show in Leicester. A box of walnut whips attracted the children who wouldn't leave without a toy also, and Mrs. Gray raffled a hamper. Mrs. George had a collecting box at the side of Manxie, a large ginger cat which was once a frightened stray. A clearly printed notice told the cat's history and drew quite a large crowd of sympathetic people. Altogether we made £30. We are having another stall at the Nottingham and Derby Cat Club Show at our Granby Halls on February 28th, and are very busy seeking gifts and second-hand things from people. As the House-to-House collection in Leicestershire last November was so successful—we made approximately £20 in each of the four weeks—we are going to hold another one in Leicester itself, and to anyone who would care to come along and help, we can guarantee an interesting and happy time. Our little shop, from which we sell jumble, continues to provide our cats with a very modest but steady source of money. Mr. Cooper would welcome more assistance, both in selling and the collection of goods.

As we are all so very busy, this will have to be a short report this time, but we will end with a big thank you to the anonymous friends who regularly post milk-bottle tops, stamps, jumble etc. to us.

WE REGRET

A NUMBER OF
MEMBER'S LETTERS
STORIES ETC. HAD
TO BE LEFT OVER
UNTIL THE NEXT
ISSUE

Editor

LONDON COMMITTEE:

Good News for Old Cats—and for all their friends. We reached our £100 target. It was a tense situation just at the end of the year, we had three days to go and had reached £98. We stuck there, and I was wondering what to do, when delightfully, the extra sums started coming in. Several people who had already helped had the kind thought of sending a little extra, and by midnight on the 31st, we had not only passed the target, we had almost doubled the takings!! Our kind sponser was as good as his word, and so our old cats are now well-endowed. We are planning an "Old Cats' Bulletin" to tell all their supporters about the old dears, anyone who would like a copy, please send a fairly big S.A.E.

Frozen Charlotte has made a magnificent recovery, and is now a fat kitten, with a tail like a flag, which waves all the time, and that leads us to:

Animal Flag Day. Please will some more people help. So far I have three letters in reply to the appeal in the last issue—and we would like rather more help. Though even three people can do a great deal, if one of them is Miss Veronica Troughton, She has just surpassed her own record by collecting £38 in one day — that just shows what can be done. We are very grateful for her wonderful effort.

Our calendar for 1970, so far planned is like this:

Saturday 7th March: Miss Wassermann is having a BRING-&-BUY tea party in her home, 101 Hillsborough Court, Mortimer Crescent, N.W.6. from 3 till 6 o'clock. All friends will be very welcome.

Saturday 11th April: Our Spring Fair will be at the Presbyterian Hall, Briar Walk, Upper Richmond Road, S.W. 15. Doors will open at 2 o'clock buses 30 and 37 stop outside the hall at a request stop called The Duke of Cumberland.

19th to 25th April: Collections can be made for Animal Flag Day, which is the 25th. Boxes will be given out at the Spring Fair.

Saturday 9th May: Mini-Bazaar at St. Mark's Hall, Compton Road, Wimbledon, from 2 o'clock. Countess Grudzinska is organising this, and she will be glad of help in every way. Animal Flag Day boxes can be returned.

Saturday 30th May: The SUMMER FAIR our big bazaar at the Cathedral Hall, Ambrosden Avenue, (Ashley Gardens) Westminster S.W.1. This is very near Victoria Station. Doors will open at 2 p.m., and everyone who can possibly do so *must* be there.

In June at a date to be fixed later we plan to have our Open Day for Florin Friends at the Rescue Centre, when the rescued cats will receive their friends.

June—July and August are free for any kind friends who would have a coffee morning, cheese and wine evening, bring-&-buy sale or tea party in their home, or organise a jumble sale in a local hall. I do hope someone will do something *please*.

Saturday 19th September: Countess Grudzinska will have the Autumn Bazaar in Wimbledon.

Saturday 24th October: Our Christmas Bazaar at the Cathedral Hall.

That is the programme so far, and as you see there are some gaps, we hope that these will be filled by people who will help us. (Please, quick, start making plans—this means *you*.)

We need help also in getting stock for all the sales.

We are to suffer one sad blow, Miss Nicholas who has made our cake stall the great attraction of the big bazaars has just let us know that she will not be able to go on, so now we need very special replacements for her. We can not thank Miss Nicholas enough for all she has done, with her splendid band of helpers, for years and years. I know many people came to our bazaar just for the cakes. Now, who will take over this important stall? We will be grateful if anyone who can do so will promise us one cake, we will fetch it before the sale. A kind member has offered to provide ingredients for anyone who will make cakes, so who will help?

We want goods for sale, goods of every kind, please send us something, anything you can. Please post to 12 The Close, New Malden, Surrey. Or we will collect in Greater London, or goods can be handed in at one of our depots in Kensington.

Curio Corner is nearly sold out, please go round your home and see if you can find some little thing for it. Anything over 20 years old is welcome, and the older the better. We need specially a "metal" tea-pot, it need not be silver, though of course, silver is delightful. And we have been asked for a man's watch chain, of the kind which men used to wear with the watch in a pocket. Can you send us one, please? The Gold Nugget is still in the making, the smallest bit of gold can be added and it all helps these hungry cats.

At the Rescue Centre we have a specially deserving pair:—

Bobby who is almost manx, very friendly but rather plain, she has to be speyed, and groomed and generally cossetted to look her best and Cocoa, a lovely fluffy who wants a little bit of everything nice, please send a little extra for them. And then some real help, for Grimalkin, a poor creature, who has lived wild all his short life, he is almost afraid to eat when he has food, he hides in corners and does not hope for much, I would like him to have some treats.

MANCHESTER:

I often wonder why so many people are bereft of humanitarian principles and why they do not adopt a humane policy when disposing of unwanted pets. Why should cat lovers have to provide shelter, warmth and food for stray and abandoned creatures? It is obvious that cruelty through ignorance, indifference and sheer callousness, which has been with us from time immemorial, is here to stay and therefore we who love and respect all life must face up to the problem of cruelty and fulfil the many obligations thrust upon us and eliminate unnecessary suffering especially where unwanted and abandoned cats and kittens are concerned. Real sincere conscientious animal lovers are in the minority and therefore the full responsibility of rescuing, feeding and caring for lost cats and kittens falls upon the shoulders of the small band of humane workers. Many give of their time and others provide the very necessary finance to enable officials to fulfil their humane tasks—much of which can be most mentally disturbing.

Several real animal lovers responded to my last report in "THE CAT" and I am most grateful for their financial support, especially the Lady in Melrose, Scotland and the gentleman in Monte Carlo—both having donated £5 each. For obvious reasons I have not referred to these good people by name and wish to express most grateful thanks to these two people and others who responded to my appeal for financial assistance.

Christmas always brings in its wake a spate of unwanted, turned adrift and lost kittens and our Branch is no exception in accepting and caring for these unfortunate creatures until good homes can be found. It is a most pathetic sight to enter our establishment and see, as well as hear, cats and kittens crying out for affection. I spend valuable time talking to and fondling these pathetic little creatures. How I hope and pray that approved homes will materialise so that they can be happy and contented with new owners in good homes. Many people say such homeless creatures should receive a humane passing but we must remember "Life is one of the most precious gifts bestowed upon humans and animals by God, the Creator" and who are we to snatch the breath of life from a healthy cat or kitten just because no immediate home is available. Mrs. I. Ainley, who attends to the homeless creatures in our shelter, spends a great deal of time seeing to their comfort, welfare and happiness and often bottle feeds the very young when deprived of their mother. Our policy is to extend the hand of compassion to all cats and kittens in need and I spend endless hours in travelling, trapping and collecting dejected,

frightened little creatures. With patience and kindness their faith in humans is soon restored and this type of work is what I call "genuine re-habilitation" and long may it continue.

We, that is you and I, who love all God's creatures are termed cranks. If loving, caring and rescuing helpless creatures qualifies me for the "Crank Group" then I can only conclude in saying I am proud to be a CRANK and I shall continue to serve those creatures who are destitute, desperate and unable to help themselves.

NORTH LONDON:

The past year has, as usual, been trying, but with its lighter moments.

Just before Christmas, Mrs. Dempsey, our loyal shelter assistant, had a bad fall and broke a bone in her shoulder. The burden of keeping the shelter staffed and the cats fed and happy fell upon Daisy Neary and Mr. Smith, our Driver, plus loyal volunteers like Mrs. Riggall, who never fails us in time of need.

Last week, we went into the shelter to find Daisy weeping into the telephone. When she had finished her call, she said "I'm so happy! a man who phoned three weeks ago to report his cat missing has called to say that the cat has just returned home". It seems that the man was weeping at one end and Daisy at the other, both with happiness.

It is too early to give accurate figures for 1969 but we do know that the figures for homes found during the past year are all too few. Sometimes, we wonder if we are too fussy about the homes we require for our cats. We do not, for instance, allow our cats to go to homes where there are very young children. We think such children are unwittingly cruel to animals, and if the animals retaliate, they are no longer welcome in the home. It is sometimes very difficult to refuse a cat on these grounds if a member recommends us to the prospective adopter, and we would ask all members to ascertain whether there are very young children in the family before they send people to us.

We recently had a call from a Chinaman. He was returning home—had a cat in his car outside—would we take it in? We said yes and asked "Have you anything to bring it in with?" "Oh yes! my wife" was the answer. We lent him a basket, however.

Will our helpers please send to us the contents of their collecting boxes as soon as possible in case there should be half-crown pieces in them.

Our next Jumble Sale is on March 21st at the Holloway Baptist Church Hall, N.19. Goods for sale are urgently needed.

NORTH LONDON—contd.

As usual at this time of the year there are no kittens, and so many people wanting them. Most of the applicants prefer to wait till the Spring rather than take even a five month old kitten, but several have taken the older ones which is a good thing for us. We have found homes for quite a number of cats since Christmas, but as soon as they leave the shelter others are taken in. Several of these came from the P.D.S.A. and were taken there to be put to sleep. These included two five month old kittens which have gone to the shelter, and three six week old kittens which are being cared for by Miss Mark, who has very kindly given up a room for them where they have every luxury including a hot water bottle. When they are eight weeks old they will be ready for homes. During the year 1969 we have placed 106 cats and kittens in homes, and 74 cats have been spayed.

The repairs to the shelter are nearly completed. It remains for the wiring in run to be enlarged to give the cats more freedom.

At Christmas we were very grateful to receive £200 from Headquarters, and many donations from members who kindly remembered us. Thank you again all who sent us cards and donations, including one of £3 from Margaret C. Madge, "Love to the cats", with no address.

We were indeed sorry to hear of the death of one of my very good members Mrs. Ward. She was a great cat lover and had four of her own. She always sent us a large box of knitted toys made by herself for our Bazaar. We received with gratitude a cheque for £10 from some of her friends who knew she would rather they sent a contribution to C.P.L. than buy flowers.

We would be glad of any trading stamps, pink or green shield. We can change these for gifts to sell on our stalls. Also any odd balls of wool would be very welcome.

ULSTER:

I want to begin by reverting to my plea for reliable voluntary help in the Shelter in 1970. Health reasons have made it imperative that Mrs Miller be allowed to take life a little more quietly and at present she is living away from the premises, which at least ensures that her evenings are undisturbed. This means that unless we have at least two members, on duty each evening the cat's won't get their usual supper milk, clean pans and general bed-time tidy-up. We have been fortunate recently to recruit several excellent new helpers in the afternoons but we urgently need evening help, particularly on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. At the moment a

few people are doing so much extra work that they will be liable to crack up if we can't get others to share the burden. So please do give the matter your serious consideration and if you can bring yourself to volunteer I'd be delighted to hear from you.

What with Mrs. Millers' illness and the shattering news that Mr. and Mrs. Parker are returning to England we felt 1970 had started badly. While congratulating Mr. Parker on the promotion which has resulted in his transfer to Lancaster we can't help feeling sorry for ourselves. During the time they have been in Ulster, the Parker's have been a tower of strength to the Ulster Branch and words are quite inadequate to express our appreciation of the work they have done, both in the practical field with hammer and nails and as honorary Treasurer and Assistant honorary Treasurer. We wish them well in their new home and are happy that they will still be members of the Ulster Branch.

This means, of course, that a new honorary Treasurer must be found and until we do so please send all communications relating to money to the honorary Secretary, 92a Earlswood Road, Belfast. 4.

Some time ago I mentioned that an additional cattery building had been donated by Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Smyth in memory of "Cassius". We are now having cages erected in it, ten an average size and four larger ones for long-term residents. The larger cages are being sponsored jointly by members who pay £2. 2. 0d. in memory of special pets and a general plaque with names of the donors and cats will be displayed. Seven of the smaller cages are sponsored by members and friends who have paid £10, and each of these cages will have an individual plaque. If you are interested in this scheme please contact me—a number of people indicated that they would like to be included but I have lost trace of some of them and would be glad if they would get in touch.

So far we seem to have been rather inactive this year but we plan to have a Jumble sale, probably in March (spring-cleaners please note) and there are other ideas in the air when we can get time to put them into action.

The shelter continues to be filled with strays and unwanted and Miss Gulston and Miss Kent work endlessly to find new homes, a task that can be both sad and glad. We would again ask you to be consistently on the lookout for homes, this is one of our most urgent needs.

Future events will include a further general meeting, probably in April and an Open Day at the shelter in June. We hope you will try to come, new members will be specially welcomed. Meantime keep sending us used stamps

ULSTER—contd.

tinfoil, jumble, white elephants and waste paper and of course we are always glad to get articles for our stalls at Sales or Coffee Parties.

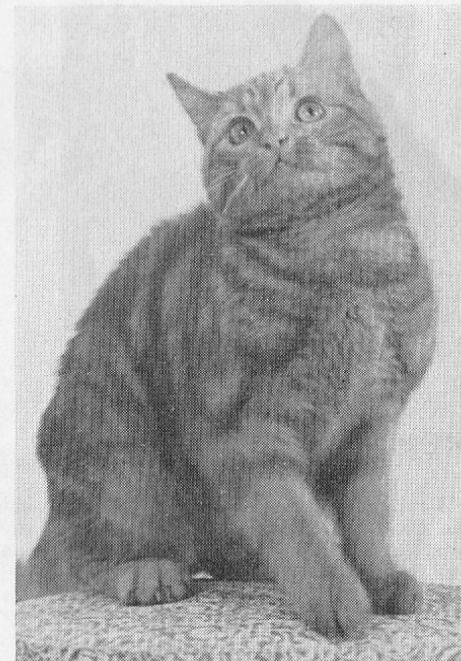
WEST CORNWALL:

The cats had a fine Christmas, mild weather, good food and company, and we are grateful for the donations sent to help with the work. The parcels were lovely and have helped to restock our empty shelves in the bazaar. We could do with unwanted presents and any oddments you do not need, the bits of lace and ribbons have been selling very well. If anyone would like a leaflet on the ways in which you can help us we would be delighted to send it with other helpful leaflets on receipt of S.A.E.

It has been an exhausting year and we are now enjoying a lull. The numbers of cats are decreasing, and we hope to carry out repairs in the catteries whilst it is comparatively empty. The gales and heavy rains tend to ravage the buildings and we can't have the cats complaining about damp quarters.

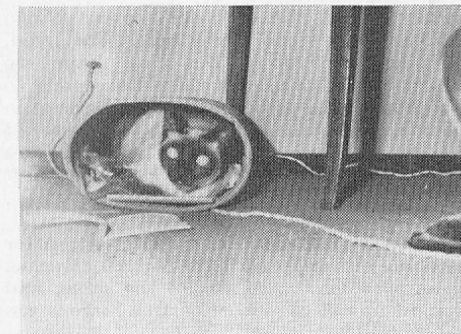
We are still racking our brains in the attempt to discover a fool proof method of dealing with lost and found cats. Even really intelligent folk seem to have no imagination when it comes to recovering a lost cat. I could write pages on the different ways a cat can lose himself and more pages on all the things one can do to find him again. I wonder if the majority of cat owners are firmly convinced that if Tom Tabby loses himself he will smartly report to the nearest police station giving his full name and address. Likewise the kindly souls who take in a lost cat. The poor wee mite is ALWAYS STARVING and must be a stray, when in fact most cats will shame their fond owners by wolfing lowly scraps offered by well meaning strangers; whether this is done through sheer cussedness or is a polite feline custom I do not know, but it does tend to shorten a cats' life as lost animals are usually destroyed if there is no local shelter and we all realise how few animal shelters there are to deal with this growing problem. If anyone has some new ideas on the subject please let us know.

Soon spring will be with us and the first batches of discarded kittens, pregnant mums and rampant fathers, also the early holiday makers, so we are preparing for cats and humans, so come and support us. We are always open on Saturday afternoons, but any other time do make an appointment. Better still write for a map. We are looking forward to seeing you.



MARMADUKE

A TRIBUTE



THOMAS TUMBLE



MEMBERS CORNER

Your correspondent, M.C.C. is sorry that the Branches seem to "give away so many cats." She is also horrified that a suggestion was made to the effect that members should put a notice in shop windows asking for homes. As I think I was probably guilty of the latter crime I thought I would like to ask M.C.C. just what are we supposed to do with our strays. We can't keep them in the shelter indefinitely and we hate to have to put them down. The Ulster Branch advertise for homes by various medias, press, shop windows, what have you. BUT every home is checked by our Welfare Branch before a cat goes to it—and we also try to check again later to ensure that puss has settled happily. On the whole this works reasonably well though there are bound to be occasional slip-ups. If M.C.C. has a better method of coping with strays and unwanted we, for one, would be most thankful to know about it.

E. R. McKee.

Since I sent the story of the cat Bingo last year, the stone works where she lived, has now closed down, but I am happy to report, that all the cats there have gone to good homes, the workmen took an interest in the cats, and have seen to it that they were not abandoned, thank goodness! Bingo now lives with the furnace-man. Mrs. B. Chambers.

Smot. A sixteen years persian cat, After watching birds penetrate the earth for worms, began to think. . so he did the same, and brought up out of mother earth a large worm and showed her owner.

And they say cats have not got brains etc. etc.

AN APPEAL:

In view of the increasing amount of unspeakable cruelty inflicted on kittens, May I implore those people who are averse to spaying, to change their views on the subject.

I am more and more convinced that the best service we can render cats in this day and age, is to prevent their ever being born.

We have to face the stark facts that in the feline community the supply exceeds the demand. I have had this unpleasantly thrust upon me during a long life in which I have been actively engaged in trying to find homes for cats.

To those who argue that the ordering of cat life should be left in the care of nature. I would point out that since it was domesticated for human requirements the cat does no longer live in a state of nature.

So the question which does arise is this—Whether it is better to prevent a large number of cats who are unwanted to be born, or be forced to put them out of their misery after they have gone through untold suffering, both mentally and physically.

I have found that theorising is of little use in life—only experience can teach us the truth, and alas it is the cats not ourselves who have to pay the price of our lack of it.

For the encouragement of those who doubt, I should like to add that the operation of spaying or sterilizing the female, where performed by a qualified vet, is nothing to be afraid of. It can be safely done even after the cat has had numerous litters. The recovery in this case is necessarily slower than in the case of the kitten, which is running about in a day or two after the operation.

Mrs. Grace Wallace.

ELIZABETH IS 21

Elizabeth, a pet cat owned by Mr. Eric Caldwell, of 4, Peters Close, Prestatyn, celebrated her 21st birthday on November 14, the same day as the Prince of Wales celebrates his birthday.

Elizabeth was born in Manchester in 1948 and for seven years was a working cat in the butcher's shop Mr. Caldwell owned.

When he retired in 1955 Mr. Caldwell took Elizabeth with him to Colwyn Bay and in 1961 Elizabeth moved to Prestatyn.

Elizabeth is in remarkably good health although she is now deaf.

As a birthday present the Journal photographer took her 21 sugar mice. But although she looked at them, smelt them and even gave one or two a tap with her paw, she refused to taste them

30th, October, 1969. Rhyl Journal and Advertiser.

MEMBERS CORNER



CATS IN ROME

My husband and I have recently returned from Rome and Tunis.

As we hear so many tales about the wild cats of Rome, in vacant sites and in the forum etc., of which cats indeed there are many hundreds all over Rome, I thought it would interest you to see some photographs my husband took.

We (and many other people) fed the cats nearest us in Rome, and as you will see our nearest neighbours looked in quite good shape, but they still appreciated our meat and chicken and fish scraps, plus the Felix cat food which we bought for them, as it seemed their usual diet from kindly Italian ladies was milk and spaghetti.

I was pleased to find them looking so comparatively prosperous, though the ones in the Roman forum and other deep enclosures were rather more wild than these in our photograph.

In North Africa I imagined the cats (and other animals) would be worse off, but was again glad to find cats not as plump as the Roman ones but still in quite good condition, making a daily round of all the dustbins outside the houses. Here again, we fed them on Felix cat biscuits, which we had to place at their ports of call, namely, the refuse bins outside the houses on the pavements of Tunis.

Mrs. John Videan (Member)

The following little poem was recited by a small girl at our school entertainment in the early part of this century and I have always remembered it:—

If you please I'm Kitty Purr,
I've a coat of silky fur,
Fond of mischief, milk and play,
Two months old this very day.
I can scratch, and mew, ('mew, mew')
Now you know me, who are you?
Author unknown, O.W.L.



MR MUFFIN

You ask for a few comments about Mr. Muffin, well briefly, he is the most friendly unaggressive cat I know, in his nine years of life I have only known him to catch one bird but he is very good at catching white butterflies which he brings into the house for me! Each time I open my umbrella to dry in the hall he sits underneath it as you see in the photograph. His most amusing trick though is performed on Saturday and

Sunday mornings when I stay longer in bed. He sits on the bedside table and calmly knocks everthing off it onto the floor, this is his way of telling me to get up and get his breakfast.

All three of my cats have individual characters though, while I type this letter to you, Tilly the baby pussy is helping me by catching the typewriter keys, she thinks its great fun.

TUFTY

When remembering the various cats we have had and their peculiar ways we often smile.

One of the most odd was Tufty. A stray, he was originally named Tuft to match our Tabby she, called Candy. He was a beautiful tom of unusual colour. Tawney was a good description.

We had recently moved to a cottage near an ancient Church when the first incident occurred. One evening on hearing quite a commotion we went outside to see what the fuss was about. We were just in time to see Tufty clear the church wall and head for home. Chasing him, chirping angrily,

were two blackbirds. We could only suppose he had ventured too near their nest and they decided to teach him a lesson. This was to good effect as he always gave birds a wide berth afterwards.

Another amusing incident was one day when he and I were sitting quietly indoors. Suddenly in came Candy with a live field mouse which she layed at my feet. I fled upstairs but fast as I was Tufty was faster.

Trembling he sat with me at the top of the stairs while my husband restored order. He never, as far as we knew ever caught a mouse.

Several unkind people referred to him as a little coward. To us he, like all our other cats, just had his own particular ways.

AURORA

When Aurora applied to be enrolled as a Tailwaver, he had forgotten that, like all entrants to honourable guilds, he must be prepared to give an account of himself. Inexorably, his entrance-form demands information about his age, his sex, his breed and colour (Please give fullest details), and a select company of grave and reverend tom-cats and purring matrons is surely, somewhere, assembled to judge the fitness of this newest candidate for their ranks—perhaps some enchanting kitten, playmate of Zephyr, born to chase her tail among the petals falling from the apple trees.

Truth will out. When we first saw Aurora, he was one of the dirtiest, scrawniest, most deplorable tom-cats between Thames and Tweed. His fur, once white, was grey with neglect and matted with oil and pebbles; his ears were filthy his face disfigured by a deep and open wound. His voice, which he used to excess, was something, between a Klaxon horn and an ill-used saxophone. Yet he carried his battered tail erect, and like the ill-fated borderer of the ballad.

“Sai rantingly, sai wantonly

Sae dauntingly ga’ed he,

He play’d a spring and danced it round

Aneath the gallows-tree’.

For Aurora, when first we saw him, was dancing—dancing with our little cat Matilda, in and out of the rose-bushes in some wild cats—ballet of his forgotten youth.

So Aurora he became. It is true that the cats’ dance in ballet of *Aurora’s Wedding* is performed by Puss-in-boots with a nameless white partner, but you cannot call “Puss-in-boots” in a convincing tone, and when we called “Pussy” our neighbours cats (not to mention our own four) approached in a phalanx, and the white cat fled. Aurora he has to be: True, it is usually corrupted to Rora or even to Roaver, which suits him better.

Aurora did not wish to take up residence in the house—no doubt he felt the atmosphere created by the baleful eye of Timothy and Fur-about a little oppressive—but gradually he attached himself. Scrubbed in the kitchen sink, his wound healed and his ears cleaned, with two good meals a day inside him, he became a plushy, handsome cat, with fur as rich and deep as a polar bears. As winter drew on we established him in a sentry-box in the porch, warm and windproof and padded with our discarded pullovers. He accepts all this with becoming gravity, and even puts up his head to be rubbed, but he keeps his independence.

Yet there is a softer side to Aurora’s nature. It was as Matilda’s cavalier that he first caught our eye, and we noticed that whereas he regards Timothy and Furabout with stern defiance, his behaviour to Dulcimer and Matilda has always been most courteous. Yesterday we had further proof that he is, indeed, a very perfect gentle knight. Grey-tail a small and timid kitten from next door, had disappeared, to the distress of her family, for two days. It was nearly midnight when we heard unusual sounds coming from the porch. Aurora, our screech-owl Aurora, was crooning tenderly calling Grey-tail to share his bed and board, and ready to do battle with anyone in her defence.

Since, therefore, Aurora seems to be in a fair way to become a Cat of the Table Round, shall we have to re-name him Galahad? But has he the proper qualifications? Lancelot, Sagamore le Desireus? Somehow we doubt it. Nevertheless, you sagacious tom-cats and fair queens of the Honourable company of Tail-wavers, look with favour upon this candidate, for he has shown himself not unworthy of admission to your ranks.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret we record the death of another of our friends and member Mrs. M. Daniell, after a long illness. Her devotion to Cats and the work of the League is a memory we shall always cherish.

We are grieved to learn of the death of our friend and member Mrs. Margaret Hodgkinson of Buxton, Derbyshire. She joined the League in 1947 and contributed to our work in many ways. Her interest in cat welfare was intense and far reaching. She will be greatly missed.

THE CATS AGREE: GEORGE IS A HOOT

When Mrs. Peggy Barnes of Thunridge (Herts), took in a sick baby owl, her three cats started leaving their nightly catch of mice on the doorstep, the bird ate them, got well and left

But Mrs. Barnes parrot George, learned to hoot like the owl, and it has been hooting ever since—with the result that the cats have continued their now unwanted mouse delivery service.

Bristol Evening Post 23rd January, 1970

I suppose all cat owners who really love their pets think that their cat (or cats) are the cleverest, most endearing animals who ever drew breath. This is as it should be, this is what keeping pets is all about.

My story starts over two years ago when we were living in a small village not far from Oxford. One dark wet night in November I went into our kitchen and as I put on the light a form fled out of the window. I caught sight of a flash of tabby fur. Having a good idea of all the local cats, I recognised this as a stranger, so went out into the dark with a dish of food. I called, and from up the dark wet lane came a sorry cracked mew. I went towards the cat with my torch and food but it backed away. So I carefully put down the dish where the cat could see it and went back home and closed the door. Half an hour later the food was gone and so was the cat. The following evening as I went out after dark, I heard his voice calling and again, set down a bowl of food and again it was eaten and the cat disappeared into the night. This same thing happened every night for ten days, but each night the cat came a little nearer to the house, but due to the lack of street lights in our area I never really saw him, he was just a dark shape underneath the hedge, but I did discover that he only had one eye. On the tenth night the cat came right into the garden and I was able to stand and watch him eat. He was a large Tabby tom very thin, with bald patches down his spine, his coat was dirty and covered in lice and his tail was a mere 2 inches long. And yet in spite of all this he had an 'air' about him. He did have two eyes but one he kept nearly closed. On this, the tenth evening, he rose from his food and instead of rapidly going back into the dark, turned and gazed at me. I called him gently and after a moments hesitation he threw himself into my arms crying with happiness.

We made him a bed in the garage until his lice was gone, I brought him in every day to clean and comb him and soon good food and love brought about a great change. He grew before our eyes into the largest Tabby Tom I had ever seen, he was not at all fat but muscular and long legged. His head was large, broad and noble and from the day we took him into our home we had the most uncanny feeling that we had another human being in our house. He would sit and look at us with such love and understanding that we knew we were sharing our home with a most unusual person. It wasn't just his eyes that made us feel he wasn't a cat, he didn't behave like one, he tried to come in windows backwards, he never climbed trees and in many ways we always felt that here was a wandering spirit who had somehow got in-

side a cat skin.

We called him "Kitchener" and he never failed to answer to his name. His love for us was so overwhelming his purrs could be heard from miles away. We never referred to him as our cat but always introduced him saying he was a dear friend of the family who lived with us!

We decided it would be best if we had him neutered but first he mated with two of our she cats (both now speyed) and most of his kittens were born without a tail, many had little curly stumps and were much admired and all placed in good homes. He was a perfect father always kind and loving and he even tried to feed his kittens himself and took under his wing two stray babies we had at the time.

We moved house to a larger house and garden when we had had Kitchener nearly 18 months. He took to his new life happily and spent a beautiful summer of 1969 wandering his new garden and sleeping in the soft sweet grass.

At the beginning of October I realized he was not well, he lay down in the cool hall and refused his food.

We made him a bed in the bathroom and nursed him carefully, but he began to pass large amounts of blood. Our vet was wonderful, visiting every day, trying all he could and giving him all the treatment she could think of, but he began to sink. He was a wonderful invalid, however weak he dragged himself to the earth tray. He took pills and injections without a murmur and purred his thanks for all we did.

We sat up with him on the last three nights and he seemed to like our company. By the Sunday morning we knew we had lost the fight to save our friend. We had done all we could and there remained the one last kindness that we could give him, the vet gave him an injection while we sat and talked to him he rested his head in my hand and purred me farewell. He slipped away so slowly and gently that we hardly felt the moment when his heart stopped.

He lies now under a tree by our garden wall and I feel he is still very much with us here.

He was only with us for two short years and there can never be another quite like him.

R. Gray (Mrs.)

I enclose a cheque for £30 being your share from the funds I have received from selling to my friends the jam and marmalade I have made during this year. I hope it will be a little help towards the wonderful work you are doing for our beloved cats. E.S.

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