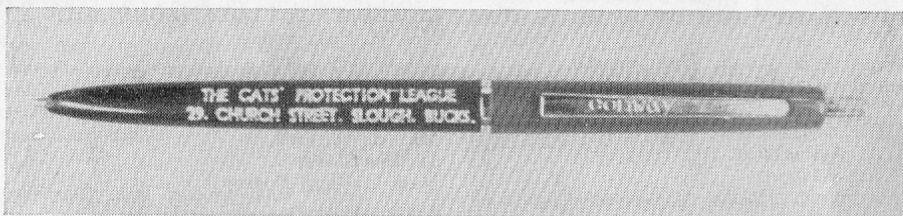


SHOP WINDOW



C.P.L. PENS: 1/6 each REFILLS 6d. POSTAGE 6d.

Two or more post free from Headquarters only

FAULTY PENS OR REFILLS REPLACED FREE

OTHER WAYS OF SUPPORTING THE WORK OF THE LEAGUE

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

Buy your hand-knitted dishcloths and/or Aprons to order, in aid of funds. Details from Mrs. P. Jives, 1 Penn Street, Oakham, Rutland.

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

Your interest and co-operation will be much appreciated. Miss D. Gowing, Rosemary Cromer Road, Roughton. NOR 29Y Norfolk.

C.P.L. Slogan Labels are sold in Aid of Funds 3/- per packet. The Cat's Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks.

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

Perspex Name Brooches in various colours 1/6d. each. Profits to C.P.L. Send S.A.E. to Miss P. E. George, Rose Villa, Aekhill Prestiegne, Radnorshire.

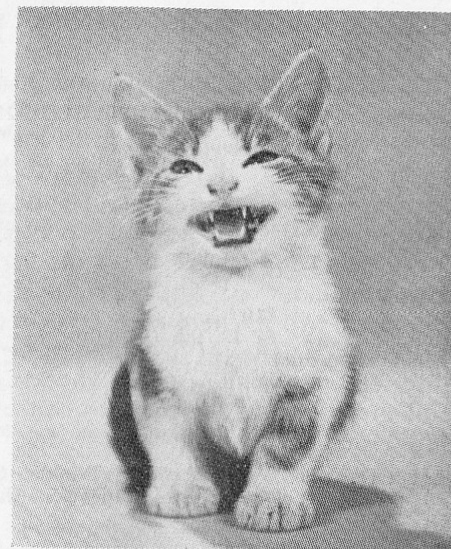
Water Colour Portraits of Pets from a clear snapshot, 10/6d. each.

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

**WILL YOU TRY
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER
DURING 1971?**

THE CAT

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.*

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1971

THE CAT Vol. XLV No. 1 JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1971

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.

Official Organ of
THE CATS' PROTECTION LEAGUE AND TAILWAVERS
(Founded 1927)

Registered National Charity No. 203644

Headquarters Office and Clinic are at
PRESTBURY LODGE, 29 CHURCH STREET, SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone Slough 20173

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Membership Only		U.S.A.
Life Member	£10	\$30
Member (Annual)	£1 1s. 0d. (£1 5n.p.)	\$4
(all above include magazine)		

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

ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

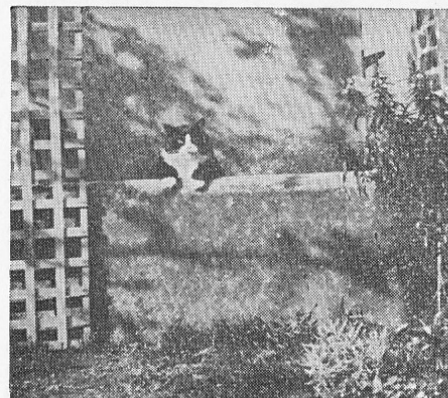
Notification of change of address.

Linen and blankot 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 com memorative.

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.

NOW FOR 1971

1971: A New Year demanding strenuous efforts, new ideas and progress; filling us with hope and courage to dispel our fears.

Every new year brings its problems which seem to be more bewildering than those we have faced in the previous twelve months, so more "strenuous efforts" are required to solve them.

Progress means going forward all the time and to maintain impetus it is so often necessary to introduce "new ideas". To keep going against seeming overwhelming odds calls for "courage", the more so when there is a real "fear" that the future is a particularly gloomy one. This is the time to remember new year resolutions. The only one worth making: "keep smiling" while you search for the silver lining which is somewhere behind those big black clouds. It is there I can assure you.

What we have accomplished during 1970 will be shown as fully as possible in the Annual Report, but briefly the general position is as follows:

We have consolidated the neutering project and the main funds, the McNeal legacy, from which the expenditure involved is met so that we can budget with a degree of certainty not possible before.

We have almost completed the development of our Isle of Wight Memorial Home by amalgamating the resources of the Branch with those of the Constance Aston Bequest and providing both the requirements of Branch activities and those of the terms of the "Will".

HASLEMERE

We are now utilising our property at Haslemere, Surrey for the purpose for which No. 10 The Close was bought as a temporary expedient, because permission could not be obtained as a permanent base. No. 10 The Close is being phased out now that Haslemere is building up to take over fully.

This is the League's contribution to the clearance of "sites" in London where so many cats and kittens still exist in a semi wild state. Mrs. de Clifford is in charge of "operation rescue" assisted by Miss Godbold. Both officially reside at Chase Lodge Studio, Haslemere, Surrey. In the circumstances Mrs. de Clifford will be "somewhere in London" more often than at Haslemere, the arrangements for site clearing and transport taking up most of her time. Miss Godbold will therefore be the one to look after the cats and take messages, but please try and keep telephone calls short and make them between 9 and 10 a.m. and 6 and 10 p.m. The number is 042-873 4297.

PROGRESS invariably brings changes, although some are inevitable in any case. Situations arise which force issues, to bring us in line with tomorrow's world. Within the next twelve months we shall be taking a good hard look at ourselves to discover what the demands of us are.

REGISTRATION BY TATTOOING: Identification of lost or stolen animals has been very much in the news lately and is in operation on a limited scale by two agencies for dogs but not for cats as far as we know at the time this copy goes to print.

We have followed the correspondence etc., and made many enquiries since the suggestion of "marking" by one method or another was first put forward. We are still enquiring whether the method employed for "marking" dogs can be applied to cats, what is involved etc.. We hope to be able to find out very shortly. If it is what we have been seeking, we will back it to the hilt, but it has to be proved all along the line before we do.

ANIMAL FOOD TAX: We all know the disastrous results of the 22% purchase tax in 1969, the hardship imposed on hundreds of thousands of people in many walks of life and particularly the Old Age Pensioners and the blind.

There is a very strenuous campaign being organised and meetings were held on 26th November and the 11th December 1970 at which representatives of the Pet Trade and Humane and Animal Welfare organizations were present. The C.P.L. promised its backing.

YOU CAN HELP by protesting to your M.P. The main points are hardship to Old Age Pensioners and those with very low income whose pets are their only companions: The destruction of thousands of cats and dogs whose owners are now unable to afford their food: The tragedy of stray cats and kittens that depend for their very existence on food

Brigid-Mary

The tender morning of
A bleak, uncertain day,
You moved—swift dainty pace
So full of life—over moist earth
Beneath a bush where one
Surviving rose stood red;
Twin drops of dew
Alighted on your back
And shone like diamonds
Upon your fur,
All in a moment unrehearsed.
A moment of unlooked for beauty. You,
So beautiful in all
Your movements, unaware.
1970

GEORGE F. TULL.

provided mostly by cat lovers of the very low income group. **PLEASE** give your support to this campaign to remove the tax.

BRUIN. The mystery of his name remains unsolved and alas less than one sixth of the number of entries required were received so we must, very reluctantly, leave the competition in abeyance for the time being and think again in the hope of coming up with some more attractive idea for his disposal in aid of the League's funds without incurring the expenses associated with raffles generally.

A PERSONAL APPEAL. We know members sometimes want to visit Headquarters to see around and look at the "cats". We welcome such visits and are as disappointed as they are if, as is sometimes the case at weekends, there is no-one here when they arrive. This can happen for a variety of reasons if we are not informed of the visit.

THE OFFICE & CLINIC close at mid-day Saturday until Monday 9 a.m. Accidents, emergencies and telephone are dealt with by my wife and me, but we cannot always be available nor is it possible to have staff on duty during the weekend. So please let us know in good time if a visit is contemplated.

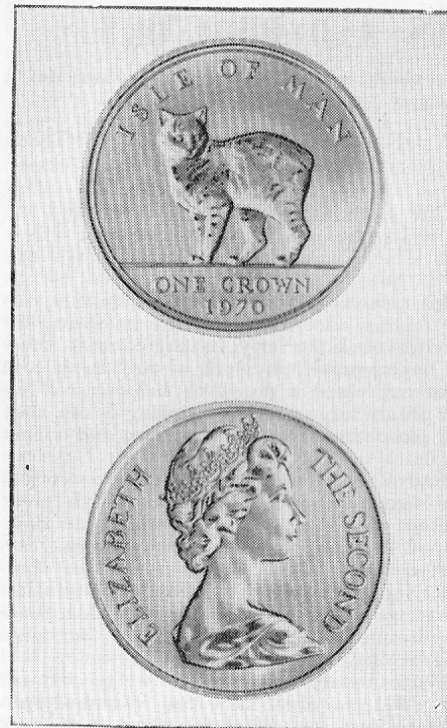
Albert A. Steward.

SPECIAL APPEAL

Could some artistic reader design a very simple illustrated sheet to educate young children in the art of kindness to small creatures? These sheets would be so useful to schools, especially to those where there are large immigrant populations, where children speak little or no English, or where they are semi-literate. It is these children in particular whom we must educate in the art of kindness and responsibility towards their animals.

Reply to General Secretary

A HAPPY NEW YEAR
TO OUR READERS



ISLE OF MAN ISSUES FIRST CROWN PIECE

First Coin in History to Show a Domestic Cat

An Isle of Man crown piece went into circulation Tuesday November 3rd 1970. It is the first such coin ever to be issued by the Government of the Isle of Man. In view of the approaching decimal currency it could well be the last crown piece to be struck for any country in the Sterling area.

The crown piece has been struck by the Royal Mint. Banks on the Island will receive an allocation for normal circulation purposes. Additional coins and proof crowns in silver intended for collectors will be available from Spink & Son Limited, Medallists to H.M. The Queen, who are also setting up a special sales office on the Island.

The coin bears the head of the Queen similar to that on all British coins on the obverse. A Manx cat is on the reverse. Mr. Douglas Liddell, Director in charge of Spinks coin department, believes that this is the first coin in history to bear a domestic cat as its subject.

"The nearest parallel is in the fifth century B.C. This is a panther's cub on a Greek stater of Tarentum which is being fed with a fish by the God Taras".

Reproduced by courtesy of the Isle of Man Government and P. H. C. Dickens (Public Relations).

I felt that the following story might be of interest to you, as one very small effort in the cause for which we are fighting:—

Some neighbours of mine, country people who refuse to be indoctrinated into the necessity of neutering in this day and age, have two female cats—mother and daughter. The mother is half Siamese, half Burmese, and the daughter is jet black, small, and with very oriental looks and character. Both cats are eternally having kittens which are drowned at birth by the owner. The black one has had three successive litters in my garden shed, and the frightful task of sending for the owner has devolved upon me. When I noticed about three months ago that she was in kitten again, I decided I could bear her ultimate misery no longer, and I asked the owners if I could have her with a view to having her neutered at the appropriate time. This was agreed to with an unconcerned shrug. However, Chinky had by now become crafty, and she gave birth to this last lot of kittens somewhere in the wild. I tried to follow her, but each time she gave me the slip, and they could not be found. She came to me to be fed the whole time hes was

obviously nursing them. To my horror, at approximately eight weeks old she brought them into my shed, and very proudly escorted me along to admire all five of them. How hard that little cat had struggled to bring up her babies in safety, and how wonderful nature is—she had started to wean them herself—on dead rats by the evidence I found. And she had even taught them to use a litter tray I keep filled on a shelf in the shed in readiness for emergencies.

However, thanks to the good offices of Mrs. Howard, The Cattery, Black Moss Lane, Burscough (whom I have already placed on your books), homes were found for all five delightful kittens. Last week Chinky was neutered, and this evening I shall be taking her to have her stitches out. I have one other much-loved stray, now aged seven, and now Chinky will replace my other stray who was poisoned this Spring and is still sadly missed. Such a warm, affectionate and brave little creature deserves some happiness, which I trust she will have with me.

L. Bedford, Miss, 1-12-70.

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

The last three months of 1970 were filled with fund raising activities. All of which have been both successful and profitable. As well as the usual round of Jumble Sales, Bazaars etc. we have had one or two very pleasant fund raising activities—one very sociable Whist Drive and supper, and a "Sarah Coventry" Jewellery Party. But much hard work has gone into all our efforts, and we should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have given their services in so many ways—letting us use their homes, providing refreshments, helping with transport, making toys, knitting, making jam, helping to price goods, selling tickets, and all the thousand and one things which take time,—when time is so precious.

Our thanks to all the readers of "The Cat" who sent us donations and gifts to sell on our stalls at the Animal Welfare Association's Annual Fayre at Birmingham Town Hall. I am sure that all our Members and Readers will be delighted to know that this year we made a record profit of £150. It was hard work, but it was worth it!

We would like to extend special thanks to two readers who sent us gifts to sell on our stalls, whom we have been unable to write and thank personally, as their names and addresses were inadvertently thrown away with the wrapping paper! Please forgive us, but life in our households is always hectic. Gone, is the orderly life we once so complacently lived, for there always seems to be stray cats and kittens, parcels, boxes of jumble, letters waiting to be answered and names and addresses here, there and everywhere!

Besides fund raising, we have, of course, continued with our rescue and neutering programme. The private cattery which has been boarding some of our cats for us while homes have been found, has been closed for the past month due to cat flu, so life has not been easy, and we have had to go round taking food to abandoned cats, as we have been unable to collect them. However, we hope this situation will not last much longer.

In spite of the inevitable difficulties, we are feeling encouraged at the moment, for several vets in our city, having come to know us, have praised the work we are doing, and have expressed a desire to help us.—If we can obtain large C.P.L. collecting boxes, they will place them in their surgeries, and collect for us.

And so, we may end the year overworked and tired, but we look back with a great feeling of satisfaction, knowing we have helped so many cats and kittens this year. Yet we must not end on a note of complacency, for we know only too well that for every cat or kitten we have helped, there are dozens of others somewhere in our large city, waiting for help.

We can only trust that as we go forward into 1971, we shall have the continued support of you, our loyal friends and readers, and that as our work grows, so will your support.

Chelmsford

We have discovered, very much to our cost, that nothing ever goes according to schedule. Promises, promises—all broken! The builder promised that our Shelter would be completed in eight weeks. Four months later, it still remains to be finished. The electricity authorities promised to do their part of the installation three weeks ago—they still haven't been. The flooring contractors the same, but at least they have half done their work! You may imagine our dismay. It is only now, at the beginning of December that we are able to move some of our temporarily homeless and unwanted cats into their new Shelter. We are keeping our fingers crossed and hoping that all our contractors will complete their work within two weeks and then we shall be able to bring the remaining cats into our care in time for Christmas. So at the time of writing, we are half open for business.

We would again like to thank the kind readers who responded to our Paving Slab and Garden appeal in the last issue of The Cat. By the time we have our official

Chelmsford—cont.

opening of the Shelter in the Spring, it should all look very neat and attractive for human guests as well as cat guests.

Home finding and neutering continue apace and at the moment there is a very good turnover of cats in and out of the kennels and Shelter. We hope it will be better still when we have them all under one roof.

The two months' delay in completion of the Shelter has caused us some terrific bills at the boarding kennels, we wonder if we will ever straighten out our financial situation, not owing anything to anyone. Probably not, as long as we continue to care for all the needy cats which come our way.

Good news is that our Grand Christmas Fair on November 28th raised £98 for the Shelter—a record for us. We hope that our second Christmas Fair on December 12th will raise almost as much. Our Christmas Draw does not so far appear to have been quite as successful as last years, but there is still time for improvement.

Please will you send us your leftover or unwanted knitting wool—any amount, any thickness, any colour? We have two good ladies who knit for our Sales and they have had remarkable success recently knitting ponches—the latest fashion craze. We are always happy to know of anyone who will do a little knitting, or apron and cushion cover making for us to sell.

Once again we would like to say how grateful we are to the good people who have sent us parcels for our Saturday Sales and Bazaars, and donations to the Shelter. We are thrilled to have made so many new friends during 1970.

Please continue to help our many cats by sending gifts for our bazaars, good second hand clothing for our Saturday Sales and large quantities of used postage stamps.

During September, October and November, good homes were found for 231 cats and kittens and 95 cats were neutered. December's numbers are still to come, but already this year 606 cats have been rehabilitated by us, which is 22 more than the total for 1969. Thankfully, we are still progressing!

Derby

The summer and autumn months brought the usual sad little army of homeless cats and kittens. Mostly they seem to have been found in somebody's shed 'at the bottom of the garden'—the all too common refrain. We do feel that some of these unfortunate cats do in fact belong to the person reporting them on his or her premises.

The neutering and spaying scheme is

flourishing, but we are experiencing difficulties through lack of cooperation from the public to whom we supply vouchers. Either the voucher is not used immediately (taking into account the obvious that the cat is proved to be in kitten), or they fail to confirm that the operation has been carried out. Thus we hold counterfoils which HQ urgently require for records. In desperation a form has been devised, all the recipient has to do is to fill in the details, giving date of spay or neuter. It is not always easy to chase up these errant people due to shortage of helpers, the Derby Branch covers a wide area, often up to a thirty-six mile radius.

We have had an extremely busy year, but there is no doubt that all the hard work has been worth while. We have been called upon for many problems, not always cats either! We were pleased to be able to give financial help to an elderly disabled lady, faced with high veterinary fees, when her cat suffered a broken leg, all is now well.

We have had many grateful letters from our senior citizens to whom we have supplied vouchers. It is touching how many of these kind people send small donations from their fixed incomes, we know only too well that they can ill afford to do this.

Among difficult and oft times sad cases a spot of amusement comes our way, particularly in respect of the title of CPL. we do get called by some wonderful names. For instance the disembodied voice on the telephone asking 'is that the Cat Prevention League,? 'The Cat's Home?', The 'Cat Society', the 'Cat People', and believe it or not, the 'Cats' Brigade'; the latter might conjure up in the imaginative mind a long procession of sleek tomcats marching on their hind legs to martial music—a large ginger tom out front swinging the baton!

We are delighted to have enrolled three junior members during the last few months, they will be having their own stall at our forthcoming Christmas Bazaar. There is a great need here for a 'half-way house' where sick cats can be accommodated and receive veterinary treatment, prior to rehabilitation. We hope to raise enough at our Bazaar to be set aside for this purpose, and also that our third year of work in this area will bring forth even better results than before.



BRANCH & GROUP NEWS cont.

Edmonton

Our work at the Sanctuary continues as usual, never a dull moment; feeding, taking and fetching, the doctoring, trapping and picking up jumble, there does not seem a moment that one gets to oneself.

Large areas in Edmonton are being demolished and large blocks of flats being built which makes it difficult for people to take their pets. Although our Council do allow people to take them we get the excuse "we cannot have a dirt tray in our flat so will you take my cat in, we don't want it put to sleep". They do not realise that there is a limit to what one can do.

November 5th brought its usual crop of accidents to our feline friends, our ambulance was kept very busy. One loved pet, a black persian, slipped past its owner at the front door, was frightened by a firework and ran across the road and, unfortunately, killed. I think that it is about time they were stopped, they cause a lot of heartaches.

Pet stealing is rampant again in a number of areas, so please guard your pets and warn your friends against this terrible act; it is better to be sure than sorry.

We will be on our rounds during Christmas as usual, feeding shop cats, factory cats and delivering our O.A.P.s food gifts for their cats, although it will cost twice as much this year on account of the shocking increase in the price of pet food.

Our Charity Shop is nearly out of stock, so do think of us if you can find anything saleable as we do want to keep it open as long as possible. Thanking Headquarters for all their assistance during the past year, also all the very kind people who have helped us with parcels and donations in order that we may continue this humane work, we offer our sincere good wishes for a happy New Year.

Glossop

During the first eleven months of 1970 we found homes for 112 cats and kittens, 80 were spayed and 9 males neutered.

At present we have 42 cats and kittens in our care. Most of these are living in the country and have their freedom during the daytime. Some of the old and nervous ones will be with us for some time. They thank friends who sent them donations for a special Christmas dinner.

We were very fortunate to again have the use of the charity stall in the Glossop Market Hall for one day in November. We also held a Jumble Sale and thank all who sent gifts or helped in any way. Another Jumble Sale is planned for early in the New Year and a coffee morning with gift stalls. We

would be pleased to receive any unwanted Christmas presents, Green Shield stamps, used postage stamps (please leave a margin of paper all round, and coins, also any other oddments for our collector's corner.

Again we thank our friend in Bristol for doing all our printing free of charge and local friends who so kindly help with the rescue of cats and kittens and transport to and from the Vet.

Winters are very cold on these moors and we welcome pieces of old woollen blanket for use in our shelter. Please do not send any that have been near cat infection—our greatest hazard.

Many thanks to all friends who sent donations for our Christmas Tree and to Headquarters for their generous cheque. The financial situation is still critical as more and more demands are made on us.

A happy New Year to cats and kittens and their friends everywhere.

Please remember to put out clean drinking water for strays, birds and other wild creatures and to renew it frequently in frosty weather.

Great Amwell

I was very privileged in being asked to take an official part in this years National Cat Show on the 28th November at Olympia and thought some of our readers might be interested to read a "cats eye view" of the proceedings.

I was officiating on the Pet Cat Section and Blue Peter Stand and I must say that it was a very rewarding if rather shattering experience. The day began quietly enough but by half past ten when the first Judges decisions started to come through and I was at the same time being besieged by hordes of children who wanted to know when Valerie Singleton would arrive and where they could see Jason etc., the pace hotted up to a hectic degree. I could have done with a dozen pairs of hands and the same number of feet as I was frantically employed in making out prize cards, entering winners in our ledger and running to and fro to the award board to post results as they came in.

I think the most rewarding part of the day came by watching the expressions on the faces of the children whose cats had been placed in the prize winners list, especially those whose pets went on to the Blue Peter Section and who actually had the honour of being awarded their prizes by Valerie Singleton.

For me the high spot of the day was the expression on the face of the little girl whose pet cat "Cheeky" was awarded the title of "the best household pet"! "Cheeky" was transferred to a very plush pen and his

Great Amwell—cont.

small owner stationed herself there for the rest of the afternoon telling all admirers that this cat belonged to her.

I would like to record the very high standard of all these non pedigree cats and especially the class for rescued cats and strays. It would warm all members hearts to see the perfect condition and indeed beauty of some of these cats which had a very sad beginning.

Leicester and Loughborough

So many slum areas of Leicester are being demolished, and families re-housed in new blocks of sky-scraper flats where animals are forbidden, and literally hundreds of cats are being abandoned. One little fellow was found on a derelect piece of land in a strong plastic bag so tightly tied up there was no room for him to move his paws and scratch his way out. He is being cared for by Mrs. Gray along with another cat which had been left hanging from the branch of a tree by string tied round its back legs, in a Leicester park. He was very wet after being all night in the rain, as he could not run to shelter. Mrs. Linwood-Wright, regardless of family or other commitments, has again and again gone to the assistance of injured cats lying in gutters, especially at weekends and evenings. A beautiful black cat had to have her tail removed after a road accident, but nevertheless she is alive and happy. We are all extremely pleased to read in our "Cat" Magazine that the "Good Homes for Kittens" gimmick, run by various pet shops is now at an end, we hope, because no cat appears to have been followed-up after sale as far as neutering was concerned. Very many thanks indeed to all who are helping us carry on this good and rewarding work by sending gifts for our sales, used and new stamps, (new ones to put on the envelopes in which our Raffle Tickets are sent out), rummage for our shop and anything on which we can raise money to help the "Cinderellas" of the animal world. On June 12th and 13th, 1971, Manxie, our ginger tail-less mascot, resplendent in her draught-proof perspex cat-carrier, so generously donated to her by a good friend, is going with us to the Baggrave Park Agricultural Show where we are going to have space for a Gift Table.

Wishing everyone a Peaceful and Happy New Year 1971.

London Committee

We have just received an offer from the kind friend who helped our old cats last year. He has promised that if we can raise £100 extra for the Rescue Centre, he will double it. As it is too late to let everyone know before the end of the old year, we have fixed the end of March as the closing date. So will everyone who can, please help by sending a special contribution to our Extra fund; I am setting to work arranging Bring and Buy afternoons, Coffee mornings or evenings and any thing else possible in the houses of our kind members. This is a wonderful chance, every shilling you give will be doubled, so please help us.

Our Florin Circle has rescued seven cats since it started, the latest is a pretty tabby called "Topsey", she arrived with one fairly big kitten, and two days later two more kittens were brought, the whole family had been living a wild outdoor life, depending on the kindness of neighbours, but they were lucky in being in a nice part of the world, for they are not very shy and seem to assume that everyone will help them. Our Florin Friends are giving us real help. It costs just about £1 a week to keep one of our pens going, that is with one cat or two kittens in it. Not many people can afford to give us £1 a week, but if ten become Florin Friends and give us 2/- a week, there is one pen where a cat can wait for a new home, so if anyone would like to be added to our Florin Circle, or enroll more friends, we will be delighted.

At our bazaars and Sales, the jewellery stall run by Countess Grudzinska has been a great attraction. Countess Grudzinska has asked me to say that she would be very grateful for any article of jewellery or any little trinket, old or new, to help on her stall. She only has perfect pieces on her stall, and is specially grateful for unbroken articles. Any broken bits that have gold in them, I am always pleased to have for the nugget, which is still growing.

We had our usual stand at the National Cat Show and Miss Troughton took round the collecting box with her usual wonderful result. She collected £27 10s, anybody who has ever tried to get money into collecting boxes will realise what an amount of work this represents—(I had a collecting box too, but I only collected 1/9d.). There is no doubt that we are very fortunate to have Miss Troughton, and I have already supplied her with a list of dates for the coming year!

At the Rescue Centre, for the first time for years, we have had a pen empty for a week. We try to keep a free pen or two for emergencies, but it is very seldom that we can do so. It is not yet the end of the year as

NEXT ISSUE MAR/APL.

London Committee—cont.

I write, so we have not our complete figures, but we have already a really grand total of homes found and cats happily settled. This is the reason for our existence, we want to put all our cats into happy homes. We could not do it without the help of all the people who work for us. Countess Grudzinska who writes and telephones and inspects homes, Mrs. Westwood-Morris with her car, who must have driven hundreds of miles, Miss Grace Read who has taken a special interest in our kittens, and all our kind friends who help us are the people who make it possible for the work to go forward. I expect that they are all prepared to do the work during the coming year, I hope that they realise that we may well ask them to do even more, for the sake of the cats. I must thank them all on behalf of our strays.

Fedora is now a beautiful cat, by the time this appears she may have gone to a home, for she has picked up wonderfully, thanks to the extra help we have had from her kind friends. We have accepted a small cat called "Dumpty" who may become something of a problem, for he evidently intends to rule the roost, he has batted our huge ginger Carrots, over the nose for daring to look at his saucer, and is generally very truculent. If anyone would like to send him a special present, we would be glad, for he certainly expects it!

North London

The Committee, the staff and all the cats at North London wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year. We thank you for all your kindness to us during 1970 and hope that you will continue your support during 1971.

We write this at the end of November, when faced with our own Bazaar and a stall at Horticultural Hall within the next two weeks. Thanks to our helpers, we are fully stocked for both events. Those who kindly send us trading stamps will be glad to know that during the year, we have had to buy very little equipment for the Shelter. The stamps have provided tea towels, saucepans and all sorts of items, including a smart new wall clock, Fred our barrow boy cat having played football with our old one.

All our older cats have now had their necessary dental treatment, thanks to kind sympathisers. Grannie, at sixteen, had to remain with the vet for three days, and, on return, was put on a diet of Brand's Essence and steamed fish. Though now fully recovered, she is loth to return to the normal diet.

We are delighted to report that Miss Hutt, our chairman and treasurer is again out of hospital and doing her sterling work in keeping our finances straight and catching up with the arrears of book-keeping which accumulated while she was in hospital.

The cat with the missing tail and Steptoe which we have mentioned in previous reports both settled comfortably in new homes. Fred, however, remains with us which is puzzling since he is an adorable cat. Fred insists on giving you an account of how his hopes have been dashed.

"Fred speaking. Some geezer has bin in to see me free times. I done all that I thought was expected of me. I jumped on his shoulder and climbed into the bag he was carrying. On the third time he called, my missus was packing jumble. I helped and took things out of the cartons as fast as she could put them in. I nearly got closed up in cartons free times. The geezer laughed and I thought here goes, I got a home—

As he leaves, my missus sez—"You like him—wot about taking him with you" to which the geezer sez—"Not likely". Such language in a cat shelter—Anyway I'm happy here—I have got me mates around me".

We are very busy at the Shelter. The spring time kittens are now at neutering age and we are neutering 30 cats each week, thanks to Mr. Smith our driver, who has to rise at 6 a.m. to cope with the rush hour collections delivery to the Vet and then home. Much of his time is spent waiting for people to get out of bed to hand over cats or take them back in.

By the time you read this, we hope we will have seen you at the Animals Fair which is our opportunity of meeting our friends. We are grateful to Mr. Steward and Headquarters committee for affording to us this opportunity.

Sussex

I'm sure you will be pleased to hear that this little white cat which was brought to us as a stray was soon claimed by its delighted owners, and the little terribly nervous cat has been adopted by Miss Mark herself as she couldn't bear the idea of letting it go to another home and being upset all over again. The poor little thing is gradually improving but is still terribly afraid of strangers.

And the following are only a few of the cats we have recently taken into our care. A small kitten found crying in a country road which must have been dumped from a car. An abandoned cat taken to the P.D.S.A. A carton of young cats brought here by a couple because they were going on holiday. Three cats and six kittens to be

Sussex Branch—cont.

taken at once please as the owner was in the army and was off to Germany. Two cats and six four week old kittens must be placed as the owner could no longer afford to keep them. A cat and three kittens would be shot if we wouldn't take them. I am glad to say that most of these poor unwanted little creatures are now in happy homes.

At Cat Haven the alterations are complete and a great improvement. The heating is now in the process of being installed.

Our Bring and Buy Tea was a great success, and we took £63 10 0d. which was a record. We think perhaps people prefer an afternoon event to our usual Coffee Evenings, and we plan to have more of them. We are grateful to Mrs. Bennett and Miss Woolgar for acting as Hostesses on this occasion, and our thanks go to them and all who helped on stalls and raffles etc.

I have had a wonderful response to my appeal for books and in old Calendars, and would like to thank all those who sent anonymously. We sold a great many of the books at our Bring and Buy Tea so can do with more any time please. The calendars we make into new ones, and also cover match boxes with the small pictures of cats and sell them done up in celaphane in packets of five. We always welcome trading stamps, and would welcome any odd balls of wool in making up into hot water bottle covers etc.

Ulster

New Year greetings to all our members and friends. It's interesting to note that our members are scattered throughout the British Isles, the Irish Republic and the United States of America. As for our friends, they seem to be everywhere. It's nice to have friends.

Once the summer holidays were over the Ulster Branch prepared for action. We started off with a Jumble Sale/White Elephant Sale which brought in around £45. Next came our Annual Sale of Work and once more we were fortunate in getting a nice day. It's still too soon to give final figures but the total would seem to be in the region of £310 when expenses are paid. It's not quite as good as last year but we are reasonably happy and would like to thank all who helped, especially the Stall-holders who have worked very hard indeed.

In November we had a general meeting at which we held a Ballot, kindly organized by Mrs. McBride, to whom we express our sincere thanks. Mrs. McBride puts an enormous amount of hard work into this and, furthermore, she herself pays all expenses

and provides many of the prizes. Unfortunately this year there was a hitch—the tickets were stolen by two small boys and when they eventually were traced it meant they were late being sent out and members had not much time to dispose of them. In spite of this we have already received from Mrs. McBride over £100 and more will undoubtedly follow. This meeting was one of the best attended for a long time and in addition to the Ballot we were shown two films, taken by members of the Branch. The first, made by Mr. R. Williamson, was a wonderful film of our own Shelter, giving an excellent account of what goes on from day to day. The other was a film, made by one of our Veterinary Surgeons, Miss M. McClay, "On Safari" in East Africa. Everyone voted it a most enjoyable evening and did full justice to the delicious supper.

Miss Bradshaw wishes me to thank all who sent her wool scraps. Many parcels arrived with no indication as to the sender. Most had "cross-water" postmarks. We appreciate the splendid response and hope that folk will continue to collect wool oddments for us. Also still of use to us are milk bottle-tops, tinfoil, old nylons, good quality jumble and white elephants and of course Mrs. Wilson is still in need of lots and lots of used postage stamps, especially Commonwealth and foreign.

My appeal for books by Florence L. Barclay has produced only one result. Our member still wants "The Broken Halo" and "The Mistress of Shenstone" and will give a donation to the Branch nominated by the sender as well as to the Ulster Branch. Please see what you can do. Perhaps in the first instance it would be best to send a Post Card to me—the first offer received will be accepted.

Looking back over 1970 I would say it has been a rather unhappy and difficult year, though with a few blessings thrown in. Let's hope things go more smoothly in 1971.

Ballot Winning Nos.

10836, 5628, 4536, 10033, 10013, 6830, 9524, 656, 2541, 1306, 0986, 2884, 10975, 5373, 1781, 5358.

West Cornwall

"HE WHO SMILES RATHER THAN RAGES IS ALWAYS THE STRONGER". These words of wisdom hover constantly in my brain, but with the best will in the world, I can't seem to put it into practise for any length of time. Why is it so hard to smile when scores of unwanted kittens are dumped upon us for destruction, when we come home from an evening out and discover a pathetic little cat soaked to the skin in a cardboard box tied up with string and left

West Cornwall—cont.

outside the gate, when we have to listen for hours, sometimes after 10 p.m. to phone conversations consisting of cat problems, usually cat or kitten disposals. Each day brings its new batch of provocations and frustrations, and each day our happy smiling faces are reduced to frozen masks, aggression takes over and some folk quite often undeservedly receive the sharp edge of our tongues, but we continue to try and believe that one day we shall be shining examples of patience and tranquility (chuckles from voluntary helpers . . .).

It seems that unwanted kittens were the main problem in 1970. I thought we were unlucky until I read the reports in *The Cat*. We surely sympathise with other branches. As most of our friends know we specialise in finding homes for unwanted adult cats after they have been neutered, and regretfully we have nearly all unwanted kittens destroyed. The few kindly people in the district who have cared for a number of kittens have found it comparatively easy to get the youngsters fixed up but were finding the older cats left on their hands. Homes for older cats invariably present a more difficult task. As it would be impossible to find really good homes for even a fraction of the numbers of displaced felines, we have to accept that many will have to die, therefore our aim is to educate humans to care for cats, by allowing them to adopt a fully grown cat, neutered, housetrained, healthy, troublefree and of a suitable temperament, and we believe that the new owners will realise their responsibilities, and the cats will enjoy a contented life. Kittens on the other hand will charm themselves into unwilling hands and could eventually become a stray or unwanted pet when the novelty wears off.

The happy occasions when we receive your cheerful letters and lovely parcels are bright spots which we appreciate. We are holding a Christmas Fayre on the 12th December and the gay items you have sent will be for sale.

A very handsome cheque from H.Q.'s has solved some very pressing problems. Funds were depleted owing to our massive renovations in the catteries and two nasty outbreaks of cat flu. Now the Christmas cats should be in clover.

Thank you all for your thoughts and kindly help. We wish you every happiness in 1971.

THE BIRMAN CAT LEGEND

by Mrs. E. Fisher, Praha Birman Cats

To appreciate the legend which is about to be told, one must visualise the beautiful temples in the ancient land of Burma. The magnitude of the Buddha idols helps to impress upon us the deep religious faith the people have. Their belief in the reincarnation of souls and their deep respect and love for their priests provide the setting for this legend. Their watchful and loving care of the 100 white cats (Temple Cats) is due to their belief that the priests are returned to the temple in the form of the sacred cats of Burma known as Birman Cats. The origin of the white-gloved feet and the colouring goes back to before the birth of Christ.

Centuries ago the Khmer people of Asia built beautiful temples of worship to pay homage to their gods. The Temple of Lao-Tsun housed a beautiful golden goddess with sapphire blue eyes, who watched over the transmutation of souls. Mun-Ha, one of the most beloved of the priests, whose beard had been braided with gold by the great god Son-Hio, often knelt in meditation before the Golden Goddess Tsun-Kyan-Kse. Sinh, a beautiful and faithful white temple cat, was always at his side, and shared his meditations. As the holy priest prayed, the sacred cat would gaze at the Brilliant Goddess.

One night as the moon rose and Mun-Ha was kneeling before the sacred goddess, raiders attacked the temple and Mun-Ha was killed. At the moment of Mun-Ha's death Sinh placed his feet upon the fallen master, and faced the Golden Goddess. Immediately the hairs of his white body were as golden as the light radiating from the beautiful Golden Goddess, her beautiful blue eyes became his very own, and his four white legs shaded downwards to a velvety brown; where his feet rested gently on his dead master, however, the whiteness remained white, thus denoting their purity.

The next morning the temple radiated with transformation of the 100 white cats, which, like Sinh, reflected the golden hue of sunset. Sinh, the golden cat of Burma, never left the throne after his master's death. Then seven days later he too died, carrying with him into Paradise the soul of Mun-Ha, his beloved master.

Since that time, the followers of Buddhism guard very carefully and gently the sacred ones within whose bodies live their beloved priests. Only a few (and they must be worthy in deed and manner) are permitted to possess one of these beautiful creatures.

THE WILL

Florence L. Beavis

PETER was very old. Any stranger would have noticed that because walking had become such an effort for him. And his pauses to rest had become increasingly more frequent.

But strangers were still arrested by his aristocratic appearance. Their eyes seldom travelled further than his magnificent head. The weakness in his back legs escaped them.

Only those who loved him knew for certain that the flame of life that had once burned so brightly within him was slowly dimming to a flicker and that before long it was going to be extinguished for ever.

Surreptitiously they watched him while they worked. Noticed that the cooked rabbit he had so often scrambled over a 6 ft. gate for in the past was now pushed to one side of his plate. More and more he mewed for water. Lots and lots of water.

Even those who loved him could not have said precisely who suffered the most during those last seven days. Peter, who stayed nearer to them as his life flickered relentlessly away, or themselves; knowing, without a shadow of doubt, that this was to be the parting of the ways. Wondering how much longer they could stand the look of bewilderment in his beautiful amber eyes. Eyes that seemed to be seeking an explanation of the strange, sad thing that was happening to him. The strange, sad thing they knew they were powerless to prevent.

His dignity gave them courage. With

infinite grace he would sink down on to the lawn and sleep—adopting an entirely new posture for his slumbers. With one front paw tucked under his beautiful white chest he stretched the other over the lawn as a sleeping child might stretch an arm over his mother's bosom.

Could Peter, at his advanced age, feel any of death's sting or must those who loved and watched him bear it all? They trusted it was so.

Now, all that could be done had been done. All that was left was the last sad visit from the Vet. Peter, who had received every care and consideration during his seventeen years, had approached the Gates of Death with a dignity denied to many human beings. The precise moment of departure was to be taken out of his paws by those who loved him and a qualified Veterinary Surgeon. Suffering is the prerogative of those who love.

There wasn't a Will. As Peter had come to them, a helpless, cuddlesome bundle of marmalade and white fur with no material assets, so he would go?

No assets? Nothing to leave the grey and white Abyssinian cat, the last of a long line of Peter's friends?

In their grief they had forgotten. But Osgood, the grey and white Abyssinian cat, remembered. He also knew where the last of Peter's possessions were to be found.

He purred as they opened the "fridge door and heaped a pile of cooked rabbit on to a dish. Instinctively they knew there was no other cat Peter would have wished to leave his rabbit to.



QUEST FOR A CAT

When Tinker, our beloved Persian of a veteran 15½ years, passed peacefully away, we were suddenly left with a large, lonely gap in our lives. No more did the smell of boiled coley waft from the kitchen: no more getting up at midnight to open the back door: no more viewing television over a mound of hot, tabby fur on your knee. We felt depressed and bereft. There was only one remedy: we must find a replacement.

"Another Persian, of course", I stipulated firmly.

"And a female—they're not so heavy", added my father, obviously considering his knee.

"Well, she must be house-trained, then", my mother finally relented.

It wasn't so easy to find our kitten. We scoured the advertisements in the local papers and shop windows day after day—without success. There were kittens of every hue needing homes, but all were short-haired. They simply wouldn't do. Oh, yes, there were Persians available: "Cuddly and adorable, smokey-blue or grey", read the advertisements. "Only twelve guineas".

"Imagine—we gave only a tin of cat food for Tinker", sighed my mother wistfully. We kept on looking.

At last, in desperation, I resorted to the pet shop. There were several in town, I knew. I walked down the rather shady back street until I reached the window. I got no further. The sight of those tiny bundles of fur, clawing vainly at the glass, or huddled together hopelessly in a corner almost broke my heart. I turned and went straight home. Those appealing, innocent eyes and piteous squeaks haunted me for days afterwards.

Now what? Our quest, it seemed, had reached an impasse.

It was quite by accident that, some weeks later, I discovered the pamphlet. I was about to throw it away, along with a pile of circulars which had been stuffed through our letter box recently, when the words 'we want good homes for unwanted pets' caught my attention. I extracted the leaflet and read it carefully. It was a report by the Humane Education Society, describing some of their recent excellent work in rescuing maltreated animals. I was most impressed—and their local branch was only ten minutes' walk away

"Come in"! called a cheerful female voice, when I knocked hesitantly at the door of the unpretentious little office. I clambered over a confusion of bulging boxes, scattered books an assortment of rubbish, to find an energetic-looking young woman in sweater

and jeans scribbling away at a cluttered desk. A fat ginger cat squatted on her knee.

"Hello—can I help you"? she grinned. Rather nonplussed, I explained my mission.

"Hm—let's see what we've got". she leafed through a well-thumbed notebook. "A black-and-white tom: a young barred she: a siamese, about one year old . . . no persians, though, at the moment".

"Sorry—it *must* be a persian", I stressed, though tempted to accept one of the others.

"Never mind—we're bound to have one in, sooner or later", she assured me. "Give me your name and address, and I'll be in touch".

I did so, and left feeling considerably more optimistic, hoping fervently that she wouldn't lose the scrap of paper on which she'd jotted my phone number . . .

Several weeks passed, and still there was no word. I began to think my fears had been justified. Then one afternoon the phone rang, and the familiar bright voice greeted me.

"We've got your persian. A tortoiseshell she. Someone found her in the gutter". She gave me the address. "Hope you like her—cheerio!" That apparently, was that!

Next morning we duly arrived with a borrowed cat basket, to collect our new acquisition. The lady who had found her was relieved to see us.

"Already got three cats of my own", she explained. "She's in the kitchen—come in".

The scraggy, shivering, half-grown feline which stared at us wild-eyed from a corner was hardly what we had been looking for.

"She's not really a kitten, is she"? I muttered dubiously.

"Is she a persian"? asked my mother faintly.

"Bit scruffy", grunted my father phlegmatically.

But we took her, all the same. And a few weeks of care and nourishment transformed her into a glossy-coated, shiny-eyed, proud-stepping little queen—hence her name, Sheba. We have grown as fond of her as of dear old Tinker. In many ways, she uncannily resembles him: she preens herself on the front gate post, reigns over the hearthrug, has a preference for milk with a little warm water. But there *is* one major difference, however: she turns up her nose at boiled coley. And I'm glad about that.

Loretta Bruce, Miss. Oct. 1970.

NEXT ISSUE—

A CROSSWORD PUZZLE

"A DIFFICULT MATTER"

"A difficult matter", T. S. Eliot called the naming of cats.

The poet was right. Christening a puss is—or should be—as serious a business as naming a baby.

Too many humans waddle around with names like Fay because Mum did not visualise the then attractively plump bundle overspilling the cradle as a full-grown fatty. And too many harmless tabbies are christened Tiger merely because nature's paint-brush painted them striped.

As for naming a marmalade moggie Ginger; this is as ineffective, when calling for the right Ginger, as calling "Evan" down a Welsh mine or "Paddy" into a Dublin bar, and expecting the right Evan or Paddy to surface.

My family, at least, can plead Not Guilty on Judgement Day, when others are condemned for that greatest cruelty to animals, calling cats Puss.

Shingpurr. Now there is an original title. No other cat, I fancy, has been Shingpurr. Why? Mother once called her a "Shilly Shing". "You shilly shing; why can't you purr"? Fancy calling her Blackie when names like Shingpurr are there for the creating.

Then there was Snicklefritz, a fine Teutonic-sounding name. Ogre? Hero? Fairy-story Burgomaster? Actually, it evolved itself from some now unidentifiable name haunting wartime bulletins the day he was acquired. Neighbours might reasonably suspect us of operating some sinister anti-British Underground movement, even giving the cat a name ending in Fritz. Were there secret transmitters inside his ears, or was he making Morse contact with spies—miaouw long, miaouw short, miaouw long etc.? No; he simply needed an utterly personal and unique name. He eventually became the less suspicious Snickle, still more interesting than Tabby. Besides, if the Russians had cut up rough, we could have soft-soaped by renaming him Hammer-and-Snickle.

And there was Bov. Not Bob; Bov. Her passion was neat Bovril, so usually shouting "Bovril" was a better lure than "Puss" or "Come here, you". Bovril became her name, shortened to Bov. Has any other cat been Bov? I doubt it.

Fella, perversely, was not a fellow but a glossy black female. Nevertheless, Fella she was, why I cannot now recall. Her little grave-stone still stands under a pink rosebush, inscribed "FELLA. We shall always remember you". The memorial was made by a funeral-stone-mason friend as a Christmas

present (to us, not the unfortunate Fella, of course).

Our present landlady, who graciously allows three humans to share her house and garden, is Twib, elongated at the evening call to "Ter . . . wib". Her highly personal title combines two ancestors, unimaginatively called Twickle and Tib. This little white lady preserves a mixture of sacred cat and Bunny Girl remoteness; you may admire but not touch. Since kittenhood she has detested being cuddled for more than a few moments, and that only standing up. One may not sit in the queen's presence.

Twib's wooer, until his untimely demise, was one Tomothy. Contemptuously, she acted like the injured party in a deodorant advertisement, treating him like a fourlegged bad smell. However, he remained her devoted champion; when another cat attacked her, Tomothy rushed to the rescue. Did she thank him? Not catty likely.

The Ferret, another unusually named creature, is Twib's bitter enemy; they declared gloves off on sight. Twib drew first blood, a trail of it, but the kitten returned to the ring, maddening her by making strange high-pitched singing noises from the fence, like a boy saying "Yah" to another. Eleven-year-old Twib drove her up a tree, doing clawing battle in the branches. One round left The Ferret marooned, and Twib The Winnah. We then renamed her, first Cassius Cat, later Henrietta Cooper Cat.

Refereeing this pair's scraps involved yanking the contestants forcibly apart, trying to hold one cat in each hand. Ideally, cat-fight referees need five hands; one for each cat, one to open the door, one to throw cat No. 1 inside, a fifth to keep cat No. 2 outside.

Other beasties of my acquaintance have included Rumpelstiltskin, Captain Hook—complete with black patch over one eye—and Rachmaninoff, all unhackneyed appellations.

For that matter, there is no law against a cat having a whole string of names, like Victorian children.

Shingpurr - Snicklefritz - Tomothy - Rachmaninoff - MacCat sounds so much more aristoCATic than just Puss.

Muriel V. Searle, Miss. Oct. 70.



TRAVELS WITH RUSTY

Early on a drizzly dark and cold October morning in 1968 my wife and I and Rusty, our cat, left Leeds for Jacksonville, North Carolina, to join our daughter there. Rusty had an imposing document from a local vet stating that he was in good health which was all he required to enter the United States, but as we were travelling by plane from Manchester to New York and onwards he had to be in a 'leakproof escape-proof box' so the airline insisted. Getting such a thing is easier said than done and in the end we bought the nearest thing we could get, a 'Pak-a-Pet' collapsible cardboard travelling box from a petshop. It cost us exactly 5/- at that time and since then has covered 7,000 miles by air, 3,325 by cargo ship, 2,000 odd by bus, 740 by train, and several hundred by taxi and private car. It still remains good for a thousand or more though it is somewhat battered now, and patched.

That trip to North Carolina was a protracted one, roughly 20 hours steady flying through the day and night but Rusty was not in the least upset by it. The vet had suggested that he be given nothing to eat or drink before take-off. "He'll be fine then", he said, and in truth he was. It seems cats fight tranquilliser injections, which I'd asked him for.

At Jacksonville he had the run of a quarter acre garden backed by tall pine trees inhabited by bobcats, wild cats and squirrels, and after he had learned to handle these creatures with caution he really enjoyed life there, especially as their winter is almost as warm as our late summer.

Then, early in 1969 we decided to go down into Mexico, as far as Campeche and Merida in the Yucatan, Vera Cruz, and possibly into Guatemala. We took Rusty along because our daughter had enough on her hands with two children, a 130 lb. St. Bernard, two cats, and a rabbit. Much of this journey was by bus, but as some of these buses below the border also carried pigs, chickens, and other farm animals, Rusty's presence made little difference. He had to have a visa to enter Mexico at a cost of four dollars, 50 cents more than a visa for a human being costs, which still seems odd to me. But evidently they think highly of cats! On the whole he enjoyed that trip, too, though it meant constant change, two days here, three days there. But not once did he get lost although wherever we stayed he was free to come and go as he pleased. His purring when he came back into the room at whatever hour of the day or night was an adequate indication of his contentment with things, so long as we were around.

In Merida we stayed at the Hotel Esperito Santo, the only hotel there. All the rooms opened out onto the central patio, which was also the dining area, and he had the run of the entire place including the kitchen. I imagine he was the first cat who'd ever been a guest there and I'm fairly sure some of the staff addressed him as 'senor Gato'!

From Vera Cruz we went on to Mexico City by train (buses and trains are amazingly cheap. One penny a mile) and after a day or two there took a plane to New Orleans on our way back to Jacksonville. We had then been away three weeks. When we'd left Jacksonville we'd worried a little how this cat of ours would go on in strange quarters, eating unaccustomed food, but we need not have worried. He took it all in his stride, just as would most cats for there is no more adaptable animal, and slipped back into things in North Carolina as if he had been away no more than a day.

Last March we felt a strong urge to return to England again, but that would mean him going into quarantine for six months although he had anti-rabies injections every six months since he had been out of the country. That I object to; I am convinced there are other safeguards which are equally effective today. But the fact remained, so we elected to go to Portugal, a country we knew and liked and near enough for short trips home. The cheapest route was by cargo ship and so on April 8th we sailed with Rusty from Pier 9A Brooklyn on the 16 day voyage to Lisbon.

He was slightly sick the first two days but he quickly learned that if he wedged himself between my back and the cabin wall the ship could roll as much as it pleased and he'd be perfectly alright. We'd brought a large bag of Kitty litter, some dried cat food (which he liked) and tinned sardines but as the steward fed him beef, liver, and fish they were not really necessary. And of course the crew made a big fuss of him.

On arrival at Lisbon we wondered a little how we'd go on about a hotel. We had heard that most of them would not take pets. But again our fears were unnecessary. Any one of five of them would have taken him, and there were probably others, too.

Three days later we came to Ericeira and have been living here a little over six months now. In that time Rusty has shown no sign of rabies so that the same period spent in quarantine in England would have been a total waste of time and money. He has got into scrapes in that time and got out of them again. I have had to rescue him from a roof, and from a backyard with seven foot high walls, and everybody in the little town knows him now. He has a V shaped

TRAVELS WITH RUSTY

tear in one ear and numerous scars but he still rushes into the house at 5 a.m. or thereabouts, leaps onto the bed and purrs so loudly he can be heard in the next room. That's the mark of a happy cat.

In our travels with Rusty we have compiled a list of 7,000 hotels and motels in the U.S.A., Canada, and Mexico which welcome small pets such as cats, and we now know that the same welcome is extended to them by many hotels and pensions in

THE BIRMAN CAT LEGEND

The people lived peacefully till the advent of Brahminism. The Brahmins felt that the Kittahs (priests) were practising a false religion, so they raided the temples and killed many venerable priests.

At this time two men, August Pavie and Major Russell-Gordon, journeyed from France to Burma. They were able to penetrate and bring protection to the last Kittahs against the aggressive Brahmins. They were then able to see the 100 sacred cats and learn their legend.

Many of the kittahs escaped and crossed the mountains of Burma into Tibet, taking with them their sacred cats. There they formed a new subterranean Temple of Lao-Tsun, the dwelling place of their gods. This temple is the marvel of Indo-China. Not far from a lake, it is hidden in a mass of immense peaks.

The two men returned to France, and because of the great love the Burmese people had for August Pavie and Major Russell-Gordon, who had protected them

Europe generally. It's a pleasant thought in a world so full of strife where mankind is concerned.

We are now on the point of moving again, to Manzillo in Mexico perhaps, or possibly to Colombia in South America. But wherever we go Rusty goes with us. The only place we can't take him as yet is back home to England, so we'll stay expatriates until the law is altered as it will be. He's worth that much to us in the affection he shows.

T. W. Dresser, Mrs. Portugal, Oct. 1970.

against their enemy, a pair of sacred cats was sent from the beautiful temple of Lao-Tsun to France, as a gesture of gratitude, in 1919. The ocean-trip proved tragic, however, for the male died. But it was found that the female was pregnant, and thus the breed survived and became recognised in France in 1925.

The French breeders also had troubles of their own, as at the end of the second world war only one pair of these Sacred Cats of Burma was left. The name Birman is actually derived from the French, and 'Burmese' cats are totally unrelated.

These cats have a wonderful temperament. They are sweet, gentle and very loving, with a small voice. And they are very beautiful. They walk with a tiger-like gait. They should have deep blue eyes, long-haired coats and points like the siamese, but with four feet, in the back legs ending in a gauntlet-like spur, reaching to the first joint.

There are now Blue Birmans as well as Seal Birmans.

from *CATS CALLING*. Sept. 1970.

C IS FOR CAT

By Frank Manonlson—Handy size, 7 in. x 4½ in.—220 pages—
Art paper covers—5s. 6d. including postage. From Cats Protection League, Prestbury Lodge, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks.

NOTE—All proceeds from the sales of the above C is for Cat will be devoted to our neutering project. *Editor.*

IN MEMORIAM

It is a year today since my darling "SCRAP" was put to rest, after fifteen years of devotion and companionship. He is still sadly missed. I cannot think of a nicer way of saying "Thank you" for his love than sending you a donation for less fortunate pets, so am enclosing a cheque.

Mrs. G.L.S.

Please will you accept this donation in memory of a very dearly loved Puss who has just died at the age of 15, after a very happy life.

Mrs. N. M. B.

Please accept the enclosed donation towards your great work, in memory of our precious departed cats.

Miss T.B.

I enclose a donation in thanks for our beloved pussy's safe recovery from poisoning this week. We nearly lost her last Monday and are so grateful that she is on the mend now, that we felt a little something for another poorly cat would be the least we could do.

Mrs. A.W.

Please use the enclosed note for the welfare of cats and kittens, in loving memory of my darling BOB, aged 10 years who fell asleep in 16th September 1970. He was such a devoted and affectionate companion and is so sadly missed.

C.S.

Please find enclosed 12/- collected by SHEENA CHAPMAN (aged 9 years). This money was raised by her making and selling home-made toffee.

Mrs. F.I.C.

In loving never to be forgotten memory of my WHISKY IS. IS. STOKES tragically killed October 26th, 1969.

Mrs. L. V. STOKES

In memory of my dear SIMON aged 17 years who was put to sleep on September 23rd. A faithful, clever Puss. Sadly missed.

Mrs. P.M.F.

In loving memory of our precious WHISKY T.W.3924, our beloved companion who passed peacefully away at her home October 8th, 1970 in her 18th year. Forever in our thoughts.

GEORGE AND DORIS BROOM

In loving memory of GOLLY who died 21st September 1970 aged 13½ years.

Mrs. M.A.S.

In memory of my little pal MONTY aged 9 months, killed on the road August 18th, 1970. A short but such a happy time together and sadly missed by his feline companions and Auntie.

M. S. RICKARD

In loving memory of my beloved "DONOVAN" who died on October 16th, 1970, aged 18 years.

Miss G.K.S.

In loving memory of our faithful little companions GINTY, BILLY and JUDY. Always loved and loving. Till we meet again.

C. E. PENNY

In memory of my beautiful blue cat SILVER aged about 3 years. Killed by a hit and run driver on August 15th, 1965; also GAY an attractive tabby and white who disappeared on July 21st, 1963 aged 3 years: such happy cats and so full of mischief. Both came as strays at about 5 months old. Also dear old PONGO, so affectionate, died December 14th, 1966, aged 15½ years. Little SALLY had to be put to sleep on August 31st, 1968, aged 12 years. All sadly missed.

I. H. ECCLESTONE

In loving memory of dear MOIRA the last of our original "Five Tigers" put to sleep July 24th, 1970, aged 13.

A.C.

In loving memory of dear STUMPY TW.3567 who was put to sleep in November 1970 in avoidable circumstances. He was so affectionate and intelligent. He is greatly missed—we shall never get over his loss.

D. A. RATCLIFFE and F. J. STROYAN

In ever loving memory of my dearest best beloved NELL, who passed over 15th November 1970. Always your tail up, my darling.

Mrs. A. HORSFIELD

Our beloved PIPPA, died unexpectedly and suddenly on 21.10.70 after a short illness, aged 11½ years. Our hearts are filled with grief, our house is empty.

D.B.

Remembering always our beloved fireside companions who have passed on to the care of St. Francis, SHIRLEY I (1954), TWINKLE (1956), SALLY (1963) and SOOTY I, SHIRLEY II and THOMAS (all 1969).

M. and C. ALDRICH (Wickford)

In loving memory of our JACKIE who died July 19th, 1968 aged 6 years. Still missed so much: also our pets of past year PETER, BILLY and MICKEY.

WIN., STAN. and BOB.

BRANCH and GROUP DIRECTORY

BIRMINGHAM: *

Miss J. P. Scriven,
83, Cranbrook Road, Handsworth,
Birmingham 21.

BOURNEMOUTH:

Miss A. Sydenham,
59, King's Road,
Bournemouth, Hants.

CANTERBURY: Affiliated to C.P.L.: *

Miss M. W. Paine,
37, Beverley Road,
Canterbury, Kent.

CHELMSFORD & DISTRICT: *

Mrs. J. Middlemiss,
112, Watchouse Road, Galleywood,
Chelmsford, Essex.

COVENTRY: *

Mrs. P. Skinner,
3, Ridgeway Avenue,
Styvechale, Coventry.

DERBY and DISTRICT:

Mrs. M. A. Norton,
24, Sevenoaks Avenue,
Mackworth Estate, Derby.

DOVER:

Mrs. M. Smalley,
46, Alder Road,
Folkestone, Kent.

DUBLIN:

Mrs. S. Connolly,
Leicester Avenue,
Rathgar, Dublin,
Eire.

EDMONTON: *

Mrs. C. Walledge,
39, Oxford Road,
Lower Edmonton, London, N.9.

GLOSSOP and DISTRICT: *

Miss Wilson,
Cowbrook, Glossop,
Derbyshire.

GREAT AMWELL and DISTRICT:

Mrs. B. Cox,
42, St. Leonards Road,
Bengeo, Hertford.

'SLE OF WIGHT:

Mrs. Kent,
Cheviott Cottage,
St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.

LEICESTER and LOUGHBOROUGH:

Mrs. M. Bakewell,
211 Anstey Lane,
Leicester.

LONDON COMMITTEE: *

Mrs. de Clifford,
12, The Close,
New Malden, Surrey.

MANCHESTER:

Mr. A. Thompson,
13 Gawsworth Avenue,
East Didsbury,
Manchester 20.

NEWBURY and DISTRICT: *

Mrs. I. A. Earnshaw,
Curridge,
Newbury, Berks.

NORTH LONDON: *

Mrs. M. Davies,
435, Caledonian Road,
London, N.7.

NOTTINGHAM:

Miss M. J. Marriott,
Risewood,
Debdale Lane, Keyworth,
Notts., NG12 5HZ.

OAKHAM AND DISTRICT:

Mrs. P. Ilves,
1, Penn Street,
Oakham, Rutland.

SOUTHAMPTON: *

Mrs. Picot,
22 Cobden Crescent,
Bitterne Park,
Southampton.

SUSSEX: *

Mrs. H. G. Perry,
35, Pevensey Road,
St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

ULSTER: *

Miss E. R. McKee,
92a, Earlswood Road,
Belfast 4. Northern Ireland.

WALSALL:

Miss R. Nash,
25, Wolverhampton Street,
Walsall, Staffs.

WEST CORNWALL: *

Mrs. K. Beesley,
Cathlowena,
Cusgarne Catteries,
Cusgarne,
Truro, Cornwall.