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**WILL YOU TRY  
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER  
DURING 1972?**

Published Bi-monthly by the Cat's Protection League, 29 Church Street, Slough and Printed by Chas Luff & Co Ltd., Albion Close, Petersfield Avenue, Slough.

# THE CAT

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO  
CATS AND THEIR  
WELFARE



WE "ARE" AMUSED

"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.*

NOV/DEC. 1971

# THE CAT Vol. XLV No. 6 NOV./DEC. 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 N. 203644

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

Editor  
Albert A. Steward

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## ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

Notification of change of address.

Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic

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Used stamps, British Foreign and com memorative.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries.



## THE TESTIMONIAL

Your response to my letter has been truly wonderful over 1250 members taking part, spread wide over the country from John O'Groats to Land's End by way of Beachy Head—that sounds like a quotation, but I don't think it is—so widespread in fact, that there was no chance of getting together a party that would represent you all, in order to give your present to the Stewards. So quite the opposite took place.

Miss Leeming, a member of the Executive Committee and closely connected with Mrs. Geoffrey Williams, who in the high and far off days of the beginning of the League, gave us 29 Church Street—Miss Leeming, who therefore has been part of the CPL and a friend of the Stewards for all these years, was asked to act for you.

So, over a friendly cup of tea, with no reporters and no embarrassing speeches, Miss Leeming handed to Mr. & Mrs. Steward a cheque for £1,897.89, and two books containing all your names—the signatures from your letters were used when possible. The inscription reads 'In these books are the names of those members of the C.P.L. who, with gratitude, join in wishing you many restful years to come.'

OSYTH SHERRATT

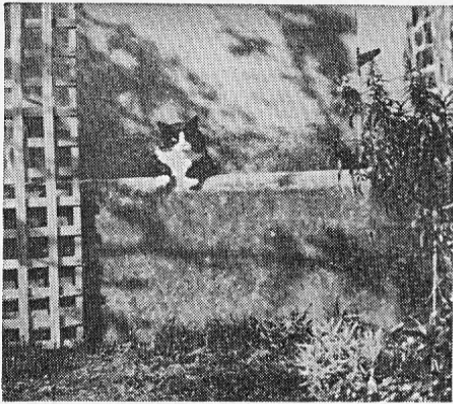


## ATTEMPTING THE IMPOSSIBLE

My wife and I found it difficult to express in suitable words our appreciation of the kindness shewn us by members through their letters—amounting to hundreds—when they learned of my retirement as General Secretary of the League, so in trying to thank you all for the overwhelming response to the Chairman's "Testimonial Appeal" mentioned above we truly are attempting the impossible. The depth of your feelings as evidenced by your really magnificent gift is something we shall treasure and to read again and again the names of our friends in the two books will give us lasting pleasure. We are grateful to the Chairman for sparing us the publicity of an official presentation. The quiet friendly atmosphere, with Miss Leeming as "Master o Ceremonies" dispensing tea and delicious cream cakes was an ideal setting for such an occasion. During our talk our thoughts turned to our dear friend for so many years, Mrs. Williams and we wished so much she could have been present to see how far the League has come. She and Mrs. Avery gave us unfailing support in the early days when things were difficult. In those days, Mrs. Avery who was Chairman then, launched an Appeal for £200 to pay me a year's salary so that I might officiate as a paid secretary. With the outstanding response to the present Chairman's Testimonial Appeal the wheel has turned full circle. OUR HEARTFELT THANKS TO YOU ALL.

ALBERT A. STEWARD





## 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 Editor.*

**PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS:** The response to my invitation to "Fit a Caption" has been surprising and very pleasing. The captions were extremely ingenious. You may be interested to know that the idea originated from seeing the number one illustration in a brochure published by the National Equine and Small Animals Defence League, of Blackwell, Carlisle. We acknowledge with gratitude the loan of the block and the permission to reproduce the picture.

Of the entries received five gave number three correct and one only of number five.

The original captions are (1)—and put the man out (2) Gardening without tears (3) What's cooking (4) And so to bed (5) And what about me (6) The taster.

**THE BLUE PENCIL:** We are glad to have had readers' views on the publishing of "horrors". So far only two readers have expressed the opinion that Branches should give details of their "horror experiences" and whilst I appreciate their views, the generality of members agree that it serves no real purpose to preach to the converted. However, you have my assurance that I shall not adopt the heavy hand attitude but use my discretion. I contend that much more can be achieved by Branches publicising their experiences through the local press or by pamphlet, where it will do most good and there is nothing to stop full and frank discussion of the horrors in their particular district, I would be pleased to advise on this suggestion.

**INTRODUCING GO-CAT:** For cat owners who for one reason or another find feeding arrangements difficult, this food could well be the answer. We have found it a great standby and to use a somewhat trite expression. "Would not be without it". This is what the makers say: GO-CAT is the complete cat food with these built in advantages.

Complete Nourishment Go-Cat is a complete, balanced diet for your cat—you need add nothing. Go-Cat is packed with all the proteins, vitamins and minerals necessary for lively, good health. Its carefully balanced diet keeps your cat in tip-top condition. Only 3¼ oz. (one teacup) provides as many vital calories as the usual (7 oz.) tin of cat food.

Convenience; Go-Cat is a complete, ready-to-serve cat food; it is not a biscuit—so you need add nothing. With Go-Cat there is no bother, no mess, no more unfinished meat or moist food lying around. Go-Cat doesn't spoil in the bowl, has no offensive odour, stays fresh and delicious. No need to worry about your cat having fresh food when you want to go out—just keep a full bowl where it can nibble Go-Cat any time.

Economy tinned cat foods contain up to 75% water, because Go-Cat is dry it goes much further. A 4lb. packet is 20 days supply—equal to 20 normal—sized tins of cat food. So it costs you less and with Go-Cat there is no waste in preparation or feeding.

Natural Feeding; Go-Cat is a modern, hygienic food designed to allow your cat to eat as nature intended—when it wants, how much it wants.

Delicious straight from the packet. Cats go for Go-Cat. It is a unique combination of meat and fish in delicious crisp, crunchy form. Go-Cat has a special savoury taste that cats can't resist.

**FEEDING INSTRUCTIONS:** The recommended method is just pour Go-Cat straight into the bowl. You need add nothing more. Cats prefer to eat small amounts throughout the day. Just fill the bowl in the morning for your cat to eat when he chooses. The average cat will probably need 3¼ oz. (one teacup) per day. Have fresh water available at all times. Some cats are finicky eaters and may take a few days to adjust completely to a new food. For them, introduce Go-Cat with their present food in gradually increasing amounts.

**F.I.E. (Feline Infectious Enteritis),** as mentioned in the previous issue of *The Cat* (September/October) I have been corresponding with a laboratory producing a new Vaccine which it is hoped will meet with the League's approval, regarding the method used in developing and preparing it. I have had an opportunity of discussing the process with representatives of the parent body and the British suppliers and whilst very impressed with all that was said at the discussion, I feel it imperative that I have satisfactory answers to two points that I have raised. I hope to have the information for inclusion with these comments, if not it will follow in a future issue.

*Editor.*

### TOWARDS A DEFINITION OF CAT

I have just had the dubious pleasure of reading the definition of *cat* in *Modern Rhetoric* by Brooks and Warren: "a digit-grade, carnivorous mammal of the genus *Felis*, . . ." This definition of *cat* is slightly more complex than the regular dictionary definition "a carnivorous mammal (*Felis Catus*) long domesticated by man as a pet for catching mice." The dictionary definition of *cat* is rather outdated, for thanks to modern advances in pest control, the cat has been freed from mousing to a far greater extent than the modern housewife has from housewifery. The fact that the cat is a digit-grade mammal helps to explain W. S. Gilbert's "with cat-like tread . . ." and Sandberg's "the fog comes in on little cat's feet;" but provides only vague insight into the nature of a cat. The difficulty with both of these definitions is that they are only objectively correct. Just as a woman is more than a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, so a cat is more than a paw, a tail and a scrap of fur.

I will attempt to use the Brooks and Warren objective definition of *cat* as a guide to clarification of the mysterious feline nature. A nature that is so illusory it led the philosopher, Rochefoucauld, to wonder if he played with his cat or if his cat played with him, and the poet, T. S. Eliot, to take time from his quest for religious salvation to formulate the trinity of a cats' name. To further illuminate the personality of the cat, I will use examples from the antics of five cats, who have the pleasure of owning me: Rebecca Sharp, Pippin Sharp, Merlin Sharp, Corporal Trim and Scrub.

As mentioned above, the cat is a domesticated animal, this distinguishes her from her more primitive kin: the lion, cougar, cheetah, tiger and wild cat. Unlike the lion, who is primarily a nocturnal animal the cat is not only an animal for all seasons but for all times. The domesticity of cats has been noted through all ages. In the *Canterbury Tales*, Chaucer uses the cat in both the *Miller's Tale* and the *Summoner's Tale* as a symbol of hearth and home. That the first great English poet was not only an artist but also a cat devotee is indicated by the fact that there is no mention of a dog in the *Canterbury Tales*.

Like civilization, domestication is at best a veneer of varying thickness. Just as man sometimes reverts back to the beast, so the cat will regress to her prehistoric wildness. Sometime ago at breakfast, my wife looked at our seventeen pound cat, Becky Sharp, and made the cutting remark that an animal so grotesquely gross could hardly forage for food on her own. On hearing this, Rebecca waddled to the door only to return four hours later bearing a minute rodent-like form. Far too ladylike to eat it, she only wished to show us that although she was a domestic cat, she still enjoyed the pleasures of the hunt as much as her wilder relatives.

Among indiscriminate pet owners, the popularity of the cat is most seriously rivalled by that of the dog. Physically, the dog is frequently larger and clumsier than a cat. However, the greatest difference between a dog and a cat is one of character. As T. S. Eliot notes a dog is on the whole a simple soul inclined to play the clown. On the other hand, a cat is an animal so aware of her own dignity that she imparts an atmosphere of seriousness to all her actions. While a dog will fawn on you, a cat will expect you to fawn on her. For example, while I am writing this page, Merlin Sharp is sitting at the top of my paper expectantly waiting for a short nuzzle.

*Continued next page*

Brooks and Warren note that a cat shares with the other members of the genus *Felis* the physical characteristics of a lithe graceful body with relatively short legs and soft padded feet. I believe it is the cat's grace and poise that have caused the feline to be classified as feminine. The Egyptians thought the cat a goddess, and because of this Shaw's Cleopatra believes her mother to be the sacred black cat of the Nile. Occasionally, one does stumble across a clumsy cat, such as Pippin Sharp, my spastic Siamese, and the shock is similar to seeing a clubfooted tightrope walker.

No definition can ever be complete, and the definition of a living organism tends to be the most faulty of human endeavors. The person who does not keep cats may have a somewhat better understanding of the reason the cat has both inspired and frustrated the human imagination. However, the cat fancier will probably feel that despite all my literary allusions and personal examples, I have failed to sufficiently explain the cat that is waiting by his foot to be fed. He will resent my presumption and state that the best definition of the cat is a paraphrase from Keats: A cat is a cat—that is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Dr. J. Johnson. South Carolina, U.S.A.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

It does not seem possible that two months have passed since I first made my introduction to you as secretary and I still continue to receive the good wishes of members from all parts of the country. These I have attempted to answer personally but should any have slipped through the mountain of mail received each and every day, please forgive me and accept my heartfelt thanks by way of this, our Magazine.

After 30 years with my previous employers during which I was constantly travelling, finding myself in the 'Hot Seat' of the League at Headquarters was indeed a great change in my way of life but thanks to the great support given by all the H.Q. Staff, our Executive Committee and all our members in general, I have soon found myself feeling very settled, very happy and very honoured to be in this exalted position.

Those those of you who thought that everything would change overnight—have no fears.

Of course, there will be changes in the days that lie ahead in just the same way that the world around us is continuously changing but the aims of the C.P.L. are constant and will not wane, any changes being made only for the betterment of our hopes and ideals.

Two excursions have been made to date, namely a visit to Dorset to ascertain the possibility of official representation in the Weymouth area and secondly to our friends in the Chelmsford area. In both instances it was most heartening, not only to hear but also to see the efforts being attempted to carry out the aims of the League on behalf of our feline friends.

We have also been very pleased to welcome a party of friends from Derby on a visit to Headquarters when we were able to show them around the establishment and give them, we trust, a clearer picture of what is done in Slough both in the Clinic and Administrative sense. My sincere thanks for the long journey they made to see us and I only hope that they enjoyed their visit as much as we enjoyed having them.

In the first nine months of this year we have welcomed some 120 new members to the League—how many more, I wonder, can we add before the year ends? In the words of our regular Magazine message 'Can you enrol one new Member in 1971'—every new member means a little more support for our cause, so please try just a little harder in the weeks remaining of this year.

With the year end in mind, to all our Members and Readers, from every one at Headquarters, a very Happy Christmas and the hope that the New Year and 1972 will see us making even more headway, with even greater support in all the tasks and problems still to overcome.

ARTHUR E. PARRATT

FROM: Mrs. Graham, St. Austell, Cornwall.

If anyone ever discovers a method of teaching Siamese not to help themselves to food anywhere, anytime I would send a really substantial subscription to some prize for them.

My twins are treated like our own children I admit—*BUT*—one had the breast off a chicken—*COLD*—in the minute I went to tell our guests lunch was ready. My husband, a fisherman—was called to the phone while eating his own Sea-trout—returned to stripped bones, a beaming smile and loud purr.

## 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

#### CHELMSFORD

It is Sunday October 3rd and the writer of this report has just returned home, feeling very happy, after a very successful "Open Day at the Shelter". We were so pleased to meet some more cat lovers who have hitherto been just names to us. The cats in the Shelter behaved beautifully—naturally—and two of them, Clyde and Jasmine, immediately found homes. Clyde, a long haired ginger neutered "softie", went riding away to his new home in a large Jaguar. We were most impressed!

Having had round about 70 cats in the Shelter during the summer months, it is now a great relief to us all, and especially to Mr. and Mrs. Middlemiss, to report that more cats and kittens are going to homes now than are coming into the Shelter. We never really believe it will happen, but more homes are found in September and October than in any of the other months of the year. We are now down to 46 cats in the Shelter. All the kittens have gone from the Shelter and from Mrs. Peachey's "Mini-Shelter" in Witham, but we still have a long list of kittens and cats awaiting homes in and around Chelmsford.

Our HONORARY AUNT/UNCLE TUCK BOX scheme is proving to be popular. If you live away from Chelmsford and would like to be an Hon. Aunt/Uncle, we will gladly buy the tins on your behalf if you would like to send us the money, and we will let you know what food you bought and add your name (or your cat's) to our list of Aunts and Uncles in our Shelter Book of Donors.

If you would like to send a regular contribution (very small or very large!) and become a PERMANENT AUNT/UNCLE to one of the dear old cats or one of the very timid cats in the Shelter (who are likely to be there for some long time if not for ever), we shall be very happy to send you a nice photograph of your cat with a complete description, and we hope that you will then name him/her! Already Pastel, Lulu, Tina, and a dear little elderly, somewhat deaf, but happy and lovable little tortie, have found a permanent

aunt and today have had their photographs taken! Now that they are special cats, they will be able to hold their heads up high amongst all those others who come and go all the time! There are still about 10 cats who would like to be special too!

We have a very full programme of money-making-for-the-Shelter events ahead of us. In October we have two Autumn Fairs which will be over by the time you read this, but our two main Christmas bazaars will still be to come. On November 27th we have our CHRISTMAS MARKET in Chelmsford and on December 18th our GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR AND PRIZE WINNING DRAW at Danbury Nr. Chelmsford. We know that we shall be absolutely "cleaned out" of suitable things for the Stalls after our Autumn Fairs, so we would be very grateful if you could find us something to sell for the Christmas Fairs. We have found that best sellers are soft toys, aprons, soaps and sweet smelling things in general, all sorts of gifts and bric-a-brac, paper backs, stationery, knitwear (for children and adults rather than babies!) and of course, cakes, jams, chutneys and plants are very popular on the Home-made and Produce Stalls.

We are still collecting good second hand clothing for our regular Saturday Sales and anything "as new" is kept for the bazaars where we get a very good price.

Large quantities of stamps, torn off with a good margin of paper around them, and remnants of material and knitting wool are always most welcome.

We wish all of you a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and the cats in the Shelter send their very special thanks and love to the kind people who have already provided them with a Christmas Tuck Box.

During August and September, 154 cats and kittens happily went to homes, and 86 were neutered.

## Happy Xmas

## GLOSSOP

### STRAY CATS CHRISTMAS TREE

We would like to meet as many friends as possible at our Christmas Sale on Saturday December 4th at 3.00 p.m. in Community House, Market Street, Glossop.

If unable to come will you please try to send a donation, however small, to help to provide winter food for the shelter cats and if possible a little extra for strays fed by elderly people? Winters can be very severe in this part of the country and plenty of nourishing food is needed to keep out the cold. For each donation received from November 1st a red foil stocking will be hung on the Christmas Tree.

We are finding things extremely difficult and without extra financial help we just cannot afford to take in any more strays. Home-finding during the Summer months has been almost at a standstill. We would welcome help from any friend with a car who would occasionally take a cat to a home. Quite a number of prospective homes have been lost because people will not wait until transport is available.

Four of our shelter cats have now been 'adopted' by readers of The Cat. 10 new pence each a day, 5 new pence for a kitten pays for food and shelter until homes can be found. Topsy and Tortie have gone to good homes. June now speyed would like a home where she could take her timid kitten. Angus a young cat with a slightly deformed paw due to an old injury, Cindy turned out by her cruel owners, little Fred found late at night wandering on a main road, Ella May returned to us when the family took in a puppy which made her life miserable, five years old Whisky whose owner has died and who just wants to sit quietly by the fireside,—all these and others deserve good homes.

More people are asking for help with speyings. So many people find the recent great increase in veterinary charges more than they can possibly afford.

### WE NEED

1. Another carrying basket.
2. Unwanted Christmas presents, coins, etc.
3. Used postage stamps, particularly foreign and special issue. Please tear off leaving a margin of paper.
4. Used stamp books.
5. Green Shield and S. and H. trading stamps. Please send loose stamps to Miss M. Thomas 292, Hyde Road, Woodley via Stockport, Cheshire and add a postage stamp if reply is required.
6. Full books of Green Shield and S. and H

stamps, also loose Cooperative Society stamps to me at Cowbrook.

7. Pieces of woollen blanket provided they have not been near any cat infection.

I would be pleased to send a little collecting box to any friend who would care to have one.

We wish all cats and their friends everywhere a very Happy Christmas.

M. WILSON

### DERBY

The so-called working lunches of various government ministers have been much in evidence this year; the active members of C.P.L. Derby have been doing the same, but not from choice—there the similarity ends, not only do we have working lunches, this extends to working breakfasts and dinners as well, but unlike the ministers who no doubt sit down in comfort to enjoy their meals, we here spend a yo-yo existence and the complications of indigestion, through getting up from the table to answer the telephone, and endeavouring to help members of the public with various "catty" problems. Telephone calls can be so wearying and time consuming that we really do wish people would put pen to paper once in a while, problems would be far easier to solve if this were done, we would then have the benefit of two or three committee members helping to find the answer. We do ask ourselves why some people can be so appallingly rude when we are trying to sort out their difficulties. However, our faith in human nature is nearly always restored by the kind actions of our thoughtful friends.

In particular we have in mind Mr. & Mrs. Lofenzelli who have brought us some lovely hand-made articles for sale at our forthcoming bazaar. Mr. Lorenzelli has also replaced our stolen collecting box, in which it will be possible to fix an alarm bell. Our grateful thanks to you both, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzelli. We also send a big 'thank you' to Percy, a handsome and generous Tom (with a Newcastle, Staffs postmark), who sent us a donation.

We have supplied a great number of vouchers during the last two months, we are also committed up to February of next year, since we are now working on the principle of making sure every female kitten which passes through the Branch is followed up and spayed through the League. Home-finding has reached the hundred mark, very many of which, this year, have been adult cats.

Michael Murray of Radio Derby will open our Bazaar, and prior to this he has invited our junior members to join his radio broadcast in the morning, he will also announce

*Continued next page*

### DERBY

our bazaar over the air, this should help very much with regard to a good attendance.

We have enrolled several new members in the past two months, we are very happy to receive them into our fold. On the other hand we are losing certain junior members through pressure of their school examinations et cetera. We record the passing, with much regret, of Mrs. A. Watson, one of our senior citizen members, who has been with us almost since the beginning of CPL in Derby.

### LEICESTER AND LOUGHBOROUGH

We are hoping that, with the massive slum clearance in Leicester, and the terrible abandonment of unwanted and un-neutered cats and kittens, our future problems with them will at least be halved by our being able to have as many of these cats "doctored" or booked in for the operation, and so prevent owners having animals which breed ad. lib. year after year. We loathe to read in the newspapers of the awful cruelties which happen to cats, and have been asked not to tell in detail of our sad cases, in the "Cat Magazine".

We will not, therefore, relate any of them, except to say how grateful we are to Mrs. Linwood-Wright for unflinchingly going to the aid of these little victims, unashamedly calling at any hour on the nearest Vet, even if it means getting him out of his bath.

Two pure-white mother-cats with 15 kittens were left in a large box on one of our Member's doorstep. The cats were very, very thin and dirty, and when 14 of the kittens died the two mums took turns in washing and feeding the remaining (ginger) kitten who loved his new-found luxury. A very old black, speyed, cat was brought to us as being unwanted after having a good home for years. The family who had owned it now preferred a dog instead. She is so gentle and intelligent, and now has an excellent permanent home with Mrs. Linwood-Wright's cats.

Our ginger mascot, Manxie, who has no tail, and had been found in a closed biscuit tin, went with us in her special perspex cat-carrier, (so kindly bought for her by a reader of the "Cat" Magazine) to the Baggrave Park Show Stall and thoroughly enjoyed herself, basking on her back in the warm sunshine, and attracting a good audience. Home-made things, toys, garments and food were very quickly sold. We had bought a case of wholesale cake mix, 3 dozen eggs, and the Members of our mother's O.A.P. Club willingly made the most delicious sponges for us to sell, as well as vanilla and coffee fudge.

We are planning several coffee evenings

before Christmas to help with a little extra food and warmth for the cats awaiting new homes during the winter months, and hope someone will think of them by sending things of any kind to sell, also left-over balls of knitting wool, scraps of material for doll dressing (dolls not now wanted and toys of all kinds are most welcome at this time, and we have found a new cat lover who is an expert in renovating or making dolls clothes), Co-operative Society stamps or books of their stamps, discarded summer dresses, the best parts of which another friend quickly makes up into pretty aprons, and any money you can spare with which we buy the ingredients for making cakes, sweets, jam and lemon curd etc. Swift waves of serious feline illnesses have continually swept through our Shelter this year, killing most of our kittens, and a few cats, despite prompt action in calling the Vet. and dedicated nursing, and we have been advised to burn down the hut to get rid of latent germs. This will mean very hard work to raise money for a more hygienic one, and an isolation shed too, unless, as our Treasurer says, one of our black cats brings us luck in the shape of a good Premium Bond win.

**CHRISTMAS DRAW AND BRING AND BUY STALL.** This will be held on December 9th at the Sports and Social Club 74½ Ashleigh Rd. Leicester, and we would be most grateful to receive suitable prizes for the draw. If anyone would care to buy a book of tickets, Mrs. Margaret Grimshaw, 104 Nedham Street, Leicester would be very pleased to post them off. They cost 15p each book of five.

In response to many enquiries, the "full stop on wheels" to which Mrs. Bakewell gave a good home, is now a dainty little fluffy tabby cat, and has the intriguing habit of searching bedroom cupboards and bringing downstairs anything made of wool e.g. men's socks, scarves or a glove, and then squeaking for the other resident cats to see what she has brought for them.

We all send our many thanks to Mr. Steward for his kindness and patient help in the past and wish him and Mrs. Steward many happy days, and we also hope Mr. & Mrs. Parratt will enjoy their new office.

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*Greetings to all  
our Readers*

## LONDON COMMITTEE

Christmas Dinners for cats are now being planned.

We arrange to send someone to feed cats left on business premises over the holiday, we have done this for many years, but we do need due notice, it is very difficult to cope with last-minute requests; we would like some more helpers for this too, any member who is likely to be in London with a car and not too heavily committed to the festivities could help, even in a small way.

Our kind friend who has previously doubled our special hundred-pound appeal, has made us a new offer this year: he will double any donation of £5 which we receive as a special gift from the date of publication of this number of The Cat up to midnight on December 1971, this includes collections made for the purpose, even tea-parties, or joint gifts from several people, so now, please, will everyone who can do so, send us a special £5, it will be doubled straight away.

On December 11th Countess Grudzinska is having a Christmas Mini-Bazaar and general jumble sale, at St. Philips Hall, Earls Court Road, W.8. Doors will open at 2 p.m., please will everyone in or near London make a point of coming, this will be our last occasion of the year.

At the Rescue Centre, poor little Perdita is gaining strength and confidence, thanks to the extras she is able to have from her kind friends. Our lives are being made rather complicated by the presence of three wild kittens, Fluffy, Duffy and the Tough, who are living in our sittingroom because they like to watch the Telly, they also like to climb curtains, pull table-cloths and generally create Chaos. They would be grateful for any extra help anyone likes to send them.

Our silver appeal has had a wonderful response, and we are very grateful indeed. If anyone has any more silver of any kind, please send it along, we will be delighted, for the demand is tremendous.

## NORTH LONDON

Much to our inmates' relief, our September Jumble Sale was very successful. Mountains of jumble were sold in 2 hours and we thank all those helpers who turned up to sell. Half an hour before we were due to open, panic prevailed because of lack of sellers but our loyal helpers never let us down and our panic was unnecessary. We also thank all those people who provided us with the mountains of Jumble to sell. Goods to sell are as important as the people who sell and one is useless without the other. This brings us to our Christmas Bazaar which will be held on

Saturday the 11th December at Upper Holloway Hall, 602 Holloway Road, London, N.19. The entrance is actually around the corner in Tollington Way and we open at 11.30 a.m. and close about 4.30 p.m. Please come in your hundreds if only to support our valiant helper Mrs. Smith who, at 85, says that this must be her last Bazaar as helper. Last year her stall took £90 and she hopes to better it in her last year. We reckon that she will be at our 1972 sale, still trying to beat her 1971 takings. If you cannot come to the sale please send us goods to sell. Mrs. Smith sells jewelry on her stall and Miss Smallman who, at 80 years, has many more years as helper before her, sells needlework. Please send goods for both stalls. The younger helpers (between 55 and 75) will sell anything else you can send us.

Please also help us by buying from us our Christmas cards. There are four varieties, all having beautiful pictures of past residents of our Shelter. They are 76p per dozen, package and postage free.

There are, at the Shelter at the present time (and at most times) 40 of the most beautiful cats you ever saw, all candidates for future Christmas Cards. Why not give yourself a treat this coming Christmas and give one of our residents a happy home.

## SUSSEX

The Sussex branch has suffered another loss this year in the death of Miss Barber who founded this branch in 1956.

We have now re-organised our working with Miss Mark as Secretary and we look forward to a long run of valuable work for our cats and kittens from now on.

Both Cat Haven and the annexe, which has just been enlarged, are full, and we have managed to find homes for eight cats and kittens recently, and hope that more will go when people return from their holidays.

We have just had a Coffee evening and bring and buy which was most successful, and we thank our two committee members Mr Adams and Miss Woolgar for their excellent work as joint hostesses. We have booked a Hall for our Christmas Sale on November 27th and hope we shall have many gifts to sell, and that too may be equally successful, so that we can continue to help all the poor strays that come to us.

*Best Wishes for  
the New Year*

## ULSTER

If I tend to refer time and again to the riots and troubles that bedevil Ulster I hope I will be forgiven but the fact is, we just can't get away from "the present situation" (that most overworked phrase). I imagine many of our friends in the U.K. are becoming quite familiar with the geography of Belfast and since so many have written to me and are so keenly interested and sympathetic I think it worth while explaining that Cliftonpark Avenue (where our Cattery is situated) runs from the Crumlin Road to Cliftonville Road. A short distance away Cliftonville Road joins the Antrim Road at New Lodge Road, which you see so often on the Television Screen, mostly peopled by stone-throwing, nail-bomb hurling mobs. We have had bombs and fires to right of us, likewise to left of us and even in front of us, only one street away. This will quickly indicate some of the problems that are making things so difficult for the League. We consider it prudent to refrain from organizing Jumble Sales at the moment, so please if any of you have any jumble will you hold it for us until you hear from me again. This decision is taken with regret as it does away with a useful source of income. Another difficulty concerns the voluntary helpers. We feel it quite wrong to allow members to be on the road at night so we are considering trying to find more paid staff, someone living near the Shelter, who will come each evening to give the cats their supper and attend to phone and door. This will be expensive but there seems no alternative. We hope, however, that members will still assist in the afternoon if possible. At the time of writing these notes we are hopeful that we will be able to hold our Sale of Work, but even if we do we can't expect to make anything like our usual sum for truth to tell, only the plucky (or the fool-hardy) will venture into town nowadays, if they can possibly avoid it. So where is the money to come from to keep the Shelter going? We have launched an appeal to our members, asking them to put aside a small amount each week and send it at intervals during the emergency. Many have responded generously. Possibly some of our friends "across the water" might care to join us. To those who have already sent us donations I would like to say "Thank You", we are most grateful. So long as it is possible we will try to keep the Shelter open—the need is great.

I'm afraid there will be no possibility of organizing meetings in the immediate future though we may consider some kind of "get-together" out of town at a later date. Mean-

time I'm sorry to tell you that we can no longer find a sale for tinfoil/silver paper (still another source of income gone) so I must thank those of you who have collected it in the past but ask you to send no more. We can dispose of waste paper but it should be tied in neat bundles. Magazines are good as they weigh heavy.

## USED STAMPS

In the last Magazine I appealed for lots of used stamps but emphasized that they must be clean and undamaged. Now I want to tell you that Mrs. Wilson will be leaving Ballycastle in the near future and she has asked that no more stamps be sent to her there. Her new address will be given in due course—until then will you forward either to the Shelter (147 Cliftonpark Avenue, Belfast, 14) or to me. BUT, keep sending them, please.

Finally, though it seems extraordinarily irrelevant under present conditions, I send Christmas wishes to you all. Dare we hope that 1972 will bring peace once more in the Ulster we love.

It occurs to me to suggest that during the present emergency members who live in the more peaceful parts of Ulster (and even those who live in the U.K. or elsewhere) might like to give a small Coffee Party for us. Possibly several members living in the same area could combine. If you would consider it write and ask me for names of other members in your district. Ten people, each raising £10, would make £100. It's a thought.

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## URGENTLY NEEDED

FOR HEADQUARTERS

CLINIC/CATTERY

BLANKET AND

LINEN PIECES

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WE WILL GLADLY REFUND POSTAGE

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## WEST CORNWALL

Summer in Cornwall is an experience which leaves us completely shattered. Over crowded roads, packed towns and popular beaches tell us that the visitors are enjoying life, here in the catteries we haven't had time to even sniff the sea. Fifty resident unwanted cats have filled the catteries and many more have had to be destroyed. Sadly for us local good-doers have taken it into their heads to find homes for unwanted kittens at all costs and this has reduced the numbers of homes who would have taken our adult neutered cats. It is a vicious circle because the kittens finding new homes are not usually neutered and they in turn get brought in and their kittens have to be put down. However one can only do one's best and hundreds of leaflets are sent out weekly and long hours of advice delivered over the phone, often late at night, so we must make our mark on some.

Saturday afternoons have been doing very well and have attracted cat lovers from afar, the parcels sent by readers of The Cat have been a joy and have kept us stocked up

with delightful goods. The stamps are selling well, also books, and we hope to have a really large sale for Christmas. Caring for so many cats is not cheap and although we do outside work to pay for their keep, we do need the funds for veterinary and other requirements. The maintenance of the catteries is important and labour is very costly even if we try to do a lot ourselves.

Christmas is looming ahead and we are collecting our gifts etc. together to have a nice display and then we shall close during the winter months. The cost of heating the gift shops last year was too high. We shall be pleased to open up by appointment, so be sure to phone first if you would like an hour at the catteries. Sadly we upset quite a few readers this year who turned up out of the blue and we were all too busy to entertain at the time. One lady said she had come from Canada but couldn't call back at a more convenient time, this kind of thing leaves us with heavy hearts, so please think of all our cats and let us know before you arrive.

A very Happy Christmas from us all, and a special wish to cats everywhere.

## A DATE TO REMEMBER

ANIMALS FAIR  
OLD HORTICULTURAL HALL  
WESTMINSTER

FRIDAY/SATURDAY DECEMBER 3rd/4th 1971

## PLEASE READ THIS : IT IS IMPORTANT

Correspondence, etc: intended for the League should be addressed to the General Secretary (Mr Parratt). Copy etc: for THE CAT magazine should be addressed to the Editor. Letters to me or my wife should be addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Steward and marked personal and private. There still appears to be some confusion about this and we wish to ensure that all correspondence reaches the person for whom it is intended, otherwise it can cause embarrassment.

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## CANTERBURY CAT SOCIETY

*(Affiliated the C.P.L.)*

## ALL DAY XMAS MARKET

at

ST. ALPHEGE HALL  
KING STREET, CANTERBURY

on

SATURDAY 20th NOVEMBER

Meet your friends for Coffee from 10.30 a.m.  
Choose your XMAS PRESENTS from the large selection  
of high-class goods

Something for everyone!

TEAS - from early afternoon.

## MEMBERS' CORNER

### FORM A READER'S NOTEBOOK

The novelist Charles Reade (1814-1884) is known today chiefly as the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, but as a prolific writer and very fond of noting all sorts of curiosities, which he often used later in his novels. In his charmingly named *Good Stories of Man and other Animals* He tells this tale:

"A journal called the Los Angeles *Star* recorded the following incident at the time it occurred:—

A gentleman in that city had a very large and beautiful tom-cat, which he had reared from a kitten. It was now five years old, and the two animals were mutually attached. Every morning, when the servant brought in the water for his master's tub, Puss used to come in and sit at the side of the bed, and gaze with admiration at his employer, and sometimes mew him out, but retired into a corner during the tubbing, which he thought irrational, and came out again when the biped was clothed and in his right mind. One day the cat was seen in the garden, tumbling over and over in strong convulsions, which ended in its crawling feebly into the house. The master heard, and was very sorry, and searched for the invalid, but could not find him. However, when he went up to his bed at night, there was the poor creature stretched upon the floor at the side of the bed, the very place where he used to sit and gaze at his master, and mew him out of bed.

The Gentleman was affected to tears by the affectionate creature's death, and his coming there to die. He threw a handkerchief over poor Tom, and passed a downright unhappy night. He determined, however, to bury his humble friend, and no time was to be lost, the weather being hot. So, when his servant came in to fill his tub, he ordered a little grave to be dug directly, and a box found of a suitable size to receive the remains.

Then he got up, and instead of tubbing, as usual, he thought he would wash poor Tom's body for interment, for it was all stained and dirty with the mould of the garden.

He took the body up, and dropped it into the water with a souse.

That souse was soon followed by a furious splashing that sent the water flying in his face and all about the room, and away flew the cat through the open window, as if possessed by a devil! Nor did the poor body forgive this hydropathetic treatment, although successful. He took a perverse view, and had

never returned to the house "up to the time of our going to press" says the Los Angeles *Star*".

Many of us recognize the practice of "mewing us out"!

In George Eliot's great novel, *Daniel Deronda*, there is a cat who makes it clear that George Eliot knew cats:

"The only large thing of its kind in the room was Hafiz, the Persian cat, comfortably poised on the brown leather of a chair, and opening his large eyes now and then to see that the lower animals were not in any mischief."

The "lower animals" were of course the human beings. Hafiz appears again later with the charming conceit of all cats:

"Mirah had lately come in, and there was a complete bouquet of young faces around the tea-table—Hafiz, seated a little aloft with large eyes on the alert, regarding the whole scene as an apparatus for supplying his allowance of milk."

I wonder how many readers of *The Cat* know, what I had quite forgotten until a recent re-reading, that Charlotte Bronte thought kindness to the cat was quite good evidence of a kindly nature and good character! In her novel *Shirley* (1849) the hero, Robert Moore, is contrasted with a rough youngster who was apt to pinch the ears of the aged black cat:

"On the other hand, when Robert Moore was the guest, though he elicited no vivacities from the cat, did nothing to it, indeed, beyond occasionally coaxing it from his stool to his knee, and there letting it purr, climb to his shoulder, and rub its head against his cheek;"—he was always welcome; and Caroline defends him to Shirley thus:

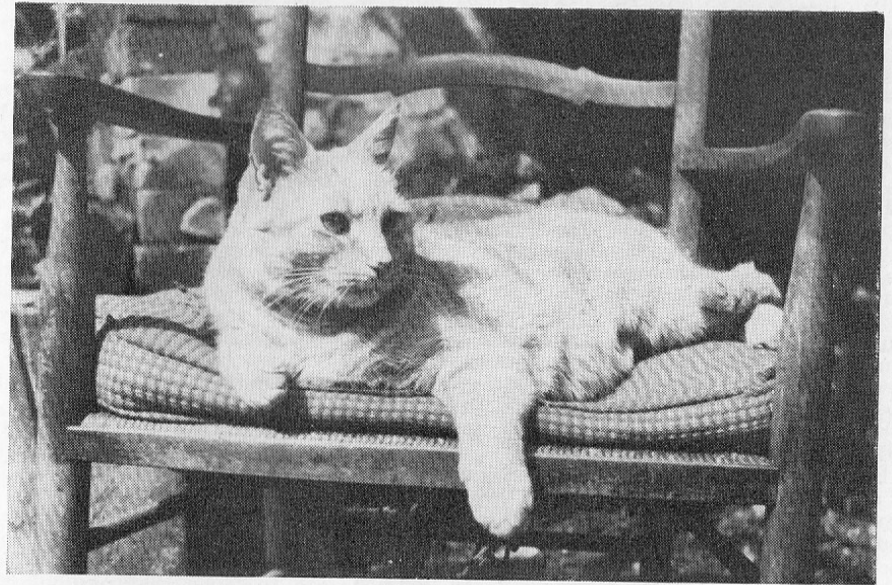
"We have a black cat and an old dog at the rectory. I know somebody to whose knee that black cat loves to climb, against whose shoulder and cheek it likes to purr. The old dog always comes out of his kennel and wags his tail, and whines affectionately when somebody passes."

'And what does that somebody do?'

'He quietly strokes the cat, and lets her sit while he conveniently can; and when he must disturb her by rising, he puts her softly down, and never flings her from him roughly. He always whistles to the dog and gives him a caress.'

In an age when cruelty to cats was very common, Charlotte Bronte spoke her telling little word to remind people that a good man is kind to animals.

Marjorie Boulton



### TIGER and THE OLD CHAIR

#### A True Story

One cold wet afternoon I entered my sitting room as dusk was falling. The firelight flickered on the ivory coloured walls, shone on the old polished bookcase, and twinkled on the diamond shape panes of its doors. The centuries old oak table looked solid and attractive, while the woodwork of a Hepplewhite chair glowed in the light of the cheerful fire. I felt my room to be a lovable one, and the Hepplewhite chair with its shabby worn out seat turned under my writing desk seemed to reproach me with neglect. I felt a strong desire to see it restored to beauty again, and made up my mind to work a tapestry seat.

After a long and careful search of Hepplewhite's designs I found the right one and set to work. The pattern consists of narrow verticle stripes of brown and fawn intertwined with tiny roses and buds peeping out from the soft greens of the leaves. The background is a subdued shade of blue. A very dainty design for tapestry. The wools comprising several pounds and the tapestry itself were kept in a very old oak box. The box which is about fifteen inches long, ten inches wide and nine inches deep is a plain one without any ornamentation, and has a flat lid, with no handle but a lock, the key of which has long since disappeared, as keys do. Although it has been in the family for several generations,

I have no idea whence it came, nor of its original use. In my childhood days it held luggage straps and lived in a boxroom. When the old home was given up and I came to another house something made me keep it. Loving old things, I cleaned and polished it wondering the while what use it would be, then when somewhere was needed to keep the wools and canvas seat for the chair, it proved to be the very thing. My beautiful half Siamese cat approved the idea too, for directly I had put in all the wools and placed it beside me on the floor ready for an afternoon's work, Tiger stepped in and after turning round and round a few times settled himself comfortably for a good sleep. Of course that prevented me from doing anything to the tapestry on that occasion. I could not extract any wools without disturbing Tiger who has a determined, but gentle manner of getting his own way. He is such a loving puss and so well behaved that I rarely interfere with his doings.

A few days later, when sitting writing I heard a slight noise, the lid of the box had been gently dropped, as I knew it was shut I thought Tiger was trying to get into the nice soft wools for another sleep. Being absorbed in my writing I took no notice, until some minutes later the lid was banged down. "Tiger, you old rascal what are you doing?" I asked, turning to look, but he was stretched out on the hearthrug, all thirty seven inches of him, fast asleep. Thinking I must have heard some "household" noise with which I was not yet



familiar, I went on writing. But not for long; a strange feeling that I was not alone in the room came over me. The sunshine was pouring in through the big windows, yet I felt a chilliness that was unusual in the pleasant room. Tiger walked quickly to the box and gazed up at something above it that I could not see. Supposing it was a fly (he is an expert fly and moth catcher!) I called to him to let the fly alone, he looked at me, mewed gently and returned his attention to the box for a few minutes, then all interest left his eyes, and with his own special little croon he crossed the room and jumped on to my knee.

A considerable piece of the tapestry had been worked before I found I had used a wrong shade of green, it did not tone with the other colours, and I saw that it must be taken out. Such an unpleasant business too, but the appearance of an unexpected caller made me hastily bundle it into its box.

The next afternoon, intending to reach out the work I saw to my amazement, a lovely woman whom I did not know, dressed in a handsome, rich brocade gown, the like of which is unknown today, standing holding the canvas in her hands and frowning as she scrutinised it carefully, she gave a little shrug of annoyance and dropping the canvas on to the floor she turned towards me and then vanished. Feeling rather shaken I rushed into the kitchen where my solid looking daily help was cleaning the silver. Somehow I felt the need of a human presence, and no longer wanted to do the tapestry that afternoon.

In a couple of weeks I felt more like tackling the unpicking that must be done if the work was not to be spoilt, imagine my amazement when on unrolling it I found that the offending green had been taken out, and so neatly done that the canvas hardly showed that it had been worked. Who had done it for me? None of my friends would touch it, for one thing none of them new anything about it, nor would they undo it if they had known. Then too, only the wrong shade had been unpicked. Completely mystified I laboriously stitched in the correct colour in place of the other. Another strange thing was that I could not find any of that particular skein of the wrong green, nor have I seen it since. There were two ounces of it, and where it went I have no idea. For various reasons the work was untouched for some months during which time I did not see, nor did I sense the presence of the Brocade Lady, as I called her.

Suddenly, one day when I was once more working on the canvas, she stood by THE chair slowly rubbing her fingers on the wood work and looking down at the shabby seat with a wistful expression on her face. I am not sure whether she looked at me or not,

but she went as suddenly as she had come. Her wistful look made me determined to finish that seat before doing any other needlework.

The weather was warm and the endless counting of stitches made me drowsy so that I do not know whether it was a dream or if she really did stand by me on one occasion, when I was putting in some tiny rosebuds, and wishing that they grew as quickly in the garden as they did on the canvas. She seemed to be there, and I sensed approbation on her part. By this time I had ceased to be frightened of her, as I felt she loved the chair, and for some reason wanted to see the finished cover, and meant no harm to me.

Once or twice before the work was completed—and only when I was actually doing it—Tiger would rub round the chair not touching it, but obviously someone who was sitting in it, that he alone could see, and that he liked, for he would purr loudly and seem to be extremely pleased about something. I am sure it was the Brocade Lady come to see how I was getting on. I began to wish that I could see her too. I wondered why she seemed to fancy that particular chair, there were older pieces of furniture in the room that must have been present on all kinds of occasions, gay romantic, sad and humdrum. Had she been sitting on it when her loved one asked her to marry him? Had her husband bought a set of Hepplewhite chairs for her own boudoir? and this was one of them. Had it been her own special chair on which she sat to write her letters? Or had she herself once worked a seat for it? I shall never know, but that it had once belonged to her and that she dearly loved it I was certain.

At last it was finished! Spreading it out on the table to look for any missed stitches it seemed to me to be most attractive, and I was filled with the joy of a long task accomplished. Tiger jumped up on to the table, rubbed round my arm purring, and would have rolled on the tapestry had I not stopped him, when all at once he went to the other end of the table, sat down and rubbed his head in ecstasy against—to me—some invisible being. I watched with increasing astonishment, and then remembered the Brocade Lady. Although I could not see her, she was certainly there, and Tiger, judging by his movements was enjoying her presence and perhaps her petting. A strange warmth seemed to enfold me and I glowed with pleasure. Then the feeling went, and Tiger jumped down on to the hearthrug and curled up for sleep.

*Concluded next page*

I sent the chair and tapestry to be made up, the upholsterers told me it would be returned in a week. At the end of six weeks it arrived swathed in sheets of brown paper which I could hardly wait to unwrap. Tiger, who loves to watch parcels being untied, tried to help (?) with the string. The last sheet of paper fell from it and there it was in all its beauty! I felt proud of it and had some difficulty in restraining the interested cat from sharpening his claws on the corners of the seat.

During the same evening I was sitting embroidering a miniature, when something made me look up, on the Hepplewhite chair

before me was sitting the Brocade Lady, she sat some moments smiling at me delightfully, then she rose and with a charming gesture she pointed to the chair and stroked the seat gently, then turning to face me she held out a fold of her exquisite gown. She stood obviously attracting my attention to her gown, a lovely expression on her face, then with a friendly little bow she made a slow, deep, graceful curtsy and was gone.

I have never seen her since, but she plainly showed me that the pattern on her dress was identical with that on the tapestry.

Winifred McGraville

### A TRAMPOLINING FELINE

When my friend Kate, a keen and skilled gardener, offered to do some drastic trimming of my neglected privet hedge, I was delighted. A large pile of flexible branches and twigs was left in the garden until it was convenient to burn it.

Some time later, my breakfast with a second guest was interrupted by an extraordinary sight. The cat from next door wandered into my garden, climbed the privet pile and posed, it seemed, to relieve a call of nature. The very springy twigs began to bounce him up and down. As he plumped himself down harder to overcome the thrust, the bounce pushed him *up* harder; and in seconds one long haired black cat was flying up and down, bouncing higher and higher as he jumped harder and harder, until he was obviously well on the way to being the champion trampolining cat of the county at least. He stuck out his tail for balance; up and down, higher and higher, unable to make out what was happening. He could neither get off that pile of twigs nor stay still on it. he must have understood something, for he took a most splendid and spectacular leap right beyond the privet pile and on to the lawn, where he seemed very glad to be on solid ground once more.

Not before my guest and I were almost hysterical with laughing.

Marjorie Boulton



Dear Editor,

In a recent issue of "Cat" you published a short article "A-hunting we will go" and as a result many of your members wrote to me, so many that I should be most grateful if you would publish the sequel. "Dear Members,

### A-hunting we will go

Replying to each of you just about bent the bank-book so the Editor has kindly given me space to tell you the sequel.

I instructed a solicitor to submit a claim for £16.81 damages but said I would settle out of court for a cheque to the value of £2 drawn against the Essex Hunt and made payable to the League Against Cruel Sports. I was offered £8 which I refused and instructed the solicitor to institute proceedings. The case was due to be heard at Braintree on 14 September but on receipt of the Summons, Carden, Master of Essex Hunt paid into the Court the full amount of my claim and all costs.

His decision to pay the claim and all costs poses a very interesting question: As he chose to pay an amount considerably in excess of £2 does he consider hunting to be a cruel sport?

A defence of hunting by hounds is that it is the only humane way to control foxes. This defence has been proved to be utter nonsense. A few nights after Timmy was killed by the hounds three foxes were shot on the bride path behind my bungalow—each fox died instantaneously.

Any one caused distress or suffering damage through an intrusion by a hunt need have no concern over expense, all that is required is a 2½p stamp and a letter to me.

Yours sincerely,

D. Robertson,

"Almaro", Hamilton Road,  
Little Canfield,  
Dunmow, Essex.

## IN MEMORIAM

**PRINCESS POUFF:** Our darling little girl who passed on to the Heavenly Glade on 18th June, 1952, aged 17 years. Never forgotten. Till we meet again little sweetheart. Two Loving Mummies.

**TOOTS:** A most loving black cat. Put to sleep on 10th April, 1971, aged 12½ years. Forever in my heart. Loving Mummy.

"My darling **TIBBIE**. Died August 8th 1960. Loved for ever". V.A.

"In memory of all our beloved pets, never forgotten". "Where our Treasures lie, there do our hearts lie also". **ERIC** and **ELSA MARTYR**.

In loving memory of **MR. HETTY** of the Loving heart. (One *young* **MR. HETT**) Put to sleep on November 11th 1970, suffering from Urolithiasis. *From* Tom Kitten, Cat Kee, Mum and Tiny, Lassie and T. (Collie Dogs) and Ginger. J. Cohn.

In grateful memory of **RUFUS** (1950-71 and his sister **LINDY** (1951-1970), our loving companions for so many years.—J. C. H. & Family—  
"In memory of our faithful and beloved 'TINKEY', kindly put to sleep on April 10th 1971 aged 13. Often in our thoughts, and never forgotten. L. A. & G. A.

**TIMOTHY:** Thinking of dear Timmy—"Gone from our Home—but not from our Hearts. Died January 19th 1971. Angela & Dug Cullen.

In memory of my beloved little companion **TIDDLES** (Tailwaver 2599) put to sleep on August 20th, aged 16 years. Mrs E. Jean Lister.

"In loving memory of our dear old friend **Sammy**, who died in June after 15 happy years with us—W. D. & J. W. Aslett.

In loving memory of our dear **JUDY**, who passed away 18th December, 1966 aged 13½ years. "Always to be remembered with loving affection. C. E. Penny.

For Bee-Bee, 1960-1965, whose dear companionship is remembered every day by his Mum. F. G. S.

Our beloved cat **TINKER TAR** (Tailwaver 4768), our loving and loved companion for 17½ years who died on October, 18th 1970. Still sadly missed by us all. Lilian Sear.

In memory of **GOLLY** who died one year ago today, (Sept. 21st 1970) age 13 years; still missed and never forgotten. M. A. Spencer.

My "only" **PANDY** died on August 20th three days before he should have flown with me to Rhodesia, he was a member Tailwaver all his life. J. M. Du Prix

In memory of **LORD THOMAS** of **PENY-WERN**, for over 18 years a loving and beloved companion, peacefully passed over on August 29th 1971, sadly missed, never forgotten. Remembering you always until we meet again. F. A. M.

In loving memory of our dearest **NELL** and **BOY** born in Covent Garden Market 1957. **NELL** died November 15th 1970 and **BOY** died December 2nd 1967. Re-united in dear God's keeping. Auntie Averil.

In memory of **TINKERBELL** a dearly loved long haired black cat, who was put to sleep in his 17th year on the 7th June. E. Squire.

A fond tribute to my beloved yellow cat, and also, memories from the past. **PANDA**, T.W. 2332, who departed from this life July 3rd 1958, aged 10½ years—O, **PANDA!**

Also **RUFFLES**, the little white stray who lived with us for several months, then disappeared on March 10th 1961. Presumed run over. Finally, memories of the other cats who have belonged to me at different times. to all, I say—someday—Muriel A. Julian.

## BRANCH and GROUP DIRECTORY

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**GREAT AMWELL and DISTRICT:**  
Mrs. B. Cox,  
42, St. Leonards Road,  
Bengeo, Hertford.

**ISLE OF WIGHT:**  
Mrs. Kent,  
Cheviott Cottage,  
St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight.

**LEICESTER and LOUGHBOROUGH:**  
Miss E. Barrie,  
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**LONDON COMMITTEE:** \*  
Mrs. de Clifford,  
12, The Close,  
New Malden, Surrey.

**MANCHESTER:**  
Mr. A. Thompson,  
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East Didsbury,  
Manchester 20.

**NEWBURY and DISTRICT:** \*  
Mrs. I. A. Earnshaw,  
Curridge,  
Newbury, Berks.

**NORTH LONDON:** \*  
Mrs. M. Davies,  
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London, N.7.

**NOTTINGHAM:**  
Miss M. J. Marriott,  
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Notts., NG12 5HZ.

**OAKHAM AND DISTRICT:**  
Mrs. P. Iives,  
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Oakham, Rutland.

**SOUTHAMPTON:** \*  
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**SUSSEX:** \*  
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**ULSTER:** \*  
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**WALSALL:**  
Miss R. Nash,  
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Walsall, Staffs.

**WEST CORNWALL:** \*  
Mrs. K. Beesley,  
Cathlowena,  
Cusgarne Catteries,  
Cusgarne,  
Truro, Cornwall.