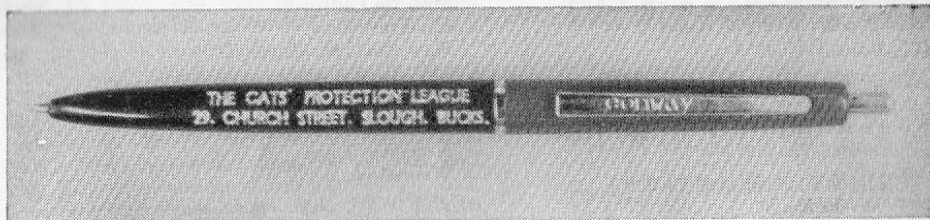


## SHOP WINDOW



**C.P.L. PENS: 7½p each REFILLS 2½p POSTAGE 3p**

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:** Hand-knitted dishcloths and/or Aprons, from Mrs. P. Ilves, 1 Penn Street, Oakham, Rutland. Prices, Aprons 45p. Dishcloths 9p.

**Wanted:** Cat "Charms" — gold and silver. All silver charms received will earn 50p and all gold charms £1 for my C.P.L., collecting box. Your interest and help will be much appreciated. Miss D. Gowing, Rosemary, Cromer Road, Roughton, Norwich NOR 29Y.

**Wanted:** by cat lover/writer: unusual cat stories for eventual publication; part of proceeds to go to the Cats Protection League. Epton, 58 Vale Road, Seaford, Sx.

**Toy Mice** — home-made and a source of enjoyment to your pets for only 12½p including postage. All proceeds to the C.P.L., — orders please to Miss R. Schefer, 1, Castle Court, Pollard Road, Morden, Surrey.

C.P.L. members writing paper now available at 20p plus 5p postage and packing. Orders of two pads or more post free. Available only from 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks.

**C.P.L. Slogan Labels are sold in Aid of Funds** 17½p 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.

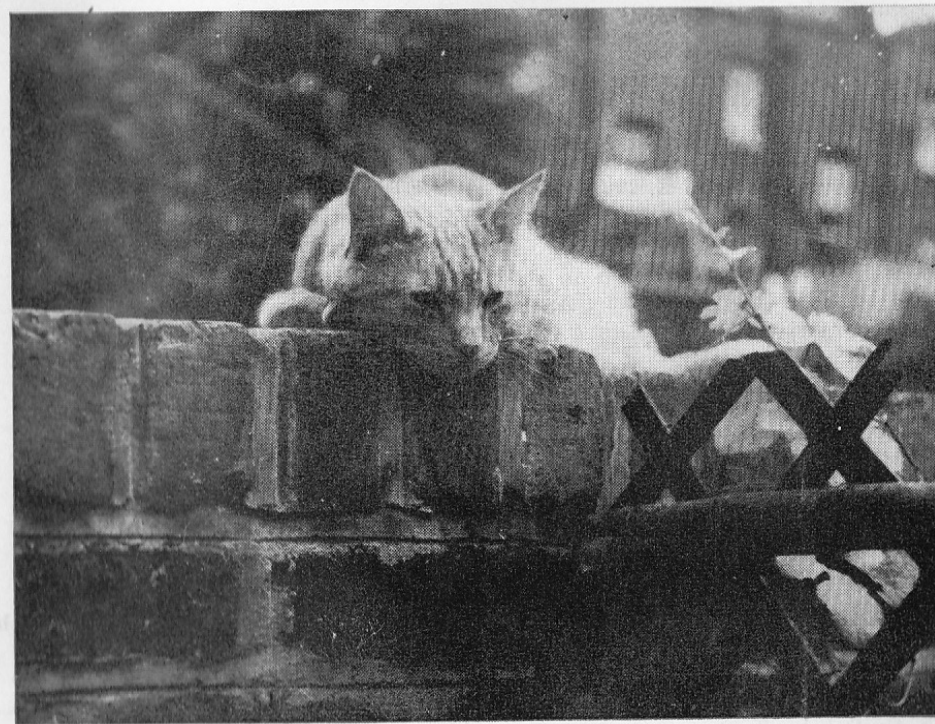
**Cat Blankets** — home knitted all wool cat blankets — matching colours at 30p each proceeds for my C.P.L., collecting box. Mrs. M. Foster, 11, Monmouth Road, Oxford, OX1 4TD.

**Water colour portraits** of pets or children — from clear snaps with description — price 60 pence. All money for C.P.L.

Dorothy Hall,  
78 Hill Road  
Watlington,  
Oxford.

# THE CAT

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO  
CATS AND THEIR  
WELFARE



The Cat is indeed the symbol of the home. Mark Twain summed this up when he wrote in Pudd'nhead Wilson that 'a house without a cat, and a well-fed, well-petted, and properly revered cat, may be a perfect house, perhaps, but how can it prove its title?'

**JULY/AUGUST 1973**

# THE CAT Vol. XLVII No. 4 JULY/AUGUST 1973

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY

*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. SL1 1PW  
Telephone Slough 20173

Editor  
Arthur E. Parratt

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## ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

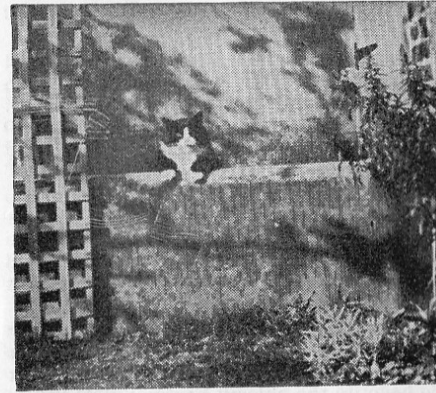
Notification of change of address.

Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.

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

Used stamps. British Foreign and commemorative.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries.



## ROUND AND ABOUT

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

### EDITORIAL SECRETARIAL NOTES

Spring has come and gone and once again we find ourselves in the mid Summer season, still recoiling from the usual Spring rush of unwanted kittens but now faced with the annual problem of holidays and the usual abandonment of pets, by that section of the population who always claim most emphatically that they are great animal lovers.

No other comment is necessary from me for I know only too well that all our branches suffer this problem and the place and condition in which these unfortunate animals are abandoned are only too well known by us all.

### MEMBERSHIP

New members are still being enrolled in a very steady manner and the first five months of 1973 have produced 220 new members including 57 life memberships and our thanks are extended to the many established members who have made these new introductions thus widening even further the name of the C.P.L.

### MARKING OF SPEYED CATS

The H.Q. Executive Committee have recently been looking into the question of marking a female cat at the time of speying thus making this fact easily recognisable, especially when handling or taking in strays.

Without any such marks of an indelible type, preferably in or on the ear, a stray female has to be kept for a long enough period to prove that she is not pregnant and at times when such a cat is dealt with by the vet, it is then discovered she has already been speyed.

All our branches have been asked to ascertain the views of their local Veterinary Surgeon on this matter, but it is also thought likely that many of our individual readers may, themselves, have met this problem and also have their own views on this subject. Any

comments will be appreciated at H.Q., as the stronger the support we can build for this marking, the stronger the case we can put forward to the Veterinary association.

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY

May we remind you that Fluffy will be 27 this year and her party will be held on 21st July, 1973. Any members wishing to attend should write to Mrs. Walledge at Edmonton for an invitation, as numbers and space are strictly limited.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

On June 9th, one of the really hot days of this summer, we had our 46th A.G.M., in London, and it was fairly well attended. We can always count on seeing several old friends who come every year. One or two I missed, and I hope the only reason for their absence was something better to do.

The secretary gave a broad picture of the year's work and the Hon. Treasurer explained the financial situation and the main points of the year's expenditure.

Unfortunately, not many of the branches could send representatives, but it was a great pleasure to meet those who were able to come.

One thing I can truly say, the tea was better than ever!

Osyth Sherratt

**NEXT ISSUE  
SEPTEMBER/  
OCTOBER 1973**

## OBITUARY

It is with great regret that I have to record the death of Sidney Arnold of Bournemouth.

Mr. Arnold was a firm supporter of the league for many years and a great cat lover, who helped the C.P.L. in a quiet but positive manner usually keeping in the background far away from the spot-light. We are indeed fortunate in having his widow Dr. Marion Arnold still with us as an old friend and member and to her we send our deepest sympathies.

Arthur E. Parratt

## MISS DOROTHEA MILLS-PALMER.

There must be a great many cat owners who, like I am, are deeply grieved at the death of Miss Mills-Palmer. From the time we first knew her, many years ago, her life was devoted to the care of cats generally, and in particular to those belonging to people on holiday. She was one of the most travelled "cat sitters" in the country, and outside the realm of the "Cat Fancy" knew more about other peoples' cats than anyone. There were no "cat problems" where Miss Mills-Palmer was concerned, whether it was one cat or half a dozen to care for in their own homes whilst their owners were away. Of this my wife and I speak from our own experience.

She was the last of the small but very reliable band of "cat sitters" with whom we had a record at C.P.L. Headquarters and in our opinion the greatest of them all.

Albert A. Steward

## 33,000 VOLTS, 24 HOURS, 9 LIVES

A drama full of high tension was started at the week-end when Angus went up the pole.

Angus — a ginger tom cat, about three years old — made his most ambitious climb to discover what power is all about.

He must have gone very close to losing at least one of his nine lives as he lived dangerously at the top for about 24 hours.

When it was decided to knock him off his high perch, kindly humans took elaborate precautions to cushion his fall of 30-35 ft. But these proved negative so Angus had to absorb quite a shock as he renewed his earth connections.

His second life stood him in good stead but he was sufficiently electrified to make a dash for cover.

### *Prodded off*

Mrs. Joan Softly, of Ashleigh, Ostend Road, Walcot, said Angus went missing after leaving the house at about 8 o'clock on Friday night.

On Saturday evening it was discovered that Angus had been seen up the pole at 7.30 a.m.

that morning and a check showed he was still there.

Eventually, Eastern Electricity were told of his predicament and a squad of workmen on emergency duty were directed to Walcot. As the pylon supports cables carrying 33,000 volts and darkness had fallen, the men used an extending rod to prod the cat off.

In the light of car headlamps about 20 people assisted in the rescue operation. Some of them stretched out big blankets near the base of the pylon in the hope Angus would tumble into one of them and have a soft landing.

But Angus dropped straight to the ground and hurriedly made off. Mrs. Softly said he seemed none the worse. She thought he must have been up the pole all Friday night.

Eastern Daily Press, Monday, April 30, 1973

## IT LOOKS AS IF THE FOXES ARE HERE TO STAY

Although more and more foxes are being sighted by householders in South London, who fear for their pets, councils are no nearer a solution for dealing with the problem.

Foxes have been seen in Streatham, Norwood, Herne Hill, venturing into gardens in search of food.

They have been in the wooded areas of Dulwich for some time and they are now beginning to breed in the forest area Hill and are thought to shelter in the long grass of Camberwell Cemetery, off Forest Hill Road.

Last month, Lambeth Council's pest controllers made a despairing appeal for new ideas for dealing with the foxes because shooting them in built-up areas is too dangerous and poison could kill pets instead of the foxes.

But only four letters have come to the town hall and three vehemently opposed the idea of killing foxes at all. The fourth was in favour of control but the writer could think of no new way of doing it.

Councils have no specific powers to deal with foxes and pest control-officers are reluctant to embark on any full-scale campaign because foxes are generally nocturnal and far too crafty to be lured by conventional methods.

The Ministry of Agriculture is the fox-control authority but confines its activities to farm areas.

## WANTED

Small cottage to let for two weeks holiday in August by two ladies and four neutered cats. Southern Counties Please write to:- Miss Harstedt, Pyrford Place, Pyrford, Surrey.

## 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 BRANCH

We are again half way through another year with a jumble sale and a successful Spring bazaar behind us. More to come and cupboards quite bare. Is there no one with the time and ability to knit for us, or sew, or embroider or make home goodies, or even turn out a few unwanted ornaments? — Think of how much less dusting this would mean. As we have sold all the necklaces and other bits of costume jewellery we had, we need replacements of these too — broken ones can often be mended — as we find a ready market for them, so please see what is lurking at the bottom of the trinket box.

We were very disappointed at the poor attendance at the AGM in May. Business meetings, we know, can be a bore, but electing a Committee to handle funds and conduct Branch affairs is a serious matter upon which the success or failure of the Branch depends. Serving on such a Committee is a tiring and frequently heartbreaking business, consuming time and energy and money which it is sometimes a struggle to find. Committee members are only human and we should like it if members took the trouble to attend just once a year and showed a little interest in our efforts — a thank you would be welcome. Our Committee for this year has been returned unchanged and we shall do our best as always, to further the welfare of the cats in Birmingham, but we are few and they are many and we desperately need help. Will you give it?

Miss F. Primmitt,  
190, Handsworth Wood Road  
Birmingham, B20 2PH

### CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH

As usual at this time of the year the Shelter is full to overflowing with unwanted cats and kittens and, although homes are still being found, it will be September before the numbers go down. We had hoped so much that our new Shelter would be underway by now, and possibly completed before Autumn. It would have relieved the pressure tremendously. But we still await the necessary planning permission from the RDC before building can start. The plans are drawn, the new wardens appointed. Builders are completing estimates but we still can't go ahead yet.

What is worse is that we have been trying to save up so hard for the new shelter that we have overdrawn our current bank account — the first time for ages! So we were delighted when on May 26th we had a very successful Rummage sale — our best yet — and £56 was raised. Our Treasurer, Mrs. Joyce Fowler, had just received a letter from the bank to say that we were overdrawn by £54, so our faces were just saved.

We shall have to try very hard to raise some more money for the new Shelter and we thought that our next all-day bazaar — the AUTUMN FAIR on October 20th — should be devoted to the new Shelter building funds. If every reader could send us just one thing for our stalls, we're sure we'd have a very successful day. We would keep anything sent just for October 20th and not sell it at our other events before then. Please see if you can spare something for us, and donors of money or gifts will be recorded (yours or your cat's name) in a lovely new "Book of Shelter Founders" which Mrs. Olga Harvey of Rochford will produce for us. Please send to Mrs. Jean Middlemiss at 112 Watchouse Road, Galleywood, Chelmsford, or to the writer of these notes.

In the meantime we have on August 11th, September 8th and October 6th our usual SATURDAY SALES where we sell good second hand clothing, so if you are turning out your wardrobes, please think of us. We have a very full programme ahead and we are all trying very hard to make some cat-care money, as well as caring for the cats themselves.

We have at present 92 cats and kittens in the Shelter to care for and we provide food for another 70 or so in and around Chelmsford, so our food bills are now staggeringly high. Home finding is still going well, though more and more cats with kittens, or cats about to have kittens, are arriving daily. Our friends ask us why we no longer tell you about individual cats with interesting stories. We have so many, each with a tale to tell, that it would be difficult to single special ones out. We no longer tell you the sad and awful things that happen, but unfortunately never a week goes by without some evidence of human cruelty

## CHELMSFORD, *Continued*

to cats. It is all very distressing but it spurs us on to make even greater efforts to help as many cats in need as we possibly can.

To cheer you up, we found good homes for three tortoises as well quite recently!

Mrs. Christine Peterson  
Piers Gill,  
Fir Tree Rise,  
Little Baddow,  
Chelmsford.

## LEICESTER AND LOUGHBOROUGH BRANCH

Charlotte, an adorable happy little hand-reared tabby, has gone to a modern age home – by this we mean she is going to have to adapt to caravan life with her human family, at week-ends and holiday times. She made her first trip to the East Coast this Easter, although the journey was started with some reservation, she soon seemed to settle down, despite the fact that the only times she has been in the car was to visit the Vets. The car was kept well ventilated, because when the temperature rose, "Lottie" started to pant. On arrival at the caravan, she soon settled down, and quite enjoyed her walks through the pine woods. She was very good at night, playing with her ping-pong ball periodically throughout the night. The journey home was very uneventful, since "Lottie" spent most of the time asleep.

We send many thanks to Miss Jacintha Buddicom of "Sun Dance", (what a lovely name) Kings Parade, Bognor Regis, for sending us valuable help in how to cope with a travelling cat.

Another set back for us once again. Mrs. Margaret Grimshaw, who sent off our Raffle Tickets so efficiently, and was so generous with gifts for our sales, has had to leave us because of very bad health, and is now living with her sister in Portsmouth. We will miss her very much, especially for her calm kind ways, and patience.

The long-haired white and grey cat, who plodded back home from 35 miles away, and despite our offers of food to keep her, was still rejected although she had no vices. She has been spayed, and needs a new habitat with someone who will spend a little care into coaxing her that their company will be more Christian. We are very grateful for the help money wise, to keep her going.

Mrs. Garner and her daughter, Jane, went down on their knees and groped amongst spider-webs, dust and old paper work files, to gather in a bewildered, abandoned cat, which was seeking refuge in the basement of our Grand Hotel. She was caught in our trap, and housed very comfortably at Mrs. Garner's home, but seemed very restless, and Jane dis-

covered that the cat might have given birth to kittens a little while previously. A further search amongst the spiders resulted in the finding of seven adorable jet black little ones, wide-eyed and hungry, and so delighted to be reunited with their mother.

Seven trustworthy homes are awaiting, and their future owners are quite willing to let us have them neutered. Some people are a problem about this. They expect us to deal with their unwanted kittens at a moments notice, and yet are horrified if we suggest we take the mother cat to be spayed.

At the time of writing, none of us have been called to fetch in any little victims of vicious cruelty, although cats and kittens are being abandoned by the score each week, because of the sky-scraper flats re-housing slum dwellers.

We shall be having various parties and Bring-and-Buy sales, Coffee days and Raffle Ticket Draws, all through the year, so if anyone would care to send anything saleable, please, any time is alright, there is no date line. As our little shop from which we drew quite a bit of revenue, has had to be pulled down, one of our older members is delighted to sell things to her friends from her home and garage and is making almost the same amount and we have no rent to pay!

Miss E. Barrie  
118 Cropston Road,  
Anstey.

## NORTH KENT GROUP

We were extremely grateful for all the help given by many people in making and sending things to be sold, also thank you to the helpers that turned out in force on the day, and the splendid crowd that came to spend money and give us encouragement in our work. The Bazaar raised a grand profit of £85, which enabled us to buy several fibreglass cages and other equipment to fit out some of the members homes, and as a result we have been able to save every one of the cats and kittens we have been asked to take in, so far. Of course this is only the beginning of the kitten and holiday season, and I know we may not be able to keep this up, because we have to depend on private catteries for boarding most of the older cats, and they do not always have the space available. At the time of writing this, we have eight very nice young cats, and 32 healthy kittens waiting hopefully for homes. Since February we have found homes for 118 cats and kittens, and 10 injured cats have received treatment at the Vets, 143 cats have been neutered, and quite a number more will also have had their operations by the time this magazine comes through your letter-box. The vouchers from Headquarters are a god-send, for without them we would have run out of money long ago.

## NORTH KENT, *Continued*

Thank you very much to our friends who are sending milk tops and tin foil – we can raise quite a sum of money with these, but must have sufficient quantity, so please keep up the good work. Our stock of saleable articles is very low at present but several kind people are very busy making things, and we hope to gather up enough to put on another good show later on.

I have been reminded by a member that this is the time when so many cats are lost while their owners are away on holiday, and also when they are taken away from home. Make sure your cat is not one of these poor unfortunates, and please put a proper cat collar on with a name and address disc attached.

I should like to appeal for more practical help in the Crayford, Bexley and Sidcup area's. There is a great deal of cat "rescue" to do there and also help is needed in promoting the Neutering Scheme. Mrs. Nunn a member of our group in Sidcup, struggling with the help of one or two hard working friends, would welcome offers of assistance, particularly transport.

Mrs. E. Brooker, 5, Park Ave., Northfleet,  
Kent.

## NORTH LONDON BRANCH

The breeding season is upon us now with a vengeance and kittens arrive with us by the score, brought in by owners who don't believe in neutering. It is useless to point out to these owners that it would be far better if the kittens were never conceived than that they be brought to us for destruction.

During the past month we have taken into the Shelter as stray or unwanted a pure bred Birman, an Abyssinian and a Burmese. Quite obviously, these were readily found homes, unlike our crossbred moggies.

We are always heartened to receive letters of progress from people who have given one of our strays a home. A recent one both heartened and amused us. To quote "While I was out shopping my Husband, Steve, found a mouse in the kitchen – shutting the door he went into the sitting room and picked up Pedro (the cat adopted from you) – he put Pedro down in front of the mouse, Pedro put out his paw and patted the mouse; the mouse, not liking this, decided to nip into the front bedroom, at that time full of boxes and rolled up carpets after our move. There Steve had a harassing time chasing the mouse in and out of the boxes and carpets watched by Pedro who had jumped onto a wardrobe for a grand stand view of the fun, until Steve finally caught the mouse and took it out into the garden". Not all of our cats are so fond of mice, thank goodness. Many are good mousers

and beautiful with it. They are also urgently in need of good homes. Will no one help them? At this time of the year, with so many cats coming in, homes are needed more urgently than ever.

We are most grateful to those members who sponsored our permanent residents, cats who are too old or too unattractive to be found homes. 'Fred' is endowed for the rest of his natural life, and others benefit by the crumbs from this rich cat's saucer. Those members who sponsor a cat must realise how much we benefit financially by having one less mouth to feed from the proceeds of jumble sales.

We also thank all those other kind members who help us in such a variety of ways.

Lastly, we shall have our usual Christmas Cards for sale this year at 70p per dozen. If you require some, please order early from North London branch and not from Headquarters.

Mrs. M. Davies  
435 Caledonian Road  
London N.1.

## S. LONDON COMMITTEE

We have wonderful news. It never happens, but it has happened to-day. We have won a prize – or rather our member and supporter, Mr. Peter Davis has won it for us by tremendous efforts, and real hard work. He has won us a deep freeze in the recent competition run by Petfoods. This will be immensely valuable for us, indeed it might at some future date make just that difference which would enable us to carry on in difficult conditions.

Anybody who has a deep freeze and cat send me suggestions for the best things to put in it, please let me know. We are now busily starting a special appeal for stocking it. We want to keep it full.

**Coming Events** on Sunday 19th August Miss Wassermann is having a bring and buy Tea-party at her home, which is in a different district, (N.W. London,) from most of our centres. Anyone who would like an invitation, please write to 12 The Close, New Malden.

On September 29th at the Community Centre, Wimbledon we will have an Autumn Bazaar, and on October 27th at the Cathedral Hall, Westminster our Christmas Bazaar.

These dates may seem far ahead now but please note them, they will come round much sooner than you think. We need helpers for both events; also plenty of stock for our stalls, at one time friends ran working parties for such occasions, but few people have time for that now. However, if anyone could make us a few little things whilst watching 'telly', or could spare us a pot of jam, or bake us a cake, we would be more than grateful. Perhaps you

## SOUTH LONDON, *Continued*

would turn out your wardrobe and send us pretty well all your clothes (you will enjoy buying new ones – of course you will). Goods for the curio stall would be more than welcome and you would be helping us in a job which is becoming harder and tougher each month.

We need funds for the Rescue Centre, the rising costs are frightening, and so is the rising number of needy cats. This is the bad time of the year for us. Cheerful holiday-makers are leaving Britain every week, and leaving a cat unprovided for all-too-often. We have cats in every corner, nearly all of them with kittens. Penelope's family have all gone to homes, (except one, who is still with us,) – she has had her operation, and we hope she will go to a new home soon.

Will someone adopt a small tabby cat who has just arrived? She is called Mig. We would like to build her up a bit with extra treats. She is so lively and friendly and full of curiosity and appreciates all we do. We also would like help for a large shy cat called Barry.

One last request, please will someone send us a silver spoon? The older the better, it is specially wanted. And thank you very much.

Nerea de Clifford  
12 The Close, New Malden  
Surrey

## SUSSEX BRANCH

Our A.G.M. was a most pleasant and profitable occasion and was followed by Tea and a Bring and Buy Sale. Once again our members were grand and helped us to make just over £60. After the usual reports and voting, our Chairman Mrs. Morgan spoke to us and said that so many people asked to see the cats, we were going to have an Open Day at the Annexe, for members and friends – coffee in the morning and tea in the afternoon. The Secretary told members about three cats that that have been in the Annexe for nearly three years, two having been born there. All were charming and affectionate, but scared of people they did not know, so were always passed by. She would be pleased to have them join her family if their food could be paid for. And immediately the meeting ended a member put in her hand a £1 note to start a "Timid Cat Fund", followed by 50p from another kind member. What more suitable title could you get? So now Minnie's two children, Curly and Lucy and Brandy's Boy will join the Mark Gang and bring its number up to thirteen. So far they don't like the idea and are not happy until they are back in their own pen, which is home to them. They, with the Rabbit that lives with them, will be on view on our open day, or will most of them hide under the

beds? You never can tell, but at least the tortoises are bound to be around.

Miss P. Mark  
113 Ashburnham Road  
Hastings

## WEST CORNWALL

Rising costs and shortage of staff have created a vicious circle at Cathlowena. The constant care of cats, and the never ending cat problems which have to be dealt with have caused havoc with our social lives. Apart from our long suffering friends and relations who never see us now, (I don't suppose they mind this) we are becoming masters of evasion with our cat loving callers. Saturday afternoons we don't mind, with appointments we can make the effort, but meal times, evenings and Sundays when they turn up out of the blue, happy and bright and all set for tea and sympathy we draw the line. We would love to be able to stop and have a cuppa ourselves, and we probably could if we were less involved with the human race; but when really useful helpers leave us because of a dispute with a casual caller who is determined to look at the dear little cats and spend two hours and all of twenty pence to help our funds, I begin to wonder if I am expecting too much from people, who seem to have no feeling for their creature humans, and even worse no imagination. What does go on behind the scenes in catteries and cat societies? I would love to know. Catty chats, pussy stroking, endless cups of coffee and lots of lovely gossip, Mealtimes, evenings and Sundays when the daily chores are done how heartwarming to escort the whimsical public around homes, gardens and workshops and lend a nice cosy shoulder to cry on.

This no doubt will bring a storm of letters from readers accusing us of everything from bitterness to insanity, but I suspect we shall also receive some hasty words from our long suffering friends the cat helpers, who know too well what it is all about, but unlike me are too nice to say anything.

Now a happier note, yes we haven't forgotten all the wonderful folk who are aware, and who write us encouraging letters and send us beautiful parcels, and the understanding visitors who only call on Saturday afternoons or make an appointment if they can only come on a weekday, and we do appreciate the folk who wouldn't dream of shattering our slumbers, ruining our digestions, or interrupting our Sabbath devotions. We warmly thank these friends, and without their help I don't think we could have spent twenty years caring for so many cats and helping many people with their problems.

Mrs. K. Beesley  
Cusgarne, Truro, Cornwall.

## MEMBERS' CORNER

### TWO LITTLE SISTERS

Two little sisters, called Blackie and Mick.  
How sweet to see Blackie give her a lick:  
Wash her all over, though both are full grown,  
For Blackie knows Mickie is her very own.  
How sweet to see them both share the same dish.  
Whether its liver or whether its fish.  
Each will eat only her very own share.  
Really they are an adorable pair.  
Sometimes they curl up to have a brief nap.  
On a soft chair or on somebody's lap.  
Out in the garden together they play.  
Then sleep by the fire at the end of the day.

E. N. Walton

### CAT COMPETITION

With reference to the recent "Cat Competition, at least two members of the C.P.L., would like to say how much they enjoyed "having a go" at solving it.

We are ashamed to say that our efforts were not as good as Miss Leggatt's but we feel sure that many, besides ourselves, had some fun over it and appreciated Miss Lewis' enterprise.

G. M. Redway and M. Rita Chapman  
Christchurch, Hants.

Just a little note to say that I was very moved by the poem in Members' Corner, March/April 1973 edition, which was submitted by E. Walton, about Tabby. It was so simple but it said so much,

H. Hornsby (Mrs.)

Mrs. Lee, mother of the Reverend Austin Lee, had a half persian cat, Blackie. At one time when Blackie was much distressed by the loss of her kitten, Mrs. Lee had a hen who had reared ten white chicks; amongst these Mrs. Lee placed two turkey chicks – newly hatched but the hen promptly killed one and attacked the other.

When Blackie saw the surviving turkey chick crying pitifully, she took it to her bed and shared her milk and food with it for six or seven weeks – Blackie washed it, just as if it had been her kitten.

This cat caught mice for her adopted, daughter, being greatly perplexed when the bird refused to eat these choice offerings. Even

when the turkey became a mother herself she and the old cat were always friendly.

Miss M. Ivens

### SPARRING PARTNER

Vera Croft.

If you remember my cat Edward (the keen sportsman with the left hook) you will be glad to know he now has a charming sparring partner. Like Edward she was a "Stray", appearing every evening at dusk to snatch morsels of food: peering into "Kitchenland" like one of the "Bisto Kids". A tiny tabby, very frightened, very hungry and very pregnant. Stealthily she ventured a little further to reach the sitting room: and quick peep at me and she was gone! Within a week she ate in the kitchen, warily watching the back door, till, finally, we persuaded her it was safe to stay. She settled in her bed immediately and her contentment was a joy to see. Edward was a little resentful at first but after he too had a "maternity" box, all was well.

A little anxious lest she should have difficulty with her firstborn, I kept watch, but she made no fuss or bother. So tiny herself, her kittens looked large in proportion. Two girls and a boy: all different, all beautiful. Weaning presented no problems – straight from mothers milk to adult food, as though some inborn instinct told them to eat whilst food was available. They created for themselves a wonderful jungle of Norfolk Reads, with swinging branches, from the seat of rather an attractive, if rather shabby, antique chair and eventually set off to their new homes, healthy, housetrained and full of fun. Now, it was mother's turn.

Malnutrition, worm infestation and deep-rooted ear canker had taken their toll and all had to be put right before any thought could be given to having her speyed. Imagine my astonishment when the vet declared "She's getting on a bit". "But", I gasped – "Seven" he interjected, "at least seven" he repeated, as he looked into her mouth once again.

This charming little addition to our household – now plump and playful, operation over – seldom leaves me.

Here we sit in a ring around the fire –

On my left –  
CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT  
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE

On my right –  
AMATEUR FLYWEIGHT  
HANNAH, THE QUEEN OF  
KING STREET

Who wins? Edward was always the perfect gentleman!

## CATS IN MY LIFE

by

Mrs. Elsa Perry.

18g Erleigh Road, Reading, Berks.

Coming from Germany where cats are far less popular, my introduction to them, to its eternal honour, was performed by this country. All of them made their mark during the brief or long spell of our connection and nearly all of them were black. During a short stay in Sussex in the war, a stray, or at least unsatisfactorily housed one, attached itself to me and very little experience of their needs and essentials I then had!

During the bombing we moved to Kensington and I adopted a dear little kitten from the Cat's home. Alas it was ill and doomed, but I still remember its brightness in spite of its affliction and how it was always ready to play in its little box, which stood on a table by the sunny window. What courage it had. It would not eat, and it just faded out.

In those days cats were difficult to come by, as so many had been destroyed for fear of air raids, but I managed to acquire "Topsy", a beautiful half-Siamese, black silky kitten. She did not at all cherish leaving her family, a brother who was promised, and who clung closely to their mother, while Topsy, independent as she proved to be, had to be retrieved from hiding places all over her home. In my kitchen she at once hid under the cupboard from where it took time and persuasion to extract her. We had a long association over thirteen years, and she moved with us to safer pastures in Reading, after she had gallantly endured to be snatched up each evening and taken to the air raid shelter under the flat, to sleep with perfect composure on my truckle bed down below. She became a most self-assured and possessive cat and deeply attached to me. It was not yet widely practised to have them speyed at that time, but she had very rarely a few kittens and never stayed with them in the box provided, but insisted in transporting them one by one to my bed, whether I was in or out of it! She repeated this stubbornly, no matter how often one put them back to their proper place. She was a very modern and detached mother, and sat unconcernedly on the wall outside, as if to indicate that she did not intend to do more for those brats than was absolutely necessary. In later years she developed some weakness in the bowels and I still remember the expression of disgust on her face if anything occurred that she could not help. The "Vet" told me that nothing could be done as long as I was prepared to look after her it would have its ups and downs. So in the end one

Saturday evening she came in with a sudden grave deterioration, and the "Vet", really devoted to his job, arrived almost immediately after my call. He finished her life with an injection, so mercifully fast, that neither fear nor pain could have assailed her. During her life there were several victims of neglect or indifference passing across the scene, among them "Susi", a dear little long-haired black cat who unendingly produced kittens and was a proud mother, but died in the end in child-birth.

Then there was "Boy." An old underfed, rather sweaty tabby Tom, who took up residence and was grateful for any meal. I did for him what I could. One night he became very ill, probably with pneumonia, and I spent awful, fearful hours all alone with him. In his agony he tried to crawl behind the kitchen stove. I managed to pull him out and make him comfortable, but he died in the morning.

Next I must mention the humorist, who lived across the very dangerous main road. There was a sort of large grassy patch, wired in, where cats of the rather mean little houses found a pleasant outlet from their miserable unenviable existence. He was a white and tabby, and took to visiting me, and in return for the food I gave him he brought me dead mice, which he deposited on my doorstep. He had a definite sense of humour and tried to show his gratitude and affection in various ways. He stopped coming and I could not find out for some time, until someone told me he had been run over. What a price to pay for a bit of love and food - poor little nameless thing.

The last in this section of my life was "Whiskey", as you will guess black and white. He too lived across the road and had quite a good home with a cinema usherette. He took a great liking to me and insisted on sharing his fortunes with me. He was a Tom, very courageous and he made it clear that no interference with his plans would be tolerated. I consulted his owner who was quite agreeable that he should do as he liked. He spent most of his time with us. He often slept in an arm-chair opposite my bed - there was always a little window open for him and late one night he turned up all covered in blood. He must have had a fight with a rat, and with dismay I planned to take him to the Vet in the morning, not relishing the thought. All through the night he was busy licking himself all over, emerging from this "treatment" in the morning in almost his usual normal appearance. Then one day he was really ill and off his food. By this time the wonderful Irish Vet had mistakenly and regrettably packed up his obvious calling, to enter the Church.

CATS IN MY LIFE, *Continued*

It was quite a distance to his successor, so I put Whiskey in the only basket I had, a rather narrow, deep wine container, fearing he would raise no end of objections. He rolled up peacefully and slept. It appeared that there was something wrong with his constitution and an attack like this could repeat itself, but for the time being he would be alright. On the way home he started scratching and whining and I hurried as fast as I could. When I opened the basket I found that he had had an urgent call, poor brave thing, which had made him uncomfortable. However he took it all in his stride and got well again afterwards. Then came the time when we sold the house and moved to a ground floor flat and there was of course no question of not taking Whiskey, doubtful though we were. On the day of the move I locked him in the kitchen, so that he would not be frightened and when all was finished in the new flat my friend and I went to fetch him in the car. As he had never been in one before I took great precautions for his and our safety which were quite uncalled for. He settled down on my lap in the front seat and enjoyed to the full looking out of the window. He was delighted with the flat and used a newspaper tray until I dared to let him explore the new surroundings. He enjoyed it all as if this was really the life he had anticipated and we were blissfully happy for a few months. Then the great tragedy happened, the sorrow of which I shall never overcome as long as I live. I had been rather impatient with him to go out, in broad daylight, as I wanted to shut him in again before I went out. That was the last I ever saw of him. The kitchen window was open but no cat returned. Through days of agony I waited and hoped, but his end will forever remain a mystery. One can take these losses if one knows one's cat friend is dead, it happens the same with human beings. But not to know what had become of him was real torture. No report ever reached me and my greatest fear is vivisection. Had he been caught by this, or had his instinct driven him too far away suddenly in search of a feline. The kindest possibility seems to be that he may have had a lightening attack of the disease which the Vet had said he might suffer at any time, and he had crept away to die in hiding as do all creatures in nature. May peace be with him.

Now the last two actors appear on the scene. I had meant to remain catless for the rest of my life, but one night on going to the letter-box, I watched an enterprising black kitten. There stood a wide open removal lorry and I was worried that she might extend her research and enter the vehicle. I asked her to

come with me and that is what she did. She had long silky hair and brilliant green eyes, and was not at all reluctant to let herself be waited on and spoiled. I found out the next morning that some people were half-heartedly looking after her, but had to leave their one room, and were only too glad to get rid of her. The first thing I did was to have her speyed and I destined her to live in our flat with trays and much attention, to prevent any accidents that might befall her outside. I got her a little harness and lead and many a time we struggled up and down the road but not with great co-operation on her side, though fairly successfully. I called her Tussy. In the end I gave her her freedom and she got her own back on me by cunningly playing me up, especially when I wanted her in at night. She came sweetly at my call and stood in front of me, her clear green eyes watching mischievously, and just when I stretched out my hand to grab her, off she shot and often we had to enrol the help of passers-by to trap her into surrender. At the end of the little path from the flat to the street is a brick built-in cupboard for the dust bin and there she often sat to survey the world going by and to attract attention to her own silken beauty. She succeeded splendidly and often had a small queue of people who knew her and longed to pet her, which was just to her taste. She would insist on crossing the road, though she knew it to be wrong, and however much I or others fetched her back. One Sunday fate closed with this feckless little adventuress and she was run-over. Luckily the Vet lived near but she was unconscious and he could not revive her. However suffering was spared her. During the six years she was with us she was meant to remain the only one, a reasonable limitation for a flat, but fate intruded even on this decision. One night there was a knock at the door and there stood two boys holding a black cat. They had found it in the middle of the street and I could not persuade them to take it home, so I had to have him in for the night at least. He had a blue collar, but no address and was obviously a pet and even castrated - about two years old. How his people must have grieved, we never could find them of course, though our R.S.P.C. Inspector did what he could. It turned out that the poor thing had jumped from a London Lorry in the middle of busy Reading, so he may have come all the way from there, perhaps having investigated and fallen asleep on it. So the boys will have found him wandering terrified and hopeless in completely strange surroundings. Next morning I asked the young couple in the flat above, with a baby who had wanted a cat, if they would have him, and they agreed. I delivered him there and was pleased at the outcome. The morning after that I found

## CATS IN MY LIFE, *Continued*

a note saying that they had let him escape, the poor bewildered thing had just run out. I was heart-broken, it was the last thing I would have wished and could not take my mind off it, but what could I do? The next morning I heard something crying outside my door, when I flew there, he it was. In all that strange place he had come back to the one place with which he had had contact. Where had he spent the intervening hours? That settled it of course, and Tossy stayed for the rest of his short life - for four or five years. In contrast to the self-possessed Tessy, he was a shy and very affectionate cat, and they took little notice of each other. He liked to stay at home and whenever we went on holiday the woman who came in to look after them always said how much he had missed us, whilst Tessy very little. After Tessy's untimely death he enjoyed being the one and only one, not out for publicity as Tessy had been and for whom I had lots of enquiries for months after her death. He was not so interesting as she, but a good companion, homely and happy. After about a year he seemed to have some complaint off and on, and in the end I took him to the Vet, who could not find anything definite. He always got some pills or injections which arrested the disease and the temperature for the time. He was so patient and quite liked his outings when I carried him round for his treatment. Then one day he seemed really bad, so I insisted on seeing the head Vet. With his experience of course he at once detected cancer of the bladder and incurable. He was not yet in pain, but might be at any time and he advised putting him to sleep very soon. So for the week-end I took him home once more and had him in my lap often. He did not know what I knew and my tears dropped on his fine black coat, and so I took leave of him. He may well have started this cancer with his fall from the lorry. Next day I took him round again and held him lovingly as he got his usual injection, but this time the deadly one, which he did not know. Instantly he was unconscious and gently stretched out for the end of his innocent and fulfilled life.

Never did any of my cats catch a bird nor were they cruel to any living being and they will have no successor or rival, in order that there may be none of them to survive us, and none to worry about for our own sake.

### TOSCA HAS CAR ENGINE PURRING by ALSTON THOMAS

Tosca the cat has been in the Davey family for all her eight years.

When the family — Mr. Peter Davey, his wife Theresa and children Susan (10), and

Julian (8) — went on a caravan holiday at Blandford, Tosca went too.

But when it was time to leave, Tosca could not be found.

Mr. Davey, of Downs Park East, Westbury Park, could remember only two letters of the registration number of the car which had been parked nearest to them. The site owners suggested a few more missing letters and numbers — making up a Coventry registration.

A phone call to Coventry police traced the car owner, a Mr. Bull — but not the cat.

But three hours later when Mr. Bull raised his car bonnet to check on the oil, he found Tosca nestled alongside the battery, oilstained but otherwise none the worse.

Bristol Evening Post inc Evening World, June 1st 1973

### RUFUS HAS LEFT THE HIGH STREET

It is a case that residents at the eastern end of the Hounslow borough and such readers as "Hounslow worker" who had a letter in the Brentford and Chiswick Times last week will just have to be content with pleasant thoughts about a lovable ginger cat which used to lie on the pavement at the junction of Chiswick High Road with Homefield Road.

Our correspondent wrote saying that he had not seen the cat for "some time".

Mr. G. H. Knowles whose cat the letter was about has informed us that the animal, who would have been 18 years in July, "Died 23.20 hours on 16th February, 1973, in his sleep, with no pain."

The cat was called Rufus, and Mr. Knowles, who lives at 65a Chiswick High Road, said he nearly died in November from cat flu. About 12 years ago Rufus was hit by a car and lost part of the right upper jaw and teeth.

Mr. Knowles adds: "His main patrol was between 55 and 75 Chiswick High Road, but mainly at the bus stop and the corner of Homefield Road. Seven times he was thought to be dead by passers-by. Nothing seemed to upset him, not even dogs.

"He liked to be made a fuss of and was a favourite with a lot of people."

At Christmas time he was not forgotten. Each year one lady used to send a tin of sardines with a red ribbon around it.

Rufus was near human . . . "He liked the sun and a fire, but hated the rain," adds Mr. Knowles, who has two other cats and a dog.

Last word comes from our correspondent who raised the question about the "intelligent and friendly" cat.

He wrote saying: "How sad I am not to see it each day and exchange a few words with it in return for a very friendly purr."

The reader concluded: "May I say that my working day has not been quite the same

without the cat's friendly welcome to myself and other passers-by."

Extract from Brentford and Chiswick Times 10/5/73

### TARTIE

Her name is Tartie and her full title "The Picadilly Tart."

She is a lovely little thing now, but only eight months ago was in a deplorable condition.

For three days in August last year when she lived in the slums of Birmingham she attached herself to a Birmingham Day Nursery who fed her daily but could not take her in as the Nursery was non-residential. But when they closed for the five day August-Bank Holiday they brought her to us.

She was in a desperate state—eight months old and in kitten with five. We did not think she would have survived much longer—certainly not in labour. She was terrified of everything—humans and her fourlegged companions—consisting of five other onetime strays and an abandoned puppy. And when I tried to comfort her with a cat-mint mouse she was horrified. Whatever was it? And anyway it was unedible and useless. Her cat-mint mouse is now one of her treasured possessions and the contrast a joy to see.

Luckily her pregnancy was so early that operation after 10 days was advised and from then her improvement began. Her digestive habits were so much upset, that sardines in oil were necessary—followed after 48 hours by Turkey Breasts, breast of chicken and cuttings from the Sunday joint! (we have suffered from this ever since and are quite certain that there is Siamese in her ancestry, as now her needs are met her desires are mentioned in no uncertain terms.)

Her great salvation has been her devoted slave and companion "Garry". Although he is an eight year old neutered Tom he has "mothered" and adopted every stray kitten in turn and soon he and Tartie were inseparable. He showed her round—indoors and out and when the two were found sleeping on my bed we knew all was well.

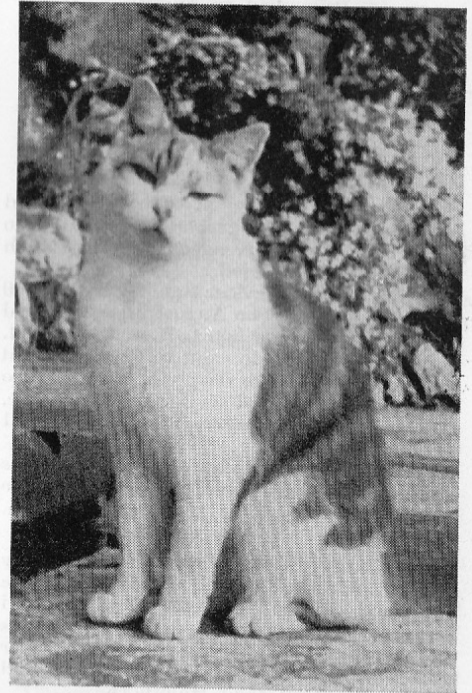
For weeks Tartie had feared the fence that leads to the front-garden and had turned back after every attempt. But when she saw her beloved Garry gallop across, there was no further trouble. She learnt the way over the garage roof and in at an open window on the first floor, and when she met Garry on the landing, rose on her hind legs like a ballet-dancer and threw her "arms" round him for the rough and tumble that always followed.

Now she is as big as he is and far more agile and leads him a terrible dance! But he loves her.

Her greatest conquest is Moses—beside her in the picture. Moses was dropped over a six foot fence at the bottom of our garden into a ditch of reeds as a very tiny puppy. (In spite of her sex her name was inevitable.) Tartie has always been on polite terms with her—to our surprise, from the very first. Now they are real friends—She steals her toys—plays with her tail and generally makes a nuisance of herself. Moses bears it patiently—although she herself is not quite two. Her great delight is to induce one of the seven to run. (Vicky has increased our numbers since Tartie's arrival.) But they have learnt wisdom. The "lads" sit tight and ignore her, and the "lassies" slap her on the nose with a prickly paw!

Tartie is now a very happy little person, completely sophisticated and assured, and although we had never intended to keep her permanently—we don't know now what we should do without her! For anything we have done for her she most certainly repays us with love and trust a hundredfold.

Miss C. D. Thomas



'SAMBO'

## IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of my best beloved MACKIE who passed over April 19th, 1973. Aged 15 years and four months. Re-united with his wonderful MUMSIE, who was born and came from Covent Garden Market.

Auntie Averil  
In ever loving memory of our dear Suki Tailwaver 4874 born 28.7.69 and peacefully put to sleep 11.1.72 Pussy Purrs from brother Pooni. Always loving thoughts of you and sadly missed by mummy and auntie.

Our darling Hardy born May 1968, put to sleep 2nd June, 1973, following an accident. Sadly missed by his sorrowing Mummy and Daddy.

In loving, grateful memory of:- JINNY, (Jeannie with the light brown nose) aged 13½ years, put to sleep 9.10.72, to save her undeserved suffering; SPUTTY (sputnik), aged 7 years, put to sleep 14.7.64, to save him equally undeserved suffering and of all my other beloved friends over the years - feline, canine and feathered. All so very much missed.

In loving memory of my dear little friend and comforter "Whiskey" (1967 - 1973) who went to St. Francis and to be happy with others 17th March, 1973. Much loved and sadly missed. D. Standrick

Prim died on Sunday  
Full of years  
My quiet and gentle, clever cat  
So much she knew  
So many changes  
All came and went  
I alone remained  
To know this desolation  
Frances Howie

In loving memory of Ginger, beloved companion of I. Jacobs and E. Brand, who died 13th May, 1973, aged 21 years. Much loved and sorely missed.

Remembering our dear Smokey T.W. 3460 who died peacefully on August 21st 1964 aged 9½ years. Ever in our hearts N. and D. Revill.

Beloved cat, Panda - put to sleep July 3rd 1958 aged 10¾ years deeply regretted. Also Ruffles, who adopted us for a short while, and was last seen alive March 10th 1961 presumed run over.

Finally a memory of all my other dear cats which I have owned from time to time - to the future with love. Muriel A. Julian.

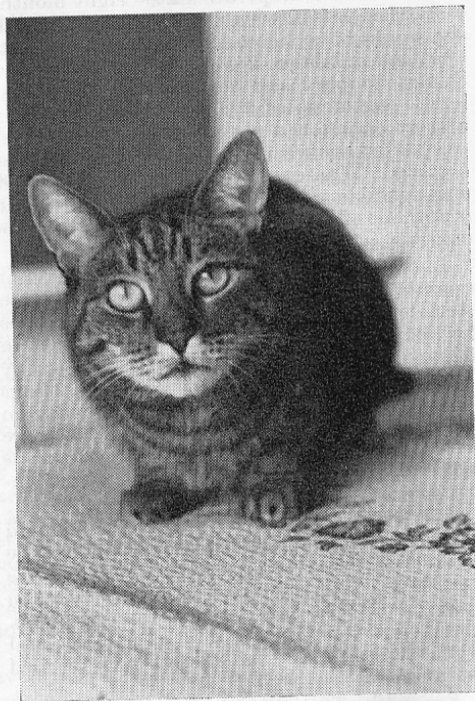
## WANTED

Mrs. Curtis-Hayward offers home to lady (and cat) in return helping her friend with the Tarawood cats (13 Pedigree Burmese and Russians). At present work is continuous as the charming Kennel-maid-cum housekeeper only works mornings. Write to Tarawood Cattery, Bradford Road, Hawthorn, Wilts, or phone 978 10443.

## ADVANCE NOTICE—

# 1973 Animals Fair

ROYAL  
HORTICULTURAL  
HALL  
LONDON, S.W.1



'KATIE'

FRIDAY and SATURDAY  
23rd and 24th NOVEMBER  
12 noon - 7 p.m.

## BRANCH and GROUP SECRETARIES

### BIRMINGHAM:\*

Miss F. Primmitt,  
109 Handsworth Wood Road  
Birmingham, B20 2PA

### 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. F. M. Fullerton,  
54, Stamford Avenue,  
Styvechale, Coventry.

### DERBY and DISTRICT:

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

### DOVER:

Mrs. M. Smalley,  
46, Adler 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:\*

Mrs. R. M. Ward,  
21 Palmerston Road,  
Denton,  
Manchester, M34 2NZ

### GREAT AMWELL and DISTRICT:

Mrs. B. Cox,  
14 Burnside,  
Hertingfordbury,  
Hertford.

### ISLE OF WIGHT:

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

### LEICESTER and LOUGHBOROUGH:

Miss E. Barrie,  
118 Cropston Road,  
Anstey, Leics.

### LONDON COMMITTEE:\*

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

### MANCHESTER:

Mr. A. Thompson,  
The Homestead,  
Newgate Lane,  
Wilmslow,  
Cheshire.

### NEWBURY and DISTRICT:\*

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

### NORTH KENT

Mrs. E. Brooker,  
5, Park Avenue,  
Northfleet,  
Kent.

### NORTH LONDON:\*

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

### NOTTINGHAM

Mrs. M. Bettesworth,  
72 Cropwell Road,  
Radeliffe-on-Trent,  
Nottingham.

### OAKHAM AND DISTRICT:

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

### SOUTHAMPTON:\*

Mrs. G. Phipps,  
46, Victoria Road,  
Netley, Abbey,  
Southampton.

### SUSSEX:\*

Miss P. Mark,  
113, Ashburnham Road,  
Hastings,  
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.