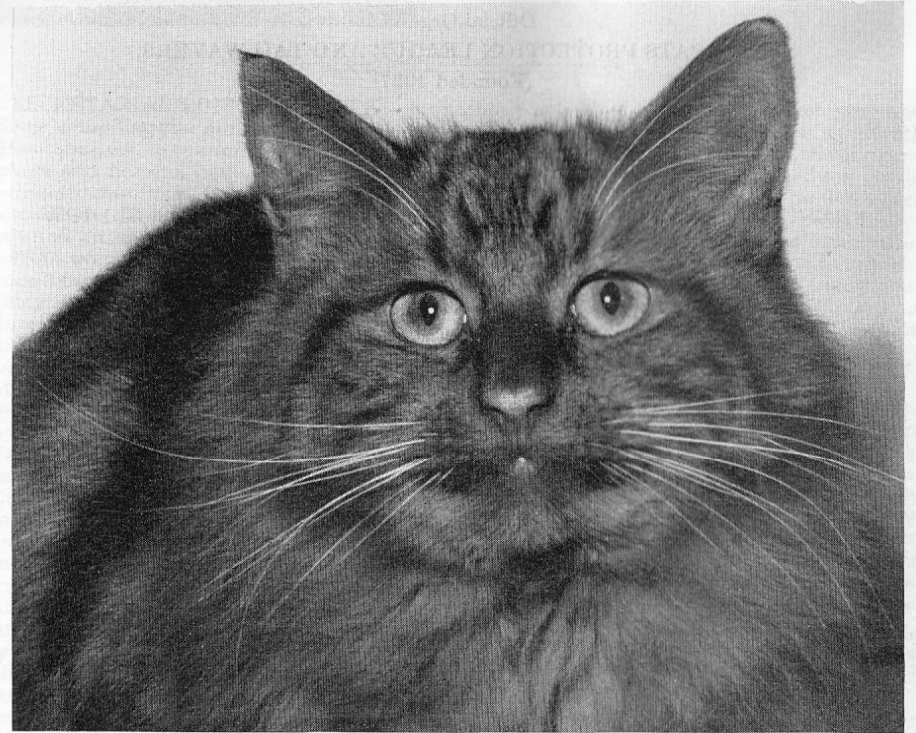


**WILL YOU TRY
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER
DURING 1973?**

Published Bi-monthly by the Cats Protection League, 29 Church Street, Slough and Printed
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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?'

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1973

THE CAT Vol. XLVII No. 5 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 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

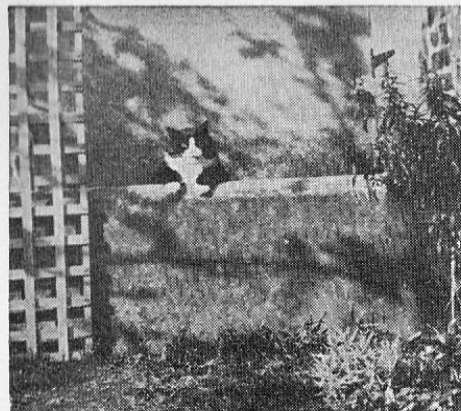
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ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

- Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.
- News-cuttings concerning cats, but please make sure that the name of the paper and the date of publication is given.
- Notification of change of address.
- Used stamps. British Foreign and commemorative.
- Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.
- 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.

SECRETARIAL/EDITORIAL NOTES

Since compiling the previous magazine we, at Headquarters, in common with all branches workers and helpers, have been coping with the dreaded months of June, July and August. These are the three months of the year when unwanted kittens are produced as if out of a hat from every quarter, whilst the finding of homes becomes more than difficult as the holiday season gets into full swing.

In spite of all our neutering efforts the numbers of unwanted kittens is still far too great and we have far to go before we reach that great day when unwanted kittens and cats suddenly become a rarity rather than an only too common fact.

During the past two months I have been away from Slough for a total of some six days visiting friends and members in varying localities. Immediately following the A.G.M. in early June I headed Westwards and spent some 24 hours with Mrs. Beesley in the West Cornwall branch and whilst in that area also visited friends and helpers in Falmouth, returning the following evening to Exeter where I was able to talk long into the night with Mr. and Mrs. Bryant who, it can be stated, have great hopes of building up an official group in the not too distant future to cover that particular area of South Devon. Mrs. Bryant is the daughter of Mrs. Beesley and is very determined to carry out the same type of work as her mother has done for so many years past. Leaving Exeter for the journey back to Slough I was able to make a stop in Dorset where we can now boast a new group.

Further journeys have taken me to Coventry for a most pleasant evening with the local branch members and their Committee, to Northfleet where it is most encouraging to see the great progress made in

the North Kent area in their first year and nearer home, visits have been made to North London, Edmonton and friends in the northern suburbs of the metropolis. Finally I would report on a visit to the Glossop branch where our acting Chairman for the past twelve months Mrs. D. Hooper has now taken over the secretarial duties, whilst we welcome Mr. McMinn as the new Chairman. We trust that under his guidance the branch will continue to flourish and, dare we suggest, gain in stature in the days to come.

APOLOGY

Due to misfiling at Headquarters, Ulster notes for the July issue of The Cat were omitted from the magazine and for the first time in many issues no contribution was published on behalf of that so deserving branch.

I would extend my personal apologies to Miss McKee, our very much respected Secretary, to all our valiant workers in Belfast and to all readers especially those in Ulster who no doubt wondered what had become of their usual report.

This current issue includes these now partly outdated comments and views together with Miss McKee's current report.

SOUTH DORSET GROUP

It is with great pleasure that for the second time this year we are able to announce the formation of another group to be known as the South Dorset Group. It is based on Warmwell, a small village that lies between and to the east of Dorchester and Weymouth and already it can be reported that many contacts have been made throughout the county.

I am sure that we all wish our new Dorset friends every success in their work and as usual our new Secretary's name for that area will be found at the back of the magazine.

A PURRFECT PARTY

There was a constant stream of visitors to the Oxford Road, Edmonton, home of Mrs. Cissie Walledge on Saturday for a rather special party.

Mrs. Walledge is organiser of the Edmonton branch of the Cats' Protection League, and she gave the party for Fluffy, a long-haired tabby celebrating her 27th birthday.

Fluffy received many presents during the afternoon, and visits from Mrs. Ida McNern, Mayoress of Enfield and Mrs. Pamela Tabelin, a member of the league's executive committee.

Although it was officially a birthday party complete with large birthday cake—the occasion was also an open day, thus giving guests an opportunity to see how Mrs. Walledge cares for the cats who have no other homes.

Mrs. Peggy Lacey, a former mayoress of Edmonton, said: "I am happy to see so many people present today which is a tribute to the wonderful work carried out by Mrs. Walledge."

Edmonton Weekly Herald (27th July 1973)

REUNITED

Several months ago, Mrs. Cissie Maclaren of Highbury, London found stray adult long-haired, tail-less tortoiseshell and white cat which she called "Fluffie". Commonsense prevailed and much as she wanted to keep her, circumstances were such that this proved not to be practical. Her friend, Mrs. Tabelin, who lives nearby, arranged for the New Malden shelter to take the cat — Mrs. Maclaren original fear being that the cat might be "put down", and it was only when assurances were given that New Malden never "put down" any cat unless absolutely necessary that Mrs. Maclaren agreed. Time passed, and she was encouraged to visit the sanctuary of which she was a keen supporter and had become a member of the C.P.L.

Our story has a happy ending. At New Malden she was greeted so demonstratively by Fluffie that Mrs. Maclaren had no alternative but to take the cat home. They are now inseparable, so much so that Mrs. Maclaren stays at home all day caring for her little friend.

Both Mrs. Tabelin and Mrs. Maclaren were full of praise for the way in which the New Malden shelter is run and for the sterling work done in this field by Mrs. de Clifford, Miss Fryer and all their voluntary workers.

CANTERBURY CAT CLUB

We have recently heard from Miss Paine the club Secretary and I am reproducing her letter within the branch notes, as I am sure that not all our readers are aware of the great work and many activities carried out in this old Cathedral City of Canterbury.

AN APPEAL FROM OUR BRANCHES

Several of our branches have asked that members be reminded that almost all of our groups and branches are manned completely by voluntary workers and it is not possible to maintain an emergency service at all times.

Neither are they in a position to take unlimited numbers of cats from people who simply arrive at the door and say that a member has advised them to come. Very seldom can the name of the member be recalled and in some cases the so described member concerned has asked that his or her name should not be mentioned.

This is not only most inconsiderate but is not very pleasant for the animal concerned who certainly does not appreciate being shut up and carried around in a basket or box for longer than necessary. In the case of sickness or emergency the nearest veterinary surgeon is the answer, otherwise an attempt should be made to warn the unsuspecting worker or committee member of the impending visit.

Please remember our workers are voluntary, their free time is very limited, their patience and help is unlimited but even they cannot do the impossible all the time.

BOOK REVIEW

Care for your Cat by A. M. Colledge, published by Kenneth Mason, Homewell, Havant, PO9 1EF. 10p or 13p post free from the publishers.

This publication is yet another of the Kenneth Mason handbag series an excellent booklet of 32 pages which, apart from fitting into a ladies handbag contains much useful information ranging from kitten care to neutering and distinctive breeds. Simply but expertly written and as well as being an everyday must for cat lovers, this is an ideal extra for younger cat owners in their birthday or Christmas parcels.

DEEDEE

Deedee, the black and tan kitten, used up eight of her nine lives the day she chased one fly too many, and plunged more than 70 feet from the top of a block of flats.

She crashed on to concrete six storeys below and escaped without a scratch.

Her owner, Partick Delaney, said: "I just don't see how she could have cheated death".

DeeDee aged just 16 weeks, had been playng on the window sill of the Delaney home high up in Rathbone House, Kilburn Square, Kilburn.

Patrick, 24-year-old clerk, had left the window open—and out went DeeDee in pursuit of an elusive fly.

"Some kids came up and said they'd found her on the concrete", said Patrick. "I dashed

down expecting to find her dead. She was only stunned".

Evening News, Tuesday, August 7, 1973.

FRED WUNPOUND

H.M.S. Hecate berthed in Bristol City Docks yesterday carrying its famous cat, Fred Wunpound.

But Fred, the longest serving crew member, seems a disappointment despite his promotion last year to Leading Seacat, and his award of a Blue Nose certificate after service in the Arctic in 1970.

"He wouldn't know a mouse if he saw one". said his commanding officer, Lieutenant Trevor Chrich.

"He's not what you'd call a cuddly cat, and the poor lad gets seasick easily".

So what use is he?

"He's a mascot," said Lieutenant Chrich.

"We once sailed without him. The engines blew up, the computer system broke down and four or five other things went wrong.

"You may call it coincidence if you like. But we sent someone from Stornaway in the Hebrides to Plymouth, to collect him".

Fred, who joined the ship from the R.S.P.C.A.'s Plymouth orphanage when he was six weeks old in 1966, has travelled more than 250,000 miles, the same as going round the world ten times.

Western Daily Express, Friday, June 22nd, 1973.

SOOTY

To Sooty the kitten, the dark enticing hole looked just the place for a quiet cat-nap. But his curiosity took him on a "spin" which nearly claimed all his nine lives.

The hole he crawled into was the prop shaft tunnel underneath a 100 m.p.h. sports car. Minutes later the driver started up and drove off down the road—only to screech to a halt as a pitiful mewing filled the car.

Nine-week old Sooty has been spun round and round by the whirling prop shaft and battered.

The driver, Mr. Jim Monk, of Masefield Road, Thatcham, Berks peered into the tunnel, expecting to find a mass of blood and bones.

He could see nothing. He went to a neighbour's house for help.

An R.S.P.C.A. Inspector stood by as firemen gingerly cut round the fibre-glass tunnel and out popped Sooty, covered in oil, pouring blood—but alive.

His owner, Mrs. Maureen Smith of Browning Close, Thatcham said: "We took him to the vet and washed him about three times to get the oil off and he seems fine now. But I bet he won't try that again!"

On most vehicles the prop shaft is exposed. Mr. Monk plans to fit a shield over the hole so

that Sooty won't lose that valuable ninth life." *Evening News, Monday, August 6th, 1973.*

MISS D. MILLS-PALMER

Following the announcement of Miss Mills Palmer's passing in the last issue of The Cat many of her old friends have written to suggest that some sort of memorial be made to her, if our readers and members would care to contribute to such a cause.

Any support or contributions to such a memorial would be most gratefully received and acknowledged by Headquarters and we hope, in due course, to be in a position to decide in the form of memorial to be adopted.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that I have to announce the death on June 24th, last of Mr. T. Ellis a founder and committee member of the Derby branch.

Tom Ellis was a great pillar of strength to the Derby branch and represented everything fine that one always hopes to find in a fellow human being and a friend. To his widow who is, of course, the branch Treasurer we extend our deepest sympathies in her great loss, in which we too mourn the loss not only of a great worker but also of an old and valuable friend.

It is also with great sorrow I have to report the passing of Miss Adair of Burgess Hill, Sussex.

She was for many years a great friend and supporter of our Chelmsford branch and her kind gifts and donations to that particular area will long be remembered.

WANTED

Experienced cat lover(s) to care for large feline family during owners' occasional absence. Remuneration by arrangement.

Mrs. Marfell,
Vine Cottage,
Cheriton Bishop,
Exeter, Devon.

**NEXT ISSUE
NOVEMBER/
DECEMBER 1973**

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

September again—"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness"—if Autumn is any more fruitful, kittenwise, than summer has been, Heaven help us. So many little creatures, with eager faces and empty tummies, looking to us for help—how can you explain to them that there is no room for them or money left for food. We have been most fortunate this year in finding some new members able to give us practical help in housing and feeding the cats temporarily until homes can be found for them. Without this help these last few months would have been a nightmare. We still cling desperately to the hope that one day we may have a shelter of our own, but the money that we do earn is barely enough to cover running expenses and leaves nothing over for the Shelter Fund.

We had to choose the first wet Saturday for weeks to hold our first ever open air jumble sale, in July. Even so, Mrs. Vanes and some gallant helpers were very successful until rain finally drove off the most ardent bargain hunters. We enjoyed our coffee morning in Solihull's delightful Old Manor House where we made some new friends as well as some much needed cash. August is usually a quiet month with a lot of people on holiday but we had a good attendance at our Cheese and Wine party whilst this month we are breaking new ground with a Country and Western style concert. We are most grateful for gifts already sent in and beg that you will keep on sending these items. Some reach us anonymously and we can only express our thanks through the magazine for these gifts.

Miss F. Primmitt,
109, Handsworth Wood Road,
Birmingham.

CANTERBURY CAT CLUB

I though you would be interested to hear the result of our Summer Market. It was the most ambitious yet—many stalls—exhibition of cat paintings by well known artists, fortune teller, raffles, lucky dip and refreshments. This, with the assistance of willing helpers, brought in £120 but as our boarding and veterinary fees are very high it did not cover the monthly account. We are the only

society in the area helping with neutering and this has been a very heavy item.

We are getting calls from all areas and our latest venture is in the Ashford area, where Mrs. Amos and Mrs. Robinson are sponsoring a large scale sale and coffee morning at their home in the delightful town of Wye. This will be followed three days later by a Strawberry Fair and Garden Party at Horne Bay.

We have a number of very happy and successful coffee mornings, perhaps the most outstanding was one given by Mrs. Ellender on the 12th July in Canterbury which raised the splendid sum of £51.20p.

So you see we really are working and handling many cases. If you publish this in The Cat and anyone would care to send a gift or donation to help with these activities—we should all be most grateful. Also trading stamps, used stamps and odd bits of jewellery, in fact anything useful.

Marjorie Paine,
37, Beverley Road, Canterbury, Kent.

DERBY BRANCH

Unhappily, since the last issue of "The Cat", we in Derby have lost one of our hardest working founder members, Mr. T. Ellis. Tom, as he was better known to us all, passed away on June 24th after a long and painful illness. He was a founder member and also a committee member and could always be relied on to put forward sound and logical suggestions at meetings. Tom was "the doorman" at all our jumble sales. Nothing was too much trouble for Tom who took an active and willing part in the affairs of the Branch, collecting jumble and collecting and delivering cats and kittens. He will be greatly missed for his help and advice and the sympathy of the members of the Branch go out to Dreena, his widow, who is also Treasurer of our Branch.

In Derby, as elsewhere, we are tackling a severe problem of cats and kittens living on demolition sites. This situation has arisen partly through tenants leaving pets behind in the condemned property and partly through the "dumping" of cats by their former owners. Our helpers have found that most of the cats, when caught, are suffering

DERBY—cont.

from ringworm, mange, eczema, worms and fleas among other things. In fact, 15 kittens and 6 cats were taken from one coal shed.

Such is our distress that we have contacted the Public Health Department to ask for their assistance with the problem. An inspector visited the various sites we had mentioned but the cats were non-co-operative and stayed out of sight. However, negotiations are still taking place and we certainly haven't given up hope.

We are having a publicity drive for the Cat Protection League in Derby and have been quite successful in some fields. Our local radio station broadcast a special news item about the cats on demolition sites and have continued to follow up our progress with this problem. We are also fortunate in that our President is a very popular columnist for the "Derby Telegraph" and she often puts in articles and advertisements for us.

For the first time our Branch had a marquee at the County Show. We were rather disappointed, though, in that our profits for the event were rather low for the amount of time and work involved. However, we decided to try just once more next year and concentrate on the stalls that were most successful. Our Summer Bazaar on July 14th, though, was more successful.

There is a likelihood that we will have a charity shop for a week in Derby so we would be grateful to receive anything saleable to keep it well stocked-up. We understand that rather a lot of nearly-new, jumble, bric-a-brac etc., is needed to keep it full. We would also be very grateful for any new ideas for money-making.

We extend a warm welcome to some new members to our Branch:

Mrs. K. Bucknell,
Miss L. Baston,
Mrs. B. Brewell,
Mrs. N. Kelly,
Mrs. Peacock.

Mrs. Dorean Sinclair, 2, Windermere Drive,
Spondon, Derby.
(Publicity Officer)

CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT

We are still a very disappointed, disgruntled lot! But for the real encouragement and support we have received from our many friends, we'd be even more fed up because we still haven't received our planning permission to build the new shelter. Funds are rapidly dwindling and our legacy, upon which we built all our hopes for the new shelter, is no longer intact. But we are ever optimistic and we hope it will all come right in the end.

We have had two very pleasant Fairs recently; the Strawberry Fair which turned out to be a nice old fashioned garden party. Mrs. Taring kindly invited us to have the fair in her lovely cottage garden, complete with a babbling brook, and though the weather was cool and cloudy, even the helpers thoroughly enjoyed themselves for once!

We still have far to many cats and kittens to care for, in and out of the shelter, but fortunately, we are managing to find a few homes in this, the most difficult time of the year, so that the number of cats awaiting homes should not now increase and we hope that we, now are over the worst.

We have had a good response to our appeal for readers to send items, or donations towards our next all day Bazaar (the AUTUMN FAIR on October 20th) and we thank everybody very much for their concern for us. We now have several names to "start off" our new book of shelter founders.

Please continue to send us your good second hand clothing and unwanted gifts for our many sales, and we are very grateful for trading stamps and used postage stamps.

(On a personal note—special thanks to "anon" who made me laugh—yes I am at present the "used" stamp lady! Thank you also Mr. Parratt for making me laugh when I phoned him to say this report would be late as I would be in hospital "being speyed". He promised to get a Voucher in the post right away")

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

1973 Animals Fair

ROYAL
HORTICULTURAL
HALL
LONDON, S.W.1

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

GLOSSOP AND DISTRICT BRANCH

Although we have had administrative changes, the work in Glossop and District is going ahead. Mrs. Ward has relinquished the position of secretary, owing to ill health and other commitments. We send to her our thanks for her work during the past year.

I have now become Branch Secretary, and Mr. McMinn is our new chairman, the position previously held by myself.

The northern towns are now holding their Wakes Weeks, (August), and as people go off to enjoy the country or sea air the stray cat problem becomes acute. We can only afford to maintain a small kennel, and it is now bursting at the seams, whilst 25 cats and kittens are being cared for in the homes of committee members.

Poor Winnie has been returned to us again and will now have to become a permanent resident or be destroyed. She is a lovely black Puss, but likes to be admired from a distance, not too much nursing thank you or I shall scratch. Would a kind friend adopt Winnie? She could live very happily in our country kennel and have complete freedom there.

Another of our problem children was a tiny kitten, given to a child on his way to school. She was only a few weeks old and so presented a real feeding problem. The same evening a cat was dumped from a car quite near our kennel, a pitiful little black and white female who had recently had kittens. The kitten was so pleased to see her foster-mum and snuggled up to her purring away. Beauty and Baby are now enjoying life together.

During September we have several fund raising efforts planned. An Autumn Fair, a stall, at a Flea Market, a House to House collection in Marple, and a stall at Romily Young Farmers Show. We would be most grateful for gifts of goods for our stalls at these functions.

We are working hard to improve our financial position, and if at all possible to increase our kennel places. Then we can face summer and Wakes Weeks of 1974 with less heartache than we have suffered this year.

A big Thank you to all our friends who continue to give us their help and encouragement.

Mrs. D. E. Hooper, Ivy House, Glossop Road, Chisworth, Broadbottom, Hyde, Cheshire.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Once again very many grateful thanks to the unknown "Cat Lover" who has sent us yet another donation. Also to Mrs. Mary Dunhill for her personal donation and to the Siamese Cat Club for helping us in this way.

The story of Mon. de Castel Branco's Siamese cats is worth telling. This Portuguese

gentleman, living in Ryde for many years was known to me. He came to see me nearly twenty years ago to tell me of the death of his Siamese cat whom he had obtained from Mrs. Towe during the war. I put him in touch with Mrs. Towe and two kittens arrived to live with him. These two lived their allotted span and again he wished to replace them. At this time Mrs. Towe was in Australia and I put him in touch with Mrs. Dunnill the Hon. Secretary of the Siamese Cat Club. Two little Princes and two Princesses, as he called them, took up residence. The tragedy occurred when Mon. de Castel Branco suddenly passed away leaving no instructions for the care of the cats. A great many difficulties arose in that no-one knew what was to be done. However, the League stepped in and the cats were collected and taken to our Home. They were quite terrified, not knowing what was happening to them. They were cared for by Mrs. Eldridge until they recovered from the disruption of their home and eventually homes were found for them, all with owners who know and understand Siamese. They are all well and happy.

Boarding fees are to be increased to 50p per day in view of the excellent conditions available at the Home. A limited number of boarders are taken.

Visiting the Home recently a large number of most attractive kittens were in residence. It is incredible that we just cannot make owners of female cats understand that it is better to have them spayed instead of the everlasting hordes of kittens produced. Most of these kittens are destined for the lethal box because it is quite impossible to find homes for them all.

Nelson, found in a field having lost an eye. It took three weeks to get him well again, after which he was neutered and transferred to a good home.

Thirteen wild cats were trapped at Brading with the help of a Mrs. Wilson who allowed them to be enticed into a shed in her garden. Ten trips were made to deal with them. Again the result of indiscriminate breeding.

A collection was made at the local pub, after we had put to sleep their aged cat, eighteen years, for which we were most grateful.

A competition was organised at the Home to guess the name of a cat. It was "Dinky" with six tins of cat food for the winner. At 5p a time, it raised £10.80.

Finally, another story of a turned out cat who had been living in the wild for some considerable time along the Undercliff at the back of my house. He would not come near me and was once seen fighting a fox. However, he took a fancy to some friends of mine further along the road who subsequently tamed him, had him neutered, cut his matted fur and he

ISLE OF WIGHT—cont.

now lives with them in the lap of luxury. It was obvious he was never born in the wild but either left behind or abandoned in some way by whoever originally owned him.

Mrs. E. Kent,
Cheviot Cottage,
St. Lawrence I.W.

NORTH KENT GROUP

Here we are right at the peak of the kitten season, and as is the same with all the Groups and Branches, everyone is hard at it coping with all the Crises that keep coming up. Kent has been a very bad area for animal "dumping" just recently, and we have been very hard put to find space for the many cats and kittens we have been asked to take. However, we hope the pressure will start to go down a little now, homes are starting to come in as people return from their holidays, and we have had so many mother cats spayed, there surely won't be quite so many second litters, we hope!!

Our Carnival Stall was very well supported and a profit of £30 was made, it was a beautiful day, and as there were nearly 100 stalls from various organizations I think we put on a good show. We have been asked to have a stall at another Fete on the 27th August, and as we also have a Jumble Sale on the 25th of the same month, our helpers are out gathering up as much as possible to cope with both events. I should like to say "thank you" to all the members who are so kindly sending milk tops and tin-foil, also the little surprise parcels that keep turning up with articles for our stalls, and material for making things, they are so very welcome and all have been put to good use. If you have any odd balls of knitting wool, please may we have it, also jewellery, broken or otherwise would be welcome.

We shall be having a Xmas Bazaar in November and hope to report the success of the one held earlier in the year, with your help I'm sure we will! There have been several happy endings to tracing owners of lost cats reported. One lovely black and white female, jumped on to a van of some sort and was taken several miles from home, luckily she alighted very near to my own house, and was recognised as a stranger, she kept moving around though and always in the wrong direction, but happily one cat-lover kept her long enough for me to contact the owners, and "Mitzie" was soon safely back home in her favourite chair.

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

NORTH LONDON

We must start our report by apologising for its shortness due to holidays and lack of time before copy is to be forwarded to the Editor.

Our next Jumble Sale is on the 13th October. Any goods you may have for sale will be gratefully received and with Green Shield and the trading stamps which we find so useful.

Our Christmas Bazaar will be held on Saturday the 8th day of December at Holloway Baptist Church Hall, 602A Holloway Road, London, N.19.

Your unwanted gifts and bric-a-brac would sell easily, if you would dig them out from the back of cupboards and send them to us. Why not put the date in your diary now and call in at the Bazaar to buy some of the wonderful goods we have for sale each year.

Again we have Christmas Cards for Sale showing some of our former resident cats. They are 70p per dozen. The reduction is due to V.A.T. being less than Purchase Tax.

If you require some please order early from North London Branch. *not Headquarters.*

We are, at the time of writing, extremely busy at the Shelter, with the cats coming in by the score, due to the holiday period. We look forward to the slight lull which occurs between October and Christmas.

There are many young and beautiful cats at the Shelter awaiting good homes. Can you try to place just one for us?

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

S. LONDON COMMITTEE

Everyone must, please, rally round and help us for two big occasions which are coming soon:

Saturday 29th September at 2 p.m.

The Community Centre

St. George's Road, Wimbledon.

THE BIG WIMBLETON BAZAAR

and then, the next event:

Saturday 27th October at 2 p.m.

The Cathedral Hall

Ambrosden Avenue (Ashley Gardens)

Victoria, London S.W.1.

THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR

SOUTH LONDON—cont.

We rely on these two sales to give us funds for the Winter, and they will be successful if everyone will please help. Come if you can, bring your friends, tell everybody, and, please, remember us if you have anything you can send us to sell. We are glad of everything, so please send us everything. New members may like to know that we make a speciality of our Boutique for almost-new clothes, and of our Curio Corner, at which we sell just any odds or end you can provide. We have been asked for old workboxes, an old attache case, buttonhooks, shoe horns, anything in mother of pearl, jade, jet or ivory, and a last-minute request, one member is trying to find one of those china figures with a nodding head, if you have one which you could spare us, we would be able to get a very high price for it for our poor needy cats.

Our Homehunters Co-operative is doing a very good job, we still have vacancies, if you would like to join us. It will not cost you money, only as much time as you can give to it; you will receive a smart little badge and a printed card appointing you a special agent. There are four sections: a. Home-finding which is the first step, b. Home investigating, that is if possible visiting, if not, by letter and telephone, making sure that it is a good home, then c. Transport, that is delivering the cat to the home, by car, bus coach or rail as you prefer and, finally, d. the Follow-up, usually by a visit, but if the distance is great, then by letter and telephone keeping in touch. Some members like to work in all four sections, that is as you prefer. I should like here to say a word of thanks to Lady Ann Rhodes, who has launched this most helpful scheme, and who herself holds the wonderful record of 31 homes in 31 days, every home a success, she says that she hopes her record will soon be beaten.

DOUBLES. Our kind friend who, in past years, has doubled all gifts of £10 and over as a Christmas present for us, will do the same again this year, and in view of rising costs, he has made his offer a little better. For every gift of £10 which is made to us for this special appeal, he will give us £11; if anyone gives us £50, he will give us £65, and if some kind, very rich person should give us £100, he will give us £150. This offer covers everything we are given for this up to and including 1st January 1974. So, please help us to make the best of this offer. I did ask what he would do if someone should give us £1,000. He said that he would more than top it and give us something really worth having!

We are still enjoying the novelty of our deep freeze. We are very grateful for the

helpful advice and kind gifts which have come in.

The Rescue Centre is overflowing with the pick of England's feline youth and beauty; glorious cats are in every corner. There are also, of course, several tough, shy, frightened and worried creatures for whom we have to make very special efforts, they do deserve our best help, and given that in time they may be able to start life again. We would like your kind help in a present for Phillida, a small shy pretty cat who wants to be reassured that life is worth living, please send her anything you can spare.

Nerea de Clifford

SUSSEX BRANCH

Did anyone say kittens? With Cat Haven and the Annexe full, two extra kittens came one Saturday morning, and in the afternoon a box of seven! Where does one put one's feet with nine kittens all over the kitchen floor, not that they stayed there long, for they soon took over the house! Only one still wants a home, so we have been lucky—one more has arrived since, thrown out of a 3rd floor window; no bones broken, but sore and frightened.

Well we survived our Open Day. The morning was a flop as it rained but a number of people came in the afternoon, had a cup of tea, bought from the stall, and weather permitting went out to see the Annexe. So we will repeat the dose and will be open to visitors again on Wednesday September 19th 2.30 to 5.30, all cat lovers welcome.

The "Timid Cats" have got on well, and come in the kitchen for their meals with the other cats now, and sit about the house, there have been very few spitting contests, and so far no major battles. Here may we thank our anonymous friend in Suffolk for her kind gift to the Timid ones.

Already we are thinking of our Christmas Sale in November, and shall be most grateful for any gifts our members can send us. We have had the most beautiful Teddy Bear you ever saw, given to us for our Raffle and an amazingly beautiful made "Boss Cat" door stop and draught protector, gorgeous. What hours of patient work went into their making, and what a wonderful start for us. We do thank all who give us such lovely things so very much.

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

ULSTER BRANCH—July/August

On Saturday 12th May we held a Coffee Party and Bring and Buy Sale in Bangor. Unfortunately it was a rather unpleasant kind of a day, cold, dull and even a little wet. Nevertheless we were well supported and at the end of a busy afternoon we found we had made £160 which delighted us, as this represented an increase of £60 over last year. We hope that this will become an annual event—as well as raising money for the cats it's a pleasant social occasion. Local members of the League did a lot of hard work both before the event and on the day of the Sale and we thank them for their much appreciated help. Now we are busy preparing for Open Day at the Shelter and hoping so much that the weather will be kind.

July and August are fairly quiet months but we hope at some period during the holidays to have a Jumble Sale so if you have any good quality jumble we'll be happy to accept it. May I just stress the good "quality"—we can't sell things that are torn or broken so please don't send them.

I mentioned that Mrs. McBride is again organizing a Ballot and books of tickets should be enclosed along with this Magazine, unless you have specially requested us not to send any. We hope to hold the Draw at our September meeting. Also in September we have plans for a sale of "almost new" children's clothing and toys. Please ask your young married friends to save us any outgrown articles of clothing and also toys and books. This "Boutique" will be held in the Knock district.

Then may I remind you that we still collect used stamps, which should be sent to Mr. N. Liken, 61, Cherryhill Road, Dundonald. He wants lots and lots—the more he gets the better he likes it. Miss Bradshaw is always glad to get wool scraps and she also needs envelopes for sending out the Magazine. By the way many thanks to all who have sent us quantities of these—we are most grateful.

Finally, on the subject of finance—our Treasurer has asked me to mention annual subscriptions. She sends out reminders when these are due but quite a few are outstanding at present. If you are in doubt contact Mrs. L. Dillon, 19, Ferndale Avenue, Lisburn.

Although we don't hear so much about it now the situation in Belfast remains grave and uncertain, and the plight of animals is a continual heart-break. Close to Cliftonpark Avenue is Landscape Terrace, a street which used to consist of old but well-built solid terrace houses. When a garage at the corner of the street was blown to bits many of the houses were damaged and the occupants had to leave. Then vandals took over and now

only about half the houses are habitable. In the Cattery at the moment we have three beautiful cats which were left behind when their families departed—they had been well cared for, one even had a collar and bell. An old age pensioner had been feeding them but with three cats of her own she could not afford the cost and so they came to us. We urgently need new homes for them—please will every member try to find one good home.

Here is a cat story with a happy ending. Marmalade and Bimbo were the pets of an old age pensioner. One morning she was found dead, the cats curled up beside her and the Welfare Authorities asked us to collect them. Armed with baskets I arrived at the shabby "pre-fab" to find the two charming little cats staring wistfully out of the window. They seemed to be great chums and I determined not to separate them so for nearly a month they lived with me while we looked for a home. We found one too—a really marvellous home where already two of the Shelter cats were happily established and after a visit to the Vet they went to join Bubbles and Queenie and quickly settled down. They are much loved and greatly enjoy the freedom of the garden with its trees for climbing. It seems their previous owner was so frightened of losing them that they never got out of the house.

I must tell you about what the Army refer to as "Operation Pussycat". One of our members, who, every single day of the year, feeds little colonies of half-wild strays around the city reported that she had discovered a small, friendly black cat which appeared to be living in a bombed and burnt-out shop right in the heart of Belfast. It would have been easy to pick it up and take it to a safer area but obviously it was feeding kittens. It was impossible to get inside the premises as the door had been boarded up and the windows, or rather where the windows had been, were covered by a wire grill. On my way home from the cattery I went to have a look and at first I could see nothing but wreckage. I called "puss" and immediately the little black cat appeared pushing through a tiny hole in the grill. Hastily I fled to the nearest foodshop and was soon back with a chicken portion which puss ate with enjoyment. At that moment a policeman appeared so I asked him about the chances of being allowed into the place—he didn't seem hopeful but conceded the Army might help so we approached H.Q. and believe it or not, next day our member, clutching a large basket, was transported by Army jeep to the shop (somewhat nervous I may add as she was half expecting to be shot at) and with the help of the soldiers she was able to scramble in among the charred wreckage and collect five tiny kittens along

with the mother cat. The policeman had told us the premises were in a dangerous condition and none of their men would be allowed to enter. He also said in a short time they were to be bull-dozed so mum and babes escaped a horrible fate.

Already I've taken up too much space so just one last thing—Miss Bradshaw has given me the good news that her entry in the Petfood competition won an eighth prize, a Food Mixer, which she has presented to the League and which will undoubtedly raise a nice little sum for the pussies.

September/October, 1973

Well, once more the summer is over and we are heading into Autumn and Winter with a full programme of activities planned, though whether we will be able to carry them through is anybody's guess. Our first meeting will be held in the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Wellesley Avenue, Belfast 9 on Saturday, 29th September, commencing at 2.30 p.m., when the Draw, so kindly organized by Mrs. K. Y. McBride, will take place. As usual Mrs. McBride bears all the expenses and we are deeply grateful to her and would like to express our warmest thanks. We hope you have been selling lots of Ballot tickets and look forward to meeting as many as possible of our members and their friends on "the day". As well as the Ballot we intend to have a Mini-auction (gifts suitable for this would be welcome) and of course there will be the usual Bring-and-Buy stalls and a welcome cup of tea. It would encourage us if we had a really crowded hall as a starter for the winter's activities.

Our Open Day was held on Saturday, 9th June and the weather was kind. Lots of people came along to see the cats, patronize the stalls and enjoy a cup of afternoon tea and the wonderful selection of home-made cakes and shortbread. It was nice to see so many of our members but we were a wee bit disappointed that some familiar faces were missing. However we appreciate that a lot of people prefer not to come through the City under present circumstances. Altogether we raised close on £140 which must have been a record for an Open Day.

Still on the subject of money, I have already mentioned that the Committee decided to make all annual subscriptions payable at the same time and now we have agreed that the month will be March. SO, as from 1974 all annual subscriptions will be due between the 1st and 31st March. Some adjusting will be necessary during the first year. If you normally pay in January or February your payment to the end of March. For the rest we subscription won't be due again for fourteen

months. Should April, May or June be your usual month perhaps you will bring forward must leave it to you and we hope some people will err on the side of generosity and maybe pay twice for just the one year! (Am I too optimistic?) By 1975 we should be sorted out.

Mr. S. S. Hill, 19, Bawnmore Road, Belfast 9, is trying to organize a scheme for the Covenanteeing of annual subscriptions for anyone who pays Income Tax. So far I'm afraid the number of names being submitted is distinctly disappointing—please contact him if you can participate. When the Government is kind enough to hand back approximately the whole Tax to one's favourite Charity it's a pity not to make advantage of their offer and it's one more way to get a little extra cash for the pussies. Our friends in the U.K. and elsewhere have been generous beyond praise but we know there must come an end to their kindness and now we have to make every effort to shoulder our responsibility. All methods of raising funds must be explored and I appeal particularly to those members who live in the relative safety of the Provincial towns to consider having little functions of their own. In this connection I would like to pay tribute to Mrs. E. Paul, of Antrim whose fund-raising activities have included a "Guess the name of the doll" competition at Christmas and a raffle for an Easter Basket in the Spring. I have not exact details at hand but I reckon she must have handed in maybe as much as £40—an excellent solo effort. A small Afternoon Tea Party with a Bring and Buy stall could raise quite a nice little sum, and it all helps.

Now, here's something you can do for me—and it has no connection with money. Every year as the holiday season approaches the Shelter Staff is inundated with calls asking if (A) we board cats, to which the answer is "No" and (B) can we suggest suitable kennels. We are anxious to compile a list of kennels which have been found satisfactory and which we can recommend so please we would like you to help us. We want the names, addresses and phone numbers of kennels all over Ulster together with any information you can give as to their suitability. For example have they outdoor runs—what kind of safety precautions are taken (this we think No. 1 priority) are the cats fed the kind of food they like or do they have to make do with whatever is going? Approximate cost would also be useful. I particularly would like to hear of any good kennels near the Airport. Please can I have letters galore on the subject—but I must warn that there will be no answers! Many of you must make use of kennel facilities every year and the information you can give us will be invaluable.

Finally, a word of thanks for the used stamps which so often come with no indication as to the sender. We are grateful for them and like Oliver Twist, we want more. Scraps of wool are also needed by Miss Bradshaw and of course items for our sales are always most welcome. So KEEP SENDING—PLEASE.
Miss E. R. McKee
Belfast

WEST CORNWALL

It is a curious thought that the harder one tries the less likely one seems to succeed. After some rather nasty setbacks we decided to let things take care of themselves and we stopped advertising our Saturday afternoon Open Days.

Having no permanent helpers and voluntary helpers getting bored stiff by lack of support, it seemed a good idea to open just to the interested few, for inspection, adoption, or bring in cats. We now find we are very busy indeed, the interested "few" turn up happy and bright and they spend more than the crowds of sightseers did who used to visit on Saturdays. What is more, they are appreciative and seem to really enjoy watching the cats, chatting to each other and sitting in the garden, and takings have not dropped. They buy our lovely goods, not asking for giveaway bargains and even serve themselves. The wear and tear of the place which was considerable, is less, and our nerves are not so shattered. What a happy state of affairs.

Not so happy the state of stray cats. So many cats have been lost that we are seriously suspecting that thieves are operating in the area. Siamese, Persians and long-haired cats are missing too frequently and they rarely turn up again. Our notices in the local papers have given us some publicity on the matter but the cats continue to disappear. It is heartbreaking and shocking. Identity collars would help as it would be dangerous to pick up a cat with an address on, and keeping cats in at night would also protect pets from night thieves when they seem mainly to operate.

Ironically, our catteries are full with cats who have been picked up on the streets and have not been claimed, these are mostly the alley cat type, but very beautiful to us, and we hope eventually to find new homes for them.

Pregnant mums have all had their kittens and are now spayed and very ready for off, but we have to be more than careful where these creatures go. It isn't easy to find right homes, sentiment and emotions can sometimes be dangerous, and do not always secure a good home for a cat.

We have been happy to welcome some very nice members of C.P.L. who have called on us and taken the trouble to phone and write for an appointment. This has made a great difference to our peace of mind. We don't really like being "off" with folks, and it most probably hurts us more than it hurts them, but we are but humans ourselves and have our weak moments. Thank heavens the cats love us.

Mrs. K. Beesley,
Cusgarne Catteries, Cornwall

MONDAY MORNING MIS-HAPS

I thought I was well organised and ready for my work, Alert, for once, and eager for a job I'd rather shirk,
So first I put the kettle on, and opened the back-door,
To let my little Lucy out, the cat I so adore!
Upstairs there was a kitten, needing food and water daily,
So next I tended him, while singing happily and gaily.
I made my bed and washed and dressed and made a cup of tea,
And Lucy, little darling, came back for company.
She watched me while I drank my tea, with lots of feline talk,
And then decided she must take a second little walk.
I washed the crocks and got my bag and turned the back door key,
And, for a Monday, really, went off quite happily.

Alas, when I returned at five, I heard no joyous cries,
My heart leaped, loud and worried, until I realised
The little trap-door for my cat had never been unlocked,
And poor old Lucy, exiled, was hurt and deeply shocked.
I went into the garden, and so softly called her name.
For playing such a rotten trick, had filled my heart with shame.
Especially when I saw her come, so slowly and afraid
Until I held her in my arms, and my excuses made.
At that, she wriggled from my clasp and fled to her armchair
And hours and hours later, still she was sleeping there,
Turning around from time to time with such a sigh of bliss,
I had to smile, in passing, and give a gentle kiss.
B. Cooper

MEMBERS' CORNER

"POSTAL PUSS"

I often use the letter-box,
Which happily is nigh;
And frequently I'm scrutinised,
By a discerning eye.

The scrutiniser - 'Tabby Chan',
Determined, it would seem;
To check my correspondence flow,
A clever feline scheme.

Tho' in the garden there's no sign,
Of our elusive 'Chan';
You may be sure that she'll appear,
To carry out her plan.

So as I to 'the post' proceed,
From 'nowhere' she'll emerge;
And trail me very expertly,
Along the grassy verge.

Then - having made quite sure that I,
Have dropped my letters in;
She waits until my homeward steps,
To 'Number Seven' begin.

As I approach, she rolls around,
All four legs in the air;
I pause awhile to fondle her,
She answers with a purr.

And when the ritual is o'er,
We both 'return to base';
'Miss Chen' - her postal duty done,
Shows pleasure in her face.

Why does she like to make this check?,
(A mystery complete);
Yet she knows why, you may rely,
Our friend with four white feet.
7 Essenden Road, C. Day
St. Leonards/Sea.

"SHIREEN". Tailwaver 3014

"Exquisite white cat" so read the advertisement in the local paper. We had not long lost our sad little black cat and I was longing for another. I rang up and we went to see this "exquisite white cat" the same evening. She was lovely, with her fine amber eyes, pale pink ears and nose. As soon as she saw us, she decided that we would do, and we fell for her. She walked all round my husband's shoulders clinging to his Harris tweed jacket, pulling it, then patting his face. She showed off generally, ate a little food and made friends, purring loudly all the time. She had recently given birth to three pure white boy cats and these had easily been placed, but nobody seemed to want the little Mother.

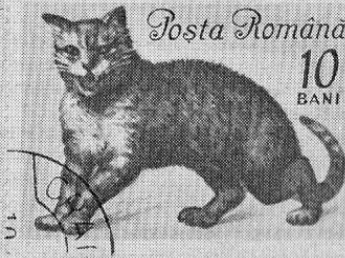
She was hardly more than a kitten herself. So there was no question about it, she walked straight into our lives. But first she had to go to the Vet. to be spayed, which was arranged and we were to collect her in a few days' time.

We had difficulty finding a name for her, the usual "Snowy" and "Daz" seemed oddly inappropriate for such a pretty creature. We finally settled for Shirin, which is Persian for "sweetness", but eventually it was altered to "Shireen", being easier to say.

We brought her to our Elizabethan cottage and opened the basket and watched her explore downstairs, then up. She was longing for her freedom, but a wire frame was put over the kitchen window and left wide open and she had to be content with that for the first few days. On her first outing, my husband tried an experiment and put her on a long long lead of string. She promptly tore up a very high tree trailing the string and looking down to laugh at us. just to show she would be all right.

We had a large garden and a small paddock but it wasn't enough for Shireen. Surrounded by meadows, she would go for miles around and always to the tops of the highest trees. On our walks, seeing her afar off, we could hardly believe it was our little white cat. She was as brave as a lion, with her tail all brushed up (especially if we were near to help), but she seemed to have no fear of any other animals. She would weave in and out of the legs of the cows (or horses) in the adjoining fields and they would give her a friendly sniff and chuff in between their munchings. She was a great hunter, nothing was to big for her to tackle. Numerous mice, voles and moles were brought to the door, then a grey squirrel with a big bushy tail appeared, a pigeon and lastly a partridge. She would be out from morning till late at night in the long summer days and then come tearing in, golden eyes ablaze, saying: "Where's my supper" and if I wasn't quick off the mark, she would pace up and down telling me with loud miaows she couldn't wait while I got food ready - she had more urgent business to attend to, so I had to hustle. She would then be off again, having eaten the bowl full.

After a few years, we were worried about her not being able to get into the cottage at night, so with much painstaking thought and work, my husband made a little ladder from a garden table up to a cat door in a spare bedroom which she could make her own. We soon regretted this. There were plenty of baby rabbits about and these would be hauled alive up the ladder and into the room and chased around, causing a racket all through the night, until we had to put a stop to that. In the summer, having all the doors and



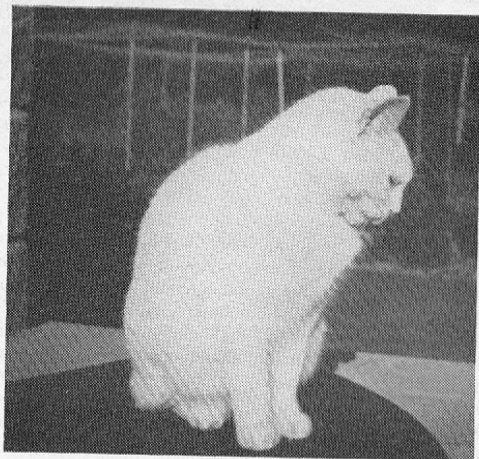
MEMBERS' CORNER—cont.

windows open, she would bring birds and all kinds of livestock into the house and leave them. They would invariably hide behind the Refrigerator or the T.V. causing endless commotion and trouble until rescued. In fact, we had to buy a mouse trap to catch the field mice she brought in and who wouldn't leave us.

After six years we moved to the Isle of Wight. My husband had designed and built a bungalow in a half-acre of ground where the coastal views and contours of land were lovely. Below us lay fields and footpaths down to a small beach and Woody Bay with a "Sugar loaf" alongside. Here again, when she had settled in, our white cat found a Heaven indeed. We never knew what went on at nights, as she had her own cat door fixed to the kitchen door. Occasionally, there was a rumpus, with wild squawkings and cries and we would rush to the windows to let Shireen in, only to find she wouldn't come. It was far too exciting outside. We feel sure she went down to the beach in the quiet of the night and saw the sea and wondered what it was all about.

The only time I regretted not having a Colour Cine Camera was when, in bright sunlight, she stalked a brilliant cock pheasant under our row of ilex trees—the colours and attitudes of both these creatures, so close together, were glorious.

Not long after we moved, my sister sent us a parcel of catmint plants. I left this outside ready to plant. But SOMEONE ELSE had other ideas. She had found the half-open parcel, torn all the wrappings apart and busily punished the catmint roots inside, biting them, pouncing on them and rolling on the lot. She adored it. In her catmint bed



SHIREEN

she would make a nest for herself and on hot sunny days would lie half-screened by the feathery blue flowers.

As time went on, Shireen became more docile and sedate. She loved being groomed, lying in the sun, or chasing butterflies. But, best of all, was the sitting on laps in winter months, when both of us would be favoured in turn. She was a naughty and mischievous cat but oh so endearing.

We always carried on long conversations with her, albeit sometimes rather one-sided, but she answered back a lot in different kinds of miaows and her purr was terrific. She cost a fortune in food—only the best was good enough and the Freezer was full of raw steak, rabbit and liver—all fit for "human" consumption.

She never ailed and was as spirited as a kitten almost to the last still setting off in all directions at once, just to make us laugh. She was a great show-off.

The last week was painful for us all. She had trouble with her breathing and it was diagnosed as a collapsed lung. There was nothing we could do. The other lung would quickly become affected and as we could not bear to see her suffer and she couldn't understand her trouble, we told her we had to take her to the "Hospital", where the kindly Vet. put her to sleep. After 16 happy years with her, all I could think of was to be thankful for her company. She gave us much affection and we shall never forget her. She lives on in our hearts.

Not long after she had gone, I walked in the garden early one morning and saw a brindle fox crossing the lawn and my heart turned over, fearful for my little white cat—and then I remembered—and was I glad Shireen was no longer there to be threatened by a fox.

Mrs. F. Sandeman
Aycot, Zigzag Road, Ventnor I.W.

MEMBERS' CORNER—cont.

A TIP FROM TABBY

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you strayed?
I've been to the Shelter to get myself payed.

Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Please tell me why?
(The cat sat down sadly, and said with a sigh)

You may not have noticed, but all through the land
The cat population is quite out of hand,

There are too many, and so that is why

People leave kittens by roadsides to die.

There is just one solution to this situation.

We must limit the number of cats in the nation.

So I make this suggestion to all female pets,
Make speying appointments with your local vets.

From Canada
via Miss Arnot, Perranporth
Cornwall

GILES

Giles is my name—Gentle Giles I like to be known as. I send you my picture.

You know, I owe all my happiness and gentleness to the care given to me by, and through, the Cats Protection League. I would like to tell you how lovely life has become for me, and to say a big thank you to the Cats Protection League Branch who befriended me.

I was an unwanted little soul—homeless and afraid of humanity—when the R.S.P.C.A. Inspector found me. He took me to the Welcoming shelter where I was so kindly helped.

Some weeks went by before a home was found for me, but I was very fortunate to find a kind mistress. I admit I was lacking in trust for some time but now I know only love. I live by the sea and have an open window where I can sit and passers-by stop and talk to me. I have three fellow cat friends—Chris, Sam and Jason. We get around—stroll on the beach and have great fun, hooking out tin fish from the pools amongst the rocks beneath my home windows.

I have asked my mistress (it is what I call her from courtesy but, I will tell you a secret, it is I who really own the cottage! She just works for me!) if she will write this letter for me because my paws do not hold the pen very well.

Nora A. Jones

ON THE DEATH OF A SMALL TOMCAT

The wind mourns in the chimney, the rain weeps on the window
And I lie warm and half asleep,
Within these stout and sheltering walls enfolded.

In their accustomed sleeping-places
The house-cats curl, tonight no roaming
Soft stir of silken flank the only movement,
And dreaming twitch of paw and whisker;
Each in his ardent phantasm-world enfolded
Small outside cat, who died defending your maleness

No more for you the wind's keen blade,
The icy searching fingers of the rain,
The hunger, and the longings unfulfilled;
You also sleep, for ever safe enfolded.

Peggy O'Hara

THE WISDOM OF JASON, A SIAMESE CAT

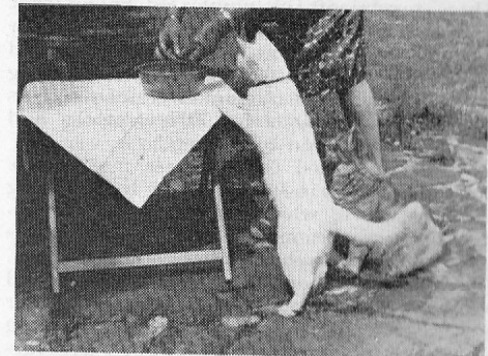
I swing on the curtain and claw at the chairs,
Cover the furniture all over with hairs, She grumbles and moans, but I don't think she cares.....
She loves me.

The flat 'rings' with 'Jason'!!!! from morning to night,
I've always done something I know isn't right
so I gaze in her face with my eyes all contrite.....
She loves me.

She comes home from work, and what does she see?
More havoc and chaos created by me. She groans and she scolds me, then gives me me tea.....
She loves me.

But the time I love best is when she goes to sleep
and gently onto her lap I creep, she strokes my head until I'm fast asleep.....
You see, she loves me.

M. D. Smith-Wright



GILES

WHERE IS THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN?

PAUL W. BRAND, C.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S.

Director of Surgery and Rehabilitation of The Leprosy Mission writes about a strange and tragic aspect of leprosy.

Curled up in the corner of a cottage room at Karigiri, S. India, a little black cat sleeps through most of the day. He is not a beautiful cat, for his fur is patchy, his tail is short and his ears are unequal. He is so small that he is usually called 'the Kitten,' but he has been here far too long to deserve that juvenile name even though his actual age, like his pedigree, is shrouded in mystery.

As night falls the leprosy patients prepare for bed. The Schieffelin Research Sanatorium has become their temporary home and they make their way to the various cottages where, in groups of eight, they share sleeping quarters. Those who are acutely ill are in wards, where nurses can care for them. Those who are admitted for ulcer treatment or for physiotherapy are able to look after themselves and are housed in cottages, grouped around the hospital.

Soon gentle snores from the cottages tell the creatures of the night that the humans are asleep. The Karigiri day is over.

The kitten yawns and stretches in his corner when the patients go to bed—his job is just beginning. He sheaths and unsheaths his claws to make sure they are in working order and begins his nightly prowling.

The foxes come out of their holes in Elephant Hill; the pangolin, the great scaly anteater, tears up a new ant-hill and his long sticky tongue slithers in and out covered with juicy ants. The bats and owls swoop overhead and a scuffle on the ground tells where a mongoose is doing battle with a snake. Occasionally, at night a leopard may prowl at a safe distance from the cottages on the lookout for a stray dog.

The kitten is not really concerned about all these terrors of the night. He knows that they will not come inside the cottage over which he is guardian. He knows his job and there is a light of responsibility in the shining eyes that pierce the gloom. His unequal ears twitch as he listens for little squeaks and scratchings around his cottage.

Lying sprawled on his grass mat in the kitten's cottage is Jayaraman, a lively young lad of twelve, whose hands are being prepared for operation. The hand that now lies across his chest as he sleeps is badly deformed. The fingers are bent in towards the palm and one glance tells you that it is a claw hand. For several days, Jayaraman has been spending his time in daily exercises and hot wax treatment and the stiff joints are loosening up.

Today he was told that within two more weeks the joints would be free enough for us to give him a tendon graft operation so that he might have normal hands again.

Of course, his hands would never be quite normal, because he has no sense of touch or of pain in them. Leprosy has destroyed his nerves and he will always have to be careful to avoid burns and other injuries. If he is really careful, however, he will be able to preserve his hands all through his life. There is a quiet smile on Jayaraman's face as he sleeps. From the window sill a pair of beady eyes look down on the sleeping room, a tough and grizzly old rat surveys the hands and feet with an experienced air. He is not thinking about reconstruction! Times are hard and he is hungry!

He has learned that at Karigiri there are lots of humans that do not seem to feel when they are bitten. He has learned a lot about leprosy and he knows just which hands and feet are likely to be insensitive. Even if he makes a mistake and picks a normal hand it will not matter much; he will be able to run away while the man wakes up to see what has hurt him. That young boy there with the claw hand . . . Oh! if only that kitten were not here, what a meal he would have! At that moment the kitten stirs and the beady-eyed rat is off like a flash to safer hunting grounds.

A few days later the doctors and physiotherapists have a clinic to decide on the operation lists for the next week.

"What about Jayaraman? He should be ready soon, let's have a look at his hands." Jayaraman comes into the clinic with drooping head and a blood-stained dressing around his index finger.

"I woke up this morning and found my finger like this," he says. "This sort of thing happens in my village, but I did not think that it would happen here in Karigiri."

The dressing is removed and we see that the back of half his index finger is missing; it has been eaten off.

There is dismay in the clinic. How could this happen in our own cottages? Has kitten been asleep? Then the nurse speaks up.

"This is not the only case, two other men have had rat bites."

A messenger is sent quickly to the cottage to see the kitten and to find any clues about the disaster.

The answer comes back sorrowfully from the men of the cottage.

"The kitten is dead."

"He died three days ago, we do not know why . . . perhaps he was ill."

"We did not tell you because we *did not think it was important.*"

Not important! Little black cat, patchy fur and unequal ears, no pedigree and now no

gravestone to mark your end, YOU WERE VERY IMPORTANT! One of our great rules here is this: In every home where somebody has lost pain sensation, there must be a cat.

The cottage has a new kitten now, and it stays right beside Jayaraman, so the rats had better watch out!

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50 Portland Place, London, WIN 3DG.*

TO "HOLY"

The peace and joy you give me,
No words can ever tell,
The lessons that you teach me
In my heart will always dwell.

Your purrs bring forth divinity,
To comfort, heal and bless,
Wondrous being, praise to you
For your gracious loveliness.

Miss K. Mac-Vitie

LUCY—FAST ASLEEP

What thoughts run through your head,
as you lie there,
So deep and fast asleep in my armchair?

I look across and smile, because I know,
You'll follow quick, wherever I should go.

And if I take but one step through that door,
You'll be there first; of that I am quite SURE!

B. Cooper



MANDY

REFLECTIONS ON THE WORTH OF CATS
by Jim Wall, Veterinary Sales Manager,
Smith Kline Animal Health Division.

"You're worthless! You know that, don't you? Lovable, fascinating, intriguing, beguiling, charming and nice to have around, but worthless nonetheless!"

Only half in jest I've talked to Cleopatra just that way. She's curled up on my desk, no less, as I write these thoughts of mine. She has never been offended by my observations on her value, and she does not apologize. She stays at our house because she likes us. She accepts her board and lodging as her due. As it is with cats, we do not have Cleopatra, she has us!

And from an economic standpoint, Cleopatra really is worthless! Measured in pounds (which is a popular way to measure values these days) Cleopatra just doesn't qualify as an asset.

Like millions of the best-loved cats in the world, she just came to our house one day. At first she was "that cat" and then she was "our cat" and exactly when and how and why the possessive became appropriate is not clear.

An accountant might, however, properly call her a liability. Since she became our cat, we've had her spayed and wormed, and we bought her a collar and bell and a bed and a catnip mouse and a scratching post.

We've sunk some money in Cleopatra. She asked for none of this and did not thank us. But she did benefit from these favours.

We won't get our money back. So, until somebody thinks of a good way to put a price on love, Cleopatra is even worse than worthless.

So it must be with lots of cats.

But not all cats!
And it is upon the worth of cats I think as I sit here watching Cleopatra, who is not presently watching me.

I wonder, and have wondered before, if those of us who are had by cats at home ever really consider the worth of cats?

Strange as it may be, the subject seldom comes up.

But when it does, and the facts are brought to light, I believe it could be proved that cats are probably the most valuable animal in the service of man!

Really.
Consider if you will the value of cats as protectors of our wealth.

In this vein we need think only of farmers who produced thousands of pounds worth of foodstuffs annually.

Cats do not add a penny's worth of value to our agricultural production. But, they prevent the loss of untold millions of pounds worth of corn in a direct and quiet fashion.

MEMBERS' CORNER—cont.

And corn is worth big money, whether it's marketed as grain to become our daily bread or walked to market on our feet in the form of meat or piped into clean trucks as milk or neatly wrapped in egg shells.

How do cats prevent corn losses? You've guessed already. They kill mice and rats, and mice and rats eat and spoil corn.

Maybe you might think eliminating a rat isn't economically important. Better think again!

One rat, experts say, costs a farmer £8 a year to keep. He consumes valuable feedstuffs with the utmost relish, and his table manners are appalling, which means he spoils far more than he eats! (Up to ten times as much, according to reliable estimates.)

Let's be conservative. Let's say we consider only the net feed intake of a single rat—as little as £2 worth per year.

When a cat kills a rat, he (or she) saves the farmer £2.

Let's say our cat is killing out of a sense of duty—not for sustenance—and takes his or her time. Let's say the cat kills a rat only once a week. Take into account a decent 2-week vacation and the cat ends up with a neat collection of 50 scalps per year. This line of reasoning gives our cat an earning (or saving) power of £100 per year cash benefit to his owner!

What other animal earns that much money?

Not a dairy cow, certainly. Cows are great money-makers but the cost of feed, labour, overhead and cow won't leave £50 net profit for the farmer very often.

Not a pig. Even exceptionally favourable prices for pork on the hoof won't permit a farmer to earn much more than £3—£4 per pig.

And certainly not a beef steer! Most cattle feeders are happy to clear £4 a head in a feed-out operation year-in and year-out.

These figures alone put the cat in line for the most valuable animal award!

Two rats setting up housekeeping in January can bring to light 6-8 more rats in a few weeks. These new rats don't like to live alone either. If you have a computer handy and can programme it properly, you can readily learn that our January newlyweds can produce at least 60 young a year and then the mathematics get really wild. It's a fact, one pair of congenial rats can generate 350,000,000 rats in three years!

Cats, of course, do not limit their extra-curricular activities to rat-killing. They kill mice, too, and mice could be, for all we know, more of an economic burden than rats. A pair of mice will eat 4 pounds of food in 6 months and just think of the millions of mice there must be in this country.

Every so often, mice "get loose" and find themselves without enemies like cats around. When they do the results are fantastic. In 1926 this happened in California and the result was a population of 80,000 mice per acre.

Following this line of reasoning puts a high economic value on cats and it would be fun to make a few more notes.

How many cats are there?

I guess anyone would agree there are certainly plenty of cats around.

How many cats are there on farms?

Well, there are a lot of ways to find the answer. One quick way might be to assume 1.5 cats per farm and from the cats we see in the country this is very conservative.

And if this is true, and if each cat prevents the loss of £100 worth of feedstuffs, we can see that our rural cat population could reasonably be "worth" several million pounds.

A tidy sum indeed!

Few would dispute the worth of cats on farms. But, industrial organizations, food-producing industries, for example, also appreciate their cats. And even our home-type cats, even soft, gentle, "worthless" Cleopatra, earn their way by keeping our homes rodent-free (or at least less rodent-ridden than might otherwise be the case).

Incidentally, some folks might think their typical, gentle, soft and well-fed house cat doesn't kill mice. Not true. Careful observations have shown that well-fed cats may kill as many as hungry cats and watching the feral instincts of a thousand ages past "turn on" in a pampered cat is a wonder to behold.

There are other considerations of worth, of course, and it may be that some of these other, less-easily-priced values justify our cats' existence more readily.

As I think of these more personal things, Cleopatra is stirring. Now she has stretched, yawned, and departed. She didn't say goodbye. She didn't say where she was going or when she'd be back. But at least I can talk about her now without embarrassment.

I can try, unsuccessfully, to estimate her value as a companion.

What's it worth to me to be able to talk out loud to her when I'm alone? Certainly, it's better than talking to myself, which makes me feel so very foolish.

I could try, but won't, to put a price on her casual greeting when we come home and find her there (so much better than coming back to an empty house).

And I can think back to when we grew up on the farm and gained so much by having cats to order around and chase and feed and care for.

When I think of these things, I'm truly sorry for youngsters who don't have a cat or

MEMBER'S CORNER—cont.

two around. Children and cats go and grow very well together.

We mistreated our cats now and then, let's face it, but when we did we learned to be sorry (some people have learned to be sorry) and the cats somehow survived.

We learned that cats scratch back when they're handled roughly and purr when they're petted. (Some people have yet to learn that action brings reaction).

We learned where our cats came from—watched them grown from kittenhood to adulthood. Our cats taught us respect for life as well as living creatures.

We learned that our cats depended on us for food and drink and suffered when we failed them.

Our cats taught us that having dominion over our fellow creatures involves responsibility for their welfare.

What would we pay in the form of tuition to learn a lesson like that, if we couldn't learn it from a pet for free?

I wonder where Cleopatra went—the worthless old thing!



IN MEMORIAM

In grateful remembrance of darling BECCIE, for nearly ten years the so undemanding, gentle and good companion of Margorie and John Nash and Thakin.

M. and J. Nash

Both whence and why unknown, unsought you came

One happy eve, to link with ours' your days. You asked so little and you gave so much—Your pretty self; your gentle, quiet ways, (Except when sometimes you'd demand a game);

How 'neath the curtains morning-wise you'd peep;

Your "garden following"; and esoteric purrs And padding 'ere you settled down to sleep. Dear little one, we hope you had no pain But knew, perchance, that from the cruel road

We brought you home and tender hands would fain

Have nursed you back to health and happiness.

A mystery is life but surely love Such as for near ten years you to us bore And three of us to you, cannot just die. But must, one day, be joyfully restored.

In ever loving memory of Sooty Bach died September 4th 1971, always in the thoughts of Mammy and Daddy Bach Jones.

Two years, Sooty since that sad day, we miss you more than words can say, but we know we will meet again one day.

In ever loving memory of my very own best beloved BABY TWEENS, who passed over September 1968 and her brother, my own dearest best beloved BUTTONS, who passed over October 1971. Ever in God's keeping. Aunti Averil

In loving memory of our dear old Brandy, T.W. 3237 who died as the result of a stroke on June 6th. Sadly missed.

V. M. Clarke

In loving memory of my darling Twinkles—kindly put to sleep August. 1967 aged 5 years—free from pain—gone but never forgotten—God bless you.

J. Courtney

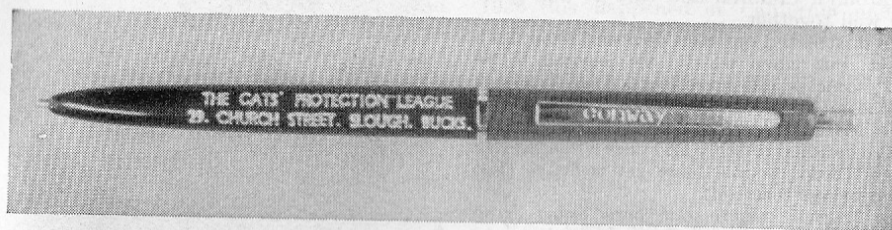
Remembering gentle Pixie died tragically 18th January, 1967. Penny suddenly 18th January, 1968; Dinkie June, Also beloved Alfie and Daisy July, 1969. Beloved and well-cared for little cats, never to be forgotten.

A. T. Irvine

In loving memory of our dear little BABE (Sing Buri) seal pointed Siamese, born 13th June, 1956 and released from suffering and blindness on 11th June, 1973 only two days short of his 17th birthday. We miss him sadly. He was all love and purring. Sleep on, little pussy, till we meet again. Eric and Eva Booth

Charlotte Louise (Noonie) Tailwaver No. 4351 peacefully put to rest on 22nd May, 1973 at the age of 20 years. A loving and faithful friend, sadly missed, but never forgotten—until we meet again little one. DINKIE and STEVIE.

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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.

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