

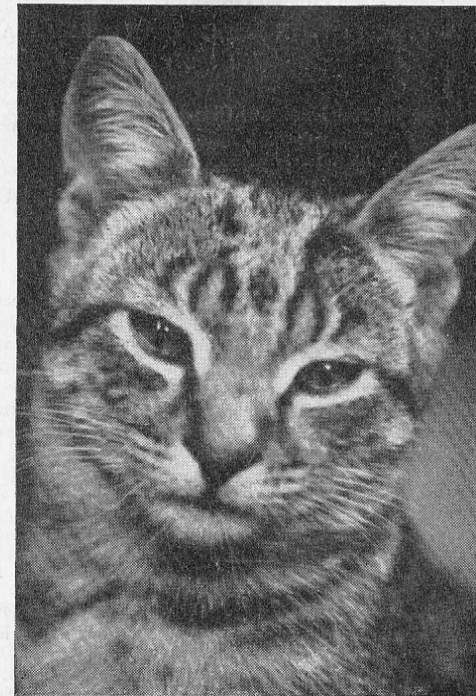


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**DID YOU TRY  
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER  
DURING 1973?**

# 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?'

**NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1973**

# THE CAT Vol. XLV11 No. 6 NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 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.

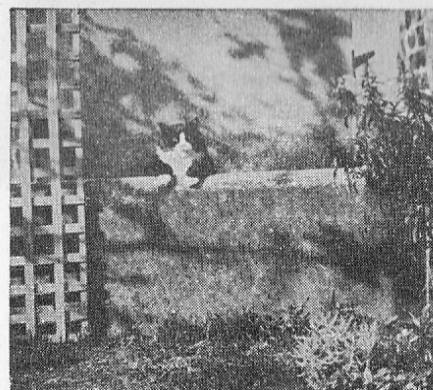
Notification of change of address.

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.*

### SECRETARY'S REPORT

Once again the end of another year is in sight and this issue of The Cat will, in fact, be the last issue for 1973.

At Headquarters we are already trying to gauge how successful a year this has been and although no final results can be formally estimated before the year ends, we can tell you that last year's record issue of neutering vouchers has been well and truly surpassed, thus keeping the promise that the neutering project would be maintained as long as was proved necessary.

The enrolment of new members has been steadily maintained and the 1972 figure of 308 enrolments was passed during the month of September and the final figure for the year will be eagerly awaited. Whether this new found support is the result of wider advertising, canvassing by our interested members or simply the fact that we are now breaking into new areas we cannot be sure, but the result of all these possibilities is most encouraging.

We have also during these past few months opened two new groups i.e. North Kent and South Dorset both of whom are fulfilling our greatest hopes and by the end of the year we hope to have several organised groups of people working quietly on our behalf, many of whom we hope will one day join our official list at the back of our magazine. Amongst the areas being covered by these small but important groups we can name Exeter, Fairford (Glos.), Banbury, Swansea, Chichester (West Sussex), North, South and North West London. Colchester and North West Herts., which includes the Hitchin and Stevenage area.

To all these good friends and all our society branch workers may I, on behalf of the Executive Committee and all Headquarters staff wish you the compliments of the season and the hope that perhaps the new year will see an improvement however slight in the battle amongst the problem of stray and unwanted cats and kittens. Our good wishes are naturally extended to all our readers and members and who, by their financial support

to us, help our active workers to keep up their valiant efforts.

### APOLOGY

As the result of staff shortage at H.Q., due to staff sickness it is regretted that forwarding of material for this current edition of The Cat has been somewhat delayed. This will no doubt cause delay in final publication and I would apologise particularly to our branches for any dates or functions that may subsequently suffer as a result of this delay.

Editor

### OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the passing of two former active members of the C.P.L., namely Miss Kit Wilson of earlier H.Q. days and Miss Harvey from by-gone days at Great Amwell.

#### Miss V. H. Harvey

The late Miss Harvey was, of course, best remembered in the Great Amwell area where many years ago, she founded the branch which has been an active unit within the League ever since. This grand old lady has resided latterly in Belmont but has never been forgotten by those who shared in her efforts of earlier days.

#### Miss Kit Wilson

It was a great shock to learn of the sudden death of Miss Kit Wilson, but a way in which she would have wished to have left us. She was a great animal lover and champion of the homeless cat. She worked all her life in the cause of the less fortunate animals and had a very great love of cats and kittens.

Her great courage was an example to us all, for during recent years she had fought increasingly against progressive physical handicap, but she just kept going on and on and was always cheerful! Her great knowledge and love of cats were ever ready at their service, and her going is a sad loss to the cats and their particular world.

#### I. A. Earnshaw

A Memorial Service for Kit will be held at Noon, Tuesday, 11th December, 1973 at the White Eagle Lodge, 9, St. Mary Abbot's Place, Kensington, London.

Editor

## POCKET CALENDARS 1974/WRITING PAPER

Enclosed with this copy of your magazine you will find a "pocket" or "handbag" Calendar for 1974 sent with Headquarters compliments.

We hope that their use will be two-fold in a practical sense and for publicity purposes, so might we suggest that you supply your friends or work colleagues with a date reminder for the forthcoming year.

We can send you one for 6p including postage or larger supplies at 3p each plus a 3p stamp for postage and packing. All orders to Headquarters please, as early as possible to save the Christmas rush and any delays in dispatch.

May we also remind you that our writing pads make a useful little gift for fellow members or even for one's own use and we would also remind you that the price is unchanged from last year.

### CATS ABROAD

For some time now I have felt an urge to help the cause of cat welfare beyond these shores. The views of members generally on this matter would be much appreciated.

I am, of course, well aware that there is still much to be done in the U.K., and that our branches and groups do not yet fully cover the whole of this country. Never the less I do not think that we should wait until all is well here, before making some attempt to aid cats overseas.

I am sure we all know how great is the need in most countries. Indeed the fact that there is so much work to do here, highlights the position in less affluent and animal sympathetic countries.

I had in mind the opening of a special overseas fund to which interested people could make specific donations and bequests - and perhaps a starting point from general funds might be possible.

Assistance could then be given to groups or individuals already working, (or wishing to start work) for the welfare of cats. It could well be that members living abroad now, are themselves engaged in such activities, also members having friends or relatives living abroad may know of people working to help cats. Would it not be a great help to them to be sponsored by the C.P.L.? Of course the League would need to have adequate and reliable information about their activities before sending financial help. The moral backing of interest from Great Britain, would, I should think, be also very welcome. The value of neutering wherever practicable could always be emphasised. From small beginnings foreign branches could develop.

The C.P.L., is an important and growing society. It would be a great thing to spread our sphere of influence overseas. Members' views and ideas on this subject are sincerely requested, and I look forward to receiving your letters.

Ethel Smith  
Hon. Treasurer H.Q.

## BOOK REVIEW

### THE LOVE OF CATS

by  
CHRISTINE METCALF

published by Octopus Books Limited at a cost of £1.95p.

Sleek cats and fluffy cats, large cats and small cats, pedigrees and domestic cats, long-haired and short-haired cats, playful cats and mysterious cats - they are illustrated here in over 150 superb colour photographs. Christine Metcalf, an experienced breeder and judge writes not only on the joy of living with cats and how to look after them, but also on all the different breeds and in particular the newly developed unusual breeds.

The author is a well-known "cat" personality who judges at cat shows as well as being a teacher. She has written several books about cats including *TREASURY OF CATS* and *ALL COLOUR BOOK OF CATS*.

The following extract is taken from a recent letter received from Miss J. Buddicom, a great supporter of the League and as our readers will observe an authoress in the field of Cats and Kittens. We hope her efforts will be well rewarded and offer our sincere thanks for the comments regarding the royalties that will be following:-

CAT POEMS,

by

JACINTHA BUDDICOM,

published by

LESLIE FREWIN OF LONDON,

price £1.35. Illustrated by the Author.

31 poems; 22 illustrations of cats - simple line drawings. The poems of many varieties, from a nursery rhyme finger game for babies of two, to a music hall song for great grand-papa; and for many varieties of cat, and different occasions: some joyful and some innocent.

ALL ROYALTIES DUE TO ME ON THE BOOK WILL GO TO "THE CATS PROTECTION LEAGUE"

so I hope it will be a success and make a good profit for the cats. It is very nicely bound, and extremely well produced on good quality paper, and would make a nice present for Christmas - for which it will be out in excellent time - or any other present, for that matter.

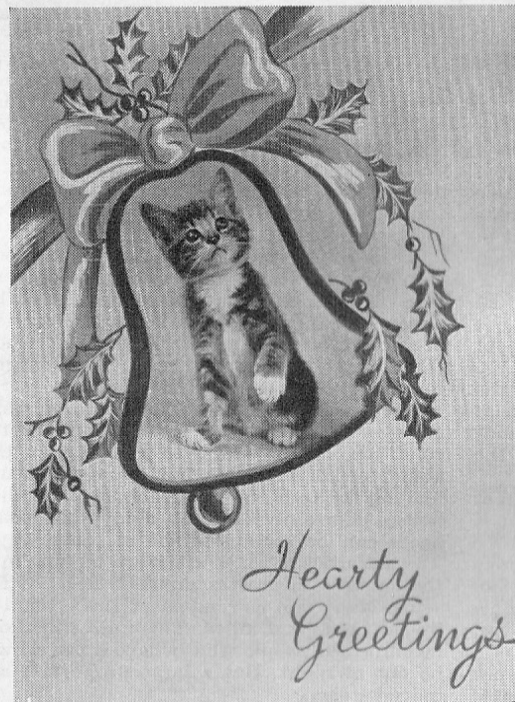
It is now due to be published some time this month - I have just had the advanced copy, but it is not officially on the market for another couple of weeks.

J. Buddicom

### CAT SNATCHING? COME OFF IT!

Good heavens, the antivivisection season is upon us again!

Every time someone's moggie goes astray we get these deathly serious letters conjuring up visions of nocturnal villainous-looking characters (in classical villain gear - striped jumper, mask and sack) furtively snatching cats off garden walls, stuffing them into the bag, driving down to the School for Surgeons, and selling them at the rear entrance to some equally unscrupulous person.



He will be dressed in black, have a generally cadaverous appearance and will conduct the transaction in silence, handing over the 50p (or whatever) per pet and disappearing into the chambers below.

This is ridiculous! If you wanted to catch your own cat in your own garden in the dark I would think it would be mighty difficult if the animal didn't want to come in. To entice and catch a sackful of someone else's cats must be well nigh impossible, and to do it in the still of the night and escape observation - the mind boggles!

After all a bagful of assorted cats all scratching, spitting and screaming to get out is hardly something you can cart about unobtrusively at two in the morning.

"Er, good evening, Officer - just taking the washing to the launderette". "What's that Officer?" "Yes, our washing always sounds like that - it must be the enzymes in the powder!" Anyway, could it be worth it?

Surely if household pets were in that great demand for budding surgeons to practise on, it would be more profitable to breed them. We once had a cat which I think could have saturated the market on her own - a few like her, and we'd had have more cats then people in this country. (Speaking as a cat lover, perhaps that mightn't be a bad thing!)

Quite apart from the economics of pet purloining, surely the vivisectioners of supposedly stolen animals have certain ethical standards to observe, not to mention pets of their own. Doctors, surgeons and the medical trade in general are one of the most highly respected professions in our society. Does their training include purchase, experimentation on, and dissection of stolen pets - a practice akin somewhat to body snatching? Personally I cannot believe that this is so.

As my daughter remarked when going to play tennis recently. "I think next door's cat is in this racket".

This subject is taken far too seriously. If either of our two cats disappear in the next few days I shall presume that (a) someone else has started to feed her better than we do, or (b) she's moved in with the ginger tom down the road.

It is not often that I feel inclined to write to your newspaper and I don't suppose my letter will explode this popular myth. Myself I believe that there will be a triumphant return of the airship - but that's another matter.

Derek Mahoney  
Cromer Road,  
Norwich.

*Eastern Evening News* 2/9/73

#### CATS AND DOGS

The paragraph that surprises me most in Mr. D. Mahoney's letter is his assertion that he is a cat lover.

His indifference to the welfare of cats seems very apparent. I suggest he reads a copy of the magazine of the Cats Protection League, a long established and creditable society, if he

is in any doubt as to the awful things that can happen to a cat.

It is easy to sneer and condemn as hysterical the concern of genuine animal lovers and rescue workers. Having lived in London and worked with my local R.S.P.C.A. and N.A. V.S. branches, I was in a position to know first-hand of the large numbers of cats disappearing in the same area at the same time. They don't all move down the road to join new households as he seems to think.

He is obviously in ignorance of methods employed by these unscrupulous people to trap cats. Also there have been instances of the police stopping vans to find cats in profusion inside. Unfortunately the punishment when these cases eventually reach the courts, rarely fits the crime.

The reason that it's the household pet that is stolen is obvious. It is generally in a better condition and far easier to handle than the abandoned or semi-wild, half-starved creature fending for itself on open spaces or in derelict houses. Certainly a great many disappearances can be accounted for in other ways. The activities of foxes which are moving into the suburbs in greater numbers account for some. Many end as road casualties - blinded by car lights and killed. There are still those misinformed people who believe a cat should be out at night. But a large proportion are indeed stolen.

There can be no ethical standards observed among those who make money through the sale of such animals. Those who use animals for experimental purposes need a constant supply, as indicated by the Home Office figures of 5½ million experiments last year, including a considerable number of cats and dogs.

I believe every medical student does some vivisection during training. I doubt that they are in a position to query from whence the animal came. With the large number of laboratories working in this country and only 15 Home Office Inspectors to vet their activities, what check is kept on source of supply?

Catching the culprit red-handed is difficult enough and no laboratory will admit to accepting from other than a "legitimate" source, i.e. those animals bred purely for vivisection.

Iris Burnett  
Billingford  
Dereham.

*Eastern Evening News* 28/9/73

#### MISSING CATS

May I through your columns thank Mrs. Burnett ("EEN", September 27th) for her comprehensive comments on the subject of stolen cats and dogs? She has said all I (as the retired (1971) general secretary of the Cats Protection League), would have said.

Her reference to the league's interest in the matter is deeply appreciated, coming as it does from a representative of sister societies.

My association with the Cats Protection

Missing Cats (cont.)

League covered a period of 43 years, 1929-1971, during which period it developed from a back room, very minor organisation to a national registered charity with over 20 branches.

The magazine referred to by Mrs. Burnett was launched by my recommendation in 1931 and has had continuous publication, even through the war years. The league's literature in leaflet form has been in circulation for over 40 years. The leaflets are now combined in booklet form, first published at 2s. 6d. to cover post but now free on request. Copies of the league's publications including the booklet "Some facts about cats", details of its neutering and treatment voucher scheme and advice are obtainable from: The Cats Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough, SL1 1PW Bucks.

Albert A. Steward  
Moore Avenue,  
Sprowston.

*Eastern Evening News* 4/10/73

#### MARIO TRIES TO SAVE CAT. . . . AND GETS STUCK

Mario Aquilo found life at the top was not all that it is cracked up to be. And it took the Fire Brigade to bring cat-lover Mario back to earth again.

#### PERSUADE

For Mario of Chaplin Road, Cricklewood, climbed 50 ft. up a tree in his back garden to rescue his cat, which was having a midnight catnap high in the branches.

He started to edge out along a branch to rescue the animal when he suddenly "froze"

Firemen who arrived on the scene just could not persuade him to climb down.

Finally they lowered a rope down to the tree from a factory next to the garden.

But even with his feet on the ground Mario who is in his twenties, still had his head in the air.

"Go back and rescue my cat", he pleaded to the firemen.

But the cat was not interested. It came down by itself and disappeared.

#### SOOTY THE KITTEN LOSES EIGHT OF HIS LIVES

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 mewling filled the car.

Nine-week-old Sooty had 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* 6/8/73

#### KITTEN WALKS 150 MILES IN 25 DAYS

Whisky, a 12-week-old ginger tom cat, believed to have been frightened by the noise of a loud record player, spent 25 days walking 150 miles back to his former home.

Mrs. Kathleen Sutcliffe, of Bingley, Yorkshire, said the kitten was a present for her four-year-old granddaughter.

Mrs. Sutcliffe's daughter Maureen and granddaughter Rachel were staying at Bingley, while waiting for a new house in Cambridge, where Maureen's husband is stationed with the Royal Artillery.

When they found one, Whisky was popped into a cardboard box and travelled with the family.

On July 14th Whisky went A.W.O.L. Maureen and Rachel walked for miles searching for their pet and offered a reward for its return in the local paper.

At 11 p.m. on Wednesday Whisky turned up again at Bingley. Mrs. Sutcliffe said: "Whisky did not have a name tag or anything to identify him. Maureen had written to tell us he had gone and we did not expect to hear of him again. When we arrived he was very dirty and his paws were sore and red".

*Eastern Daily Press* 11/8/73

#### OFF WITH HIS HEAD

Our little tabby cat - never a very good gardener - has suddenly taken to biting off the heads of flowers for no apparent reason.

In late spring forget-me-nots and polyanthus suffered her deprecations. Then there was a lull, but now she is attacking heuchera, London pride, Virginian stock, lobelia - not to mention the alpine strawberries when they are green.

As you can see, no one colour seems to play any part in her actions and she only tosses the flower heads away when she has nipped them off. Her ginger colleague just looks on in disdain at such frivolity!

What, then, causes this very odd behaviour? N. J. Wilford, (Mrs.) Blandford Forum, Dorset *Popular Gardening* 18/8/73

#### ALICE IN WONDERLAND

The long and fortunate life of our old cat, Alice, has ended at last.

She had reached 21 years and seven months and had been with us since my wife brought her home in her bicycle basket, eight weeks

old. She was an unabashedly ugly kitten with blotchy brown and black markings like a badly cured kipper.

But later she developed into a very neat and attractive kind of tortoiseshell with the standard golden eyes, white feet and stomach and asymmetrical markings of pink and brown down the nose. Her best feature was her tail: to the day of her death it was as large and bushy as a bellrope.

I doubt if any cat had a happier life. We bought her with a tom kitten, named Oscar.

We wanted to try unneutered cats for a change and reasoned - wrongly, of course - that if they had a satisfying relationship at home they wouldn't wander about looking for one.

It was hard on Oscar, who had to fight other toms twice, once in the eliminating bouts as a contending mate and again as defender of his territorial rights. But Alice thrived on the glamour and excitement of it all and had 42 kittens by 1960, when something went wrong with the delivery service.

Even there she was lucky. Sometimes neutering makes an adult female jumpy and uncertain tempered. She only put back a bit of flesh.

She always insisted on my wife's company when she was having her kittens. She gave birth deftly, confidently, absorbed, purring loudly all the time.

It was awesome to watch her instinct taking care of every stage in the birth and the rearing, as though she were tuned in to instructions of some mysterious source. It even told her what she should bring the kittens to play with.

What is the only toy that can scratch back but can't hurt? Right: a holly leaf.

Of all the cats we've had she embodied most of the qualities I like best about the creatures. She was self-sufficient, stoical, dignified, fastidious (her silent rejection of food more than a day old was icy) and endearingly idiotic.

She had her own way of doing things, and that was that.

She never merely accepted affection. She offered it, by jumping on your lap, or declined it by flattening herself and sliding gracefully from under your hand. She could never bear to be picked up.

In one of my wife's frequent dreams about her she'd gone to stay with some friends of ours called George and Devreux. My wife saw George pick her up and heard Alice say (in her dreams all animals talk) in a furious and disbelieving tone: "Put me down AT ONCE".

The AT ONCE is a key phrase: it's exactly what she would have said.

That such an elegant little creature had so many kittens (though 42 is far below the average) fascinated visitors, and they couldn't get over her air of total independence, her complete mastery of the trick that cats alone have learned, of accepting all the privileges of pets and retaining, absolutely sharp and ready for use, all the protective instincts of a

wild animal.

As cats do, she grew older without apparently ageing and then, almost overnight it seemed, looked an old, old cat.

Three years ago she lost her hearing, I think she enjoyed the peace and quiet as if showing that if you kept on at people long enough they'd respect your wishes.

Towards the end of last year her back legs began to weaken. She seemed to withdraw from us. Most of the time she slept.

We'd always vowed that when she couldn't look after herself we'd have her put down. But when it came to giving the order we couldn't.

She ate too well - like so many old people, she enjoyed her food as if all the pleasures had shrunk to what was on the plate.

We hoped the spark would just dwindle and disappear, but at the last her luck ran out.

We think some animal probably a fox, got into the garden. Her instinct was always to run away, rather than indoors, when ill or scared.

Some neighbours found her on their lawn 300 yards away, soaked by the wet grass and evidently in shock. It was there that we saw the last of her.

We had lived longer with her than with anyone we've known except each other.

PETER BLACK

Daily Mail 1/8/73

### JOHN GOES TO RESCUE

When the fire brigade refused to rescue Esther the cat from an oak tree in the night, her owner John Rossetti decided to go to the rescue himself.

But it wasn't long before the fire station phone was ringing again - because John had joined Esther 50ft up the tree and both of them were stuck.

This time the firemen sped to the scene and John and Esther were brought down a ladder to safety.

John, 27, a security consultant of Neyland Drive, Aylesbury, Bucks, said: "Esther was obviously very scared and I couldn't just leave her up there so I climbed up the tree.

"I reached her, grabbed hold of her then realised I couldn't get down either. Some neighbours and my wife tried to help me, but they couldn't even get up the tree so my wife telephoned the fire brigade again".

A fire brigade spokesman said: "We have a ruling not to rescue cats from trees. They always find their own way down eventually, but human beings are a different matter, of course".

### FREE ACCOMMODATION

Comfortable, centrally heated flat in Hampstead offered for three weeks over Christmas, to anyone willing to love and care for our three cats.

Primrose 2440

## 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

Now Autumn is over I wish we could quote the Harvest Hymn by saying "all is safely gathered in" but in spite of all our efforts, this winter is going to be a cruel, cold time for a lot of hungry little cats. It is said God tempers the wind for the shorn lamb - I hope this applies to the starving cat as well. Now that we have harvested the usual spring and summer crop of unwanted kittens we have to make renewed efforts to replenish our battered bank balances and to this end we are feverishly scrounging anything we can lay our hands on for our Autumn bazaar at Church House, High Street, Erdington on November 10th and the Annual Animal Fayre at Dr. Johnson House, Bull Street, on November 24th. Any contributions most gratefully received. At the beginning of November - 6th - we are fortunate in having Mrs. W. E. Horton's wonderful collection of Victoriana on display at a coffee evening at Elmwood, Hamstead Hill, Handsworth Wood. We are hoping for even better results from our Christmas Raffle this year - the prizes really are terrific - so please take as many books as you can, at 25p per book.

This year sees the resignation of our Treasurer, Mr. A. W. Bennett, whom we have nearly worn out by our persistent refusal to accept that he cannot pay bills when there is no money - he always does, so we have come to expect the impossible of him. We are grateful for all the years he has given us and we shall miss him. Our thanks, too, to Mrs. Bennett, for bearing so patiently our demands on his time.

This article gives me the chance to send good wishes to all C.P.L. members for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year - and a peaceful one to our colleagues in Ireland - and a plea to everyone to look out for the welfare of shop and factory cats who are liable to be forgotten during the holiday period. Will you remember, too, all the strays round gardens and allotments, derelict buildings and waste ground, who would relish a plate of scraps and a drink each day - each one of you can work directly for C.P.L. in this way. May 1974 be a happier year for these little ones.

#### CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH

We are in the middle of a very disturbing and depressing situation in Chelmsford - with policy, personality and financial problems - as well as the sad news that we still await

planning permission for our new Shelter. Committee members - because of our financial difficulties - disagree, and so resign. The end result, for the cats, could be quite horrifying. The situation is really quite simple - that we do all we can to help all needy cats, and this means that in the height of every summer we have, say, 200 cats and kittens, in and out of the Shelter, to feed. We know that by the end of each year this number will have reduced to perhaps 40 because all of the 200 and many others as well, in and out of the Shelter will have gone to good homes. The remaining 40 or so, not all in the Shelter, are well cared for, thank goodness, by their "permanent aunts" who send a regular donation which keeps these cats (the timid, old, ugly and the ones who have perhaps managed to find themselves their own Shelter, but there is no-one to feed them (farms, factories, hospitals etc.) We also know that we have a terrible struggle every summer to make ends meet, and this year has been more difficult than usual because, although we have worked constantly to raise money, cat food prices - and of course everything else too - have gone up tremendously and donations have been smaller. Of course we are feeling "the pinch".

Until now we have coped with this yearly situation but this year it looks as if we're not going to and the Branch may come to an end through lack of money and local helpers.

Nevertheless, we have four important dates and the Christmas Draw to give us hope to continue our work and get those of us still on the Committee "out of the red". We have THREE Christmas Fairs - on November 17th December 1st and December 15th. If you would like details of where and what time, please send for our current Newsletter. We would welcome *anything* for the Stalls. Its going to be very difficult to get enough goodies to stock three Fairs. We really are trying very hard to raise our cat-care money.

Please send also for our Christmas Draw tickets, 10p per book of four. We shall (somehow) have 40 very good prizes to be drawn on December 15th.

Thank you very much to all the good friends from far and wide, who continue to support and encourage us. If only you all lived in Chelmsford what wonders we could work!

We hope for better times ahead, and those of us who founded our Branch more than 10

years ago, and a few stalwarts who have joined us since, are despondent but still determined.

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

#### DERBY AND DISTRICT BRANCH

Last time I wrote we were full of hope that we might get a Grant from the Public Health Department to buy some better equipment for rounding up the stray and wildcat population in and around Derby. We were amazed to hear, though, that the Chief Medical Officer of Health was confident, after "thorough investigation", that there was not a cat problem in Derby, so we were turned down.

We were left quite speechless by this decision for we know by the hard work we do that there was and still is a problem, growing every minute. In fact, we felt so strongly about it that we put all our facts and figures in the hands of a sympathetic local councillor. Our case was brought up at the last council meeting, and we are pleased to say that the council have awarded us a gift of money, subject to the approval of the Borough Treasurer. However, we just do not get this money handed to us on a plate, it is to be used for a specific purpose - i.e. traps, or nets, or indeed anything of the nature that will aid us in "trapping" these unfortunate cats. Three weeks ago we were fortunate enough to be allotted a charity shop for a week, free of charge. Through advertising for items for re-sale we were thoroughly heartened by the kindness of people. We had no end of nearly-new, jumble et cetera given by people sympathetic to our cause. Judging by the eagerness of people to buy our stock we feel we have been of some service to others, too. All the ornaments, electrical goods and bric-a-brac sold as quickly as we could put them in the window. The clothes sold steadily throughout the week. To continue on a more delicate subject, I have to report that the cats around Derby seem to be troubled greatly by fleas. I can confirm this, for my own cats - normally a clean and wholesome pair - have produced them in colossal amounts this summer, despite regular treatment. The first time I treated them there was an eruption of fleas like a cinema audience trying to leave before the National Anthem. A few must be surviving though, for the odd straggler keeps on cropping up. However, (fleas take note), I have been informed of a new aerosol product - Flea Foam - so when I can track it down I'll see off even those few stragglers.

Our Cattery had has to close during the last few weeks because of an outbreak of cat flu. According to the information we have received, quite a few other catteries around Derby have had this same trouble. I am pleased to say, though, that the cattery will be opening once more next week. Our apologies to one of our new members for a typographical error in spelling her name -

we refer of course to Miss L. Barton.

In conclusion, on behalf of all at Derby Branch, I would like to send greetings for a very happy Christmas and prosperous New Year to all our members in C.P.L. throughout the country.

Mrs. Doreen Sinclair  
Publicity Officer, Derby Branch  
2, Windermere Drive, Spondon,  
Derby.

#### EDMONTON

Dear Fluffy has recently celebrated her 27th birthday and what a wonderful party she had. Amongst our visitors were the Mayor of Enfield and the former Mayoress of Edmonton who was making her third visit together with many old friends and visitors who joined us during the afternoon.

The flow of kittens has been maintained throughout the summer months and I really believe that in 47 years of this type of work, this year has proved the worst for home finding. So many homes in this area have been demolished and a lot of people these days prefer to go out more and have cars to make this possible with the result that they are not so interested in pets, claiming as some do, that they tie you down.

My cattery now comprises mostly of the older cats, who apart from the really warm weather that we had this year, are quite happy, but I am not taking in more unless I can be sure that homes can be found for them. All homes offered are thoroughly investigated but the trouble really is the lack of these homes in the first place.

Our shop is still flourishing but does, of course, take up a lot of time for supplies have to be collected and sorted and any suitable goods you might have or be turning out will always be greatly appreciated for selling and fund raising. Also cigarette coupons and trading stamps of all colours and description are always welcome and will be put to good use.

I would like to mention the passing of my old friend Donald Chamberlain who has already been sadly missed. He took a great interest in the Sanctuary for many years not only caring for the cats but also carrying out many minor repairs every time he visited us.

May I in conclusion thank all our friends and members for their generous help throughout the year, also Headquarters staff and committee and wish you all a very happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

C. Walledge,

39, Oxford Road, Lower Edmonton, N.9.  
**GLOSSOP AND DISTRICT BRANCH**

Since the last report we have been working hard to stabilise our position. In August we had a jumble sale, and in September a stall at the local Young Farmer's Show. With the help of gifts, sent by our kind friends, both were most successful.

Now we plan an Xmas Fair on December 8th, after the completion of a House to House collection which we are doing at the moment.

You will be pleased to hear that Winnie

Glossop (cont.)

has been adopted by a friend in Somerset, Thank You Miss Collins.

We still have over 30 cats and kittens in our care, perhaps as the nights draw in people will realise that no home is complete without a cat on the hearth.

Tommy the Teacake, as he has been christened by the local children, is now a fine big ginger cat after castration and rehabilitation. He seems to have forgotten his past struggle, scavenging in the dustbins to keep alive. Smokey Joe, rescued from the same fate, has left us for a very good home.

May I say a big Thankyou to our benefactors who give no address with their gifts. Mrs. Hartell and Sandy for 2 contributions, A member of C.P.L. and Cat Lovers for their most generous donation. Thank You all.

Mrs. Ward is now feeling much better, and will in future be our collector for Green Shield and Co-op stamps. Her address is, 21, Palmerston Road, Denton, Manchester. If you can spare any we shall be very pleased to receive them as they provide our raffle prizes.

We have great plans for the future of the forgotten cats in this area, please help us not to let them down.

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

#### LEICESTER AND LOUGHBOROUGH BRANCH

First, we all would like to send our many thanks for gifts, money (especially to the cat lovers who anonymously sent cash, and to whom we could not send even a receipt) and for the comforts sent to help the abandoned cats and kittens, of which we have been once again absolutely overwhelmed. We are most grateful to you for taking the trouble.

The baskets sent to us by readers, whose own cats were not in need of them, were immediately brought into use to bring in once again cats of all ages which had been deliberately locked in vacated slum dwellings. Mrs. Pam Jollands, of Highfield Farm, Mill Lane, Blaby, to whom we asked you to send your woollens and cottons sheets, is so very busy that she has not had even a moment to reply to many of you, and asks to let you know this.

We are so very pleased to tell you that the faithful, patient grey and white mother cat who plodded 35 miles back to her old home, and was once again turned out, has now a very good new owner. At first she did everything undesirable, perhaps because of insecurity, but after a few days, when we went to check that she was alright, the little cat had grown used to her kind family, and was purring contentedly on the lap of the MASTER of the house.

Will the next event surprise you? A dark brown mother cat-to-be was thrown out by her coloured owners into their back garden to have her kittens on the wet grass. When brought into our shelter she gave birth to seven weak kittens, but ALL had seven pads on their front paws, making them look as

though they were wearing boxing gloves. They have good future homes awaiting, and this has pleased us as we could not bear to put down even one of them, they are so pretty otherwise.

We took a frail ginger and white mother cat, from a house on one of our Council Estates, to the Vet to be Spayed, as she had had so very many kittens during her quite short life. Her owner's neighbours were so intrigued, not knowing of this operation, and were so relieved that this could prevent unwanted kittens, that we found ourselves taking cats galore, day after day to have this done. Frail Ones, on reaching home, seemed to be unaware that anything had happened. On the same Estate, an unfortunate little black and white kitten was discovered hanging from the branch of a tree, in a nylon stocking. He had an enormous head, and his eyes stood out like huge glass marbles, his body had never grown, and was so tiny - Mrs. Jollands took him in, but had him put to sleep without pain by the Vet.

Mrs. Manger, who so skillfully attends to the needs of cats which have been in accidents (mostly these belong to owners who did not know their pet had been injured) had a Sale at her home, and £48 was sent to our Treasurer, and Mrs. Owen made £16 at hers.

Miss Elizabeth Barrie is moving to London soon, and we shall miss her help very much. Therefore, we should be pleased if you would send anything you have put by for us - to Mrs. Margaret Bakewell, 211, Anstey Lane, Leicester. Our next Raffle Ticket Draw and Sale will be held at the beginning of December, but in the meanwhile, when the rush to rescue cats has died down, no doubt someone will be having a Coffee/Tea Day for us.

Mrs. Margaret Bakewell,  
211, Anstey Lane, Leicester, LE4 0FH.  
**NORTH KENT**

I should like to take the opportunity of saying Thank You to all the people who have been so generous with their help and time since the forming of our Group, earlier this year. Especially Mr. Hutson and Mrs. Cook who have made so many journeys with their cars, back and forth from the Vet's, or to take cats or kittens to their new homes, no plea for help has been refused, and both of them have travelled many miles for us with very little reimbursement for the gallons of petrol they must have used. Also Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Cowell, who have taken some of the load off my shoulders by taking telephone calls in the Gravesend and Bexleyheath areas, and also looking after so many of the cats and kittens we have taken in. Behind the scenes there have been the busy hands of Mrs. Pearson and her Mother, Mrs. Presland, and many others making things to sell at our Bazaars, and Mrs. Prior, whose cakes are snapped up so quickly at all our events. I must not forget Mrs. Rook who always takes on the "selling teas" and washing up, never grumbling when faced with the stacks of dirty cups and saucers, and we

North Kent (cont.)

have several children, members of "Chad's Club" who help at our sales, gather up Jumble and have even held Sales in their gardens to raise funds for us, among these are Marianne Rook, Mark and Ian Temple, Ann Watkins and Jill Easterby, they are all so eager to help the cats, and I hope they will continue to be enthusiastic when they grow up.

Last but not least Thank you to YOU the many members who have written, sent donations and parcels of this, that and the other. Your letters have often come just at one of our black times, and have given so much encouragement with our work.

We still have a lot of very nice, friendly older cats hopefully waiting for a fireside and armchair before the Winter sets in, some of them would be grateful for a box in a shed, just as long as they really belonged to someone and had regular meals. These of course are the "outdoor cats" who have not learned that a closed door can also mean security as well as "go away"! One of these is Minnie, rescued with her kitten from a car dump, just in the nick of time too, the cars were being towed away and burnt, the cat loving people in the area, rushed to save what they could of the families, but sadly quite a number were lost or have still to be traced after running terrified from the noise and fires.

We are still working hard at the Neutering scheme and must have used dozens of Headquarters precious vouchers. In spite of all the hard work done at the beginning of the year, there were just as many if not more unwanted kittens during July and August, so we will keep pressing on; at least we know every kitten we have homed has been, or will soon be, off to the Vet, for the all important operation.

Our parcels of tin-foil and milktops are still coming in, please keep sending them, also thank you for the knitting wool and material, also gifts for our stalls, all of which are most welcome.

I should like to wish a Merry Christmas to all our friends from everyone in the North Kent Group, and we are still optimistic enough to hope that next year will be a little less hectic!

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

#### NORTH LONDON BRANCH

The breeding season having almost ended, we have taken advantage of a breathing space, by acquiring a smart new mini van, the former old war horse being retired after many thousands of miles and many loads of jumble.

One of our helpers, walking home recently in pouring rain found three tiny kittens of about 5 weeks dumped near some dustbins. They were soaking wet and very frightened. She took them home and brought them to us on the following morning. They were not yet able to lap, but soon learned to eat under Daisy's tuition. Since then they have sur-

vived a bout of cat flu and are now fit and beautiful and awaiting good homes. Two are lovely tabbies and one is black. Can you help them, or, any other of their 37 friends at the Shelter?

We are delighted at the response to our appeal for trading stamps. They are invaluable to us. At present we are saving them for a new clock, "Fred" having swung on the winding cord of our old clock, bringing it to the ground.

In Islington, there are many council clearance areas and we are involved in the trapping of cats from many of them. The work is done mainly by volunteers since Mr. Smith our driver if fully engaged for six days full each week and every other Sunday morning on the routine work of the Shelter and on neutering and doing some trapping in his spare time. For this reason, we are compelled to refuse to take on further trapping, particularly if it is outside the N.7 area. We have received many requests from all over London.

We remind you that our Christmas Bazaar is to be held on 8th December at the Upper Holloway Hall, 602A, Holloway Road N.19. Many kind members have already sent us their unwanted presents for the sale. Have you? You could, of course, bring them with you to the Bazaar but it is useful to receive goods ahead of time, so that they can be properly priced.

There has again been a tremendous demand for our Christmas cards, and, although we still have supplies of each variety, members would be wise to place their orders as soon as possible since it is obvious that we shall soon run out of one or two sorts. Please send your order to North London Branch and not to Headquarters.

As this is the last report to appear in 1973, we wish all of you a very joyous Christmas and thank you for all your help we have received during the year.

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

#### SOUTH LONDON COMMITTEE NOTES

We have heard with great regret of the passing of Miss Kit Wilson; a personal loss to me, for I have known Kit for many years. Miss Wilson was one of the people who worked hard to form the London Committee and start the C.P.L. on its work in London after the war, and she remained interested in our work. I think that she sent us something for every one of our bazaars.

We have a special date at The Close Rescue Centre in July 1974, when we will have completed twenty years as a feline rescue centre and ten officially as part of the C.P.L. (The first ten years we were a private venture) Looking back, I think that on the whole, we have made progress, Twenty years ago speying was not really known, and certainly veterinary work for cats is immensely improved. Although it must sometimes seem to all of us that there is no change or improve-

South London (cont.)

ment in the number and condition of strays, I think that there actually is a little sign here and there of things getting better. The fact that we never have a vacant pen and always have a long waiting list of cats to come to us, though at times it is a worry, does mean that more and more people are interested in rescuing strays, and that is good in itself. Perhaps in another ten or twenty years people will also be making efforts just as we are, but perhaps too they may be doing much better. I do hope so.

DOUBLES: It is a most interesting time now, waiting for the postman to see who has thought of our wonderful chance. We have had a good response, but, please, will any kind person who might be going to send us a Christmas present, let us have it before the 1st January. Our good friend will give us £11 for every £10, £65 for every £50 donation, and if we should get more, then he will increase it more and more. Please help to make this a really big total.

One decision has been made, in view of the cost of postage, if anyone says "don't acknowledge" I am not acknowledging. Our bill for postage during the year is very high, so I must reluctantly give up the pleasure of saying thank you. I am none the less grateful for all the gifts which make it possible to carry on. Special thanks here to "Sherry" to "Perky" and to Pussima who have all sent us donations.

Now, we need special help, there has been a sudden influx of charming but penniless cats. We have three pairs, about 5 months old black and tabby - Prima and Primrose. All-black and penguin-marked - Jet and Judy, and very black indeed - Thunder and Lightning. We also have some choice torties, with or without white trimmings, called Maggie, Molly, Muffin and Puff. All these need help and at once, either a little something to let us get them all those extras which make such a difference to a cat, or, if you can find it for them, a really nice, kind home.

Nerea de Clifford.

#### SUSSEX BRANCH

There does not seem time to write much about what is happening, with so many cats and kittens to look after there is scarcely time for anything else just now. Nine more have arrived in the last three days, we are not geared for such numbers, but one man said he was not going to take them home anyhow, so those three had to come in. What would he have done with them, thrown them in the Sea? We have one rescued soaking wet from the beach already, needless to say christened Shrimp.

Things are coming in already for our Christmas Sale, at the end of November. We must make this a great success as we are spending so much more on cat food these days.

We enjoyed our Open Day at the Annexe, cups of tea and a Bring and Buy Stall made over £9 so we must do this more often.

A Very Happy Christmas to all at H.Q.

and to all our fellow members, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

#### ULSTER BRANCH

First of all a word of appreciation to Mr. Parratt for the nice apology in the last issue of "The Cat" and also for printing our two sets of notes, which brings things-up-to-date, as it were. Unfortunately the paragraph about our new plan to have all annual subscriptions payable in March each year seems to have got a little mixed up and Mr. Parratt has suggested that I repeat it now. It should have read:

"During the first year some adjusting will be necessary. If you normally pay in January or February you could delay a few weeks. Should April, May or June be your usual month perhaps you would bring forward your payment to the end of March. For the rest we must leave it to you and we hope some people will err on the side of generosity and maybe pay twice in the one year! By 1975 we should be sorted out".

Well, we started off the new season with a bang, or should I say several bangs, for the sound of explosions could be heard from time to time over the rattle of teacups and the noise of chattering cat-lovers. A few people were a little anxious about getting home, but I think everyone made it in safety. It was encouraging to see so many people present and I was delighted at the "new faces" among members and visitors. The Draw was conducted by Miss Gulston and Mrs. McBride and winning numbers are printed below. The amount raised was almost £250, which I am sure is a record and we are much indebted to Mrs. McBride and her helpers for this magnificent result. We thank all concerned, including the ticket-sellers. A Mini-Auction, stalls, donations, and a collection raised in all some £94 so we felt it had been a really worthwhile afternoon. While the Ballot is still in our minds I would like to say again that anyone who prefers to have tickets sent to them should let us know and we'll note this in our records.

The notice about our December Coffee Party at Knock will be enclosed with this magazine. May I make a special appeal to members living in East Belfast and surrounding areas to support this, our last big fundraising effort in 1973. We want it to be a super success so please help us by coming along, bringing friends and collecting items for the stalls. Cakes and lots of small cakes and biscuits will be particularly welcome so get baking - and maybe you can persuade your friends to do likewise - for the pussies!

So far I've only had one reply about kennels but perhaps that's because the magazine was so late going out. I do hope I'll hear more on this important subject. It would be a big help if we could tell inquirers that such-and-such a Boarding Establishment is recommended by one of our members.

And now I have to wish a very Happy Christmas to all members and friends, near and far, and to thank them for their help and encouragement in what has been another

### Ulster Branch (cont.)

dreadful year in Ulster. I know many of you will be remembering the pussies as the festive season draws near - thanks to you we are always able to see that they get a nice meal. Then we can enjoy our own with a clear conscience. Early in the new year we'll expect an avalanche of used postage stamps, but Mr. Liken will be ready for it.

### Winning numbers:

1111, 1981, 2268, 4304, 6300, 1304, 4730, 4704, 2657, 3529, 6311 and 376.

### Consolation:

1969, 6650, 6730, 4302, 6368, 82, 6221 and 6583.

### WEST CORNWALL

As we bid farewell to a brief and hectic Summer our thoughts turn to Christmas fund raising. Once we could print and sell hundreds of cards and calendars, make gifts, hold bazaars, and other attractive pastimes, now time seems to be filled with the uglier side of animal work, the rescuing, killing, mucking out and trying to make ends meet, the more cats we help the more people we have to attend and this becomes increasingly wearing. However Christmas is a cheery time for many, so why not attempt to recapture the fun of the social side of charity work.

Surely in the West Country we have some well wishers who would like to run a coffee morning, a jumble sale, bazaar or competition to help our funds. This would help us so much to keep going with the important work of cat care and relieve our money worries at the same time. We shall be glad to hear from any good hearted volunteers who could undertake to organise anything in their area.

Since we decided to have a free day on Sundays we have had Sunday emergencies to deal with nearly every week. Why do cats remain on roofs, trespass in Convents, get themselves trapped, give their owners allergies, sleep on the babies, or cause domestic rows between 1.00 and 2.00 p.m. on Sundays? Sunday dinner in this household is a nostalgic dream, but it seems lots of other people don't have dinner on Sundays either. They are much too busy phoning and calling on the Cats Protection League.

Our family of O.A.P.'s are still as active as ever, it seems the air of Cathlowena is guaranteed to ensure a long healthy life and the animals certainly look as if they will live forever. Many visitors to our three catteries have been intrigued with Katie who since she was brought to us as a wild kitten eighteen years ago has lived on a roof. As we moved so Katie moved roofs with us. Now she totters along the very long cattery roof, now and again missing her step and falling to the ground, and our hearts stop beating when we watch her. To her utter disgust we decided to pop her into the cattery for the Winter and we have now installed her in comfort and warmth and she hates it and makes a bid for the roof again, how does one deal with this problem?

For Christmas we shall be housing well over 150 cats, we plan weeks ahead to make sure they all have a really comfy time, not like home, we know, but the cats realise we do the best we can so they put on their best faces and cheer us all up. The unwanted feline Christmas presents will then begin rolling in, and the year starts all over again.

May we wish you all and your cats a Very Happy Christmas and every good wish for the New Year.

### THE STUDIO RESCUE CENTRE, HASLEMERE

Autumn is coming gradually this year. The tall trees have changed colour, but their leaves are clinging on. When there is a wind, and some leaves let go, the cats are delighted; they rush to and fro and leap in the air, they do not want a single leaf to touch the ground.

On the wet cold days, the cats cling to their warm beds, just coming out to eat, and then snuggling back. We give them hay for the winter and for the cats from the derelict sites, who have been on damp old paper or bits of rag, hay is better that they ever dreamed. They sleep now in groups of four or five together. Cats who have not spoken all the summer now join forces and make furry huddles. Their claws go in and out "making bread" or "doing dags", as if they were tiny kittens again.

In-doors, we have taken out all the folding pens into the big cat room, and the elderly cats come in to sleep at night with the rather sad group of 6, 8 and 10 year-old cats, cast off pets who have been brought to us with long, wordy explanations "We are expecting a baby - we are moving house - my little boy has asthma - we are so afraid old auntie will fall over the cat - my husband says it is too much for me". All the pretty euphemisms which all mean the same "He is getting old and we grudge him the cost of his food".

Upstairs in our sittingroom, an old cat is resting. He is not ill, but he sleeps a lot and has his meals served upstairs. Two of the young ones are pushing against the door. I think they want to see if he has left anything in his dish. I let them in. To my surprise, they go to the old cat, and carefully lick his face. He seems to pay no attention to them, but when they settle one on each side, he begins a deep rolling purring. They seem happy together.

Little "Purrer" the dwarf kitten has at last managed to get upstairs, he at once turns round, goes down and climbs up again. Then he bustles round, looking at everything. Finally he goes into the cat room and fetches the four very small kittens, much younger though not much smaller than he is. He goes up a few stairs and waits for them, they just cannot manage the steps, Purrer is delighted, one can almost hear him laugh. It won't be long before he has taught them all to climb.

The telephone has rung eight times to-day. Two ladies each with more than thirty cats, four gentlemen each with four cat, and two families of kittens, all needing homes, a total

### The Studio Rescue Centre (cont.)

of 91 more cats needing homes - at times one gets a bit worried. I must go and boil some fish!

Nerea de Clifford

### ANOTHER PUZZLE

Miss Lewis has set out to bewilder our brains once again with even more ingenuity than before. Reaching you this time during the Winter months I hope that many more of you will settle down to wrestling with it, and do send in your answers however bad they they may seem to you, others may be even worse, and the best answers will receive a small prize. After all the donations that we hope will arrive with your replies will help the C.P.L., and will be a small return for the fun you may have had in the doing of it.

Osyth Sherratt

### CAT COMPETITIONS CLUES

(All words have the letters CAT in them in any order or position, but not the word CAT)

1. Steward .. .. . 6
2. Boxed .. .. . 6
3. Victorian word for haute couture .. .. . 8
4. Assiduous .. .. . 6
5. Assumed .. .. . 8
6. Jack of all trades .. .. . 8
7. Erase .. .. . 7
8. Sometimes heard in Church .. .. . 7
9. Of the Vegetable Kingdom .. .. . 6
10. A tool .. .. . 7
11. A warning .. .. . 7
12. Found on some dinner tables .. .. . 8
13. The action of vandals .. .. . 11
14. Musical or general .. .. . 8
15. The Prime Minister is one .. .. . 9
16. To freeze .. .. . 8
17. Equal .. .. . 5
18. Could be Army, Navy or Air Force .. .. . 10
19. Carried by colporteur .. .. . 5
20. Mythical Greek figure .. .. . 7
21. Drawing .. .. . 7
22. Babies often are .. .. . 9
23. Part of the anatomy .. .. . 9
24. Not Church of England .. .. . 9
25. Used in War .. .. . 7
26. Build up .. .. . 5
27. Dripping Limestone .. .. . 10
28. Stuck up .. .. . 7
29. To put off .. .. . 8
30. Great happiness .. .. . 7
31. To point or divide .. .. . 9
32. A ruler .. .. . 8
33. Kind of entertainment .. .. . 8
34. Arched road .. .. . 7
35. Sailors delight .. .. . 5
36. A show .. .. . 9
37. Sweet and succulent .. .. . 7
38. Musical term .. .. . 7
39. Vestige .. .. . 5
40. Done by seamen or sewers .. .. . 7
41. French measure .. .. . 7
42. First-rate .. .. . 7
43. Cause of congestion .. .. . 7
44. Needs treatment .. .. . 9
45. Confused .. .. . 7
46. A support .. .. . 7

47. Kind of boat .. .. . 6
48. Circular ornament .. .. . 8
49. Extinct creature .. .. . 11
50. Diversion .. .. . 10

Answers should reach:-

Miss Lewis,  
22, St. Cross Road, Winchester, by  
26th January, 1974.

### DON'T FORGET YOUR PETS WHEN YOU MOVE HOUSE

Sadly he wanders, lonely and forlorn,

Amidst the dust and rubble which he once called home

Looking for those whose presence made his world,

Missing the warmth of hearth by which he curled.

Searching each day amongst the filth and grime,

For something to fill a gaunt and hungry frame,

Searching each night for shelter from the cold,  
To hide away his tragedy of shame.

Once shining coat, his birthright and pride,  
Is now unkempt, diseased and soaked with rain,

Once lustrous eyes, so beautiful - so bright,  
Are dulled, alas, and filled with fear and pain.

How can the owners of such tortured pets,  
Who've moved to bright new homes and happiness,

Live there in peace while these poor creatures roam,  
Unloved, uncared for, and in undeserved distress!

To those who will in future move away,  
Please take your pets, don't let them go astray;

The joy you'll find in "fields and pastures new,  
Will be far greater - if they share it, too.

LOCAL CATS ARE

"GETTING TO KNOW" US

When we moved into Moore Avenue we got the impression that it was cat-less. Later on we discovered this was not so, when one or two appeared in the distance, but seemed to give us a wide berth. However, during the past few months we have been seeing much more of them.

The first to arrive was a rough-haired tabby and white little lady just out of the kitten stage. The time being late and not knowing to whom she belonged we decided enquiries must be made next morning, so offered her a meal and a bed in the kitchen, which she graciously accepted. We found her owners lived further along the Avenue, and she is now a frequent visitor, and thinks the 'fridge door opens just for her benefit.

Following this break-through there is now a steady crossing at the very top of the garden (which is a large one) by a black neutered male (if its size and condition are any indication); a sandy and white male, - a tabby male and a black and white rough-haired cat of questionable gender. All except the tabby male



### Local Cats (cont.)

use our garden as access to the neighbour's garden where it seems that the bank is well covered with undergrowth and hunting is much easier.

Tabby of the lean and hungry look tends to explore – for food we thought – as he alone accepts the food and milk we put out for him. He stops frequently as he gobbles the food, to look towards our bungalow, in case the huge Alsatian dog that lived here before we came, should appear. He licks the platters clean.

So No. 4 is now a "right of way" for the cats of Moore Avenue that are getting to know us and we, no doubt, will get to know them better in due course.

Albert A. Steward

## MEMBERS' CORNER

### MOSTRENKO

Do you remember the story about me in *The Cat*, Sept./Oct. 1971, with the picture of me lying in my master's bed? It was naughty of me, but the picture master took was very good.

I was very fond of my master and mistress, so they decided to bring me to England from Spain. I did not like the journey in that horrible aeroplane, I was so frightened. Then I had to go into kennels, for six months, with lots of other cats and dogs. My master and mistress and lots of their friends came to see me in my prison. Here is a picture of me begging them to take me out. My mistress told me that I had the loudest meow, she meant really that I had the loudest voice of all the cats there.



When at last I was released, they took me to my English home, and I had a party and lots of cards (one of them with a real sardine on it and another with a picture of me and another with a poem) to welcome me, and I am living very happily now.

Thank you, master and thank you, mistress, for giving me such a wonderful home. I must go now, because my dinners' ready and I would not miss that for anything. They took another picture to show how happy I am, but I don't expect the magazine will have room to print them all. Goodbye for now, or else I will be late – you know what for. (Written for Moss by member's grandchild, aged 12).

Thank you, dear Moss, for your note so a-mewsing,

And your kind invitation to tea.

I'm glad you've recovered from your state so be-mewsing,

Which I'll come on pur-puss to see.

Now you've ended your travels and safely come home

I trust you will always keep well, Settling down with us all, no longer to roam, but, oh, what a tail you've to tell.

### BEAU

I am glad you did not put the "Beau" story in the "Cat" as I wanted to mention that "Beau" is the very image of the cat on page 63 of the July/August 1971 number of the "Cat". If the story could be put in with that picture it would be ideal. I am keen to get the story in the "Cat", in case "Beau" is someone's lost pet and because my friend has made no provision for her cats in her Will, she says "well they have had a good life", so they will all be massacred by her relatives if she goes, as they do not like cats – isn't it appalling? So if he has an owner who has lost him, and who recognises him thru' the story, he will escape being massacred, that's very important.

(picture not available – editor)

### "Beau"

"Two or three years ago a beautiful long haired neutered cat appeared in Beauchamp Avenue, Leamington Spa. He was dark tabby and white and was loving and affectionate with the sweetest nature and seemed totally unafraid. It seemed incredible that no one reported him as lost and that no advertisement appeared in the local press for him, but no one did and when my friend was told about him, she took him in and there he has been ever since, along with her other cats. Now I wonder if a C.P.L. member, possibly living in another part of the country has lost him, possibly through him getting in a car and being carried off".

Miss C. E. Baker

### SPOTTY (Tailwaver 5092)

by Vyner Attack

We first met Spotty just over four years ago. He was a little black and white stray cat born in the Spring in the adjacent cricket field.

He made his home in some dense bushes

### Members Corner (cont.)

in our garden and would come begging scraps of food from us, but never coming in the house. He lived like this for almost two years and then he became ill. He developed some respiratory trouble and my wife took him into the house and nursed him back to health.

From that moment he became her cat. She had him neutered and he lost his wandering habits. He lived only for her. Every morning at breakfast he would jump on her knee and push his face into hers, a token of affection and gratitude for all she had done for him. Every evening he would jump on her knee and purr in satisfaction before setting down in his own personal armchair.

Spotty was not a clever cat. Indeed he was a slow learner. All our other cats could use the cat door long before he learned the knack; but he was kind and affectionate. Spotty never chased away the strays my wife fed from time to time. He was so tolerant – probably remembering his own days as a stray.

It was Spotty who played with and cared for the three kittens we took into the house after him. Spotty believed in live and let live. Many a human could have used Spotty as an example.

And then four short weeks ago came the start of his illness, he was away all day – most unusual for Spotty – and when he returned in the evening he was breathing in a distressed way. The Vet diagnosed pleurisy, and there followed three weeks of injections, tablets, and draining fluid from his lungs until his breathing became normal and we thought he was cured but, one morning when we came down for breakfast we found Spotty lying on the floor; he eyes had lost their lustre; he showed no interest in anything and we feared the worst.

We took him to the vet hoping against hope that something could be done, but our worst fears were confirmed. He had had a heart failure and the vet said he could not hope to live for more than twenty-four hours. The kindest thing would be to put him to sleep – he had had enough!

The vet made the injection whilst my wife held Spotty. We waited loving and stroking Spotty until he breathed his last.

When Spotty died it seemed as if something in us died with him. He was a good cat and a good friend, and if there's a heaven for cats he must surely be there.

Goodbye, old friend. We'll never forget you.

### OUR KITTEN

She is only nine weeks old,  
And her name is Spiky.  
She has very small green eyes  
And she is very furry.  
She can run quite fast,  
I once gave her a race,  
But young Spiky beat me –  
The winning line she passed!  
Most of the time her tail  
Is straight up like a mast –  
Only without a sail!

Margaret Gillian Thomas, aged 8.

### MICKEY

#### Tangier Cats

Are mostly timid, and wild,  
Shortlived in an unfeeling land.

Mickey was one of these.

Bright brain and instinct helped him choose  
a person

Who fed him and was patient

Till confidence overcame fear

And he accepted shelter too.

Happy winter, curled up by a fire.

Happy summer, playing in the sun,

Then running in, when hunger called,

To fish fresh from blue Mediterranean

Just for him.

Contentment undiluted.

Yet all the time wary still

Of wicked things in a dangerous world,

Running from other persons.

This, too, must pass.

New circumstances came.

Cat-hating dog

Shattered his confidence.

Savage intruder cats

Upset his happiness.

She could not re-integrate his world.

Eight lives gone, the ninth fast running out.

She loved him and so let him sleep in peace.

To spare him more misery

Hers is now tenfold,

But he will suffer no more torment.

Thank you for your friendship.

Vale, Mickey.

A true story by Millicent Carne (Australia).

### RASCAL ON THE ROOF

Cat careless of catastrophe

Recumbent reclining on russet roof,

Baffled by buzzing bumble-bees

Flight pell-mell surpassing reproof.

Rascal on the rampage

Bluffed by buzzing bumble-bee,

Settling softly on silver sape,

Flurried feline, fly and flee!

Muriel Manton

### CATALOGUE

The cloud-soft touch of velvet

Is a cat.

Sensitive awareness

Is a cat.

Gracefulness in ambience

Is a cat.

Fidelity in loving

Is a cat.

The light of my existence

Is a cat.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

### WINTER OUTDOORS

Sheer crystal cold the firm unsensuous night  
Binds all within its reach. We cannot fathom  
half

Its mystery without the feline sense of sight

And smell. Beneath a thousand stars the

glistening frost

Like powdered snow expands its empire

overnight.

The cats are wise and know where comfort

lies.

George F. Tull

**THE CAT IN THE FIR TREE**

Slim and slinky, but, very nice.  
If you would catch only mice!  
Up the trunk of the fir tree,  
Your amber eyes blazing at me.  
I think you see a bird or two  
In the fir tree, 'neath skies of blue,  
You know you have been often told  
If birds you catch, I would scold!  
Change your mind and descend.  
For of plans you have no end.  
Now I see like magic wand  
You've raced to the goldfish pond!  
You really are whimsical,  
And, I must say fanciful.  
But I find you quite enchanting  
Even though you must go hunting.

Muriel Manton

**INHOSPITALITY**

The hotel cat is pert and prim,  
Keen of eye and fleet of limb.  
As the guests arrive to stay  
She turns her haughty head away  
And shows disdain to everyone  
For she belongs to all and none.  
But when at last the guests depart  
Her enigmatic smile will start.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT**

Since you have gone the sun has left the sky.  
No breezes blow,  
No birds sing  
To ease the aching vacuum in my heart.  
I shall not forget your gentle ways;  
No judgements made,  
No difficult demands  
No needs save one,  
To share your life with mine.  
Now kind uncomprehending people say  
"Cheer up, you'll love another cat some day".

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**PEACEFUL PAWS**

This is the hour for rest and peaceful paws  
When cats are safely home from evening  
prowls  
And late-night snacks in special saucers  
Are being served by many loving hands.  
Until the cats are counted in their beds  
Anxious owners cannot sleep in peace;  
But once all fur is smoothed down for the  
night,  
This is the hour for rest and peaceful paws.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

I was glad to read the well deserved tribute paid by Mrs. H. Hornsby in your July/August issue, to the poem "Tabby" by E. Walton. Perhaps you will allow me to mention four other poems which I personally have also found especially moving and appealing. "A Stray Cat's Prayer" by Maud Christie, "A Kitten in Rome" by Kathleen Lake, "I take your Furry Face within my Hands" by M. P. Barnaby and "Prim Died on Sunday" by Frances Howie. I thank the authors of all

these poems for enriching and deepening my own experience. But indeed everything that you publish in "Members' Corner" does, in some way or another, do just that. I am grateful for all of it, as I am sure your other readers are.

E. Johnson

**CAT FLU**

Last night she walked alone with death  
Limp as a fallen flag.  
I stroked her fur, so sadly stark  
A crumbled small black bag.  
Then, with the dawn she raised her head  
The amber eyes could see.  
Slowly stretching stiffened limbs  
She purred to life, and me.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**NO ORDINARY CATS**

There are no ordinary cats -  
They differ in design and sensitivity  
As we who love them, differ from each other.  
Whiskers wag as wickedly as tongues  
And twitching tail can tremble with emotion.  
Even names like "Tiddles" cannot rob  
An individual cat of natural dignity.  
Respect is earned and based upon the merits  
Of those they choose to call upon as friends;  
For though there may be ordinary people,  
There really are no ordinary cats.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**ODE FOR KATHARINE**

A queen of cats is Katharine  
In coat of cloud-soft grey.  
Her amber eyes, like suns ablaze  
With love in an unwinking gaze,  
To brighten every day.  
This Persian queen with domed head high  
Sits purring on her throne.  
No humbler cats are ever seen  
With folded paws and tail serene  
She reigns for me alone.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**MOODY MACKENZIE**

My best friend Mackenzie,  
Is moody, mad and mean  
And though his face is very black  
He keeps it very clean.  
He's no paper tiger  
And uses all his brains  
By washing well behind each ear  
To warn me when it rains.  
I love my friend Mackenzie  
And daily brush his fur -  
But though he'll eat my fish and meat  
He's seldom heard to purr.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**THE CATS' INN**

First they creep in, cautious, careful  
Cats and kittens by the chairful.  
Shyly peeping, soon they're leaping  
Eating, purring till they're sleeping.  
Lost or stolen, gone astray  
None is ever turned away.  
Independent though they be  
Cats need love from you and me.

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**LOVING BETSY**

Betsy has a loving soul  
Yes - soul is what I said,  
For who are we to say a cat  
Has no soul in her head?  
With dignity she leads her life  
Gentle as a dove  
Her furry face with artless grace  
Warms my heart with love.  
But when two loving souls must part  
Who will mend one broken heart?

Hilda B. E. Lunn

**1973 Animals Fair**

ROYAL  
HORTICULTURAL  
HALL  
LONDON, S.W.1.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

23rd and 24th NOVEMBER

12 noon - 7 p.m.



**CAT ARTIST EXTRAORDINARY**

Maisie Seneshall is among the most remarkable of contemporary artists. She studied at the Glasgow School of Art, but, although a most original and talented artist, she was determined to pursue a career on the stage. She appeared at the Institut Francais, in cabaret throughout the world and was closely concerned with the early days of Television.

But Mrs. Seneshall also has a second passion - cats; and during the 1940's she discovered her remarkable gift for modelling and painting cats. This hobby developed into a flourishing little industry. At her pottery in Kensington a staff of six helped with the firing and glazing but Mrs. Seneshall alone was responsible for the modelling although she did share the subsequent painting with her most talented assistant. Mrs. Seneshall's cats - all different shapes, sizes, breeds and colours - became famous throughout the world.

Alas, tragedy struck. The lease of the

pottery came to an end in 1963 and with it this unique enterprise. A less determined character might have given in, but not Maisie Seneshall. Good fortune came in the arrival of a new patron, Heredities - the Westmorland company which commissions and casts sculpture. Their Managing Director, Mr. Timothy Abel Smith, was a great admirer of her work and she has now modelled for them a charming series of four cats - Tabby, Burmese, Persian and Siamese with hopefully more to come. This exquisite collection in cold-cast bronze is now available to a wide public from Harrods, Chinacraft, Fortnum and Mason, Selfridges and stores throughout the country at prices ranging from about £12 to £18 each. Any difficulty in finding them can be solved by contacting Heredities, Stonehill Mill, Kirkby Stephen, Westmorland. And, incidentally, if you have any of Maisie Seneshall's original cats, keep them; their value is soaring!

## IN MEMORIAM

SERAPHIN OF POLDENHILLS - 6.6.55 - 2.10.70.

To the dear memory of SERAPH and those 15 gay and valiant years. He was loved and loving and so - lives.

M. Reuse White

In memory of Mr. Hetty (one young Mr. Hett) of the loving heart. Put to sleep on November 11th 1970. Dearly loved.

J. Cohn

In loving memory of our beloved Tinker Tar, tailwaver no. 4768, who left us on October 18th 1970, after seventeen and a half years faithful friendship and love "God rest you darling little pet".

Mrs. L. Sear

"Dear BEE-BEE (1950-1965) remembered every day by his Mum F.G.S.

The mist may dim the distant hills,  
The fog engulf the River,  
In memory's eye I see you still,  
And I'll forget you never.

A. M. Caldwell

PINTA, died peacefully May 5th 1973, given a wonderful home for seven years.

Miss Brookes and Miss Hill

In loving memory of my lovely TIM. Our much loved pet for so many years, from a very sad E. and H. Kaile and M. Munden.

In loving memory of our darling 'TINKER' who died on October 29th 1954 aged 17½ years and our most beloved little 'SMUDGIE' who died on August 5th 1966 aged 13 years - also remembering several other dear pets who died many years ago but are never forgotten.

Eric and Elsa Martyr

In ever loving memory of my dearest best beloved NELL and BOY. They passed over BOY 2.12.67 and NELL 15.11.70. Re-united in our dear God's loving care.

Auntie Averil

No words, BABY, can express the void, grief, nor could replace, much loss, but deeper is your memory. April, 1972 aged nine years.

Freda Jones

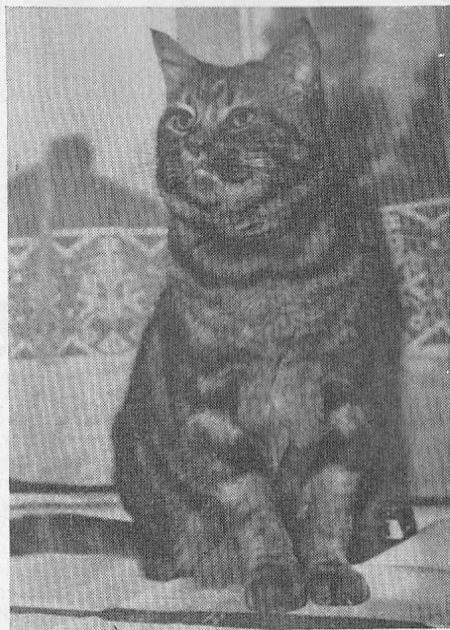
In ever loving memory of my treasured cat, Lucy, who was so affectionate and ladylike, and who, after a long and happy life (16 years) was so traumatically put to sleep in a painful, unsatisfactory manner, one year ago on 25th November. Deeply grieved.

Remembering also with deep affection dear Sweetheart Tina and The Big Cat.

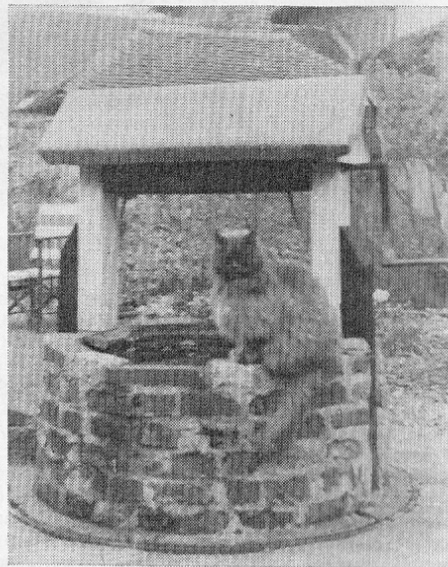
Also my neighbours' sweet little Tibby who was killed today. Aged two years.

All sadly missed.

H. Hornsby



Tamy



Pierrot

Strays

## SHOP WINDOW



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

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### 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, SM4 6EJ.

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 40p 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  
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