

**WILL YOU TRY
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER
DURING 1974?**

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

THE CAT

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO
CATS AND THEIR
WELFARE

*A Happy
and Prosperous
New Year
to all our readers*

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?'

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1974

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
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Arthur E. Parratt

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

By Membership Only		U.S.A.
Life Member	£10	\$30
Member (Annual)	£1.05	\$4
(all above include magazine)		

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

ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

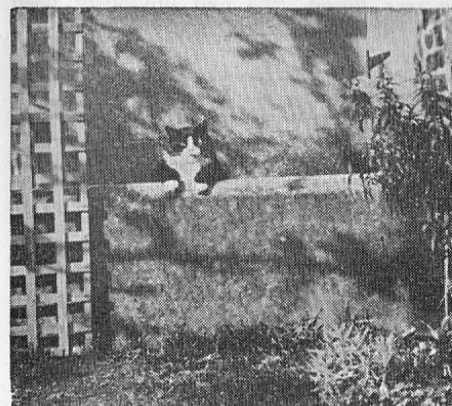
Notification of change of address.

Linen and 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

A Happy New Year to all our readers and the hopes for a brighter, happier and a more settled year in 1974, not only here at home but throughout the whole wide world.

It seems such a short time since I wrote "Once again we embark on yet another New Year and wonder what 1973 will bring in the way of fresh problems". Now it is 1974 and many of us no doubt are still a little dazed with the past year and its final fling of misery and shortages throughout the world.

Here at H.Q., however, we are waiting for the results of the League's activities in 1973. As I prepare these notes no final figures are yet available but we do know that the number of newly enrolled members during the year has already well passed last year's encouraging total. The issue of neutering vouchers has risen yet again and the latest estimate of the price paid for our Voucher Scheme has risen to a figure never considered possible. All these details will be available later in our Annual Report and meanwhile we must await the outcome of Accountants and Auditors figures before we pass them on to you, our members and readers who make so many of these activities possible.

H.Q. ON TELEVISION

I would, through these pages, like to thank the many people who wrote, following the short appearance of H.Q. on B.B.C 2 Television on the 30th November, 1973.

Unfortunately, there was time only to advise our branches and groups of this filming contained in the Money Programme, a regular weekly feature concerning finance which, for this one particular broadcast, was devoted entirely to charities.

Whilst a five minute excerpt can only touch the fringe of any charity we were given a reasonable showing and were proud to be

the only animal charity selected for the programme.

A. E. PARRATT

OBITUARY

Mrs. K. L. Simms of Belfast has written a short appreciation of the late Mrs. Jean Morrow, one of the two ladies who were responsible for the C.P.L. being founded in Belfast.

I am sure that all our readers will agree with my feelings that the original members of the Ulster branch of some 25 years ago, set a great tradition which has been carried on in a most gallant and determined manner during the recent troublesome days. The spirit that first founded the Ulster branch is as strong as ever and will, I am sure, never surrender the fight for their aims whatever the difficulties may be.

Editor

It is with deep regret we must announce the passing of Mrs. Jean Morrow, who along with myself, founded the Ulster Branch of C.P.L. in Belfast in 1947. She will be remembered and very much missed throughout her home City by many, as having worked all her life for cats and kittens, for she never said "No" to anyone reporting help needed on their behalf. With her customary compassionate dedication she had been out searching for a lost cat all the afternoon before she died so suddenly next morning.

But the good work Mrs. Morrow initiated long ago will continue at C.P.L. Belfast, as well as in her own district group of voluntary workers and admirers.

Mrs. K. L. Simms

A.G.M.

Arrangements have been made for the 1974 A.G.M., to be held on Saturday June 15th at Caxton Hall, London.

This news will be repeated later but it is hoped that an early announcement will help those members who have to make travelling plans in order to attend.

CAT COMPETITION RETURNS

In view of the uncertainties that lie ahead we have extended the final date for the return of your answers to 31st January, 1974. All answers please to Miss Lewis, 22 St. Cross Road, Winchester, Hants.

ANNIVERSARIES

January is a much remembered date in the life of the C.P.L. for as I prepare these notes I have in front of me the January edition of *The Cat* for 1955, in which I can read that the magazine entitled 'The Cat' made its bow on the 15th January, 1934 and this edition, therefore, brings 40th birthday greetings to all our readers. It is interesting to recall that the *Cat* was a direct descendent of the *Cats Mews Sheet* which first appeared in 1931 and had been the original periodical issue by The *Cats Protection League*. The Editor at that time was Miss Jessie Wade who after continuing until 1935 was then replaced by Mrs. Avery for a further 12 years of strenuous work including the war time years. The reins were then taken over by Mrs. Sheratt, still our Chairman, until Mr. Steward added these duties to those of Secretary and it is only recently that I have, in turn, inherited this task.

Again, January 1935 was the month when the League's H.Q., moved into its present home where, in spite of threatened redevelopment in recent years, we still remain quite a landmark in a rapidly changing town centre.

Also mentioned in the January, 1955 edition by Mr. Steward, our former Secretary and Editor, is Haslemere and the Memorial Home which is now playing a vital part in our activities with renewed and enlarged facilities available for the strays that are still, unfortunately, a great problem.

Although it is rather pleasant and relaxing to look back into days gone by we must, however, after pausing to remember those who worked so hard and for so long to obtain the firm foundations on which we now stand, now look to the future and even wider horizons so that the name and the work of the C.P.L., will be even more widely known throughout the length and breadth of the country and even beyond.

RUN OVER

Don't motorists stop any more if they run over an animal? We live on the Constantine-Falmouth road and in the space of four months have lost two beautiful cats, one pure white easy to see surely.

The usual enquiries were made when she went missing but it was weeks later before her

body was found. She had obviously been thrown over a hedge. Her son was killed last week and quite by chance I found him in the road shortly after he had been run over.

Both cats were wearing collars with identity discs giving our address and phone number.

I'm a motorist of many years myself and appreciate that accidents do happen. However I don't accept that one "would't know" one had hit anything. Surely the least one can do is to stop and see if anything can be done and if there is identification to let the owners know.

B. D. KERR
West Briton 25/10/73

A DOG'S LIFE FOR POOR OLD PUSS!

Hundreds of Scots families have faced weeks of worry and uncertainty over their holiday plans. All because they left to the last minute to arrange a holiday home for the family pet.

This year has been the worst ever for finding a place for cats in particular.

Every cat "boarding-house" in the West of Scotland has been fully booked for months. One in East Kilbride has had to turn away 200 in the past fortnight.

Owner Mrs. Joan Saunders said she'd been fully booked for the Glasgow Fair fortnight since February.

Some cat owners have driven all over Ayrshire and Renfrewshire trying to get their pet booked in somewhere.

The P.D.S.A. and S.P.C.A. have both been inundated with requests for accommodation.

One explanation for the acute shortage of holiday accommodation for cats is the decline in the number of vets willing to take them in.

Sunday Post 15/7/73

Whilst reading the above article, extracted from the *Sunday Post* of last July, can we remind our readers and ask them to remind all their friends to book their pets accommodation at the same time of making their own holiday arrangements.

Every year we at H.Q., and our branches are overwhelmed by enquiries regarding last minute information for boarding catteries. Please, therefore, remind yourselves and your friends of the necessity of early booking of holiday accommodation for your pets wherever you may happen to reside.

TOM CAT TIMMY RESCUED BY PC

*Timmy the tom cat went out
on the prowl*

*And thought to himself "I'll
be like an owl."*

*Perched at the top of an oak
tree all night.*

*When morning appeared, oh,
what a fright!*

Twenty feet up is easy to climb,

But twenty feet down . . .

Timmy's owner, Mrs. M. Fish, of Hanworth Common, and her two daughters spent all yesterday morning trying to get the petrified pussy down from his elevated night haunt, but without success.

Eventually after much calling of "Timmy, Timmy . . ." and much mewing and miaowing there came to the rescue P.C. Paul Yeomans with a 20-ft. Ladder.

P.C. Yeomans, from Northrepps, near Cromer, gets all the good jobs. In April, during a howling gale, he was given the task of chasing Oliver, the escaped ostrich, across Kelling Heath.

A policeman's lot . . .

Eastern Evening News 13.10.73

THE CAT THAT FEARS A HOUSING PROBLEM

"Our cat had a bad time as a stray, before we adopted her, and has always been nervous, but in the last month she has become positively terrified," writes a reader. "We think she must have had a fright of some kind.

"First of all she clung to the house and wouldn't go out. Then she went out and stayed out for two days, eventually creeping in to get some food.

"Since then we have kept her in, but we have great difficulty in getting her to come to us. She had become just as scared as she was when we first took her in three years ago.

"As we are moving house in two weeks, we feel we may lose her altogether, and in view of the awful time she had before, we are very worried about her."

It is not a fright which has upset the cat but the impending removal. She senses it and wonders what is going to happen to her.

Animals know about such things. Don't ask me how. They seem to pick up the knowledge from the minds of their owners.

I have often seen it in cats.

One at a house I used to visit offered me no more than perfunctory courtesies, but when its owners were preparing to move, it leapt repeatedly into my lap and implored me to give it a home. It thought it was going to be deserted.

A good deal depends on a cat's previous history. My own cats are confident creatures who take removals in their stride. They know that whatever happens a place will be prepared for them.

A cat which has had a bad time as a stray is especially liable to feelings of insecurity. This one feels her little world is falling apart.

She thinks she is going to become a stray again and has reverted to the state of mind she was in then.

I advise my reader to put her in a cattery until the move is completed. Otherwise

she may bolt during the general upheaval and become lost again.

A spell in a cattery will calm her down. A cage is a refuge as well as a place of confinement.

Then when everything is settled at the new house, bring the cat in, and keep her inside for a week or two until she had got used to her new surroundings.

*Evening News, Saturday
22/10/73*

FAT OLIVE DROPS OUT TO A NEW RECORD

Fat Olive set a new freefall record when he fell out of a 16-storey block of flats in Toronto, Canada.

Fat Olive is a tomcat. His trip—which ended when he hit the pavement at an estimated 100 m.p.h.—resulted in nothing worse than two broken paws.

The previous holder of the feline fall record was an English tomcat called Pussycat which fell from an 11-storey building in 1965. How did these cats survive?

A vet says: "Cats have a kind of shock absorber system in their paws and legs which prevents a lot of nasty accidents."

"Weekend" October 10/16/73

SHREW TAMES CAT

Surlingham October 14.

Both common and pygmy shrews occupy our house from time to time. Once in a while they have nested and produced families within the building; but more often our visitors turn up at the end of summer or in September as their lives are drawing to a close.

It seems almost as though they feel a special need for comfort indoors, at this time, while younger shrews take over their old hunting grounds outside.

The pensioners grow fat on household scraps and accept almost anything in the way of food, including such things as potato and apple peelings, jam, treacle, bread-crumbs, cheese soap, fish and butter.

They scurry along, following regular routes from room to room several times a day, but always taking time off for sleep between each patrol.

Many years ago we had a cat which sometimes killed the shrews but never ate them. When a common shrew took up residence in our kitchen, this cat used to watch it jealously but never interfered.

I have just been reminded of this episode on hearing from a friend that a shrew has been enjoying the hospitality of her house for the past month not only in the presence of a cat, but apparently with the cat's approval.

On several occasions the small intruder has been seen feeding on the cat's favourite food,

consisting of pilchards in tomato sauce, with Puss looking on quite unconcerned.

I am just wondering whether aged shrews are even better protected by repellent scent glands than are younger animals so far as cats are concerned.

E.A.E.
Eastern Daily Express
15/10/73

CATNAP IN THE FRUIT MACHINE FOR SMUDGE

Cats are notoriously curious and Smudge, the eight-year-old pet of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Watling, of the Three Crowns, Hurdsfield, is even more inquisitive than some.

It was her curiosity which led to her being trapped by a bandit for three hours on Friday afternoon.

When Smudge went missing, her owners looked everywhere they thought she might possibly be, without success. Then feint miaows led them to her whereabouts—inside the pub's one armed bandit.

The machine had been opened earlier in the afternoon when a cashier called to empty the cash box. And it was during the cashing-up operations that Smudge curious about the inner workings, must have crept inside. The cash box was replaced, the machine locked up and Smudge was "catnapped".

It took a phone call and another visit by the one armed bandit firm to secure her release, none the worse for her experience.

Macclesfield Express 20/12/73

KILLER AT LARGE Wild cats on the increase—so watch out

There was a panic at Sherwood Zoo, Hucknall, Nottinghamshire, recently when a wildcat escaped as it was being unloaded from a van.

The wildcat (*felis silvestris*) is probably the most dangerous wild animal in Britain. A ruthless killer, it preys on poultry, rabbits, young deer and lambs as well as birds and squirrels. And it will even attack human beings if cornered and frightened.

Locked up

So when the wildcat escaped, police alerted children in the area to stay away—and make sure their pets were locked up.

Fortunately the cat was captured and locked up in its cage within an hour.

Mrs. Estella Lacey, a director of the zoo, told *Junior Weekend*: "It didn't leave the vicinity of the zoo and we were able to lure it into its cage by preparing a tasty meal of sheep's head."

Mrs. Lacey said she would rather go into a lion's cage than a wildcat's cage.

"The lion in captivity is lazy and predictable. The wildcat is vicious, nervous and always unpredictable," she said.

A century ago the wildcat was almost extinct in Britain. Only a few inhabited the northern part of Scotland, where they were shot on sight by game-keepers.

But now they are increasing—and coming south. In the past 10 years they have been seen in the lowlands of Scotland and on the English border.

Unearthly

This is because of the creation of new forests by the Forestry Commission—which is traditionally the wildcat's favourite hunting ground.

The wildcat is about twice the size of a domestic cat. One killed in 1935 was nearly 4ft long and weighed 24lb.

Its teeth and claws are more developed, it has a frightening, unearthly scream and with stripes more distinct than the domestic cat it well deserves its nickname—"the British tiger." *Weekend*, 11/14-20/73

SUPERPUSS LIVES FIVE WEEKS TRAPPED IN LOFT

Queenie is the cat's whiskers... when it comes to survival. She's tough. A real superpuss in fact.

For this week she was alive and well—after five weeks trapped in a small loft.

Tortoiseshell Queenie's lesson in survival began when her owner, 39-year-old Mrs. Valerie Baynes, took her to an old cottage she is buying in a North Devon village.

When Mrs. Baynes packed to return to London, four-year-old Queenie was nowhere to be found—and she had to go without her.

A few days later her advertising executive husband returned to the cottage—in Chittlehamholt, near South Molton—but still could not find Queenie.

Mrs. Baynes of Arlington Road, Camden Town, London, gave her pet up for dead. Until another visit to the cottage—five weeks after Queenie went missing.

Mrs. Baynes heard a faint noise in the loft. She opened it up. There was superpuss—desperate for a good meal.

Amazed

Said Mrs. Baynes: "I was amazed. She had lost a tremendous amount of weight and was only about 2lb.—but was otherwise perfectly all right.

"I can only think she nipped up into the loft when our electrician was working there and got shut in.

"She is obviously a tremendous survivor. She now heeps on coming up for "seconds after her meals. Perhaps she thinks there is going to be another time—and is preparing for it."

Yesterday experts thought four-year-old Queenie could have survived by eating

beetles in the loft—and perhaps the odd bird and mouse.

And probably the uncovered supply tank in the loft gave her a source of water.

Sunday People 23/9/73

THE NOISE THAT HAD FOUR LEGS . . .

The faint "whirr" from under the bonnet of the M.P.'s sports car puzzled Newquay Airport receptionist Mrs. Maureen Martin... for the car had been parked since the previous evening and the engine was stone cold.

The car belonged to Mr. David Mudd, the Member for Falmouth-Camborne and he had flown off to London 12 hours before.

She notified British Midland station manager Mr. Peter Barnes who hurried to the parking lot with an engineer.

Together the trio listened to the peculiar noise from the bowels of the V8 engine—and looked at each other uncertainly. Could that "whirr" possibly be a "purr"?

They opened the bonnet and there, sitting among the camshafts and plug leads was one oily, wide-eyed kitten.

A quick bath soon put the shine back on the kitten's fur and Mrs. Martin then took home "Engine"—that's the name given to their new mascot by the airport staff.

Officials were convinced that the cat had intended to do a Dick Whittington-type accompanying mission to London with Mr. Mudd.

They were sure it must have crawled into the engine compartment at Mr. Mudd's home and then spent the 16-mile drive to the airport under the bonnet.

But Mr. Mudd put a less romantic end to the story this week. He explained: "Only a few minutes before leaving my car I had the oil topped up—and there was definitely no kitten in the engine then.

"And I'm afraid, any kitten would have been pulped into feline oblivion had it been in the engine compartment during the journey. It simply would'nt have survived.

"Before leaving my car I noticed one or two odd food boxes near where I parked it. Perhaps the kitten's mother went off rattling and the baby found refuge in the engine, attracted by its warmth."

Despite all the fuss "Engine" remains undaunted. The fluffy tabby has settled very snugly into its new home, where new found pals include a dog and a Siamese cat. As Mrs. Martin observed the kitten is coming along purrfectly... *The West Briton* 29/11/73.

WHISKEY THE CAT IN TIGHT SPOT

Mews for help saved seven-year-old Whiskey, the tabby cat trapped for hours

yesterday in a narrow gap between two walls.

How he got himself into this tight spot is likely to remain a mystery, but he disappeared during a morning stroll, and it needed a mini demolition job by a Norwich R.S.P.C.A. official to free him.

Whiskey's owner Mrs. Freda Culyer of 93 Maggie Road, Norwich let him out at 7.30 a.m. but after two hours he failed to return.

"I got a bit anxious because he never strays, so I started searching," she said.

Alert

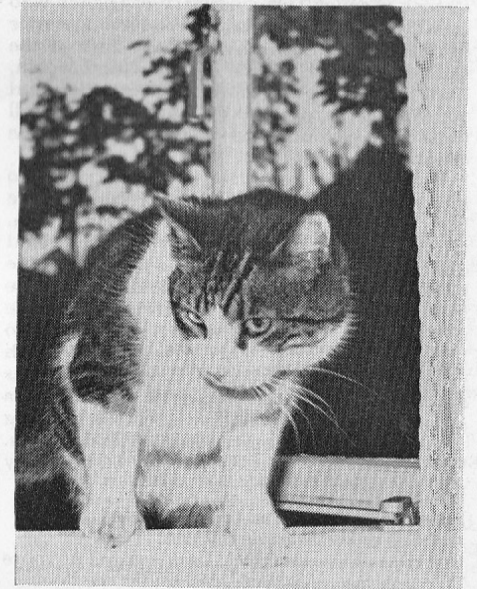
Eventually she heard Whiskey's calls for help, but still she could not find him. The mews seemed to come from the wall dividing numbers 81 and 83, Maggie Road, but that was all.

The R.S.P.C.A. were alerted and finally Mr. Eric Lacey, manager of the animals' home in Drayton Road came to the rescue.

He freed the cat, six hours after being trapped, by chipping away the brickwork at the foot of one of the walls, to make a hole big enough for escape. Whiskey appeared to be none the worse for the adventure.

Eastern Evening News 6/11/73.

N.B. Mr. Lacey was, at one time, in charge of the North London Shelter. EDITOR



BILL

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

Once again we face a New Year and wonder somewhat apprehensively just what it has in store for us and how we shall cope with the problems it will undoubtedly bring. 1973 on the whole was a satisfactory year and although the final figures are not yet available, we feel sure that we have exceeded previous years in the number of cats rescued, neutered and placed.

In the matter of fund raising we have tried one or two new ventures and where these have proved profitable we shall repeat them. The Victoriana exhibition on November 6th was a great success, bringing in a useful contribution to funds and also giving us a pleasant social evening.

The Autumn Bazaar on November 10th was busy but profitable as was the annual Animal Fayre on November 24th. After two more coffee evenings in December we are left with very little to sell, but we hope to restock through the generosity of friends who usually come to the rescue. We have a winter jumble sale on Saturday January 26th at the Bonner Hall, Hunters Road, Handsworth, 11.30 a.m. to 3 p.m., more coffee evenings and our Spring bazaar — dates and details of all these will be published in our newsletter as usual.

During this last year we have had so many calls for help with cats which have been left to fend for themselves and which, after a time, have become very timid and difficult to rehabilitate, and so often we have been called in too late. If you find one of these little ones, do please try to win its confidence not only by feeding it, but by attempting to handle it as well. This gives it so much greater a chance of being rehoused, and this applies as well to kittens born outside. This appalling habit of abandoning cats is growing — one of our Kingstanding friends, Mrs. Hammond, has written us one of her very moving poems on the subject:—

I used to be loved and fussed and fed,
In front of the fire was my bed.
But times have changed, I am wanted no more
To catch the mice that lived under the floor.
I am not allowed on plush carpets
Or posh cushions that are scattered around.

Under a hedge, soil for my bed,
A tummy with hunger that gnaws with ache.
Cold winter nights, frost on my paws.
I wish someone would love me once more.

If we can during these next three months carry out a really intensive rescue and neutering campaign among the stray and neglected cats, the kitten explosion in the Spring will be considerable lessened. To do this we need help from all of you, practical help, with transport, use of telephone, home finding and vetting, — feeling pity towards the cats is not enough — 'Compassion means Action', and as long as there are so few of us actively engaged in the work of C.P.L. the problem will never be solved, but it can be with more helpers. What are you doing about it?
F. PRIMMETT

DERBY BRANCH

We were overwhelmed by the generosity of many members and cat lovers throughout the country. We appealed for useful articles for re-sale at our Charity Shop in the August magazine, and for new money-making ideas in general. Our grateful thanks go to the many people who sent us parcels and donations. The Charity Shop was a great success and we all enjoyed working in it. We would also like to thank Miss Marjorie M. Storr for passing on her ideas of "sunshine bags" to us and for her donations.

Just a few days ago we reached agreement with the Public Health Department about equipment they are buying for us (we were recently awarded £100 Grant for this purpose). This equipment is to be used for catching the many stray cats still living and breeding around various business premises and demolition sites. (Doubled-edged really, as the Council, in this way, hand over their responsibilities totally to us!) We have done a great deal to alleviate this problem during the hot weather. Many more animals, though, will suffer another winter of cold and starvation unless we can bring them inside. We would like to take this opportunity of sending our thanks and good wishes to Miss Durell, who has sent us donations, and for her latest donation which she wishes us to devote to food for these demolition site cats — we can assure her this will be done.

DERBY—cont.

For the first time, acting on a suggestion by our Chairman, Steve Pratley, we held a Flag Day for C.P.L. We had a permit for just one part of the town centre, and, despite the very cold October day and competition from several other charities, we collected around £50. We wholeheartedly recommend this idea to other Branches as a money maker, if they have not yet tried it. We had very few collectors, only one or two collecting at a time for two hour sessions. Much more money could have been raised if we had had more helpers. We will be holding another Flag Day in 1974.

On 24th November we held our usual Christmas Bazaar. We were slightly hampered by the fact that we could only rent one room instead of our usual two, so all our spare stock had to be piled under tables and in every odd corner. I had never been at the opening of a bazaar before and was amazed at the tidal-wave of early bargain-hunters which swept into the room the second we opened. It was a good event and well worth the effort. We were most grateful to the fourteen non-members who came along to help, as we were particularly short of helpers this year. The Guild Hall has become very popular for bazaars and the like, and our 1974 events are all booked, including the 1974 Christmas Bazaar, and our deposits paid.

April 1974 heralds our first five years of C.P.L. Derby and we are holding a dinner to celebrate this very important anniversary. We hope we can make this an annual event. For members we rarely see, please note our summer trip is to be held again this year — probably York. Welcome to new members Mrs. E. E. Fitzpatrick of Dovedale, and Mrs. M. White of Derby.

We are pleased to report that our Cattery is fine, and of course our doors are again open after our outbreak of cat 'flu during the late summer. As always, our grateful thanks to our hard-working members, who have done so much to make our fund-raising events so successful.

In closing, we would like to say how delighted and proud we were to see our H.Q. at Slough on Television on 30th November last. Congratulations to all who made it possible, and in particular to Mr. Parratt.

(Mrs.) DOREAN SINCLAIR
Publicity Officer, C.P.L. Derby.

2 Windermere Drive, Spondon, Derby.

GLOSSOP AND DISTRICT BRANCH

The festive season is now over and here in the North it is really winter.

Any time now we shall start getting calls asking us to collect young cats found shivering in doorways, or searching dustbins for food.

They were presents given to little Johny who is now tired of them, or perhaps they are no longer cute fluffy balls as they appeared on Christmas Day, and so out they go.

We issue about 50 neutering vouchers a month, what a wonderful achievement it will be when the number of kittens to be found is only equal to the number of kind homes.

1974 will be a busy year for Glossop Branch, we have worked hard in the past year to stay in existence, and now we must struggle even harder to improve the service we provide for our Tailwavers.

The cattery we use will be closing in a few months time, so new accommodation must be found, and in common with most other branches our urgent need is money.

Several new members have recently joined us, and to them we say a big welcome.

Our thanks also to Mrs. Ward for organising a most successful Xmas raffle, and to our anonymous friends who have sent a rag doll and clothes, two £1 postal orders and £1 from pussy Delilah.

Beauty and Baby have now left us, and Winnie, who was kindly adopted by Miss Collins, has also found a good home with two elderly gentlemen in a newsagents shop.

Tiggy, a grand old lady of 13, has just come to us because of the marriage of her owner, an elderly pensioner to another pensioner who owns two budgies. Poor Tiggy was not kind to her new sisters.

Our next big effort will be the Easter Market, please remember us when you are springcleaning. We shall be most grateful for unwanted jewellery, cosmetics or any saleable articles. Every little will help to get new accommodation for our Tailwavers.

D. E. HOOPER
Ivy House, Glossop Road, Chisworth,
Broadbottom, Hyde, Ches.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH

May we wish all members and readers a happy and prosperous New Year and also express our hopes that 1974 will see a lessening in the problem of stray and unwanted cats.

We have, shortly before writing this report, had a stall at the Animals' Fair at the Horticultural Hall where so many friends made themselves known to us. Thanks to Head quarters, we enlarged our funds and made new friends at this function.

Our own bazaar on the 14th December, was a wonderful success, our takings breaking all past records. We thank all our helpers — and those many members who came to buy.

Work at the shelter proceeds as normal. We are not so busy now that the breeding season has finished, which gives us more time to worry about our finances and the rapidly rising cost of all charges.

NORTH LONDON BRANCH—cont.

We had so many beautiful cats at the shelter and, it seems, so little chance of finding them homes. Will you please try to find just one good home for us in 1974.

Our next Jumble Sale is on the 9th March, 1974., at 602A Holloway Road, London N.19 Any goods for the sale will be very gladly received and collected if not too far.

Please also note in your diary the 6th April, 1974 when we hold our Branch A.G.M. in the May Williams Hall at 602A Holloway Road, London, N.19 at 6.00 p.m. We shall hold a small sale before the meeting and hope to have a short film show and refreshments afterwards. So please try to come.

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

LONDON COMMITTEE NOTES

One more year has flashed past. We have just been going over our records, and I have discovered that if, in the two weeks left to us, we find five more homes, we will have exactly doubled our number of homes found in 1973. This is thanks to our home-hunters co-operative, which is one of our best activities.

I should like to spend a lot of time and take up our space to thank all our helpers. I am grateful to them, and to the way they put up with all the difficulties which I am always placing in their laps; but just as I am thinking out pretty phrases and nice things to say, I am struck by another idea of something coming in the future yes Have you guessed? ANIMAL FLAG DAY is coming soon - very soon Who is going to help? We did wonders last year, from 14 helpers, our figures leapt up into the forties, and the result was magnificent. Now, will everyone who helped last year want to help again? Will there be some new helpers? Will we get our total? I have taken the plunge and asked for one hundred boxes. Are there a hundred people willing to help? For new readers, there are several ways of helping. The first and worst is actually going into the streets and selling the emblems, in the city of London on Friday 26th April, and in the rest of London Area on Saturday 27th, which is THE day. This is the one day of the year when we can have money from everyone just by asking, only I know asking is something most people hate to do. There are other ways of helping, from Sunday 21st for the entire week, house-to-house selling can be done. This can bring in a golden harvest to anyone who is intrepid enough to undertake it. For those who really cannot bring themselves to do these things, they might perhaps arrange to put a box for us into local shops, or take a box to work - or send us a special donation to add to our total. I would be very glad to hear from every-

one who will help. I will send boxes, etc., as soon as they are wanted, or they can be collected at our Big Spring Bazaar, which will be on

SATURDAY 20th APRIL

at the

Philbeach Hall, Philbeach Gardens, S.W.5

This is very near Earls Court Station, and we count on all our friends coming to see us there. Please note the date. At the RESCUE CENTRE, cats continue to come in and out. Our greatest triumph is Popette, who was the very worst kitten we ever had, small, dirty and frightened, with needle teeth, as I soon found out. Popette was turned into an adorable little cuddly kitten, shining white and full of fun. To me it is a joy to look at her. She is not the only one, but she typifies what we are doing, and what really is worth doing. My only hope is that the work may go on. There is no denying that the rising prices are frightening, I sometimes wonder how much longer we can keep afloat, but with the help of all our kind friends, we are going on into the new year with every cat and kitten we can possibly fit in, and great hopes. Thanks to you all.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

SUSSEX BRANCH

To all our Cat loving friends everywhere a Very Happy New Year, and to all cats, loving homes and full dishes for 1974.

Our first duty this new year is a very pleasant one, to thank all our members for their magnificent help at our Christmas Sale which enabled us to make just over £90. Donations are still coming in, and gifts for Christmas fare for the cats in residence here at the Annexe and at Cat Haven, have been gratefully received and we do thank you for your support. So many gifts have come for the Timid Cats and it is good to report that they have settled in here and are now quite at home, sitting around the fire with the others quite happily, and growing bigger and more beautiful each day.

We now think on to this new year and what it will bring. Surely not so many unwanted kittens and deserted cats as in 1973; lucky as we have been with the offers of homes. But whatever occurs, with the friends made and help given, we go confidently into 1974 to do whatever good we can to help the sad eyed little ones that come into our care.

Our Best Wishes to you all. P. MARK

ULSTER BRANCH

Greetings and good wishes for the New Year to friends and members everywhere. May I take this opportunity of thanking all who helped us so generously in the past twelve months and express the hope that you will continue to do so in 1974. Ulster, alas, is not

ULSTER—cont.

yet out of the woods and we still face difficulties and frustrations as we struggle to help as many cats as possible.

First of all I want briefly to look back to the Autumn activities. The Hallowe'en Party was a wee bit disappointing in that we had a small attendance, so we take it parties are not all that popular and have noted accordingly. I think those who did come enjoyed the afternoon and while it was not a fund-raising effort as such, we managed to knock up around £16. In October we ran a Jumble Sale which was rather a wash-out - more about this later. A "Tots to Teens Boutique" in November brought in a little over £30 and later in the month we had our Annual Sale (a much scaled down version since we can no longer have it in the City) and this made £225. Included in the total was £16 raised by Mrs. Paul of Antrim in another of her solo efforts - we thank her warmly and all who helped at any of our events. The final effort for 1973 was a Christmas Coffee Party and Sale in the Knock district which brought in about £190, a little less than last year unfortunately.

Now for a look ahead. We intend to start off with an Auction early in February. We expect you will find a notice about it with a list of some of the articles to be disposed of in the current Magazine. However we would welcome *more* suitable items so please see if you can find anything and pass it to any Committee member or leave it at the Shelter. We want to make a LOT of money. We have arranged the Annual General Meeting for Saturday, 30th March and between Easter and the end of June we hope to have our Bangor Coffee Party and Open Day at the Shelter. Definite dates will be announced later.

Some time ago I indicated that we were trying to compile a list of boarding kennels which we could recommend to the many people who ring us about this, starting early in the year. It seemed to me that a lot of our members must board their cats for holiday periods and I expected a massive response. Will you believe me when I say that I got one reply! Only ONE. I have always felt that we lacked good boarding kennels in Ulster, but it can't be that bad. So I repeat the request, because strange though it may seem at the moment to say it - summer is coming. Please help us in this connection - all comments appreciated.

Now for a few notices which I trust you will read and note because they are IMPORTANT.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

Now ALL due in March. If you usually pay in January or February we'll mark you

as paid till March, 1975. Those whose subscriptions are due in April/May might let us have them in March. For the rest we leave it to yourselves, but should you be in doubt contact the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. L. Dillon, 19 Ferndale Avenue, Lisburn. Phone No. Lisburn, 4941. May I again draw attention to the fact that if you are one of the unfortunates who pay Income Tax and are willing to covenant your subscription Mr. S. Hill, 19 Bawnmore Road, Belfast 9 would like to hear from you. Phone No. 660138. He has already roped in most of the Committee but there must be many others who could join in this easy way of raising a little extra cash for the pussies. Still on the subject of money - have you a Collecting Tin. If so please return it and we'll replace it with a new type of box.

JUMBLE SALES

Jumble Sales seem to be on the wane. The last three have been time-wasters with little financial gain so we have decided to discontinue them for the present. However we still want good-quality nearly-new clothes for our "boutique" and any items suitable for a White Elephant stall so we hope you will continue to collect these.

USED STAMPS

Mr. Liken was almost in tears when he had to discard 200 stamps because they had been so closely clipped that the perforations were damaged. He begs you to leave at least a half inch margin all round the stamp. Please keep on sending them to him at 61 Cherryhill Road, Dundonald. Ask your friends to save them for you - its amazing how many go into the wastepaper basket.

MAGAZINES

Since Miss Bradshaw took over as Magazine Secretary, she has had Mrs. Liken, Mrs. McCulloch and myself scooting round the Knock and Dundonald district delivering magazines. Between us we cope with some fifty of them, a considerable saving of postage. We wonder if we could extend this to other areas? If you know that there are several members in or around and would be prepared to deliver their magazines, please phone Miss Bradshaw, (Dundonald 3431).

HOMES FOR THE CATS

Our most urgent need. Please try very hard to find a home "for one, or more, in '74". For the most part, though, we get new homes through advertising and it's expensive, so we suggest that possibly some members would be willing to sponsor an advertisement, the approximate cost would be £1.60 for four nights (one is free). Miss Gulston would be pleased to hear from you. Her address is 25 King's drive, Belfast, 5. Phone 657584. By the way we hope you all managed to see the Shelter on Television. It created an

ULSTER—cont.

excellent impression and we are grateful to the B.B.C. and the Scene around Six team for giving us this welcome publicity.

Finally, may I thank the anonymous friend (post mark Kentish Town) for kind donation as well as all who send stamps and envelopes with no name enclosed.

ELIZABETH McKEE
BELFAST

WEST CORNWALL BRANCH

Another Year upon us and an optimistic approach is needed. With so many moans and whines going on all around us, one tends to retaliate with more complaints. But now we have decided to turn the tables on ourselves. When we are abused we will smile, when the phone is put down on us when we are unable to meet an instant demand we will laugh, when we receive nasty letters we will burn them, without a thought of writing something nasty back. Pipe dreams? well we do try every New Year and we are convinced that at last we have conquered our hot headed emotions and we intend to react in a cool logical way. Did I hear someone mention old age? Your dead right . . . So now dear readers you may realise that aggression is completely wasted on us and we will be getting on with the job in hand, helping the cats.

With the unusual increased numbers of kittens this year our catteries are very full and much time is needed looking after these cats. We realise that it could be kinder to have them put to sleep and use the time and money on fund raising or chatting up the public, but to us the cat care is a bonus we need for preserving our sanity. The therapeutic value of the company of cats should not be overlooked. We feel this particularly when an aged person is deprived of a much loved pet because the home or house of a relative is unable to take animals. It is distressing to attempt to comfort these poor souls who do not seem to understand their position any more than the cat does.

It seems positively cruel to part old people from their pets and we cannot understand why some provision is not made for at least one animal in old peoples homes. However we hope to look after these lovely redundant cats for as long as possible, they are happy with us until the right homes come along, and their old friends are happy in the knowledge that their beloved cats haven't been destroyed.

We heard someone call us "the Cat Dump" once and we are just that. Whenever our back is turned, especially if we have to go out socially, a cat, some cats, or bags of kittens are dumped outside or over our gates. A few days ago it was two adorable tabby half grown cats, we found them as we were

on our way to a lecture. They were in a shopping bag with a pathetic note but no address etc. It will be easy to find homes for them, but what would have happened to them if we had gone out a few minutes earlier. Frightened cats on the loose can end up in awful predicaments, luckily this story ended happily. (Yes thank you we did enjoy the lecture).

Happy New Year to you all.

K. BEESLEY

FLATTEN THE TIN

With reference to the cat who had his head trapped in a tin, occurrences like this could be avoided if people would spare a moment to flatten the openings of tins before putting them in the bin.

I have done this since seeing an item on the children's programme Blue Peter where it was mentioned that injury and death can be caused to animals by tins left open.

The lid should be put inside the tin before the opening is flattened.

SHEILA M. DORMER
Manchester Evening News

WANTED

Furnished or unfurnished cottage or house at moderate rental or similar accommodation for six months with garden suitable for several cats. Any information or offers to Headquarters please for onward transmission to lady desperately in need.

WANTED

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



GULSARY

MEMBERS' CORNER

Some of your animal-loving readers who watched the interesting TV programme about Ascension Island on Sunday 9th September, may have been worried about the fate of the hundreds of wild cats who live there.

I have just received an airletter from the island's public health inspector, Mr. Ernest Riddiough, who states, "For many years the cats have been a nuisance on this island and do tremendous damage to many of the rather rare sea birds here, and to the turtle eggs and young turtles when they hatch out. Some control is therefore necessary, but I can assure you that no such crude methods as chasing them with packs of dogs or shooting them are used. We trap them using R.S.P.C.A. approved traps which capture them alive and unharmed. They are then gassed in a gas-box. On one or two occasions poison has been used when they were doing excessive damage to young birds, or when turtles were hatching. At that time they are very difficult to trap as they have an abundance of food. Once the birds leave the island they no doubt have a difficult time finding food, and unless their numbers are controlled, many would die of starvation. They are prolific breeders and do not diminish appreciably in numbers in spite of our efforts." As only 56 cats were destroyed in 1971, it would appear that a far greater number perished by various natural causes, probably more painful than being gassed. In this country literally hundreds of thousands of cats are destroyed annually by the R.S.P.C.A. by the same method. It should be possible here to prevent cats going astray, and to prevent excessive breeding, so reducing the need for the destruction of such beautiful creatures. The problem in Ascension Island is relatively much more serious. But cat lovers can rest assured that it is being humanely dealt with by Mr. Riddiough and his staff in difficult circumstances of terrain, climate etc. An excellent book about Ascension Island by Duff Hart-Davis is available which gives many interesting facts about this remote outpost of empire. M. HUGH-JONES

LINES TO AN UNKNOWN CAT

I should like to know you and wish that you
would call

Instead of simply sitting upon my garden wall.
Your coat is stark and matted
And both your ears are torn,
You're just a feline vagrant -
No proper home at all.

But I could give you shelter and milk with
meat and fish,
Served regularly and punctually upon a
special dish.

With loving care and kindness
Your coat could gleam like silk.
If you would share my fireside
I'd grant your every wish.

HILDA B. E. LUNN

BLACK AND BEAUTIFUL

She moves towards me soundlessly
Light as the feathered breeze.
Black and beautiful, she waves
Her flag-like tail to tease.

Amber eyes like sleepy flowers
Caress as a velvet glove.
Peacefully pulsating purrs
Assure me of her love.

What does she think, this gentle cat
Who shares her life with me?
The heartache of such transience
Is sad reality.

HILDA B. E. LUNN

BEDTIME FOR BETSY

Comfortably coiled and contentedly cushioned
The little black kitten prepares for her nap;
Wearied with washing, her purrs growing
fainter,

She nestles herself in the warmth of my lap.
Peacefully she sleeps in the somnolent silence,
Gently I fondle her small velvet head,
But unlike the little black cat I am sleepless -
Reluctant to leave her and go to my bed.

HILDA LUNN

THOUGHTS FROM A - STRAY

Will she be waiting when I call?
Sometimes I come in vain
And sit for hours with folded paws
In sunshine and in rain.

It's not that I have other things
To do but wait and yet
I sometimes feel unhappy
In case she should forget.

For many years I've called each day
With hunger, thirst and hope.
She is the only friend I have
Who gives me strength to cope.

Although I've always lived alone
And sleep beneath the sky,
I need to know that someone cares
If I should live or die.

HILDA B. E. LUNN

OF NO FIXED ABODE

Ambling down the garden path,
Battle-scarred head high,
The feline tramp with hungry jaws
Utters his lonesome cry.

With folded paws he hopefully waits
Tea-coosied on the grass.
His amber eyes are burning bright
And follow as I pass.

Sometimes it seems that we belong
And have no other friend.

He comes for food and love which means
He justifies my end.

HILDA LUNN

CHE

The true story of a kitten

Ché was all alone now in the cage in the pet-shop window, where only half-an-hour ago Louise's warmth had been pressed against him.

It was awful when they abstracted her from his side to show to the little girl; - all white and fluffy, Louise was, with a black nose, where Ché was all black and fluffy with a white nose. Unfortunately some of the black had run on to his white nose, which gave him an untidy, blotted, and slightly comical look.

They snatched him up as well to show to the little girl, but she burst into tears at the sight of him, and hurriedly threw herself on to Louise.

And that was the last he saw of Louise, being carried out of the shop in the little girl's arms. Back in the window, with his head on one side, he watched them going up the street for quite a long time; then he sneezed, and Louise was gone.

It takes a great deal of courage to wait when you don't know what you are waiting for, but that's what Ché did, sitting neatly there in the middle of the cage, his head poked proudly up - and if his eyes were blank with terror, that's between you and me.

He couldn't have known it was nearly closing-time, but he did know he'd been there a long time, and he did know it was late, because lights were going on in the street outside. It was starting to rain; umbrellas were going up, and people were hurrying home for the evening - they were in no mood to stop and cluck pityingly at his small forlorn person.

It was then that Miranda was blown up against the window. Her person was not very large either, though she was grown-up, and had no tail, nor had her nose run. Otherwise, like called to like, because Miranda, too, had tremendous courage, and Miranda too, at this moment, felt it was all she possessed. She was going home after her day's work in the city to her tiny flat, and the budgerigar who used to chirrup to her when she opened the door, had fallen down dead last week, because he was lonely. It was rather a frightening thought to Miranda

Anyway, there they were, one on each side of the window, and their eyes seemed to cling together. Miranda was chiefly conscious of a swelly feeling in her tummy, as though she'd had too much pudding, when she thought what it must be like to be alone in the middle of a cage in a window, and Ché thought it was

like having Louise there again, Miranda pressed so tight against the window.

But oh, - he didn't want her to go away - ! All his pussy-will surged out through his frightened eyes to hold her there; his small body shook, and a faint despairing mew opened his mouth.

Miranda, a careful girl usually, who thought ahead, found herself in the shop, and they put Ché into her arms, and he clung to her, only asking dumbly not to go back into the cage. Miranda didn't seem to mind that his nose had 'run' - perhaps she couldn't see it for some tears that had gathered, and she also didn't see - and certainly didn't care - what she looked like, swaying in a tube with a black kitten clinging to her, and a bag of cat-litter knocking into people. - "One move at a time -" she said to herself - "At least there'll be someone to welcome me home . . ."

Ché was very pleased to be in Miranda's flat. It was far bigger than the cage, and you could jump up on the table and look out at a minute square of grass far down below you. Miranda took him down there sometimes, but he didn't seem to know what to do, and generally he made his own arrangements in the way provided upstairs. He was adamant with himself about making no mistakes about this. And then, after the long hours dozing in the sun, yawning, catching flies, or chewing Miranda's slippers, it was exciting to hear the rattle of platform-shoes running upstairs, and Miranda's voice calling "Ché! Ché!" - as the door opened, and he was folded in her arms . . . Yes, this was the life, and Ché didn't bother himself it could ever change.

But unfortunately change is what does happen to lives, and when Miranda got in a train, and went up to see her friends in the North, leaving a friendly neighbour to keep an eye on Ché for a day or two, Ché couldn't know that fate had settled his hash, as they say in the aforesaid North. Miranda couldn't know that hers was settled too, but she soon did know she was going to have bigger duties than looking after kittens, and the loneliness that had made the possession of Ché so precious had passed for ever.

But she still wanted Ché - so loving and full of fun; so co-operative and endearing. Where could he go till the new home in the North was ready? Well, Miranda took him with her to live with her friends up there. At first it was a bit trying for them - he was only a kitten after all, and he still distrusted the great outdoors; as you remember, he only knew cities and inside loos. Still, they put it near the back-door to encourage him, and now and again he took a puzzled peep out after his conscientious heavens on it. His tail had grown, and had to be left carefully over the side now.

It was a lovely old house, and it sported a cupboard in the wainscot downstairs. Mostly they kept old newspapers in it, but mostly Ché could get in too - if there were too many there, he just worked them out for people to pick up. It was delicious in the wainscot cupboard, with curious smells and puzzling memories to pick up, and Ché would sit there for hours with closed eyes, swaying about till he nearly fell over, and lost to all problems save that of food.

Upstairs was even better, and Ché's favourite room had a notice on it - "Do not disturb . . ." It had quite different smells to the wainscot, and you just went in behind the owner, and hid under the bed till they went out again, sometimes quite soon, closing the door, and with any luck, forgetting to take the notice off. No-one would come in for a long time, and you could inspect the bed for a party-frock to lie on, and there you were in Nirvana . . .

Still, Miranda felt rather conscience-stricken about her friends - it would be nice for them to have an interim of being able to get their newspapers in the cupboard, and not having to shake out and re-iron their party-frocks. So up Ché went with Miranda to stay with her mother in Scotland. During the journey, he walked about a bit in the back of the car, a sinking feeling not far away, but Miranda was still there, and presently he fell cosily asleep on the backledge, and people behind thought he was a mascot.

And there was Miranda running to her mother with Ché in her arms, and Ché said he was delighted with the new arrangements - he said he wasn't one of those cats who, when moved, are found miles away the next day, sitting on the old doorstep, and who was the lovely in brown and white fur, making hay with his heart with her green eyes?

Well, it was Shauna, mother's cat, a matron of several years' standing, and she properly told Ché off for being cheeky, but Ché never minded. The personification of good will, he accepted other pleasures; he was delighted to see his food-plates had arrived, and we got used to the sight of Ché, when called, streaking to his dinner-plate like a courser, his long brush of a tail airborne behind him, and skidding wildly round any sticky-out corners in his passage . . . Shauna would watch him with horror, lifting her head from her own saucer to stare as he noisily gulped his own milk down, wolfed his fish-portion, and then went to hunt round the dresser for any dropped carrot-heads or cabbage-leaves. I fear his table-manners just weren't there, and when his tummy was at last full, he'd look round for a male chest to stretch out on for a brief snooze.

He always preferred the male chest, especially if the owner was warm in bed. He never pressed it, but they were often mesmerised into lifting the coverlet, and Ché was nimble not to miss the chance to slip inside. Chucked out from anywhere, he never spat or bore malice, and the most irritated human had to smile at him in the end. Yes, Ché was one big bible-lesson, and our prayers ended by turning into - "Please, God make me like Ché . . ." After all, what more can you be than brave and kind?

It was in Scotland that he first saw snow, and sank into it with the discomfited expression of one going down in a lift for the first time . . . and it was in Scotland that his tail grew to its final proportions - so long, bushy and plume-like, that Miranda's uncle once tried to pick it up, thinking it was some gewgaw of his sister's; he just couldn't see the rest of Ché round the corner.

But what brought Ché's sojourn in Scotland to a regrettable close was his increasing fondness for Shauna; he would insist in waltzing lovingly with her, cheek to cheek in the modern manner, with one black arm thrown round her neck. She said she didn't care for it, and in no uncertain terms.

And so, in the end, Ché was hoist with his own affectionate nature, so to speak. He's gone now, back to Miranda, and travelling in a cat-basket, because he'd grown too big to walk about a car. He didn't make a fuss about the basket - just a few puzzled mews, and then a sleep 'for the duration.'

It was nice to see Miranda again, and being a completely gregarious cat, he was not taken aback to find himself no longer the only pebble on the beach. Miranda, by some alchemy, was now surrounded by one husband, three step-children, two dogs, two ponies, two geese, three ducks, and some hens, and she lived in the country. She wasn't lonely any longer, but she still loved Ché with a special love, and they often sat by the fire together, reminiscing about the Past.

It always seems such a satisfying thing to do, when you feel so happy in the Present.

AUDREY B. CAMERON

Oh! where did you come from, my dear little cat,

When our hearts were so full of pain?

This is a secret you never divulge

And no human can ever explain.

We had loved, we had lost, we were drowned in grief.

I wonder, did God hear our cry,

Did he call an Angel to hold you close

And to bring you to us from the sky?

MELODY COLLIER

LITTLE SILKY'S SAGA

When a small shivering kitten came to my door in the late winter I could not turn him away. His sweet white face, black brows with glorious eyes, white boots and heart shaped white bib, were so appealing, and he had a delightful disposition, and was most intelligent.

In my innocence I thought the only thing needed when he got bonny and so clean. was to get him a good home. Silky Boots as I called him thought otherwise. The first rapture from a new Mistress, who said, "Oh he's gorgeous and swept the tiny puss in her arms, ended 28 hours later when Silky returned in blazing heat after walking 5 hours to get back. During that time he had neither eaten or drunk anything.

Another lady had also wanted him so a few weeks after, she too called in her car. It was still very hot, her home was as far away on the opposite side as the first, but Silky set off and returned after another 5 hours walk. Again he had refused to eat or drink.

I kept him some weeks so he could enjoy the garden, then we tried again, with the same lady, but first to the Vet to have Silky Neutered. There I left him for a few days, where he was fed on Baby food to tempt him. We decided that he would then be taken to his new home, not returned here, but also though he did eat, he walked back another twice more, making his walks over twenty hours, and I was in despair.

Most sadly I could not keep him partly for family reasons (a handicapped relative whom the black puss might not be seen, so a danger) and my own sweet snow-white darling, who was so unhappy with another cat in the home.

Mrs. Norton of Derby then came to the rescue with her kennels, with more offers of homes. I was the unhappy one then for I could not bear him to go far among strangers and perhaps be hopelessly lost.

I then got the idea of trying to get silky a home in my own crescent, and this I managed through a friend. Back came my Silky and after a few days feeding up, (for again he did not eat at the Derby kennels), he is now in his new home nearby and happy. It was a difficult task. I had to steel myself not to feed him, to send him away time after time, but he did take his meals there, and for a few days came to me to try to return permanently, but going back for his regular meals.

His new owners love him dearly, they are fairly young, and I think Silky has a chance of many happy years with them.

He still visits me, and plays, but never asks for food, just enjoying his special trees and spots he loved.

I hope Silky's story will be a guide to any in similar positions. I could understand an

older cat not settling, but Silky cannot be more than a year old now.

He is certainly a character, and very clever, pretty too and sweet, and how happy I am to have saved him for a happy life with good and loving folk. MAJORIE R. BOOTH

My cat was ill -
And all that day I walked with death,
It sprang at me from dim recesses of the mind.
If hope was there -
Then hope indeed was blind!

My cat survived
And joy was such, that I could scarce contain
The wonder of it -
After so much pain. E. C. TUFNELL

CAT'S COMPLAINT

"It isn't fair - it isn't fair,
She's Sitting down on my chair!
Took me off it, if you please!
Said the bed would give more ease;
Far more space to stretch and lie,
Curl my toes, or wink an eye.
But still I say, it isn't fair,
She's sitting down on MY chair. J. McDONALD

BIGOUDI—the French Cat

BIGOUDI, LE CHAT FRANCAIS,
He is charming, he is gay.
IL FAIT RONRON all the day,
Purring loudly, that's his way.

Asked how he was getting on,
He climbed up my PANTALON,
He climbed right up to the hip,
Fearlessly, and did not slip.

Even when I'm far away,
I keep thinking all the day,
"BIGOUDI, LE CHAT FRANCAIS,
IL EST CHARMANT, IL EST GAI".
E. N. WALTON

DEVILISH CHERUBS

When I awake, they're waiting there,
Four Sapphire eyes, fixed in a stare,
They cry "hallow" and then proceed,
To pester for their morning feed.

After this, I'm not deserted,
They follow and cry, till I'm diverted,
From Household chores I must refrain
Until they're fondled once again.

Then certain that my love's still warm,
They play those games that raise a storm,
While hanging from the curtains high,
They cast around their "evil eye".

What to do next, that isn't right?
(I'm sure they plan it in the night),
From stealing socks and flower heads,
To ripping paper into shreds.

From what's been said, it's plain to see,
Two devilish cats rule over me,
But despite their wicked ways,
I'll love them all their earthly days.

C. NEICHO

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Timothy put to sleep Jan. 1971. Gone from our Home but not from our Hearts. Ange and Doug.

In ever loving memory of our dearest best beloved CHARLIE, aged about 16 years who passed over 1st Nov., 1973. I miss you so very much, my darling. Auntie Averil.

In loving memory of my dear Dusty who was so tragically killed Dec. 23rd, 1967, aged 6 years. Also of Sooty who was killed in the very same place on April 24th 1968 aged 18 months. Always in our Hearts. M. Tharby. and feline playmates Reuben, Hannah, Kuda, Charlie and the three kittens.

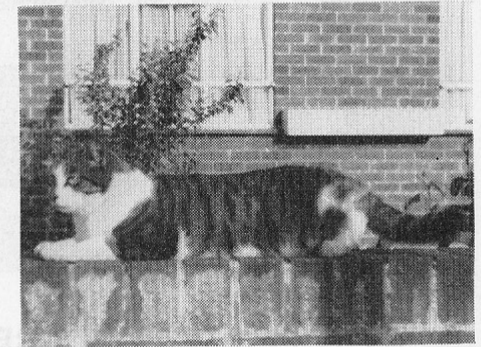
In loving memory of such an affectionate little cat Tabitha T.W. 2954 aged 16 years. Kindly put to sleep after a severe stroke on September, 30th 1973. Sadly missed after so many happy years together but always remembered. M. Rickard.

My darling Kiki, has taken the long road by himself. May he continue. Much missed by Anna-Maria. Tabitha - died Oct. 18th 1973. Once a stray but much loved for four years. Goodbye! my sweet, gentle, beautiful tabsie. Peace after distress! M. BARRATT

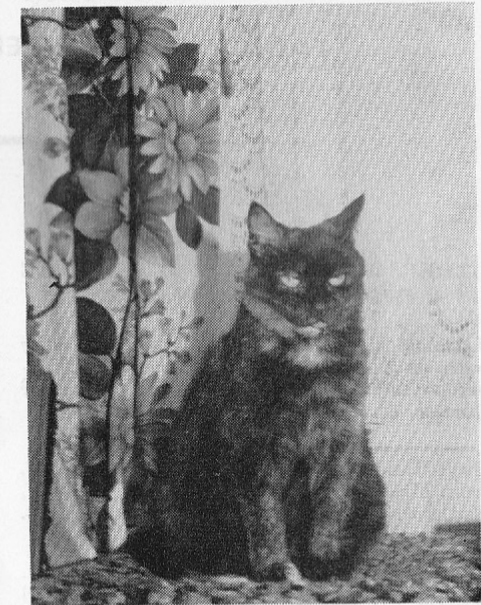
In grateful remembrance of our dear Littlemore our beloved companion for 14 years. Rosemary and Ishbel Gray.

In ever loving memory of our dear little TRIXIE, who died a painful death of suspected rat poisoning on Sunday November 25th, 1973, aged 13 months. Also our other pets who have passed over to the Spirit Heaven, Sam, Nigger, Bruce and Moppy. All sadly missed and always in our thoughts. Until we meet again. Lillian and Harold Kayes.

Henry Moses T.W. 4352 beloved and faithful "Father" of our cat family and our devoted friend, aged 16 years, reared by us from the age of four days, peacefully put to rest on 19th August, 1973. Never to be forgotten, he lives on in our hearts forever - until we all meet again, darling one. Dinkie and Stevie.



TIMOTHY



LITTLEMORE

STOP PRESS

It is with deep regret that I have to report the death of Mr. Albert A. Steward on January 7th, 1974.

Arthur E. Parratt,
General Secretary.

SHOP WINDOW

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

Two or more post free from Headquarters only

FAULTY PENS OR REFILLS REPLACED FREE

OTHER WAYS OF SUPPORTING THE WORK OF THE LEAGUE

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

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

Charms: 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. Wotton, 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, Collyard 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.

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DON'T LET'S BE CATTY

LET'S GET TOGETHER

The problem of the stray and abandoned cats and uncontrolled breeding is a problem of vaster dimensions than most people realise.

Yet the cat is a highly intelligent animal and a charming pet when properly housed and trained.

Come and discuss how to alert the public conscience and how best to solve this problem.

CAT SYMPOSIUM Saturday, March 30th

at the Irish Club at 2.30 p.m. — at 82 Eaton Square, London, S.W.1.
nearest Stations — Victoria and Sloane Square

THE CAT AS A PERSONALITY by Nina Epton

. . . . Author of "The Cat Mysteries and Mannerisms", Miss Epton will draw on her wonderful store of information about the remarkable intelligence and individuality of cats.

CATS AND THE LAW by Miss Mary Rose Barrington

. . . . who is known for her drafting of bills on animal protection, will speak about laws relating to cats and their protection.

THE PRESENT POSITION REGARDING STRAY CATS

Mrs. de Clifford of the Cats Protection League and Miss Margaret Bond of the County Hall Animal Society, will speak about their fieldwork.

Chairman: Mr. Richard Ryder, M.A., D.C.P., A.B.P.s.S.

. . . who will lead the discussion on suggestions for future action and sum up.

