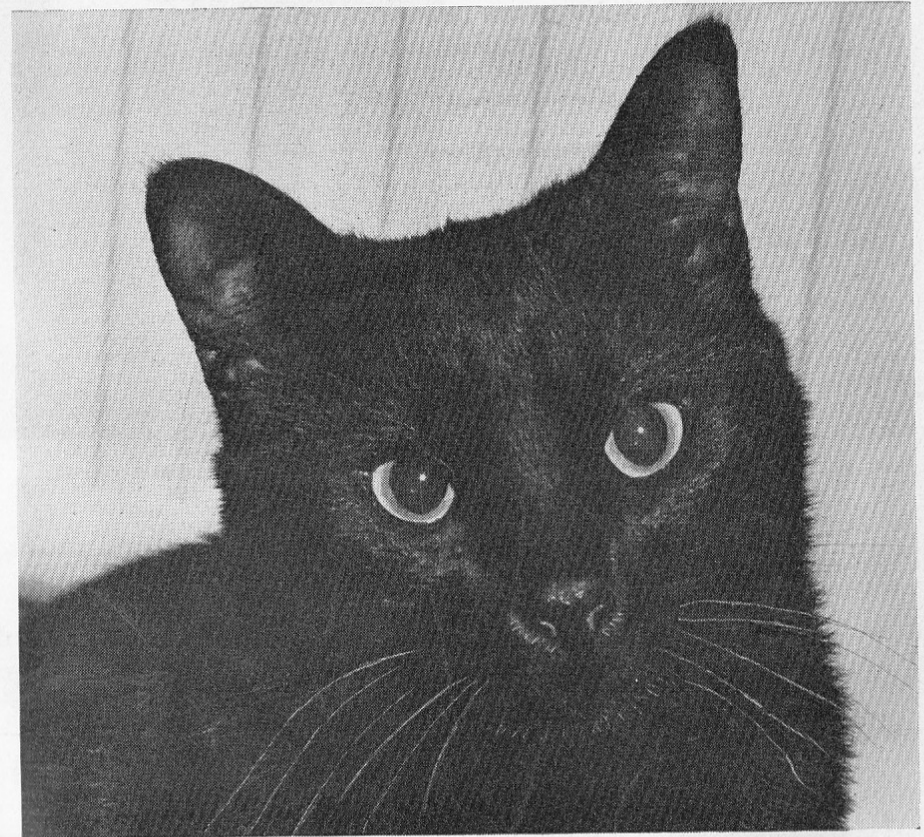


**WILL YOU TRY
TO ENROL ONE NEW MEMBER
DURING 1974?**

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



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?'

MARCH/APRIL 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, SL1 1PW
Telephone Slough 20173

Editor
Arthur E. Parratt

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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.

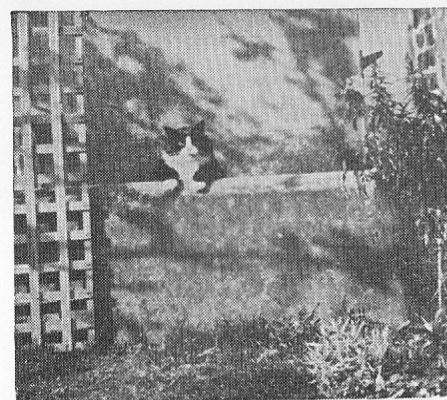
News-cuttings concerning cats, but please make sure that the name of the paper and the date of publication is given.

Notification of change of address.

Used stamps. British Foreign and commemorative.

Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries.



ROUND AND ABOUT

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

SECRETARY'S REPORT

The month of January was overshadowed by the unexpected news of the death of my predecessor and virtual founder of the League, Albert Steward, on the seventh day of 1974.

On behalf of all members, a floral tribute was sent from H.Q., and as your General Secretary, I travelled to Norwich in order to pay our last respects to the old warrior who had carried on with his life long work until his medical advisor had insisted that he handed over the reins and rested.

Further tributes to "the boss" will be found throughout the magazine and with each one goes our deepest sympathies to his Widow, Agnes, whom, so many of you will also have met and known over the past forty years.

Like so many other products, our January magazine fell foul of the various electrical restrictions and, although we, ourselves, at Headquarters suffered more than a little inconvenience, we can claim that business as usual has been maintained and even during the darkest days of January, both the Clinic and Office services were fully maintained, thanks to the loyal support of all staff who carried on normally under, often, difficult circumstances.

To date I am unable to give many details regarding the League's work in 1973 but it is hoped that the Annual Report, when issued a little later, will show many facts and figures of the large increases of work carried out in the last year. At this moment however, I can report that the number of neutering vouchers issued from H.Q., showed an increase of well over 70% compared with the previous year - whilst the enrollment of new members revealed an increase of some 50% compared with 1972, the final figure for the year reaching 468. This has been followed by the enrollment of a further 55 new members in the first month of this year, so we are hoping that 1974 will prove even better than ever in the country wide support that we are steadily gathering,

COVENANTS

Although the number of members and readers who have entered into a Deed of Covenant with the League has steadily increased in recent years, I would take this opportunity of inviting more of you to join this method of payment, which does make your annual gift worth that little bit extra.

At the present rate of income tax every £1.05p paid under covenant enables us to claim an additional 46p annually from the Inland Revenue and, although this amount may appear somewhat trivial, the over-all annual total does amount to a substantial figure and for the year ended April 1973, a sum exceeding £400 has been obtained in this way. If you can help by making your gift and subscription worth that little extra to the League, please write to Headquarters and ask for the necessary forms to make this possible.

DANGER—CAT BURGLAR AT WORK

A cat burglar is operating in the Cowley area of Oxford. His name is Jason and he is ginger in colour, with a long tail and whiskers.

People are warned not to leave their washing unguarded: Jason who is two, might be lurking nearby.

Although Scotland Yard is not alarmed by his plunder, Jason is very choosy in what he takes, and is a force to be reckoned with.

Odd socks and miscellaneous gloves are his favourite loot, although he was once known to steal a pair of children's mittens.

Where they all come from remains a mystery to Jason's owner, 21-year-old Miss Susan Boodell, of 21 Fern Hill Road, Cowley. But for the past fortnight Jason has been bringing home odd socks and proudly giving them to her.

The police have been informed and are making enquiries. Meanwhile householders are warned to keep a close watch on their washing — and their ankles!

Story: NICOLA KIRKWOOD
Oxford Mail October 1973

OBITUARY

The new Year had scarcely arrived when in the midst of all the restrictions, we at Headquarters, received the shattering news of Mr. Albert Steward's passing. I had only a few days earlier forwarded the final proofs for the New Year magazine in which I had mentioned the various anniversaries of The Cat and H.Q., both of which he had been so greatly involved with and having no idea that the January 1974 anniversaries would be the last link in a life long chain of events.

Many tributes will be found amongst the branch notes contained in this edition of The Cat, others have been received with normal correspondence and for all of the unnamed mourners, I would add my own personal condolences to his Widow, Agnes Steward, who for so many years gave her husband all the support he needed to carry on his great work.

ARTHER E. PARRATT
General Secretary

There is no questioning the fact that without Albert Steward there would have been no Cat's Protection League. It was under his leadership, helped from the very beginning by his wife, that the League grew from a small Cat club in Slough, subscription 2/- per annum into the stable and far reaching concern that it now is. During the 44 years that he held the position of the Secretary, his whole life was devoted to the promotion of the welfare of cats, bringing them from the unconsidered creature for whom anything was good enough, to their rightful position in the animal world, that of a loving and faithful, though possibly haughty friend, to be cared for and cherished.

This, through 44 years, Mr. Steward carried out without ceasing, through the difficult war years and all the time handicapped by the results of gassing in the 1914 war. Living at Headquarters he had, of course, a 24 hour day all the year round. His work was hard but he must have felt happy as he contemplated the result.

The League's sympathy goes out to Mrs. Steward, but she may rest assured that the work grounded on such a sure foundation by her husband, is growing and will continue to carry out the aims for which it was begun.

OSYTH SHERRATT

Chairman, H.Q., Executive Committee

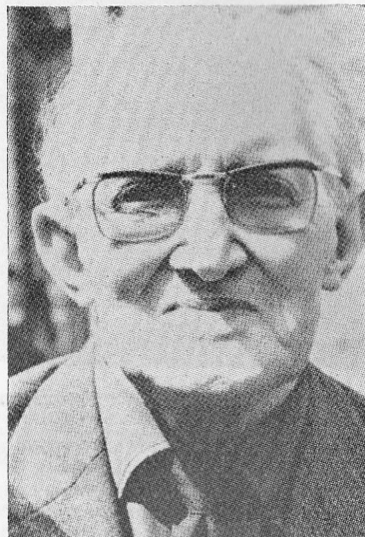
The members of the Derby Branch were very sorry indeed to hear of the passing of Mr. A. A. Steward.

He will be remembered by the Derby Branch for his kindness and assistance to us when we first started our Branch in Derby.

Several of our committee members, including myself, were fortunate enough to meet him personally, and we have benefited from his understanding and the knowledge he has passed on to us regarding the welfare of the cat.

He will be greatly missed by all who knew him for his wonderful work on behalf of the stray and abandoned cat. May we all try and model ourselves on his pattern.

MRS M. NORTON



One who never turned his back
but marched breast forward
Never doubted clouds would break
Never thought though right were worsted
wrong would triumph.
Held - "We fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better,
Sleep to wake",

AGNES STEWARD

On the 7th of January, 1974 Mr. Albert A. Steward (former General Secretary) passed from our midst and into God's keeping. Subscribers throughout the British Isles and abroad will mourn his passing because he was and his spirit still is, an inspiration to all who knew him.

I had the good fortune to meet him personally on two occasions when he visited Manchester, and our meetings served to confirm the excellent mental picture I possessed through our letters and telephone conversations. Although our dearly and much loved friend had retired from active service in the League, I am sure the results of his wise counsel still prevails at Headquarters, and his unique diplomatic fervour won him tens of thousands of friends inside and outside of the League.

Yes, Albert A. Steward is no longer with us in the flesh but he is with us in the spirit and he left this world and especially the Cat's Protection League greatly enriched due to his dedication to duty, and his death is not the end but rather the beginning of a much richer spiritual existence. Our good friend is with us spiritually, and will always be at our side to offer guidance where difficult problems concerning the League arise. His life was lived to the full, and he was a humanitarian in the strictest sense of the word, and when the C.P.L. was in its infancy he arrived on the

Obituary—cont.

scene and with his indomitable spirit, courage and tenacity, linked with diplomacy and a deep-rooted feeling of humanitarianism recognised throughout the world - and all this in spite of daily adversities. Small in stature but a giant of a man and I, along with countless thousands, mourn his untimely passing.

My thoughts go out to his dearly beloved wife, and I would say have faith, my dear, because in spite of your sorrow this is not the end but rather the beginning of a much richer spiritual existence, and I am sure he left a legacy of love, understanding and compassion, as well as a tolerance with regard to the faults of others. Please rest assured that all who knew your dearly beloved husband are fully aware of all his outstanding qualities, and especially the devotion to duty which he unquestionably dedicated to the Cat's Protection League.

Mr. Albert A. Steward has left the League to his successors, and what better tribute could we pay the late General Secretary than to utilise our convictions, courage and endeavours to further the aims and objects of the League, because it was to this organisation that he dedicated his entire life.

ARTHER THOMPSON

WORD PUZZLE

We must congratulate Miss Lewis on the result of her second puzzle, which produced £23.17 for the League's fund, and I am sure gave a number of us pleasure and unusual exercise of our brains and dictionaries. The winner was Miss A. Fraser of Oban, who found forty words correctly.

SOLUTION

1. Factor
2. Crated
3. Creation
4. Active
5. Affected
6. Factotum
7. Scratch
8. Descant
9. Carrot
10. Hatchet
11. Caution
12. Decanter
13. Desecration
14. Practice
15. Craftsman
16. Glaciate
17. Match
18. Detachment
19. Tract
20. Centaur
21. Cartoon
22. Fractions
23. Cartilage
24. Calvinist
25. Tactics
26. Stack
27. Stalactite
28. Starchy
29. Protract
30. Ecstasy
31. Punctuate
32. Dictator
33. Dramatic
34. Viaduct
35. Yacht
36. Spectacle
37. Treacle
38. Cantata
39. Trace
40. Tacking
41. Hectare
42. Capital
43. Traffic
44. Complaint
45. Chaotic
46. Bracket
47. Packet
48. Bracelet
49. Pterodactyl
50. Recreation

How sad we all are to learn of the death of Mr. Steward, who, as General Secretary, guided us as a branch from 1958 until his retirement. His wise counsel helped us on many occasions and we remember him as a man who always had a soft answer to turn away wrath. Our sincere condolences go out to Mrs. Steward, who deserved a so much longer retirement with her husband.

MRS. M. DAVIES
North London Branch

It is with great regret that I have also to report the death of Mrs. Elsie Kent the leader and mainstay of the Isle of Wight committee.

For many years Elsie Kent has been known throughout the cat world both as a judge of many top class shows and as C.P.L., representative in the Isle of Wight.

To her relatives and life long associates, I send on behalf of the League, our deepest sympathy and acknowledge that the cat world will be a sadder place without her.

A. E. PARRATT

NEXT ISSUE
MAY/JUNE 1974

**LONDON
ANIMAL FLAG DAYS 1974**

**FRIDAY, 26th APRIL
and
SATURDAY, 27th APRIL, 1974**

**HELPERS AND SELLERS
ARE URGENTLY REQUIRED
BY OUR THREE LONDON UNITS**

IF YOU CAN HELP

Please Contact

**Mrs. N. De CLIFFORD
12, THE CLOSE, NEW MALDEN**

or

**Mrs. M. DAVIES
435, CALEDONIAN ROAD, N.7**

or

**Mrs. C. WALLEDGE
39 OXFORD ROAD, N.9.**

CATS FIESTA

"Two of our London members, Alexandra Anderson and Margarita Perez del Campo, are busy organising "CATS FIESTA" which will take place at the Acland Burghley Theatre, Tufnell Park, London N.W.5., on FRIDAY, 29th March, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 50p.

"Two Spanish dancing groups are taking part - THE NADY SANTANDER DANCERS and LOS DEL CAMPO - and the soloists are RAY MITCHELL (guitar) and STELLA SEARSON (piano). All the performers are interested in the welfare of cats and give their services with great enthusiasm in the knowledge that all proceeds from the "CATS FIESTA" are for the CATS PROTECTION LEAGUE.

"Anyone who decides to buy a ticket and come along may be sure of an entertaining and unusual evening, and at the same time will be assisting the work of the C.P.L."

An evening of

SPANISH MUSIC & DANCING

presented by

The NADY SANTANDER DANCERS

LOS DEL CAMPO

RAY MITCHELL (guitar)

STELLA SEARSON (piano)

All proceeds to the Cats Protection League

**ACLAND BURGHEY THEATRE, N.W.5
FRIDAY, 29th MARCH 1974
7.30 p.m.**

Admission by ticket only obtainable from

Alexandra Anderson	272 5506
Los Del Campo	969 1464
N. London C.P.L.	607 5355
Ray Mitchell	794 6334
THE MUSIC SHOP	267 1139
Veronica Troughton	373 5247

TICKETS 50p

BRANCH AND GROUP NEWS AND DIRECTORY

Enquiries from anyone wanting a kitten or who would adopt a cat or two are welcomed by C.P.L. Honorary representatives whose names and addresses are starred. *

But please note:— DO NOT CALL AT ANY OF THE ADDRESSES EXCEPT BY APPOINTMENT: MAKE CONTACT BY LETTER OR PHONE FIRST.

SEE INSIDE BACK COVER — FOR BRANCH AND GROUP HONORARY REPRESENTATIVES NAMES AND ADDRESSES

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

We had hoped, perhaps over-optimistically, for a quiet spell at the beginning of the year when we know from past experience that there is a welcome dearth of kittens, but instead we were very busy trying to place a considerable number of older cats. Quite a few of these had to be left by owners being rehoused in accommodation unsuitable for pets, and the consequent bewilderment of these poor creatures suddenly uprooted from comfortable and familiar surroundings was pathetic. The demolition of the older parts of the City also reveals the little groups of "wildies", fed and cared for in some cases by the same kindly folk and of necessity left behind after the removal-and of course, all too frantic to be approached. It would be interesting to know how other branches cope with this particular problem- a Pied Piper with an unfailing supply of food would seem to be ideal.

In the matter of fund raising, our coffee evening and exhibition just before Christmas was doomed to failure by the blackout and general public despondancy, but we still just managed to cover our costs, and then we copied the large Stores and had a January sale which cleared out the last of our jumble. However we feel sure that members will be spring cleaning soon and present us with their throwouts. We would point out that "throw-outs" need not be immediately sellable articles. Now that the cost of everything is so high, all sorts of bits are needed - Christmas decorations, coloured candles, ribbon trimming, etc., all of which can be transformed by our nimble fingered members into pretties for later sale. As time goes by we all become better "totters" vying with Steptoe & Son in our eagerness to rummage through other peoples' rubbish. No definite date is arranged as yet for our Spring bazaar, but the United Animal Societies' Spring Fair will be on Saturday April 6th. at Dr. Johnsons Houe, Bull Street, Birmingham, and we are urgently in need for items to sell at these functions to raise as much money as we can towards the cost of the battle of the kitten bulge in the next few months.

We are pleased to welcome as our new Treasurer Mr. David S. Carey, and trust that he will never regret his decision to join us, but we do need some funds for him to 'treasure' so please, if you can, rally round. Our A.G.M. is looming in the not too distant future and we would again stress its importance to all Birmingham members and urge them to use with forethought their chance to vote for the Committee they wish to manage the branch for another year and to attend the meeting if

at all possible. We have been sent the following definition of a Committee.

It is made up of four bones - Wishbones - those who spend all of their time just wishing Jawbones - those who do all the talking and nothing else. Knucklebones - those who knock everything that others try to do. Baekbones - those who get under the load and do the work. "Of course, we all know which sort we are - I wonder where the other kind come from?"

MISS F. PRIMMETT

Hon. Secretary

CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH

We must apologise for being unable to produce a report for the last issue of the magazine. At that time we were so very busy (mainly trying to deliver and post the 53 prizes in the Christmas Draw) that there wasn't a moment to sit down and write it. Also, I personally must apologise for the long, long time it is taking me to acknowledge the letters, parcels and donations which you have so very kindly sent to us. This is because, to us, it does not seem right to send just a receipt or brief note in answer to your very kind and encouraging support. Please know that we are very, very grateful and a letter **will** be sent as soon as possible. The trouble is, of course, that in this voluntary work there is too much to do and too few people to do it.

We have some slightly better news for you. First, that we turned the year "out of the red" Our three Christmas Fairs and the Christmas Draw (which thanks to our good sales people raised £337) were successful and we had some very nice letters and Christmas Tuck box donation from our friends. Somehow having a credit bank balance made all the difference to our spirits even though it was very short lived. We then received our vet's bill (for a year!) and ordered 2 months supply of cat food, and there we were - broke again.

We are also slightly more hopeful about obtaining the planning permission for the new shelter, but are now quite resigned to the fact that it will be many months before it is completed. Everything takes such a long time these days. Our members and friends who receive our Newsletter should by now have had details of what the hold ups and difficulties have been, so if you would like a copy of the current Newsletter, please write.

Jean Middlemiss and I found Christmas was a very difficult time. We had very many cats to feed - in the shelter and "out" - and because the holiday lasted 12 days with the New Year and the 3-day week and petrol was very difficult to get during this time, factory and farm cat feeding and driving many miles

Chelmsford—cont.

each day was a real headache. Overworked Mrs. Middlemiss was ill at the time and still isn't much better. Nevertheless, we struggled through and thanks to your generosity our cats had their Christmas day treat of rabbit. We've never seen food disappear so fast!

More good news is that the cats are going to homes quite quickly now, and as always at this time of the year, the number of adult cats sheltered is at its lowest. However, in our eyes "Springtime is Kitten time" so the intake of abandoned cats in kitten, or with kittens, will soon be upon us.

For 1974, we have seven "Saturday Sales" booked, where we sell good-as-new clothing and household goods. The next two are on March 23rd and May 18th.

On April 6th we have the first of our six "big bazaars". It is the EASTER FAIR in Chelmsford Cathedral Hall, from 10.30 to 4 p.m. Clothes/gifts/helpers/customers very welcome!

Finally, we have three special requests and we'd be delighted if you could help. First, has anyone a good jam pan no longer needed? (The writer is fed up with her jam and marmalade always sticking and burning in a flimsy pan and also has it in her mind that if we had a few good jam pans at the ready others might be encouraged to try their hand at preserves for our Produce Stalls). Second, please send me your old hat pins! The more the merrier. (A cork on the points will stop the postman from getting stabbed!). Third, please send dolls - any kind, old or new, providing they have four limbs.

As ever we are very grateful for gifts for our bazaars, knitting wool, soft toys, babies and small children's knitwear, paperbacks, envelopes, good-as-new clothing, used postage stamps - and *anything* which will bring us some cat-care money.

We are very pleased to say that good homes were found for 1,212 cats and kittens in 1973 and no healthy cats were destroyed.

Mrs. Christine Peterson (Chairman)
Piers Gill,
Fir Tree Rise,

Lt. Baddow, Chelmsford CM3 4SS
EDMONTON GROUP

We would like to thank all kind members for presents and donations for 28 year old Fluffy who is still going strong. It is possible that Fluffy will be celebrating with Lady, who is 21 in April, at her usual party in July.

Lots of accidents have been dealt with and also the neutering of cats which I do my best to persuade people to have done. Already kittens are coming in and the need for neutering is vital.

The Charity shop is going well but there is a need for more goods and we would appreciate help in this matter.

Cats are pensioners' sole companions, therefore tins of cat food are always welcome as we find that most pensioners go without themselves to feed their cats. At Christmas we took in pensioners' pets so that they could spend time with their relatives for which they

were very grateful.

Should anyone be able to take a box for Flag Day it will be greatly appreciated.

Visitors are welcome if we are notified first at the Sanctuary.

In conclusion, my deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Steward in her recent sad loss.

MRS. C. WALLEGE

GLOSSOP AND DISTRICT BRANCH

Spring is with us once again, even here in the north, but with the pleasure of snowdrops and daffodils and baby lambs comes the heartache of unwanted kittens. We are hoping that our intensive neutering campaign will show a reduction in the numbers of strays and kittens this year.

Although our cattery is due to close in 2 months time, we have arranged for 6 small kennels and runs for urgent cases which must come in immediately. Fortunately many people are most cooperative, and will keep their cats until we can arrange a new home.

On March 16th we have been allocated the Charity Stall on Stockport market. This is our first venture in Stockport, so please help with unwanted presents, ornaments you have grown tired of dusting, and any other spring cleaning finds.

Saturday March 30th, is our Easter Market at Community House in Glossop, from 3.0 pm. We hope all our members will come and support us and make it a worthwhile effort. We look forward to seeing you and having a chat about C.P.L. Glossop.

The mystery of the missing bantam eggs from my poultry house has been solved, the culprit is Sam a big black Tom. I caught him with an egg in his mouth, just creeping away from the nest. Alas for poor old Tom, the trap-door is smaller now and he only has his memories.

A big thankyou once again to our anonymous friends for two £1 donations, a book of large Green Shield stamps, and a very pretty knitted cushion.

Although we are struggling with a difficult branch area, ranging from high-rise flats in the towns to isolated cottages tucked away in the countryside, with the help of our friends and members we are slowly increasing our care for the tailwavers, so help us to continue.

MRS. D. E. HOOPER,

LOUGHBOROUGH BRANCH

We all send our very many thanks to everyone who have helped our Branch during 1973, a dreadful year for Leicester's Cats Beautiful once-cared-for pets so astonishingly abandoned ad-lib., because of the complete re-building of our City, and left to the mercy of weather, gangs of thugs or dogs, also, thrown out and going wild, and hurtling non-stop into traffic. My own little "fluffy full-stop-on wheels" tabby, was routed from her afternoon sleep in my front garden, by a dog, and chased to her death under a car. Mrs. Price of Pinner, sent me photos of a beautiful big wire netting cage in her garden, which seems ideal for cats living near busy roads.

For the time being, as we are so busy fetching these cats in, and running around

Loughborough—cont.

to Vets and finding shelter, dealing with dozens of phone calls each evening after we have returned from business etc., we are forced to ask cat owners who so kindly send us long letters with their gifts, to accept short "thank you", along with the receipt. When one is confronted by lovely friendly accounts of pussy pals we are tempted to use a lot of time answering back, and perhaps a cat in need has to wait.

Now for a laugh. - A lively pale biscuit and white young tom-cat (To be neutered later), was placed in a slum house run by a clean 22 year old Mum with two young children, and was treated very kindly indeed. In return, he chased and caught so many mice in the kitchen that the little family had to squat for two hours on the table while he did his good deed!

On Christmas Eve, Mrs. Linwood-Wright was called out, and was only able to comfort an old lady who had had her 10 year old cat brutally killed while she looked on helplessly, and as it was dark could not describe the beast who did it.

We should be grateful for any unwanted Christmas gifts, any money however little, for food, gifts for raffle prizes, jewellery and anything we can use. (Including postage stamps for the Raffle Ticket envelopes).

LEICESTER AND LOUGHBOROUGH BRANCH

On reading of the death of any cat lover in the "Cat" we are all very sorry indeed, and so it is on learning of the sudden passing away of Mr. Steward. We all send our sincere and heartfelt condolences to his wife at this very sad time.

As the public are awakening to the fact of neutering and spaying, cats everywhere need every helping hand.

A little cat, who had given birth to her first litter of kittens, was tied to the fence by her master and beaten to death. We put this case to the R.S.P.C.A., and angrily explained to the beast about the Voucher System. We have reared the babies, and they all have good future homes.

We are most grateful to everyone for giving us confidence in our efforts by sending unwanted Christmas gifts, materials for toys and aprons, unused postage stamps (for the correspondence to Raffle Prize winners, and the cards which publicise the event.) We are having our June Raffle Draw being capably sorted out i.e. the names and addresses of everyone willing to partake in the selling of tickets, by Miss Mary Reeve, 61 Desford Rd., Kirby Muxloe, Leics., who would greatly appreciate any stamps for postage. Mrs. Pam Jollands of Mill Farm Lane, Blaby, who so kindly and gently takes in our little strays and unwanted pets, would appreciate any elderly woollens and sheets to warm and keep clean the cats' shelter.

Little cat who plodded 34 miles back home, and was again rejected, is very pretty and well, and so are Tweedledum and Tweedledee, identical grey sister cats, on whom our branch spent £13 for injection and treatment, and

whose fickle owner asked us to take them away for no known reason. They have lived for 11 weeks with a family with three children, and are so happy. We have trapped all 34 of the mousing cats who live in our Abbey Park, (burial place of Cardinal Wolsey) have had them neutered, and they are being well fed and looked after by the keepers of the Grounds who are so relieved that there will be no more kittens.

The very heavy traffic roaring in and about Leicester brings its dreadful toll of injured cats, mostly during the evening, when we would like to relax a little. Will cats ever learn to adjust? Dogs which are not held on a leash sometimes chase cats across busy roads, whereas the cat would normally just sit and watch the world go by.

(MRS.) MARGARET BAKEWELL

211 Anstey Lane,
Leicester. LE4 0FH

MANCHESTER BRANCH

At the very outset I must tender my apologies for not having submitted to Headquarters a report of our activities in the last two issues of THE CAT and I can only plead exceptional pressure of work.

However, please rest assured that "no news is good news" because the work of our Branch is forging ahead and much humane progress is being accomplished. Lectures have been delivered, investigations carried out, kittens and cats removed from unsuitable homes, as well as others rescued, cared for and alternative good homes found. For the size of our Branch numerous spays and castrations have been carried out and veterinary treatment administered to creatures in need. I am deeply grateful to all who have supported our humane activities, and especially all those who helped in a financial capacity and in other ways so that my son and his wife were able to provide the necessary Christmas Fare which was thoroughly enjoyed by all our waifs, strays and unwanted cats and kittens over the holiday period. Several kind and most understanding people have sent contributions in an anonymous capacity, and to these people I extend my most grateful thanks. Our Branch operates on a debit, but to curb our activities so that we would show a credit would necessitate a drastic curtailment in our humane work, and this would be a defeatist attitude to adopt. The good work must continue and expand, and wherever possible with a minimum of financial help from Headquarters.

Dear reader, I appeal to you for financial assistance because it is only through the sincere co-operation of real cat lovers who really care about the future of hapless cats and kittens that we can forge ahead in all our humane activities. It is not only a question of rescuing creatures from an unknown future because the theoretical aspect of our work must receive attention, and this involves lectures and educating the rising generation, as well as adults, in the real meaning of humanitarianism. CATS - in my opinion, one of the most intelligent of our domestic pets -

Manchester—cont.

who are licence free and by many called vermin, suffer more than other creatures because they are grossly misunderstood. The cat is highly sensitive, intelligent, aloof, elegant and can, if given the opportunity, prove to be affectionate, faithful and full of understanding. What a wealth of intimate, personal knowledge all our readers possess just because they cultivated the desire to love, protect and study the wonderful ways and mannerisms of our faithful friend "THE CAT".

During the war years we often heard the expression "Give us the tools and we shall finish the job" and this applies to our Branch - "Give us the support and we shall get on with the job". There is no saturation point as far as the rescue, care and welfare and finding of good homes for kittens and cats is concerned, and at any given moment there are always cats awaiting approved homes although the numbers fluctuate according to the time of the year.

Cruelty persists regardless of the time of the year, and I am constantly on the alert and ready to operate should a complaint be received. Neutering of cats is the solution to some of the problems in our midst, and it is only right that officials at Headquarters should be saluted and congratulated for fulfilling a neutering campaign at national level, and at terrific expense every year. It is a shame, however, that most animal welfare organisations do not concentrate on this vitally necessary project of hysterectomy and castration drastically to reduce the arrival of unwanted kittens in this already overcrowded "cat" world. I am of the opinion that Headquarters, along with its excellent Branches, do far more in a financial capacity to restrict the birthrate of kittens than any other organisation, at least according to the information in evidence in this part of the country.

The future is ours to do with according to our convictions, and colleagues and myself will pursue our humane endeavours so that justice will prevail for at least as many cats and kittens that come into our possession for food, warmth and affection.

Best wishes to one and all for good health and success in all your humane endeavours throughout 1974.

ARTHUR THOMPSON

NORTH LONDON BRANCH

We enter 1974 with considerable gloom, realising that in 1973, we have taken into the shelter more strays than for several years. We had thought that we had, over the years, broken the back of the stray cat problem in our area but our hopes have had a severe jolt. We should have realized that we can never allow complacency in work such as ours. We know that there is no more pitiable creatures than the stray cat, foodless, shelterless, harried through the back streets and slums of London, the epitome of misery and wretchedness.

During 1973, we have taken in 2,323 poor

stray and unwanted cats. The strays have come to us with sad eyes wondering whether they had at last found a home, wondering if they had at last found love, or wondering whether they were destined to roam the streets and back alleys for ever, lonely, frightened and hungry.

Of the cats brought in, 74 were kittens collected from pet shops, having been deemed to be unsaleable. Another 151 were the result of trapping operations on derelict sites by our driver and by our wonderful helpers Miss Mervyn and Miss Timlon who spend so many of their evenings in uninviting places clearing pitiful colonies of semi-wild and hungry cats. The Islington and Holloway areas abound with such colonies and we are quite unable to tackle sites outside these areas.

Again this year, we found good homes for just under ten per cent of all the cats taken in, a percentage we have come to expect over the years. Try as we might, we seem unable to increase on this figure.

It is very satisfying to us to receive cards and letters, usually at Christmas time, giving progress reports on our former charges from kind people who have adopted them. Our Daisy never fails to be thrilled by such letters, particularly when they contain a snap of a fine sleek cat which was formerly a thin and hungry stray.

Nigel, the cat who came to us a day old kitten and mentioned in last year's report is still with us, now a fit and playful adult. He frequently has his mad moments, flying all over the shelter, up and down the blinds, over and around the furniture suddenly to stop with an expression which clearly says "What a lark".

Neutering has been a major part of our work even though the number of cats spayed is down this year. Between them, Daisy and Miss Magee arranged for the spaying of 798 cats during 1973.

The drop in numbers is mainly due to last minute cancellations or to people who either forget or ignore the appointment and have either let the cat out or fed it that morning. The operations are carried out by two kind veterinary surgeons and the cats are collected from their homes, driven to the respective vets, collected after the operation and taken to their homes by Reggis Smith our driver who has during the year driven 18,500 miles in the cause of cats.

Our fund raising activities also keep us busy, running as we do each year 4 jumble sales, 1 Bazaar, a stall at the Animals fair, stalls at borough carnivals and a flag day in April. The collection, sorting and storage of goods for the sales entails considerable work and we cannot adequately express our gratitude for the forty or more willing helpers who help us by selling at these sales, from Mrs. Smith of Woodside Park who, at 89 broke all previous records for takings on her gift stall at the 1973 bazaar, to the three youngsters of 20 or so who by their hard work, show a similar desire to help cats.

From the shelter account annexed, it will

North London—cont.

be seen that, although our takings from these sales are increased, so, too, are our expenses. In recent weeks, the cost of our fish has risen by 5p per pound, a very considerable rise when 45 cats are being fed.

Will you help us to help cats?

With such rising costs, we need your help more than ever before and there are so many ways you can help.

Can you help us find good homes for our strays?

Can you collect goods for sale at our Bazaars or jumble sales?

Can you serve at our sales?

Can you sell flags for us on the 27th April, 1974?

Can you send us Green Shield or other trading stamps?

Can you collect for us used postage stamps, British or foreign?

In anticipation of your help, we thank you as we thank those kind people who did so much for us in 1973.

Please note in your Diary now the remainder of our events for 1974:-

6th April—The Branch A.G.M.

27th April 1974—Animal Flag Day.

8th June 1974—Jumble Sale at Upper Holloway Hall.

5th October 1974—Jumble sale at the same Hall.

December 1974—Christmas Bazaar at the same Hall. (Date to be notified).

We write this report in January during a lull in our activities and at a time when we hope to place our older cats in good homes. In the first four weeks of the year seven adult cats have been placed in homes. It is a pity that people do not want older, trained cats when kittens are available but we have to accept this as a fact in our lives. We still have many more cats requiring homes and would appreciate member's enquiries if they know of a good home. Among others is Fluffy who has taken on the role of nurse to all our younger cats, seeing that they get their quota of food and washing in turn.

Our next event is a jumble sale on the 9th March. We urgently need goods for sale and will collect it if you are not too far distant from us.

The London Joint Animal Flag day is on the 27th April next and we would be delighted to know of anyone who would be willing to sell for us. Any member in the London area could help us a great deal in this way.

MRS. M. DAVIES

NORTH KENT GROUP

Here we are what I myself think is the best time of the year for the home finders, it is such a short period, but one which at last brings a ray of hope to the many people who have patiently cared for the older cats, waiting for this time to arrive, and I am sure the cats themselves know this is when they must be on their best behaviour, and took their most appealing. We have found homes for several of the cats taken in during the later part of last year, one of 12 years old,

happily living with a very nice lady 78 years young, and when last visited was sleeping on the bottom of her bed, complete with hotwater bottle.

Unfortunately we all know this pleasant situation will not last very long, and there will soon be the cardboard boxes dumped by the wayside, with pathetic little faces peeping up at us, very often with running noses and sore, swollen eyes. No-one ever sees them left, but they will certainly appear, of that we can be certain.

Our Christmas Bazaar was once more very successful, and a profit of £97.50 was made. We are all very grateful indeed for the many parcels you kindly sent, and also for the donations, many of them anonymous, generously sent by several members. In spite of the extra cost of postage our parcels of milk tops and tin-foil are still arriving, we do take silver paper too, but it must be cleaned of backing paper, or our dealers will not accept it. Pieces of material of any kind are still urgently wanted for making soft toys, aprons etc. and also knitting wool and jewellery broken or complete.

We are still working hard at the Neutering Scheme, getting through dozens of Headquarters precious vouchers, our Vet must be doing spays in his sleep, but still manages a very neat stitch with pretty coloured thread. There have been one or two outbreaks of cat stealing in this area recently, the local papers have been very cooperative and printed several warning notices to cat owners on keeping their cats indoors especially after dark. It is such a pity there does not seem a way to catch the people responsible for trading in this horrible practice, I know many animal welfare organisations have been trying to find a legal way to prevent these dealers from carrying out their dreadful and cruel business.

The little mother cat rescued from the burning car with her kittens is now living happily in my garden, she has been spayed and, although still very nervous of humans, loves my dog and gets along well with our other two cats, she has ventured through the cat-door at night and is sleeping on an arm-chair occasionally. We also have Fred in residence at present. He was trapped in an empty shop, and got stuck in the ventilation shaft, but a kindly window cleaner rescued him and took him to the Vet after being treated for malnutrition and being neutered he is turning into a beautiful Tabby, and we are hoping to find a special home for him soon.

The price of cat food is causing distress to a number of people, especially those on low incomes and we have been trying to help as many of them as we can with tins of food, so that they can keep their companions, as many have been forced to ask us to find other homes for their pets and very often the cats are quite old. This is going to become more and more of a problem, and we would be glad if any members can spare the odd copper or two to help, especially for the pensioners and

North Kent—cont.

people living alone.

My very best wishes for the New Year to all our readers, a little late I'm afraid, as I was not able to send a report in for the last magazine due to the extreme pressure of work before Christmas, and things are piling up on me again, quite literally, as we are having a Jumble Sale in February and you should see my bedroom! Our next Bazaar is on the 16th March, when all small offerings will be gratefully received.

MRS. E. BROOKER,
5, Park Avenue,
Northfleet, Kent.

SOUTH LONDON COMMITTEE

The news of the death of Mr. Steward has reached us as a real shock. I can look back on almost a quarter-century working with him. I learned a great deal from him. I shall always remember how willingly and freely he gave me advice and described the ways in which we could do our work. He was never one to minimise any task, and he taught me to look at all the difficulties at the start of any undertaking - to look at them and to find a way to overcome them, which has been immensely valuable to me in all the problems which have arisen. I am glad to know that I may, in a small way, pay my tribute to him by continuing the work which he started and carried on for so long.

This energy crisis is hitting us hard at the Rescue Centre, there seem to be very few people wanting charming cats - and it is getting difficult to find food for their charming but hungry little mouths, however we are struggling on as best as we can. In keeping with the spirit of the times, we have decided that our next sale will be

A RAG FAIR

Saturday 20th April 1974

THE PHILBEACH HALL,

PHILBEACH GARDENS, S.W.5.

doors will open at 2 p.m.

We do hope that everyone who can do so will make a point of coming, even if only for a short time, to give us a bit of support when it is badly needed. Philbeach Gardens is very near Earls Court station, in Warwick Road, and the 31 and 74 buses stop near. There is parking space by the hall, if anyone can get there by car. Do please come and bring your friends. Or if you cannot, please send us something to sell.

I have just had the most touching news that my old friend Miss Kit Wilson has left me a personal legacy for the Close Rescue Centre. This we plan to use to open up a part not used up to now, where we will have a nice long run and small houses, for either kittens or special cats needing special care. This will be called "KIT'S BIT" and there we will be able to have just those few extra cats during the year who might otherwise not be helped. It will be a pleasant way of remembering a happy friendship.

Now, who is going to help us during Animal Flag Day, or during the Animal Flag Week? Up to now I have not had one single offer of

help from anyone. I shall look a bit odd going around the streets with one hundred collecting boxes all on my own - I do beg some of you to come forward quickly and say that you will take some of the boxes. The boxes, emblems, etc., will be ready for everyone at the Rag Fair, or you can have them sooner if you wish, just let me know - and please do let me know, I feel very uneasy!

We can sell just anything, and the odder the anything, the better we seem to sell it. We are always ready to cope with odd requests too. One has now come in which we have never had before. This is from an ardent "model railway" fan. Can anyone send us any model railway, old toy railway or any similar pieces? We have been promised a generous donation to our funds if we can find some of these things - can anyone help? Our Curio Corner and our Trinketry Stall are two of the most rewarding, we would be very glad of anything you could send us for either of them. Please do rummage through all those drawers and cupboards which you usually forget, and send us any treasures you may find. We would specially like a boomerang, an assagai and an elephant's tusk, if you should happen to have any of them not wanted for use at the moment. And any trinket you can give us will help such nice, deserving little bright-eyed cats who are all waiting for your kind help.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD
12, The Close,
New Malden, Surrey.

STOP PRESS

THE SPRING FAIR
Saturday 4th May
Cathedral Hall
Ambresden Avenue,
(Victoria) S.W.1.
at 2.00 p.m.

SUSSEX BRANCH

It is with much regret that we hear of the passing of Mr. Steward. We remember him not only for the valuable work he gave the C.P.L., but we appreciate all he did for this branch in particular. Those of us who have joined in more recent years feel a sense of loss in not having known so great a cat lover.

We are very sorry that one of our members Miss Woolgar has felt compelled to retire from the Committee, though she will continue to help us and have her stall at sales. Nevertheless we shall miss her, and we thank her for all the help and support she has given us in the past.

We have been very lucky lately in finding homes for young cats, and things generally are a little quieter at Cat Haven and the Annexe. Two recently that were brought in and seemed more lost than strayed were returned to their owners with great relief all round. Five cats we took in, in dire emergency for a week or two have finally returned home after nine months.

With Spring just round the corner we are thinking of Sales of course, and have booked the Library Room, Hastings for our A.G.M.

Sussex—cont.

and Bring and Buy for April 24th at 2.30 p.m., and hope to see as many members and friends as possible. Gifts for stalls will be much appreciated. With rising costs we must do extra well this year, as we have had more to feed than ever since the Annexe was enlarged. We recently had a Gift sent to help the "Ever open doors or should it be JAWS". Those of us who feed 20 to 30 every day will know that jaws is the word! So please help us keep the jaws working and our Treasurer happy.

MISS P. MARKS

ULSTER BRANCH

Ulster Branch members are sorry to learn of the death of Mr. A. A. Steward and we would like to join with the other Branches in extending sincere sympathy to Mrs. Steward. It does seem sad that after his long years of service in the interest of cats and kittens he should have had so short a time to enjoy his retirement. For the most part Mr. Steward was a name to Ulster Branch members. Looking back over the records I find he visited us once, but it was many years ago and the folk who were present on that occasion are no longer with us. However I had the pleasure of meeting him when I attended Annual General Meetings in London and again in Slough, where he proudly showed me over Headquarters. I was much impressed by his dedication to the cause to which he had devoted his life.

Things get more and more complicated. I am sure members have realized that the Committee take great care to choose the dates of our meetings and fund-raising efforts so that notices about them can go out along with The Cat, thus saving postage which is a big expense nowadays. We had planned to send out notification about the Christmas Coffee Party with the November/December Magazine but when it had still not arrived with only a week to go to the Coffee Party we were faced with a problem. After some discussion we compromised and notified only the members in and around the area where the function was being held. We also advertised in local shops and the district Shopping News. Afterwards we were sorry to hear that some members who had intended to come, even though they lived out of the area, were terribly disappointed. We apologize to them but in such cases it's hard to know what to do. I may add that I think we are about to have the same problem again as the January/February Magazine will probably be too late to notify members of our Auction on 16th February.

So far (and I am writing these notes in January) we have not been very active in 1974 but I hope in the next Magazine to tell you what plans we have for the year ahead. It's a rather special year for the Ulster Branch as it is our 25th Birthday - a quarter of a century of work for cats and kittens. Naturally we will have to celebrate in suitable manner provided the Ulster situation allows. Meantime how about each member saving fivepence a week for 25 weeks and we'll try to hold a

"big do" in the Autumn when the Birthday gifts can be presented.

Mrs. Gunning who runs our "nearly-new" Boutique has asked me to thank all the people who have sent her such splendid quality goods for sale. This has been a most successful venture and brought in a large sum of money. We hope you will continue to keep the "Boutique" supplied. Then Mrs. McBride has decided to have a Jug Stall at our next effort and asks you to collect jugs - all sorts of jugs are wanted. Please keep your eyes open and let's have jugs galore pouring in.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. These are now due in March so will all members please note. We realize it will take a little time to get this new arrangement working smoothly but once it does it will be a big help. Subscriptions can be sent to The Honorary Treasurer, 147, Cliftonpark Avenue, Belfast, 14. If you pay Income Tax and are willing to covenant your subscription let us know and we'll arrange for Mr. Hill to get in touch with you.

HOMES. As ever our greatest need. We have been thrilled and very happy that we have got an unusually large number of first-class homes since the beginning of the year. But we still have many cats and kittens waiting so may I suggest that you take as a 25th Birthday slogan "A good home - for one or more in '74".

Finally, although it's not by any means definite at the moment, I MAY be out of the country for a while from approximately 1st May so any communications during May could be sent to 147, Cliftonpark Avenue, Belfast, 14.

MISS E. MCKEE, Hon. Secretary.

WEST CORNWALL

The state of the country, rising costs, floods, storm damage, fuel shortage the lot, and yet we are feeling more optimistic than ever before in our lives, we are even becoming fond of our fellow creatures and our reactions to the cruel, thoughtless and selfish persons are becoming less heated. This subtle change could be due to a variety of things, advancing years could be one of them, but as far as I am concerned, I have made an important "discovery" something so obvious that I can't understand why I have been so utterly unaware for so long. It isn't the animals who need all the care and help, it's the people. Look after the humans and the cats will be automatically cared for. For a while now we have been experimenting along these lines and we find in many cases it works like a dream. It would not be seemly to go into the case histories, but perhaps you would like an example. The battered warlike ginger tom from across the way makes your life a misery, he fights your neutered tabby, sprays over your clean front door, keeps the family awake at night yowling, and steals the Sunday joint when your back is turned. What do you do? First you swear and the more exasperated of us might direct an odd kick or a bucket of water onto Master Ginger, a report to the Police or R.S.P.C.A. to see what can be done. Then snide remarks

West Cornwall—cont.

about the owners of the cat, condemning, accusing and generally wasting a great deal of energy, a phone call to C.P.L. and our normal reaction would have been anger towards the owner of Ginger for keeping an un-neutered cat to pester the neighbours and increase the already bursting cat population. But not any more. Our advice to this particular person was to call on Ginger's owners in the friendliest way and after a neighbourly chat suggest Ginger would be a much nicer stay-at-home less smelly pet if he had a small operation which if finances were low the C.P.L. could help out with. This approach worked like magic. Ginger's owner thought cats couldn't be neutered when fully grown, he had been a stray when she found him, and she knew he was worrying everyone because most of the neighbour's didn't speak to her anyway, and she was herself feeling very low as she was lonely and spent long hours by herself wishing Ginger would keep her company more. I think you can guess the rest of the story. Ginger changed into a fireside cat. Owner and complainer became great friends and joined the local Womens Institute, and we were one less unwanted cat. Sometimes it pays to pocket one's pride and get to the source of the trouble. So many people are needing help and I feel these days we shall have to try that little bit more to understand why people take it out on their cats.

The news of Mr. Stewards death saddened us and our thoughts returned nostalgically to the early days of the West Cornwall Branch when Mr. Steward discreetly guided our impetuous enthusiasm through the trials and tribulations of forming a new venture. His words of wisdom were often a deterrent to headstrong activities and we have learned a great deal from his cautious and mannerly advice. His great love of cats, and diplomacy with people have made their mark and he will not easily be forgotten. Our thoughts go out to Mrs. Steward for her personal loss. Cats and cat lovers everywhere have lost a kindly friend and Champion.

KAY BEESLEY

THE STUDIO RESCUE CENTRE Haslemere

This Centre is full. We really have to put up the boards saying standing-room only, and pretty soon there won't be even that. Every pen and every corner has its cat, small furry faces look out of every window, and at meal times the big Compound is a seething mass of waving tails.

The cats all seem happy, and they do not seem to know that they are a crowd, each cat firmly believes he is the one truly important person on the premises and all the others are just his background. How they manage it I don't know, but each gives the impression of being an individual. Each has conveyed to us his or her wishes about food, the kind and the quantity, and about treatment, whether to be picked up, or stroked or groomed or left alone. We know which cats want to be talked to and which are offended

if we pass them without stopping, and petting them.

Some cats like their food served in shallow saucers, and some like deep dishes, but the most popular is a kind of small plastic bowl which can sometimes be bought at certain chain stores, it is deep enough to take a full meal and wide enough to allow whiskers at full spread without getting them messy. It is difficult to find and must be bought at once when it is seen. I have already arrived at my dentist carrying twenty little bowls - caused some misunderstanding and uneasiness by arriving at a sherry party with a dozen, I think it was half-expected that I meant to drink out of them, and I am afraid, disgraced myself on an important platform. by dropping my parcel containing forty of them, which I had hoped to hide under a lovely bouquet. A talented but most unfeeling friend who was present has done a drawing of me under these trying circumstances which I am very much afraid will be next year's Christmas card.

Beds and bedding also have now to be adapted to suit tastes. Some cats like baskets, others want cartons, some want blankets and some want hay and some will only sleep on nice, warm copies of The Times or The Guardian. I still don't quite know how they have managed to let us know, but they have done so, we do know and it does work out in this way.

Now we are locked in a hard struggle against a large majority who want to introduce evening suppers about midnight, or a quick service of early breakfasts about 3 a.m. We insist that it cannot be done, people sleep at night. Unfortunately several cats have arrived from a site where devoted but misguided helpers were actually in the habit of feeding them in the small hours of the morning, and I think that the News has gone round. . . there is a kind of expectant feeling in the air, but so far we have remained firm. We don't serve meals after nine, well ten, well eleven-thirty any way, that is the latest, so far. I am wondering what the future holds!

Homes are what we want. Homes for pretty young tortie cats, for handsome tabby cats, for gay black-and-white moggies and for elegant aristocratic creatures - please help us to find homes please do and quickly please, before the Feline Republic has been established.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

WANTED

Unfurnished house or large flat with garden in or near London urgently required by Margaret Bond, County Hall Animal Welfare Club and her transitory band of grateful rescued cats. Any replies to, 01-278 5033.

SPANISH DANCER is looking for large embroidered Spanish shawl - willing to pay fair price for the right kind in good condition, with donation to "THE CAT". Also interested in white lace, jet beading and/or black sequin trimmings for traditional costumes. Contact DEL CAMPO, 31 Summerfield Avenue, London N.W.6. Tel. 01-969 1464.

HOMEFINDING

Any Animal Welfare worker will tell you that the animal most often in need of help in Great Britain to-day is the cat, and at the same time, the one most difficult to help is the adult cat. Until fairly recently, it was generally accepted by Animal Welfare Societies that there was no hope at all for an adult cat whose owners did not want him, or her. The only good one could do was to ensure a quick and painless passing to spare the poor creature a wild life as a stray. Many people were unhappy about this state of affairs, and many sanctuaries were started where cats could have a chance of life; unfortunately, most of these were forced, sooner or later to close for lack of funds, and all were overwhelmed by the numbers of cats and the great difficulty of refusing them. Some twenty years ago, when speying was becoming accepted as a good thing for she-cats, members of the C.P.L. felt that something better should be done. A real effort was made to find homes. Since then the idea has spread, and to-day I think that in every Branch and Group, and even in the over-busy lives of our solitary special reps., who work where we have no branches or groups, home finding is the big item on every programme.

It is a curious fact that anyone who has never found a home for a cat can certainly find two or three as soon as he, or she, starts trying. There are people ready to give homes, but they have to be found. We, who are always looking for them, have found all within our reach. This was made clear to me by a very young man who was brought to see our rescue centre. He had just left school to start work in the city. He offered to find homes and he did find them, he was so successful that I asked him how he managed. He had taken a course in business efficiency, and he applied the methods. What he actually did was to ask everyone but absolutely everyone he met, to help him. First he asked "Do you want a nice little cat?" If the answer was anywhere near "Yes" he whipped out a notebook and took all particulars. If he got "no" he went on "Do you know anyone who might want one?" and here he was successful, he said nearly everyone could think of someone. There is no doubt that word-of-mouth is the best way to get homes, and I have often thought that if every single member of the C.P.L. would persevere on trying to find homes, asking without cease everyone at home, in the local, at work, while travelling, our problems would be lighter.

Of course, the word "home" means a *good* home. We have very strict rules about the type of home; not on a busy road, no children under school age, not to anybody living in one room, but here is the odd fact that makes home finding an art, the good home-finder relies on "feeling". Something tells one "This is a good home" "This is no good" and it is not possible to explain why.

It is essential to know one's cats. One must fit the cat to the home. This is where well-

intentioned people sometimes slip up. It is no kindness to anyone to place a timid cat into a home where it will be expected to play a bold role, or to let an affectionate demonstrative cat be adopted by busy people who are out a lot — and so on. It is very wrong — to my way of thinking really wicked — to let a cat go to a new home if it is not absolutely friendly, healthy, strong and well. Even then, going to a new home can upset a cat; most veterinary surgeons recognise that a cat in new surroundings will develop symptoms which are really signs of distress at the change. The old reproach "cats care for places, not people" is not true, but it is true that cats suffer much more from a sudden change than a dog does, and no cat should be subjected to several changes of domicile in quick succession. We always try to keep a cat's pen vacant for ten days after he has gone to a home, so that he can, if necessary, come back to exactly the same pen, bed and all, and we never let a returned cat go out again for two weeks.

Home-finding is hard work, uphill work and expensive, but it does have its rewards. The Christmas cards on the mantelpiece, from cats now running households and considered as Most Important Pets, all of whom I remember as starved and shrinking little miseries, make a very fine reward.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

SHY, NERVOUS. . . OR WILD?

This article is written in generalisations. I know — well, we all know — that any straight statement about the behaviour of cats can be, and usually is, challenged immediately by someone having wide experience, who can cite cases in direct contradiction.

The only one certain fact about the behaviour of cats is that cats vary very much and there are exceptions to every rule.

Experience does teach us some things. I have behind me twenty years of practical work with cats, and during that time I must have handled, studied, coaxed, fed and cleaned not less than two hundred cats every year. It is a big total.

Now, especially in connection with cats running on open sites, I find myself making "snap judgements" which I would have not have thought possible a few years ago, and which, honestly, I would not have trusted in anyone else.

When I am shown a cat, I hear myself say "that is someone's pet" or "poor creature, it is terrified", and usually I am contradicted by people who have been feeding the cat for weeks, and who *know* absolutely for certain, either that it is a wild stray, or that it is becoming much more friendly — but, often to my regret, I am usually right.

So, having caught myself out in this way, I have been trying lately to decide just how I know what I think I know.

The difference between a cat who has a home, even what we might call a bad home and one who has nowhere to go is, to me, immense and apparent in everything about the cat, in its coat, and the way it turns its

Shy, nervous or Wild—*cont.*

head, and how it sets its paws on the ground when it walks, but I cannot find any way of describing these differences.

With the general run of Cats from open sites, the "strays" which we are all trying to help. I find that I recognise three distinct classes:

The Shy ones, who have mostly been pets 'till recently, or who have lead fairly smooth lives on a site, are the most usual. They are often wild in behaviour when they are caught, they will go berserk, run up curtains, wreck a surgery, but they have through it all a kind of indignant pride, a "how dare you!". That this should happen to Me!" attitude. In fact they are in a temper rather than afraid. These can be reclaimed in time.

The Nervous ones are different — all cats are very highly strung, and if they have been running wild and homeless for any length of time, then they are frightened, they may keep very quiet, they may even allow themselves to be stroked, but they will get out and away if they can, as soon as they are left alone they will concentrate in getting out through any little chink they can find, and if they cannot, they may sink into utter despair. It can take years before they become ordinary, fairly friendly cats again.

Of course there are borderline cases. One thing I notice, the Shy cats look at one's face, into one's eyes to judge what one is going to do, (either by reading facial, expression, or by some process of telepathy or electric brain waves,) Nervous cats keep their eyes on our hands and feet, specially hands, they have learned that we use our hands, and hands are worth watching.

The Wild cats are the fierce ones. They know that there is one animal fiercer, more dangerous and more cruel than any cat, that is mankind. From birth they have known, and their mothers have taught them, that human beings are dangerous and can never be trusted; the human voice is a tocsin of terror and the touch of a human being would be the uttermost in slimey horror. These cats watch the whole person, they will never let anyone so near that their whole body is not in focus. The worst we can do to them is to put them into small pens, talk to them or try to handle them.

There is one further and more tragic category. The ones who have let go. They are so sunk in terror, they have been so frightened and have suffered so much that they have ceased to think, they will eat if food is there, they may sometimes have an outburst and attack with claws and teeth if they are touched, but actually I don't think that there is any real cat-mind left in them, they hardly know anything of what is happening round them. They do not look, they don't want to see anything. Fortunately these are rare, there are not many so bad. I hate to advocate destruction for any cat, but I think that for these there is no happy future.

The others, the Shy, the Nervous and the

Wild, can be made into happy cats. The Wild can never go to homes as pets, but they can lead cheerful lives in the country with freedom to run around.

Each kind of cat needs completely different treatment, and unfortunately, mishandling can cause suffering and unsettle a cat 'till it cannot be re-tamed — or can only be re-tamed after a long time. The question which must press on everyone working in the field, is how much time and care and money can we afford to give to any one cat?

There are so many cats in need, and there are not enough shelters for them. I hope that a day may come when all stray cats can be offered a place in a Rescue Centre, either to be re-tamed to start afresh as pets, or to run free to enjoy as much as they can of their lives.

Our cats are what we have made them. It is up to us to do our best for them.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

Express & Star, Wolverhampton - 11th December 1973

A dog's life? you should be so lucky

GERRY ANDERSON

It is the sort of insanity that could only happen in Britain or America. One hundred cats and dogs are to get a turkey dinner at Christmas costing £200.

On the menu will be 25 plump turkeys and 200 pounds of prime rabbit meat — and doesn't it make you sick?

Defending this outrageous beanfeast, Mr. Ken Taylor, superintendent of Plymouth Dog's and Cat's Home, says people gave money specifically for this purpose, and that if he had tried to collect money for the elderly or the homeless he wouldn't have received half as much cash.

The trouble is that he is quite right. The world — and particularly Britain — is full of people who couldn't care less about the welfare of human beings, but will lavish totally degrading and unsuitable gifts on animals.

Take for instance these mentally deranged people who die and leave thousands of pounds to a cat or a budgerigar or a pampered dog.

I am in favour of the minimum of State interference in a person's liberty, but I do think that the State ought to be given the power to step in and stop this sort of madness. Take the money off the twittering budgerigar and give it to the most needy charity. In my book, behaviour such as this falls into the category "unseemly generosity while the balance of the mind was disturbed."

The trouble is that common sense rarely enters into matters such as these — otherwise we would never have to witness the ludicrous sight of dogs strutting around the streets in little overcoats and black bootees.

There is all the difference in the world between caring for an animal and displaying this pathetic devotion.

Many people all over Britain would give grateful thanks for a meal such as these dogs will have.

Do you suppose the dogs will know what they've eaten? Or care?

A dog's life—cont.

TAILPIECE: When the oil crisis is all over, you won't forget to boycott all those garages that have been profiteering and playing rotten tricks, will you?

Express & Star Wolverhampton
17th December 1973

FOUR-LEGGED FRIENDS

Who does Gerry Anderson think he is to suggest that the kind people who donate large sums of money to animals are mentally deranged.

It's about time he started to mind his own business and realise that the public work hard for their money and what they do with it is entirely their own affair. After all they earn it, not he.

SUSAN JERRAM (MRS.),
16 Carlisle Road,
Cannock.

I am surprised you allow such a narrow minded creature as Gerry Anderson to air his opinion about Mr. Taylor procuring a nice Christmas dinner for the dogs and cats under his care.

What right has he to criticise the superintendent of any animal home who is giving the poor unfortunate dogs and cats a treat?

I suppose all those animals were abandoned or ill treated in some other way, and surely they are entitled to some consideration.

I congratulate Mr. Ken Taylor and I think the humane people of Plymouth are glad they have such a considerate superintendent in their dogs and cats home.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR,
37 Bridge Cross Road,
Chase Terrace.

Would Gerry Anderson please make a mental note of the fact that indeed I am not mentally deranged but fully intend to leave mine and my husband's fortunes to animals. I strongly object to the idea of his that be-

cause of our generosity and feeling toward the dumb animals of this world the balance of our minds are disturbed.

Surely it is up to each individual to decide where one's feelings lie, and if people wish to leave money for animals and not the old, then that is entirely their own decision. Gerry Anderson should mind his own business.

MARGERY HORTON,
Tall Trees,
Horton Road,
Kinver.

Gerry Anderson comments: I never criticised people for being kind to animals. I'm all in favour of kindness — but ridiculous extravagance is another matter altogether.

31st December 1974

TURKEY FOR ANIMALS

After reading of the Christmas dinner for animals, a point I would put forth is that in consideration of the hundreds of pounds spent on advertising pet foods, plus tax, with the resulting cost of a small tin of pet food, it is questionable whether the cost of fresh food can be regarded as an extravagance at all. Another point is that if humans accepted their responsibilities to the animals they take on, there would not be such an urgent need for shelters.

It is not generally appreciated in this country that those animals have been domesticated, and therefore rely on humans for protection. Humans, in far too many cases, let them down. The type of person who makes me sick (not excluding the old) is the so called animal lover, loud in self praise in their love for animals, until they grow tired of them when they either dump or desert them or push them on to anyone, so that many of them end up wandering round in a deplorable condition.

R. A. NASH (MISS),
Cats Protection League,
25 Wolverhampton Street,
Walsall.

MEMBERS' CORNER

CAT IN THE BRACKEN

A fairy cat of fantasy fairest
A marmalade, Millicent, Marmaduke,
Shaded from the scorching sun
A cuddlesome cat of character rarest
A frolicsome, frisky, fluke,
Somnolently curled in Bracken's run.

A cautious cat 'neath the Bracken's awning
A gentle, ginger feline,
Resting from your rakish fun,
'Ere sunrise at early morning.
Befriended by the Bracken's bee-line,
Sleepy as the sultry sun!

MURIEL MANTON

BED HEATERS

We have recently had the opportunity of testing a new electric bed heater, which we feel may interest some of our readers who feel that perhaps their pet does require a warmer spot during the long winter nights.

The heater is oblong in shape measuring approximately 13" x 8½" and so will fit the average cat bed and can be placed safely and snugly under the pets favourite bedding. The heater is priced at £2.55 plus 30p for postage and packing and the running costs average a mere 1p per week.

Further details can be obtained from Mrs. L. Aitkenhead of Upper Long Dean Mills, Yatton, Keynell, Chippenham, Wilts., who will be pleased to answer any queries or requests you may have.

Members Corner—cont.

HOLIDAY FOR A CAT

Auntie had enjoyed four months of Australian sunshine and flown right round the world; Uncle had been all the way to Canada; and Missis had cruised on a giant liner to Morocco and the Canary Islands. So why should not a cat develop a hankering that same year for distant places and a real holiday?

Thus holiday dreams entered Twib's furry little head, after fourteen unadvertent years spent at home. With all the family on the move she, too, would pack her bags and go off for a week's enjoyment of what had always been forbidden territory.

It was not that the owner of a neighbouring garden actually disliked her, on the contrary, she tolerated Twib with a smile — so long as she kept outside her prim, trimmed property. But set one paw on that sacred suburban concrete, wear one nest-like patch on the holy grass, or leave hairs on the Hoovered doormat and there would be a voice bellowing "Shoo!" or rappings at the window.

Twib got the message early in life: dig holes among other neighbours' plants, sprawl on their grass, but never, never, never in the taboo garden.

One summer morning Shoo-and-Rap walked out, got into a car and drove off, as she had done several times a week for years for shopping or visiting. We humans assumed this day was the same, but Twib with her superior cat instinct knew otherwise. THAT WOMAN was going away, right away; far from returning in a few hours she would not be back for at least a week. The coast was clear for a holiday as sweet as forbidden fruits itself.

Within half an hour of the departure Twib had disappeared. No furry feet trotted up the rattle of a plate or even the password "Feeeeeesh!" in full instead of spelled out F-I-S-H. Master poked into undergrowth and walked round the block, and found no cat. Missis banged the dish, called "Feeeeeesh! louder, and added "Dinner!" and "Liver!". Still no Twib.

Leaving the happily corpse-free gutter, Master turned for a round of disused sheds. Suddenly a gleam from a bush caught his eye, so deep in the foliage he almost missed it. Then he caught it again, one watchful eye of a motionless cat, peering through the leaves of the most alien garden in the road. Well, leave her there; one "Shoo" would bring her home.

All afternoon she lazed under the forbidden bush, or openly sprawled in full view of the windows. Darkness fell, and still nobody came to disturb her adventure safari.

A human translated from London to the palms and moonlight of an Italian lakeside could not have been more entranced than Twib as she watched her holiday moon rise over her suburban resort. Like a human under an Italian moon she resolved to dance the warm night away instead of going to bed, with the Master as the ideal partner, trying

to catch her while tiptoeing soundlessly around the neighbour's property without falling over flowerpots in the dusk. At last he caught her, crept guiltily away, and shut the cat indoors. Clever man, he had not roused a sound from the house, but only Twib knew why — because there was no body there.

Next day she was back on her concrete and grass holiday beach, saying "Yah" with her eyes at the home family. All day she sunbathed where she had never dared place a paw before. Food on her own porch was ignored except when Master and Miss went in to lunch, when it mysteriously disappeared. Darkness again saw them emulating shadowy Arabs in a silent ambush round the neighbouring territory.

Not until the third day did they discover the truth: Shoo-and-Rap had gone away for ten days. Twib had known within minutes by instinct.

For the rest of the week they forgot what it was like to own a cat. On the eighth day she came home for a wash and a drink. On the ninth she divided her time between holiday camp and home. Did she sense Shoo-and-Rap would soon be back? Was uneasiness beginning to spoil her holiday, as for certain tourists in the grimmer parts of Russia or Tibet?

Day ten found her definitely home on her own doorstep, and that same day a car drew up with Shoo-and-Rap aboard. Two people's holidays were over, hers and Twib's.

Not for one moment has that cat trespassed there since. Not only had she known when it was safe to enjoy the forbidden ground in peace; she had also recognised the greatest of truths, conveniently overlooked by travel brochure writers: that even the best of holidays must, on an appointed day, come to a very definite end.

MURIEL V. SEARLE
164 Queen Anne Avenue,
Bromley, Kent, BR2 0SF

A STORY FROM CANADA

We left Montreal on October 1st, and picked up the cats at Rob's, spending a couple of nights there. Little Patch had gone wild, living in the woods and coming for food, which Rob put out faithfully every evening. They hadn't seen him for a week, though the food was eaten (? who by) and he had never let them get near him before that, so I was pretty worried as to how to catch him. Tim had a touching faith in my being able to do so. I looked and called all over Rob's 13 aspects of woodland — no result. But next morning I woke early and looked out — there was Patch, looking in the dishes Rob put out. I picked up a packet of the dry "hard tack" he loves best (can't imagine why) and after much manoeuvring, got him eating out of a dish, and scooped him up. Sandy was watching all this from inside the kitchen door, all agog, so I got Patch and self inside our car, where he flew round touching the walls only, and finally I got him calmed down and on my lap. "Don't you remember me,

Members Corner—cont.

Patch?" "No, I *don't*", he says, and bites me!" Then I had to get out of the car without letting Patch out (had to catch him again twice) while I went in the house and got Sandy shut up – nobody else awake, of course. Finally I got our little wild cat in a room, where he again flew around like a mad thing. I got a rug from 462 that had been in Tim's room, more food and milk – great difficulty keeping him from escaping each time I opened the door. Of course, everything must have smelt of Sandy and he was terrified, but I knew we'd never catch him again if he got out. When I crept in some time later, he'd eaten and drunk everything, and was curled on the rug, got up and came and rubbed against my hand, up on his hind legs to do so – he remembered at last. Very thin, in spite of Rob's food and with various cuts and scratches, including a long wound down one leg. We expected a stormy drive the next day, but he behaved extremely well, in our biggest cat basket. The only time he *said* anything was when Tiny, (who travels loose in the car) *sat* on top of the basket. 786 miles later, we unloaded him in the cottage and he climbed on George's lap and crawled up his front, drooling as he went, (his habit when feeling affectionate) and gazed into his face!! Since when he has been his old affectionate self, much enjoying the country life, out all day on various mysterious affairs of his own, and sleeping like a log all night, eating like a little horse in between. Tiny is extremely well, too, and they get along fine. They were a bit put out at moving over here from the cottage – "What, again"? but, like us, find it a lot warmer!

MR. AND MRS. SIMPSON
Canada.

ODDS AND ENDS ABOUT CATS

My cat family has grown throughout the years. My first one, a tortoiseshell, was a wanderer. She had been spayed and wore a collar and disc, and during the war, she walked from Bickley, Kent, to Farnborough and a kind lady telephoned me on finding her exhausted on her doorstep. My only transport then was a bicycle and I had a toddler of two who could not be left. So, with him in a basket chair on the back, and another basket on the front for the cat, I set off to collect her. A truly nightmare journey on the way back. That was one of many journeys and, pretty as that cat was, she was not a great success. After the war, I had a brown tabby kitten who lived to be eighteen-and-a-half. He was wonderful and a very good "mother", for I had a succession of cats as his companion, including four Siamese cats, and he loved them all. One, a kitten, died of congenital "stoppage" and during its last unhappy days before I had it put down, old Teddy would not leave him night or day.

The cat I loved the most was a brown Burmese, registered as Thomas a Beckett – we called him Becket or Bickey for short. At three years he developed a virus disease of the central nervous system and became paralysed.

But he was cured and lived until he was nearly eight. He was a very loving cat and always seemed to understand and be in tune with my moods.

It's about his last illness that I want to tell you, because I learned the hard way. Three of my four cats contracted cat flu, one after the other. Bickey and the eldest Siamese, Bitos, went down with it first, then the tabby, Timmie, and the only one to escape was a very young Siamese, Blakey. Timmie sneezed his way through it and did not go to the Vet; Bitos was much worse but recovered after daily injections, largely because he never ceased to take liquids, but Bickey became dehydrated and died after a week of intensive care and nursing. A year later, a lovely stray my son brought home, a deep red tabby with golden eyes, named Ricey, got cat flu and this time I was ready for it. Isolation, of course, and daily visits to the Vet for injections, but the most important thing was that the moment he refused liquids, I began to feed him with glucose and water. This wasn't difficult because I got a syringe from the Vet. There is no doubt that this saved his life. He had flu very badly and was ill for a fortnight but he never became dehydrated or weak. Incidentally, the way to tell is to take a handful of the cat's coat, skin and all; if it falls back loosely, there is no dehydration, but if it is tight and sticks together, there is.

Constipation is another problem I have learned to deal with easily. The Vet will recommend parafin, but I found a much simpler method. If your cat is off his food and you suspect constipation, give him dabs of butter on your finger. He is sure to lick it off and if not, it is easy to smear it on his tongue. This is much easier than the messy business of administering liquid parafin. It is also excellent for "fur ball", which will then pass easily through the intestines.

Diarrhoea, if not caused by unwholesome food, enteritis, tape worm or other illness, is sometimes difficult to control. Often it is caused by over eating, so reduce the amount of food given – but the best cure of all is a diet of raw meat. Nothing is so effective as this. Do not give milk as this causes loose stools. Cows' milk is too strong for cats and some breeders recommend tinned skimmed milk mixed with water for their kittens. This certainly results in a normal stool.

My present family of cats has just been increased to five by the arrival of Max, a sleek black half-Siamese, who has come from (Guess where!) the Cats Protection League! Max was found, I believe, on the A3 with his only possession, a red collar but no name. He is a young adult cat, affectionate and with beautiful manners. He is also very intelligent. He settled in with Bitos, Timmie, Ricey and my very young Blue Burmese, Honeyptot, within three days. Now, you would never guess he had ever known another home. He greets my visitors with great dignity and friendliness and purrs for everyone. He is safe, too, because none of my cats go out.

Members Corner—cont.

They are all "indoor" cats but take their airing on a little balcony, duly protected with wire netting. Max is a delight and I shall never regret the day I made the long journey to Hindhead to collect him.

ELIZABETH ANDERSON

The "gentleman" called Max can be seen on the cover of this issue.

CATTY PROBLEM

I thought you might like the following story for your magazine "The Cat".

Believe it or not, my cat Wendy locked herself and my other cat Peter in an upstairs bedroom one Saturday afternoon recently. She is in the habit of leaping up to the door handle to bounce it open, this time, however, she managed to turn the key instead!

What a dilemma! My son had just gone away on holiday, my husband was in bed with "Flu" and I had a fractured wrist. To make matters worse, the windows were tight shut, so it was no good using a ladder. I had visions of cats rotting in a locked room and wondered if I could push bits of fish and meat under the door.

My poor husband had to drag himself from his sick bed while I dashed madly up and down stairs with every tool I could lay my hands on.

In case Wendy had knocked the key to the floor, we tried fishing about under the door with a bit of bent wire. Two furry paws the other side thought this great fun and immediately grabbed it. My husband's sense of humour had departed and he was saying some very rude things about cats in general and one in particular.

With the aid of a torch we were able to see that the key was still in position, so the door handle was removed and a hole chisled big enough to enable pliers to grip the end of the key and turn it.

When we finally got into the room Wendy was sitting looking out of the window and Peter was curled up asleep on the bed. I won't tell you what my husband said as he got wearily back into bed.

MRS. S. ALLEN

A PRECIOUS WAY OF SAYING THANKS

A prisoner in Pentridge Jail, Victoria, Australia had a cat which he was allowed to keep in his cell. The cat became sick and was kindly looked after by a vet of the Animal Welfare League in Victoria until it was better.

To show his appreciation the prisoner made a coffee table which was raffled and brought in £100 which was very acceptable. What a wonderful gesture from a man in his circumstances.

MISS N. ARMSTRONG
Victoria, Australia.

MOGGY

We found her just a year ago,
When no-one seemed to want to know,
Just a starving little "bag of bones"
Expected kittens, all she owns.

We took her in, and healed her ills,
She then bore pretty kittens,
She's plump and fair and happy now,
Tabby with little white mittens.

She plays with Blackie, her cheeky pal,
Now spreads her happiness over all,
A cosy bed, some feed, and love,
I'm sure she thinks, there's a friend above.

Yet sometimes still we see her fear,
When some strange noise she hears,
We reassure her all is well,
No need *this* time for tears.

JOYCE B. DYER

WANTED

Cat loving/owning couple urgently require a flat to rent, furnished/unfurnished/semi furnished, Twickenham/Teddington area, rent up to £20 p.w., references available. Piney, 31 Penyston Road, Maidenhead, Berks., telephone 01-977-3200 Ext. 345 (day).

IN MEMORIAMS

It is regretted that owing to the delays caused by electrical restrictions the "In Memoriams" received for this particular issue have inadvertently become attached to the January notes and subsequently lost. I do offer my sincere apologies to all readers and members who have sent such requests, but if they will kindly forward their requests once again I will see that they appear in our next issue.

ARTHUR E. PARRATT

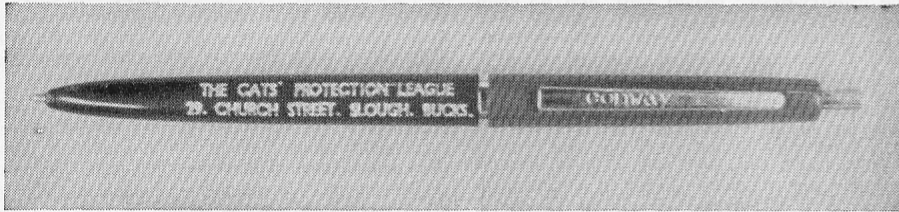
In memory of our dear old Vicky died after a fortnight's fight against Cat Influenza on the 13th January, aged 12.

M. JONES

In memory of my dear pal Kissy, put to sleep in November last at the age of 11 years.

N. ARMSTRONG,
Victoria, Australia

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Two or more post free from Headquarters only

FAULTY PENS OR REFILLS REPLACED FREE

OTHER WAYS OF SUPPORTING THE WORK OF THE LEAGUE

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

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

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

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

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