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

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# THE CAT

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THE OLDEST MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO  
CATS AND THEIR  
WELFARE



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

JULY/AUGUST 1974

# THE CAT Vol. XLVIII No. 4 JULY/AUGUST 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  
(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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## ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

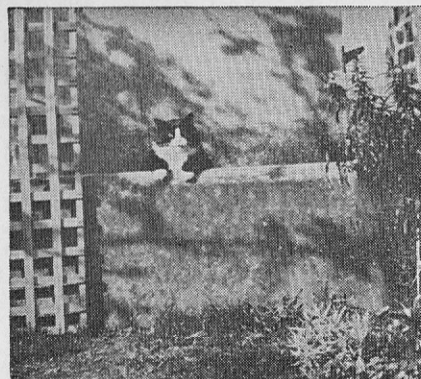
Notification of change of address.

Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.

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

Used stamps. British Foreign and commemorative.

Names and Addresses of Boarding Catteries.



## ROUND AND ABOUT

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

### SECRETARY'S REPORT

Since my report in the May/June issue, Headquarters, in common with all our branches and groups, have again been confronted with the annual insurge of stray and unwanted kittens. In spite of our great neutering campaign the problem of stray and unwanted kittens remains enormous, although in some areas the conditions have slightly improved. It does, however, emphasise how necessary it is for us to continue as energetically as possible with our neutering campaign which has at least attracted one other society in joining the battle, this year.

Since my last report I can tell you that I have visited the Isle of Wight branch and the Ryde Memorial Home where the increased work has resulted in a further part-time worker being engaged. Other visits have included Haslemere, to meet our public relations representative, Hitchin and Banbury to meet some of our more recent helpers, Chichester where we are very hopeful of a future base for the League and also the Glossop branch where it is hoped we may be able to procure a permanent shelter for the branch activities.

Finally much time has had to be devoted to the A.G.M., and Public Relations and details of these items will be found in following paragraphs.

Arthur E. Parratt,  
*General Secretary.*

branches and groups whom, not having heard otherwise, we had been hoping to see.

We were delighted to welcome Miss McKee from our Belfast branch to give us the latest news from that unhappy city and reports were also given by representatives from Chelmsford, Derby, Newbury, North Kent and North London.

Arthur E. Parratt,  
*General Secretary.*

### RETIREMENT OF CHAIRMAN

During the course of the A.G.M., Mrs. O. Sherratt, our Chairman for so many years past, announced her desire to retire from the chair in order that somebody younger might now steer the League through the changes and fresh ideas that are now being introduced. I am certain that all our members will join me in thanking Mrs. Sherratt for her invaluable service over the past 45 years. She was, and is, one of our long serving members having been first enrolled in 1929 and apart from being our Chairman had also, in years gone by, acted as our Hon. Treasurer and had also been Editor of THE CAT for a considerable period, some years ago. For many years she has also acted as a Trustee of the League. In her farewell address she proposed that Mrs. N. de Clifford be appointed Chairman, a proposal that was seconded and unanimously approved by all present.

### A.G.M.

The 47th A.G.M. of the League was held on the 15th June, 1974 at Caxton Hall where once again we were able to meet old friends and a few new faces, which are always welcome.

As usual our meeting clashed with several branches and their Summer functions but it was again disappointing to note that absent

**NEXT ISSUE—  
SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1974**

## MEMBERSHIP AND SUBSCRIPTION RATES

News was given at the A.G.M., following a recent Executive decision, of the necessity of raising the H.Q., annual subscription rates in order that we might continue to meet ever rising costs. Our annual rate has been held steady for the past twenty years and life membership has been at the rate of £10 since May, 1961.

Future Life membership is now to be discontinued as and from 15th June, 1974 although this naturally will not affect our present life members. The H.Q. Annual membership subscription will be increased to £2.00 as and from 1st January, 1975.

Whilst these changes are regretted we feel sure that members will appreciate how much £1.05 in 1954 would compare with that same amount today and one example we would quote is postage, which for the magazine alone, is now costing approximately £700 per year.

## CHARITY COMMISSIONERS

For many months past, Headquarters have been in correspondence with the Charity Commissioners regarding the League's financial holdings, including properties, and the League's constitution.

All investments and financial holdings have been placed in the hands of the Official Custodian for safe keeping and the transfer of our various properties is being dealt with at this moment. This action constitutes no change whatsoever in our financial status, the Custodian acting merely as Trustee but taking no part in the day to day running of the League. It does mean, however, that the need of elected Trustees is no longer necessary, the Executive or Management Committee being responsible for making the necessary decisions on which the Custodian will act.

At the same time, the Charity Commissioners have updated the aims and objects of the League which now include neutering as one of the principle objects.

The main alteration agreed and confirmed is the shortening of our title which henceforth will simply be "The Cats Protection League". This alteration will affect only our title and Tailwaver enrolments etc., will continue in the normal way. In fact we hope, in the future, to encourage the younger generation by means of Tailwavers, for it is the young members to whom we shall be looking for tomorrow's support.

Arthur E. Parratt,  
General Secretary.

## PUBLIC RELATIONS

The League has recently engaged Public Relations Consultants to help and advise us in

recruiting support and publicising our work.

This work is being carried out on a national basis and already radio tapes have been produced, the first being on "Holidays and your cat's well being" and this is being circulated to all local radio stations throughout the country. Plans have also been made for the recruitment of patrons, publicity "Write-Ups" for Haslemere and the widening of outlets through the press, both national and local, giving news of our activities to a far greater audience than has previously been possible.

## TINY KITTENS SURVIVE BLAST NIGHTMARE

Three tiny kittens survived Britain's worst ever peace-time explosion.

They have been found days after the blast at the Flixborough chemical works where 28 men were killed.

Shaking with fright they lay only yards away from the cyclohexane plant - thought to have been the flash-point of the week-end disaster.

Two Hull firemen discovered the month-old kittens huddled together under a sheet of asbestos.

Around them lay piles of tangled wreckage, lakes of fire-pump water and pools of dangerous acid.

One of the men who found them, fireman Brian Fox, said to-day: "It's a real miracle they survived."

"We had just finished laying some hoses out towards the factory's control room when we heard some crying. At first we thought it was a bird, but then we noticed it came from behind the asbestos sheeting".

There the firemen found the kittens cold and wet, tired and hungry, with parts of their fur scorched by the intense heat which engulfed the complex.

The kittens were taken to the fire brigade's headquarters on the disaster site and given a drink of milk.

Later a Scunthorpe fireman took care of them and today leading fireman Ted Dowse said he will be keeping one of them. An ambulanceman has been given another and the third has been promised to another fireman.

It is a mystery what the kittens were doing at the chemical plant. It was a company rule that no animals should be allowed on the premises.

But an employee said yesterday he had seen some cats on the factory boundary quite recently.

Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph,  
8th June, 1974

## LETTER OF THE DAY KITTENS NOW ON OFFER

Sir.—One of our members sent me a cutting from your edition of Saturday, 8th June, telling the story of kittens that survived the explosion at Flixborough.

May I, through your columns express the thanks of the CPL, to Leading Fireman Ted Dowse for his care and attention, and also the promise that he will be keeping one of the kittens himself and that other colleagues will be doing likewise.

I would also ask that he and his colleagues are invited to write to us a little later, i.e.: when the kittens are some four months old, when we will gladly meet the cost of neutering to guard against unwanted kittens, this being our way of saying thank you to all concerned.

—ARTHUR E. PARRATT, general secretary, The Cats Protection League, Prestbury Lodge, 29 Church Street, Slough, Berks.

Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph,  
15th June, 1974

Reading your letter in the Scunthorpe Evening Telegraph about the kittens and myself living quite near to the Flixborough explosion, I want to thank you and the C.P.L., for the kindness and the thought of having the kittens neutered when older. I, myself, have two cats one a ginger tom and one a black and white, which I took in for a home. People today forget about animals but I, myself, think they give you a lot of pleasure and comfort in the home.

Thanking you and the Cats Protection League for the kind gesture towards the kittens.

Mrs. S. L. Green.

## SEXING OF KITTENS

Sir.—I was most interested to read the many explanations and ideas regarding the sexing of kittens in your publication of 29th April.

Ignoring all the fairy tale stories of determining the sexes according to colours, etc., of course, the veterinary profession is correct in its claim to be able to tell which is which right from the start, just as any experienced cat worker can likewise do.

A simple diagram of these facts has been produced by the Cats' Protection League.

Any of your readers can be supplied with a copy but as registered charity dependent on public funds we would ask that the return postage please be sent.

Arthur E. Parratt,  
Gen. Sec., Cats' Protection League,  
29 Church St., Slough, SL1 1PW.

Daily Telegraph.

The publication of this letter resulted in approx. 150 enquiries, a number of donations and a few new members.—Editor.

## ERADICATING FERAL CATS

SIR.—I was interested in the account in the 25th April issue of "The Western Morning News", of the destruction of feral cats in South Devon and Torquay. My sympathies are with the RSPCA, which has to do a job it hates. In many cases, the people who complain have themselves contributed to the problem, by allowing the wild cats to breed unchecked.

That was the situation we found in Venice in 1965. For decades, if not for centuries, there had been no check on breeding, and the cats had outgrown their food supply. There were literally thousands of emaciated cats, some so weak that the rats were eating them. The floods of 1966 and a terrible massacre by the local authority the same year, plus our efforts, have resulted in a greatly improved situation.

Venetian cat lovers have been encouraged by our support, and are learning the value of neutering, and of euthanasia with humane drugs supplied by the Anglo-Italian Society for the Protection of Animals, which also helps with our dog rescue.

There is also a problem of stray and abandoned cats in Cornwall.

Three years ago I was asked to clear out a farmyard that swarmed with unwanted cats. With a friend we toiled back and forth, waiting while we hoped a cat would go into our traps. After several months, we had accounted for 27, about half of which were young enough to be tamed and found homes. A person who had been feeding them with devotion, but not limiting their breeding, observed: "Fancy, two years ago there were only two".

We must face it. If we do not want feral cats, we must not allow breeding. If the queens cannot be neutered at least see that the kittens are humanely destroyed at birth. The only alternative is large colonies which, in the end, have to be destroyed, at the cost of misery to the humans and fear of being trapped by the cats. Of course many die as well from accidents and disease. It is most irresponsible to let cats breed.

A mathematician calculated at my request, that if a cat has five daughters a year, all of whom survive to breed, in ten years she can have fifty million female descendants.

Mrs. Helera Sanders,  
Chairman, Anglo Venetian Group for the  
Protection of Stray Animals,  
Condurro Cottage, St. Clement, Truro.  
25th April.

Western Morning News  
3rd March, 1974

## CAT IN A HOT SPOT OVER HER KITTENS

Law the cat defied firemen evacuating flats on Brighton seafront. There was fire down below but to Law her three kittens mattered the most.

The early morning drama began on Sunday when wall panelling in a fish and chip restaurant in Kings Road overheated and sent smoke billowing into flats above.

Firemen decided to evacuate the four flats. All the tenants left the building except Law.

Mr. Gez Gibbons, 21, who lives in the top flat, said: "The firemen took the kittens first but the cat did not know, I tried to carry her out but she kept clawing my shoulder and jumping back into the room to look for them. Eventually we had to bring the kittens back into the flat and show them to her before she would go downstairs.

## Smoke Everywhere

"The whole thing took a full five minutes and it would have been all the same if the fire had been in the room. She would still have stayed. We were getting worried. There was smoke everywhere."

Law belongs to Mr. Gibbons's 18-year-old girl friend, Jane Manning.

Residents of the flats sat in police vehicles for half-an-hour while firemen cut smouldering wood panels and floorboards out of the restaurant.

Brighton firemen performed a second animal rescue the same night. They wore breathing apparatus to rescue two dogs locked in a back room of a house in Havelock Road, Brighton. The fire was in a front room. The occupiers were out.

*Brighton Evening Argus,*  
Tuesday, 28th May, 1974

## RABIES RISK AFTER VET CUT DOSES

Several hundred dogs and cats ran the risk of contracting rabies because a vet falsified their certificates of vaccination, it was stated yesterday at a disciplinary hearing of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons in London.

James Lauder, chief veterinary surgeon at the Arden Grange International quarantine and boarding kennels in Albourne, Sussex, was responsible for the imported pets being given two vaccinations against rabies. Instead, they only got one.

He admitted falsifying 262 certificates. He was ordered to be struck off the list.

## "Unnecessary dose"

In a statement Lauder said that in the opinion of many experts the second dose was unnecessary.

When the number of imported pets at the kennels doubled in a short time, the system of noting that the second injection should be given broke down.

Mr. Peter Bayliss, appearing for the college, said: "Mr. Lauder sent false certificates into the Ministry of Agriculture stating that animals had been vaccinated for a second time.

"In each case either Mr. Lauder or an assistant gave the first injection of vaccine".

*Daily Telegraph,*  
21st May, 1974

## MEET OUR HEAD GARDENER

Pat Brindley's "friend" looks very pleased with himself as he walks away from the Magnolia soulangiana (Dear Sir, 27th April). Is he a flower loving cat who sits for hours purring contentedly among the daffodils and pansies? Does he enjoy sniffing delicately at the roses, lilac and lavender? And does he accompany his "missus" during weeding, digging and planting sessions? My sister's cat does all these things and every evening he strolls round the garden with the special expression—a mixture of bliss and swank—that only cats have.—Margaret Sowersby (Mrs.), Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

*Popular Gardening,*  
25th May, 1974

With reference to paragraph "Nobody Cares" on page 49 of the May issue of THE CAT, I enclose a letter published in the Western Morning News last week and hope you will find room to include it in the next magazine. The writer was myself, and during the time I was pulling into the roadside having avoided the body, several cars sped by taking no notice. One often sees the bodies of animals rolled flat onto the road. Holiday makers have also been seen to throw animals out of cars.

S. M. Satchwell.

## MOTORIST'S DUTY

Sir,—I hope this catches the eye of the motorist who ran over a cat near Halsetown on Monday, 3rd June, and left it lying in the road.

Unfortunately I was not close enough behind to note the number of the car, but I did what that driver should have done, i.e., stop, move the animal to the grass verge, and call at nearby dwellings until I found the owner.

S. M. S.  
(Name and address supplied.)  
*W.M. News,*  
15th June, 1974.

## ALL HITCHED UP!

*Silkie's feline frolic*

Silkie, a fluffy part-Persian cat, hitched a four-mile ride in a stranger's van by mistake . . . and finished up in the arms of a traffic warden.

Silkie, who belongs to Mr. and Mrs. R. Palmer's family at Pond Hills Lane, Arnold, is used to riding in the family van with the children.

And thinking she might find them in the back of a small delivery van near her home, Silkie jumped in the back just before the driver slammed the doors shut without realising he had a travelling companion.

## First stop

Silkie jumped out at the van's first stop — four miles on — in Nottingham's Pelham Street and was picked up by a traffic warden.

Soon, after a telephone call from the police — Silkie was wearing her name and telephone number on a disc — her adventure was over and she was taken home.

## Lost or Killed

Mr. Palmer, who pieced together the story of his pet's adventure on collecting her at the police station, said today that if she had not been wearing the disc and had not been picked up at that moment by the warden she could well have been lost or killed in an accident.

Paw-note: The moral to cats obviously is: Only hitch a lift when wearing an identity disc!

*Nottingham Evening Post,*  
9th May, 1974

## SHAGGY CAT STORY

A man who was sacked for losing the company cat won £154 compensation at an industrial tribunal yesterday.

The cat — a long-haired tabby called Twinkle — was the mouser at the factory of H. Goldman Ltd., in Cricklewood, London.

When it went missing Mr. Roodal Ramroop lost his job.

A director, Mr. Brian Norman, told the tribunal that Twinkle had won a place in the hearts of all employees. Tempers became heated when Mr. Ramroop said he had taken it home and lost it.

"People are very funny about cats", said Mr. Norman. "By his action Mr. Ramroop had made his working relationship with people around him very difficult. We felt that the unauthorised removal of property and failure to return it was grounds for dismissing him".

Another director, Mr. Gerald Freeman, denied that he had called Mr. Ramroop "a thieving black bastard" when told of Twinkle's departure. "I called him totally irresponsible. I was extremely angry and very upset".

Mr. Ramroop, a 44-year-old former credit controller, of Leghorn Road, Harlesden, said he had taken the cat home for humanitarian reasons — to clean it.

The tribunal's chairman, Mr. E. G. Writmore, said it was rather severe to sack a man for losing the company cat and awarded him £154 compensation.

*The Guardian,*  
23rd March, 1974

## Book Reviews

### TO PET A LEO

A delightful small booklet of cat poems published by "The Idler" and illustrated by James Parkhill — Rathbone, the editor of "The Idler" and himself a great cat lover.

The book includes poems to please all ages, all occasions and at 30p (post free) is a wonderful treat for all cat lovers. Copies may be obtained direct from Hilda Lunn, 56 Stoneleigh Road, Solihull, Warks.

Hilda Peatrice Lunn

### THE REX CAT

This is a most interesting book compiled by Phyllis Lorder an international judge and published by David & Charles Holdings Limited at £3.25p (in U.K. only). This is a must for all those people interested in this most fascinating breed.



"SITA AND FAMILY"

## MRS. SHERRATT'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

(A.G.M. 15th June, 1974)

I think that there are very few people who have been connected with the League longer, or even as long, as Miss Leeming and myself. We have seen it grow from a small cat club in Slough to the important society that it now is. It was fortunate that there were two such people as Albert and Agnes Steward, backed by Mrs. Williams, who gave no. 29 Church Street in Slough, to be the home of the League which her faith in the Stewards foresaw.

On this slight foundation – a house and enough money in the bank for a year's salary for the Secretary, the League began to grow. Through years of unselfish devotion on the part of the Stewards, the League gradually began to spread its influence to other districts. The difficult war years were overcome, and the League continued quietly to expand. After over forty years of this devoted work, Mr. Steward felt he must retire. He left behind him a society that stands on a sure financial basis, a society that can speak with authority in its sphere, and is respected, I believe, among other animal societies. A wonderful monument!

But now, a fresh outlook! The roots so carefully planted are stirring. New life is showing in the C.P.L. A new Secretary has brought a new atmosphere, an invigorating atmosphere that encourages new growth, while old wood is being pruned to strengthen the new, small groups are growing, linking up with another, forming useful and lively networks in new districts. Mr. Parratt is in personal touch with all our centres, both new and old which all have close links with H.Q. These personal connections between Slough and the outlying centres has, I am sure, brought a friendly, I might almost say a family feeling into the League. Our branches know that they will receive advice and personal interest in their affairs. They have only to write to Mr. Parratt!

It is obvious that a new and exciting stage in the League's life has been reached, when it is more than ever necessary that the best possible service should be given, the best possible people should be in office to guide the League's affairs. Above all, it is imperative that your Chairman should be somebody well-known both inside and outside the League, who can both speak and write with authority, and who has practical experience in the many matters relating to the League's affairs. Now at this period when the outlook is expansion and more expansion, when there is a feeling of excitement in the air, now is the time for such people to be found.

I have had the honour of holding the position of Chairman, for many years. I appreciate that honour very much. I am not certain that I should serve the League better by going than by staying. But the evil that you know is better than the evil that you know not. I am certain in my mind that we have the right person to fill all the qualifications I listed as making a desirable Chairman. If you will agree with me, I will give you my resignation.

I now put this proposition to the meeting that Mrs. de Clifford be asked to take the Chairmanship of the Cats Protection League in my place.

OSYTH SHERRATT

## A GREETING FROM OUR NEW CHAIRMAN

My thanks go to everyone of you who have given me this chance to do real work to help needy and unhappy cats. I am pleased and proud to find myself in this position; I am also a bit worried in case I do not fill it very well. I am keenly aware that I have to follow a Chairman who has set a very high standard of what a Chairman should be. I can assure you all that I shall do my best, and I hope that we may go forward, carrying the fine traditions of the past, to an even finer future.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

## POEMS TO SOOTHE THE FELINE EAR

What's in a name? When it comes to cats, author Jacintha Buddicom reckons names should have wit – and tell us something about the nature of the beast.

An alley cat, with origins well disguised by the patrician-sounding name Alexander Catullus . . . the marmalade cat, Robertson . . . Quillie, a blue Persian, from schoolgirl days . . .

All three are past or present members of Miss Buddicom's household – and all three get star billing in her delightful book "Cat Poems".\*

The range of feline subjects is wide. There are poems in sheer praise of the cat kingdom, several actually on the subject of cat names, and some sad, but not soppy requiems for departed pets. On the latter Miss Buddicom comments: ". . . their lives – all nine of them – are often of brief duration, and these elegies might be of comfort to someone who has lost a cat".

But I really enjoyed the verses in lighter vein. In "Relativity" there's a delicious pussy plea to the Great Cat Sun:

". . . a Heavenly house  
Without a mouse  
Or a Heavenly flat  
Without a rat,

Or a Heavenly view  
Without a shrew,  
Or the Heavenly Whole  
Without a vole  
or a mole  
Wouldn't be Paradise".

The author suggests in a footnote that this is a good song to stroke a cat to: to be recited hissing the "s's" and rolling the "r's". Similar explanatory notes and comments, together with charming sketches, occur throughout.

Miss Buddicom has a final word for domestic cat owners who have been disturbed when presented by a proud puss with a dead bird or garden creature:

"Cats hunt for sport as much as food  
Like Labrador or Setter:  
A hungry cat at hunting's good  
But a well-fed cat's far better".

The verse is entitled "Feline Fact"!

Mary Brook,  
*Daily Telegraph*,  
5th June, 1974

\* Leslie Frewin, £1.35.

Further details can be found in "Shop Window".

## 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

With just two months of the "peak" breeding season gone, the old, familiar pattern emerges. Kittens in ever-increasing numbers being reported daily. At the time of writing I have over thirty in one district alone, all in unsatisfactory accommodation and all at risk until placed. Upon investigating one pleasant sounding letter about "two dear pussies", I found the writer has an entire garden full of unapproachable cats and kittens of all ages — the dear lady feeding them thought spaying altered their natures and spoilt their characters. With friends like that, cats don't need enemies.

At our A.G.M. in May, at which we had a rather better attendance than usual, we finally and reluctantly said goodbye to Mr. Bennett, not only as Treasurer, but as Committee member as well; also to Miss June Scriven, one of the founder members of the Branch and a stalwart friend to all cats. She it was who guided me through the intricacies of the Secretary's work, helped me out of the worst of the muddles I made, and bore the brunt of my frequent bouts of irritability, for all of which I am most grateful. We shall all miss her help. With these two exceptions and with the welcome addition of Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, the Committee is returned as before. After the business part of the A.G.M. the film show and talk given by Mr. Speer — (another new, true friend to C. P. L., Birmingham) — was the high spot of the evening and one we hope to repeat.

Coffee evenings and a Cheese and Wine party should replenish the funds during June. On 13th July we have our Garden Party at Elmwood Church, Hamstead Hill, Hands-worth Wood, apart from good weather, which is in the lap of the Gods, for this we are in urgent need of helpers for the various stalls and competitions, and for all of our activities plenty of goods to sell. Some gifts reach us anonymously, for which we say thank you now, especially to Sherry and Snow. Postal services now are so unreliable that correct addressing of mail is essential and the post code for my address is B20 2 PH *not* PA as is stated at the back of the magazine — this has sometimes caused some delay. Please continue

to support us as much as possible. If everyone of our Branch members sent us something it would make such a difference — even the difference between life and death for some cat or kitten unable to exist without such help.

Miss F. Primett

#### CHELMSFORD AND DISTRICT BRANCH

Fortune is not smiling upon us at the moment and so this report will be very brief. We were refused planning permission for the new Shelter again but, since then, "certain things" have come to light and we believe it will be a case of third time lucky and we shall be approved next time the Planning Committee meets. We are now showing our claws!

Jean Middlemiss is most unfortunately temporarily out of action through ill health, and so home-finding and care of the cats at the present Shelter is proving very difficult at this, the busiest time, of the year. Mr. Middlemiss is coping with the cats as best he can, and Mrs. Paterson and I and some of our good helpers are coping with the home finding and endless cat problems as best we can! If you have written to us and still await a reply, please bear with us. We thank you very much for your encouragement and support and we couldn't exist without it. Thank you to all who have sent goods for our many different sales and bazaars, trading stamps, postage stamps, knitting wool, donations to the Tabby-Tortie Fund, and special thanks to our "Permanent Aunts" who regularly send donations for their adopted cats. We shall write to thank you as soon as we can find a moment to sit down!

Unfortunately the dates of our next events were misprinted in the May/June issue of THE CAT. It should have read "Strawberry Fair" on Saturday, 29th June, and "Summer Fair and Cats' Tea Party" on Sunday, 14th July. We do hope that no-one was inconvenienced by coming to see us on the wrong dates.

We hope to have more cheerful news in the next issue. At the moment the only cheering things in our lives are the dozens and dozens of kittens we have awaiting homes. Entrancing to watch, but we have nowhere to keep

#### Chelmsford cont.

them until homes are found. Is there no-one within driving distance of Chelmsford who could house one or two of them for a short period of time? They are such fun to have around you.

Mrs. Christine Petersen (Chairman)

#### DERBY BRANCH

CPL Derby made front-page news in the local press on 10th May for the first, and probably the only time. From 31st December of this year our boarding cattery must close down. This is the decision of the Derby borough council planning sub-committee, and to use their own words, this cattery is inappropriately located in the garden of a dwelling house, and causes undue disturbance and loss of amenity to nearby householders. Almost without exception, neighbours signed a petition fully supporting the cattery and its good work. We are grateful indeed to the many people who wrote both to the press and the planning department, and who signed our petition, in our last stand with authority to keep open our cattery. We even got a spot on Radio Derby, but as this was broadcast at 7.30 a.m., it had little impact.

Somehow we will overcome this disaster, it certainly has made no difference to the amount of cats and kittens which have come into our care; as ever, the home-finding problem is a great worry, but we are having a far larger demand for help in spaying and neutering, so the message of cat population control seems to be spreading, but it is quite amazing how many people say they have "never heard of the Cats' Protection League" — even though we advertise regularly, and a very large amount of leaflets are distributed annually.

We held a flag-day on the 11th May, which was reasonably successful considering we were allotted the same area as the Christian Aid collectors. Many members attended our first CPL dinner in April, and our forthcoming coach trip to York is fully booked. Will members please note that our summer bazaar will be held at the Guild Hall on 6th July — we do plead for as many helpers as possible friends PLEASE! We only just managed to cope with the Easter bazaar with volunteers who are not members, and we heartily thank these kind folk, we just could not have done without them.

We are very proud of items for re-sale, and will be grateful for anything at all which we can sell to help the cats. We welcome a new member Mrs. D. Hatton; and we thank all the very kind friends who have sent us donations, some of them anonymously, and for parcels we have received.

Mrs. Dreena Ellis, Treasurer.

#### GLOSSOP AND DISTRICT BRANCH

Our A.G.M. was held on 9th May but unfortunately few members attended.

Mrs. Ward is now quite well again, and has once more taken over as secretary, Mrs. Hooper returning to her previous position as chairman.

During 1973 the committee have worked very hard to improve the branch and in 1974 we hope to continue to consolidate our position.

Our urgent priority is to set up our own cattery, and with the help of Mr. Parratt and H.Q. we hope to do this within the next few months.

Money raising events are planned for each month until the end of the year. We send our thanks to our kind friends who help us so much by their gifts of saleable articles and materials, please continue your help and encouragement.

Patrick, the all white Tom, who arrived in such a poor state after his accident, is now a plump friendly boy loved by everybody. Hoppity, our three-legged girl, his best friend, has also become a playful happy cat. Her disability doesn't trouble her at all; she plays with Patrick in the wood, up and down the trees with no difficulty.

During 1973 we issued 340 neutering vouchers, and felt that at last an impact was being made on the stray problem when a local pet shop, unable to supply a customer with a kitten, complained that it was all the fault of those stupid animal workers who were neutering all the female cats. What a joy to us all it will be when this position is repeated all over the country.

Finally, a thank you to our anonymous friends for £1 donation, and a box of jewellery postmarked Sheffield.

D. E. Hooper, Chairman.

#### ISLE OF WIGHT BRANCH

We would like to thank all those readers of last months magazine who gave so generously to help our Jumble along. Special thanks go to Mrs. Fifield of Newport who presented us with a beautiful piano. Also, Mr. Teague of Ryde who never seems to tire of delivering car-loads of good Jumble to us.

Many thanks to Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Newsholme of Chale for their wonderful donation of £30.00.

We were hoping to hold our sale at the end of June but due to circumstances beyond our control, July seems to be the earliest we can hope for now. This means we can still collect if you can find any more for us.

This month has been one of heart-ache and yet at the same time it has been rewarding.

### Isle of Wight, cont.

For example, Joe was brought to us complete with earthenware pot on his head. Nothing will ever convince us that Joe did this to find out what was inside. Least of all the fact that his misfortune was printed in the local papers, National papers, broadcast on the local radio station, and given out on Day-By-Day by Southern Television.

None of our efforts brought forth the cats original owner. Joe had to be anaesthetised before the pot could be removed. The poor creature was in a state of fear and panic on arrival. Not so surprising, as by the state of his neck and head, the Vet told us that he must have dragged this thing around with him for a week or ten days at least. After the removal, Joe was placed in the Clinic for a much needed rest. It was two days before he could lift his head and four days before he could keep it up! Though very thin and weak when he came to us, he responded very well to good food, shelter and plenty of love from the staff. A month passed and we were giving up any hope of Joe's chances of a new home. The kitten season giving him strong competition, but one very happy day for us as well as for Joe, a young couple saw him and despite the fact that his fur had not completely grown on his neck, they fell in love with him and he is now well and truly settled in his new home and is referred to as Number one!

It was very rewarding for us at Whitsun to see that two thirds of our boarding section was occupied by cats that had originally started life with us in our stray and unwanted section. Every one of them looked well cared for and very contented with their new owners. It gave us all a feeling that our work is not in vain after all.

Our work this month has been varied. Only last week our superintendent was called out to a road accident involving a dog. Needless to say, the driver didn't stop. When she arrived, the caller grabbed her arm and said, "I hope you don't mind too much dear, but I always think of you when I need help".

Of course she didn't mind and was glad to be of help to the dog, the owner and to the Vet when he needed to examine and treat the animal. Luckily, the dog, (a beautiful young labrador), escaped with nothing more than shock and bruises. Dog and owner were delivered safely home in our Cat-Ambulance.

The Maternity Unit, (in the cattery), is in full swing now. On Whit-Monday, "Ruby", a beautiful fluffy tortoiseshell cat gave birth to three gorgeous ginger males. As soon as is

possible she will be spayed and will need a good home. She is a good Mum, and has a lovely nature. Any offers?

Two kittens, rescued from a large tub containing "sump oil" on Whit-Monday, were given immediate veterinary treatment, for any internal damage. Later in the day, after the shock had passed, they were cleaned with a well known oil remover, bathed in "fairy liquid", rinsed, dried, fed and placed in heated quarters. This, I hasten to add, was carried out under full veterinary supervision and I would not advise anybody to attempt home treatment in such a case. We were very happy to see the twins go off to their new home together at the weekend.

How they got there of course, we shall never know. At least we know where they are now, in a good home, not too far away from us, and we can see them any time we wish.

Mrs. J. Eldridge

### NORTH LONDON BRANCH

We are now taking into the Shelter kittens galore and the breeding season is well and truly upon us. If you know of any good homes for kittens, please let us know. Among our other residents is a long haired, pure white cat of six months. Its mouth is deformed but this does not mar the beauty of the cat and our "Vet" assures us that the cat is fit and happy.

Fred, our clumsy cockney cat is still with us and still "driving us round the bend" from time to time with his awkwardness. He is very flattered by the number of letters enquiring after him.

For the first time, we entered a float in the Islington Carnival parade and were delighted to receive a silver cup as second prize. All the arrangements were the responsibility of our Committee member Miss Iris Smithson and her loyal band of helpers, and a very delightful and original float they turned out, using our mini-van. During the Spring Bank holiday, they will be running a stall at Highbury Fields as part of the Carnival month.

During the London Joint Animal Flag Day last year, we thought we had taken an unbeatable record sum of £255. However, thanks to Mr. Parratt's mention of the need for sellers, we had ten more sellers on the streets this year and took the magnificent sum of £417. We thank all those who stood on draughty street corners selling for us and who collected such a wonderful sum, all in small coin, a chilly and arm-aching task. Our residents are licking their lips in anticipation of a celebratory feed.

Will you check that you have the following dates in your diary:—

### North London, cont.

5th September. Our Jumble sale at Upper Holloway Hall.

18th and 19th October. Animal Fair at Horticultural Hall.

14th December. Our Bazaar at Upper Holloway Hall.

For these three events, we urgently need goods for sale and should be delighted to hear from you if you have anything to spare.

Mrs. M. Davies

### NOTTINGHAM

The members of Nottingham Group were very pleased to welcome Mr. Parratt to a Coffee Evening in Nottingham on 22nd February.

This was held in a central hall, for which reason we hoped we should have a record attendance.

Alas, this was not so, but at least our regular, loyal and hard-working helpers, who, fortunately came to everything arranged had an opportunity of meeting Mr. Parratt.

Mr. Parratt spoke on the working of the C.P.L., and gave us some interesting facts as to how the shelter at H.Q. operated, and an insight into the many problems which need to be resolved.

Mr. Parratt's talk was backed up by the provision of a general stall and some raffles, and everyone agreed that they had had a good evening.

The next event is the June Garden Party in the Chairman's Garden. We hope to equal the successful result which was obtained last year, and we are certainly praying for a fine day — the Chairman is, anyway.

At the time of writing several of us are involved in what we call "The case of the Maltby Cats".

Maltby, is on the outskirts of Sheffield, but since there is no C.P.L. Branch north of Nottingham, we are pleased to be involved regarding thirteen or more-cats attached to a factory. Fortunately, they seem to be well cared for by the workmen.

A very energetic member, who originally visited this factory on a business call and assessed the situation, is travelling regularly to Sheffield to pick up 3 or 4 of these cats at each visit. She is then arranging for a local vet to operate on the cats (for which we are supplying vouchers) and afterwards looking after them in her own home until they are fit to be returned.

We all appreciate her energy and initiative.  
Mrs. M. Bettsworth

### SOUTH LONDON COMMITTEE NOTES

12 The Close, New Malden.

Our Big Rag Fair has been a great success. People seem quite pleased to come and spend their new pennies under the old title, and it gives us good scope for selling absolutely everything, which we are good at doing! We are planning to hold more, as we can find suitable halls for them, we hope to have them in July, August and September, but, unless we can insert a stop-press message, I am afraid that particulars of exactly where and when will have to be made known through card and telephone, as we have nothing settled as yet.

However, our two big occasions of the autumn are fixed and so please make a note of these two treats in store for everyone:

SATURDAY, 5th OCTOBER  
The WIMBLEDON BAZAAR  
THE COMMUNITY CENTRE  
St. George's Road, Wimbledon.  
Doors will open at 2 p.m.

And SATURDAY, 26th OCTOBER  
THE CHRISTMAS BAZAAR  
Cathedral Hall,  
Ambrosden Avenue, S.W.1.  
Opening at 2 p.m.

It may seem that these dates are rather far ahead, but you will be surprised how soon the great days will come, so if you are very kindly planning to send us anything, please send now, the sooner the better, and if you would like us to arrange collection, please let us know.

We are very grateful to those kind people who have rallied to our cry for help. Every little helps, and we need every little we can get. Things are still looking rather grim, we have to put our very best paws forward, but we are managing to carry on.

At the Rescue Centre, the cats are well and all standing ready for new, kind homes. I do hope that the homes will soon be bound. They are nearly all darling cats, pretty and sweet-mannered and glowing with good-will and lovingkindness to everyone. Of course, we have a few exceptions, there are one or two who seem to look on life as a series of practical jokes, and people as their predestined victims, and one or two bossy cats who want a home in order to run it for themselves, but we hope to find meek, gentle people who will learn to love them. Perfidia the undeserving sends thanks for many kind gifts, she is rollicking on her wicked way, delighted with the extra treats she has not earned. We have a sad little newcomer, Petronella, who would like a bit extra, if anyone would please send her something, she is a gentle tabby and so far, she has had a bad time during her short life. Please help her.

### South London, cont.

Our special requests are: Model trains and railways.

Gentlemen's pocket watches, any age any condition, no matter if broken.

A small, old pendant of any kind, and of course, any little trinket or bit of jewellery, even broken. Those are the special requests, but as well we are glad of anything you can spare.

Mrs. de Clifford

### SUSSEX BRANCH

A knock at the door, outside two boys one with a wooden box. "Yes"? "Mum sent you these kittens she don't want 'em". "But we are full right up". "Oh" says boy swinging box ominously about, you know all the time you will take them, but wonder frantically what would happen if you didn't, and equally frantically what will happen if you do, you meekly say "All right I suppose they could go in the bathroom", and you are thinking it's better than being thrown over a hedge or something equally awful, as you look at the uncaring boy who may well have been told not to bring them back, so in they come and you suggest that Mother applies for a Voucher so that it doesn't happen again. Typical for June at all Branches I suppose. Such a worry but these are sure to find homes, for inside the box were three of the most beautiful grey and white kittens you could wish to see, if Dad wasn't a "Blue" it must have been Grandad. Lovely, why can't one keep them all.

We do thank all our friends and members for their gifts for our stall at the Charities Fair and those from other Branches who sent us gifts too, that was most kind. We made just over £20, and several people asked about joining the C.P.L. so it was a worth while day.

We are now hoping for fine days for our Open Day at Cat Haven in July, and a Garden Party on 28th August given by Mrs. Eldridge, where we shall be able to see all her lovely cats.

Miss P. Mark

### ULSTER BRANCH

Usually the Branch Report is prepared by our indefatigable Hon. Secretary, Miss McKee, but as she is at the moment a long way from her typewriter, enjoying a holiday in Canada, this roundup of events in Ulster might perhaps fall into the category of "Chairman's remarks".

At the time of writing (by candlelight), we are in the grip of a strike which, however honestly intentioned at the start, has now become a terrifying Frankenstein monster paralysing the province. Our crowded shelter

only has the use of its electric cooker at brief and unpredictable intervals, and the hot-water system is frequently out of action. The latest turn of the screw is the embargo on petrol, which has seriously jeopardised the cats' food and milk supplies. Our Shelter Superintendent and her kennel staff, plus Miss Rodgers, (who is always to be found well to the fore in any crisis), are at their wits' end trying to cope. It is, of course, impossible for voluntary workers to reach the Shelter, unless they live within walking distance. Audrey Kent and I have been forced to suspend home-visiting until we can fill our car's empty petrol-tank and drive on barricade-free roads again. There have been no buses for almost a fortnight, and your Chairman must admit to rebellious feet after a ten-mile hike through rubble-strewn streets on the daily journey to work at the Law Courts. There is nothing League members can do except soldier on and hope that this nightmare situation will be resolved before the Shelter is reduced to disaster level.

When life *does* resume what passes for a semblance of normality in Belfast, we should be very glad of more car-owners to help with ferrying cats for veterinary treatment and to homes, etc. There is a limit to what Mrs. Livingstone and Mrs. Frederick, two of our most willing chauffeuses, can manage; and we would therefore appeal for as many drivers as possible to volunteer by telephoning Miss Rodgers at the Shelter, specifying what they can do.

Behind all the League's practical necessities lurks the ever-gibbering spectre of finance, or lack of it, a headache for Mrs. Cameron, our new Treasurer, when income looks like a depressingly puny Jonah while expenditure resembles an exceedingly cavernous whale. The Appeal Committee aim to pack as many fund-raising activities as they can into the next few months, and dates for your diary are:—

Bangor sale and coffee party, 17th August.  
25th Anniversary Ballot and Party,  
Wellesley Avenue, YWCA hall, 7th  
September.  
Grand Auction, Wellesley Avenue YWCA  
hall, 26th October.

A coffee party run by Miss Vera Thompson in her home in Holywood raised the splendid sum of almost fifty pounds, so we hope that future events will be equally well supported, if indeed the situation permits us to go through with them. We might also mention here that we have found auctions to be a first-class method of raising a tidy sum in the shortest possible time, and in this context we are particularly grateful to Mrs. McBride, our President, who always produces some-

### Ulster, cont.

thing beautiful for us to sell, and Mrs. Heron of Killyleagh, who has donated a tremendous variety of items which have so far netted over a hundred pounds. Good-quality auctionable things of all kinds will always be welcome, so please scour your attics for that forgotten gem. We are also reviving Mrs. Eastwood's pledging scheme, and it is hoped to include a letter about this with Ulster members' next magazine issue.

As Miss McKee has previously indicated, 1974 is our 25th Anniversary Year. When the Branch was formed in 1949, Ulster was still recovering from the ravages of World War II, and looking forward, with no prescience of the holocaust to come two decades later, to the peace and prosperity for which, with the rest of Britain, her people had fought and died. But there was scant thought then for the welfare of cats, and the dedicated band of founder-members had an uphill struggle to get the Branch off the ground. Some of them are, happily, still with us, and we sincerely thank them for the courage and tenacity which has given us our organisation and our premises where so many poor creatures have been cared for and rehabilitated.

Here I must with a heavy heart break some very bad news indeed. "Marmalade", who was to have celebrated his 21st birthday as a highlight of our anniversary plans, did not live to see his party. A fortnight ago he developed a lump at his shoulder, which had all the appearance of a simple sprained joint, but veterinary examination under anaesthetic gave us the shocking verdict that the quiet, charming old ginger fellow with the crumpled ear of bygone battles had in fact cancer of the lung, painless but rapidly fatal. He rallied, and enjoyed a short spell more of life, but last Thursday he collapsed, fighting for breath, and Mrs. Tredrea had the ordeal of summoning the vet to put him down. He is buried in a spot where he loved to sit, beneath a tree in the garden. So, sadly, his presents must now become his memorial, but I am certain that it would be his wish that his friends in the cattery should benefit from them on his behalf.

Through the last five years of horror and mind-bending tragedy, we have wondered what fresh blow will fall upon us from day to day, and if we can survive, yet we know that somehow we must keep going for the sake of the helpless cat-victims who need us now more desperately than they ever did. Cats like, for instance, Barney, found by soldiers in an area of bombing and burning. The good-hearted lads brought him to the C.P.L. tenderly wrapped in an Army blanket.

It was impossible to tell what colour the cowering mass of singed stubble with hurt, bewildered eyes had been, but from the beginning it was plain that he very much wanted to live. In a few months we found that we had on our hands a handsome tabby half-persian! Barney subsequently appeared with Mrs. Tredrea and myself as the "star" of a local TV news-item on the plight of animals in the province. Unlike the children featured in a recent TV appeal, whom 1700 people clamoured to adopt, not one of our "supporting cast" of beautiful strays, pictured in colour strolling about the cattery, received the offer of a home, a wry commentary on how much more highly egotistical humanity values its own species. Barney, however, went off triumphantly to a marvellous future with the Warden of a nature reserve, where he at once took over the entire family, and rules them with a velvet paw.

In anybody's Anniversary Year, who could write a better "Happy Ending" than that?

Lorna Gulston

### WEST CORNWALL

Cathlowena has lately become a chapter out of a James Bond novel. Reports of shootings, poisonings, stealing and gruesome discoveries have spiced our lives and so hotted up the phone, that we have to take ten deep breaths each time we lift the receiver and it comes as a great relief when it is only the reporter for the latest in feline horror news.

Do I sound flippant? If one didn't keep a sense of humour, life would become impossible. As usual there doesn't seem to be a solution to this macabre hunt for cats which seems to be going on in the locality and I am wondering if other Branches are suffering in the same way. Two beautiful Siamese were brought it for new homes to be found, because the local farmer insisted that he would shoot them as they were killing his sheep, the size of the cats left me in doubt if they could kill a mouse, but the police were involved and the scared owner took the easy way out. The next day a heartbroken cat owner phoned to say her cat had been found on a rubbish dump shot, another Siamese, and quite near to where the other two had lived. A couple of weeks after the same lady phoned in a great state of anguish, another Siamese had mysteriously disappeared and as yet no body recovered, but she has drawn conclusions. Then a spate of other cats suddenly disappearing, cats that have never left the front garden. The local news have got hold of this and they are concerned, but what does one do?



West Cornwall, cont.

The next crime wave is the phone calls asking for persian type cats and kittens particularly blue ones. Then the local breeders telling us that they are being constantly asked to sell their litters to a reciever who wants them for exporting abroad, fun furs are popular and Persian cats have the right type of coats for these latest fads. Then we have had frantic calls from owners of long-haired cats who have disappeared, then several Siamese missing. This plus the usual and expected news of colonies of wild cats over-breeding, and a cat with kittens starving on a deserted boat, and the allergies, domestic upheavals, death and illness one wonders what one should do because it seems one is powerless to even begin to attack these crime waves. I have uneasy slumbers at times and the shame of man's lust for money hangs heavily on our shoulders. I won't go on, it is depressing . . .

Thanks a lot for the donations sent after our appeal in THE CAT, we were grateful. Costs have risen out of all proportion and as I said with so much cat work there is little time for fund raising, as one of our voluntary helpers said when she phoned the other day to report a stray cat: "I don't see much point in coming out to help on Saturdays, you are always so busy and never have time for a chat". I think this sums it all up, but the poor lady couldn't understand why I chuckled . . .

Mrs. K. Beesley

THE STUDIO RESCUE CENTRE Haslemere.

High summer is the best time here. All through the long days and light evenings, the cats rejoice. They prowl and stalk each other and the dreadful urgency about food is lessened. Meals are always acceptable and well-attended, but there are other interests now. The charming Spanish habit of the Siesta has been introduced and is now fashionable. Cats sleep for hours and hours, in the grass among the ferns or, frequently, out in the sunshine turned "inside out", flat on their backs with paws stretched out. I like to see them completely relaxed, and I still admire the way each finds a pleasant sheltered place. It has been windy lately but fifty-eight cats have found fifty-eight patches of sunlight or shade all out of the wind and protected. They do not have much to do with each other, here and there a pair will sit together, but usually this is the time for solitary living.

At sunset a light supper is taken around and each cat goes into his own house to eat it. Although it is not really necessary we shut

them into their houses at night. Some of the "freebooters" as we call them, will not go into any kind of house, they have lived outside always and they will not change their ways. We have shelters dotted about for them in case of severe rain, but anything with doors that shut, they cannot tolerate anything that shuts. At this moment, nearly all the cats we have are willing to be stroked and picked up if we insist, which is pleasant. But usually one had to be very careful not to embarrass a shy cat by taking advantage of his sleepy relaxation in the fine weather, the gentle little heap of fur can turn into a feline volcano, with teeth and claws to the fore, if he is startled. It makes me realise the unhappy and worried state he has been in before coming here. It is rather wonderful to see the whole compound full of these warm, sleepy cats and to think that not one had a chance of any life at all if he had not come here.

Nerea de Clifford

ABANDONED

It was raining that day,  
They went away,  
Yes, they went away and left me,  
I scratched the pane,  
But nobody came,  
The house, it was all so empty.

That night, in the frost,  
So lonely, so lost,  
No friendly voice to call me.

What had I done,  
They should leave me alone,  
Oh, what a fate to befall me.

So, here I am, at "The Cat's Home",  
you see,  
But of course, I can't stay forever,  
I'm only two,  
I could stay with you,  
And I'd never leave you,  
Never.

Please give me a home,  
I wouldn't roam, or leave you alone,  
We could play all day,  
You need never to say,  
Remember that day,  
That rainy day,  
He went away and left me.

Tinker

(Home Found - I.O.W.)

MEMBERS' CORNER

I wonder please, if you can find room in the members corner of THE CAT for a thank you to all friends who so kindly sent me wool to help with the knitting of cat blankets.

Not only do these good people spend money on postage but in many cases omit to add their name and address so that I am unable to write and thank them personally.

Margaret Foster, Oxford

"SHADE-Y CHARACTERS (A True Tale)

The tiny kitten, Pinkie, from next-door (Pale pink of nose and paler pink of paw), Would greet me when from work I would return.

"If only she were mine!" I oft would yearn.

Some eight years passed, and then my neighbour sent A wreath when Mother's earthly days were spent:

With it there came an answer to my prayer - "Pinkie is yours"! was plainly written there.

Oh, what delights the two of us enjoyed!  
She came to me to fill that aching void  
Until, when she was over seventeen,  
She left for evermore this mortal scene.

"No other pet for me"! my Spirit cried,  
Expressing heartfelt grief I could not hide.  
"Tis better to have loved and lost? Not so!  
Forever on my own I now will go".

Yet, e'er the blessed Springtime came again,  
God in His mercy sent, to ease my pain,  
A feline stray, so thin, in sorry plight:  
How could I not befriend the precious mite?

Soon he was sleek and very much admired:  
"What will you call him"? eager friends enquired.  
'Why, Blackie, with such glossy coat of jet',  
And he is still my faithful, loving pet.

Companionship my Blackie does not lack -  
Another cat have I - part white, part black.  
As from "The True Blue" Public House he came,  
No marks for guessing "Bluey" is his name!

And so, my pets have all had "shade-y" names -  
My own alone no colour bright proclaims.  
If I should marry, then perhaps I might  
Exchange it for, say, Green (or Brown, or White!)

Dorothy Elthorne-Jones

THE ADOPTERS

Twelve sets of little muddy feet across the kitchen floor,  
Twelve waving tails, twelve furry coats, go in and out the door:

They fill our chairs and sofas, and they tell us what is what:

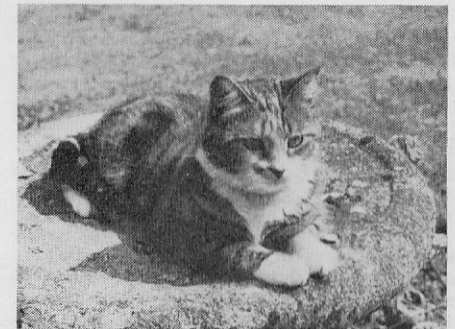
They keep us pretty busy - but we love the furry lot!

We never meant to have them - how it happens no one knows;  
We haven't any children, but the "family" still grows:

Twelve little hungry whiskered mouths that cost a pretty penny -

Twelve little sets of trotting feet - but not a paw too many!

G. M. Haines



"HOOKED BY A CAT"

Fastidious feline,  
With picky tastes in diet.  
Such rigorous toilet of silky coat  
Demanding admiration by sensual purring.

Profound indifference  
To household dramas  
Guiltless to fallen vase  
Eyes blandly innocent.  
Writing and weaving  
A seductive caress about your ankles,  
To remind you of supper.  
A planned campaign, to assure petting and soft words!

The sound of the can opener  
Brings her vibrant, - crooning noises,  
To establish her readiness to eat.  
An inspection of food, then disbelief.

What's this, something new? outraged  
She glares her disapproval.  
Tail erect, a haughty twitch,  
She leaps to window seat and turns her back to punish us,

And there contemplates her lavished Egyptian Cousins.

Jean Gill

### Members' Corner, cont.

Loneliness is an animal, penned in the Market,  
Stupid with terror, bewilderment and pain.  
Loneliness is losing the cat that has shared  
with you  
Sunshine and shadow of a country lane.  
Loneliness is walking through the garden in  
summer  
With no one beside you to look at the flowers;  
Loneliness is knowing you will never see or  
hear again  
A small cat purring in the twilight hours.  
Loneliness is listening for a voice that does not  
answer  
And opening the door of an empty house.  
Loneliness is finding all the toys she has  
played with  
A cotton-reel, a bell, a cat-mint mouse.  
Loneliness is watching so many cats  
wandering  
Homeless and hungry while the moon shines  
above.  
Loneliness is helped by opening your heart  
again  
To a Tabby kitten, in need of love.  
Melody Collier

I would like to add one more letter to the many which you must have received in answer to Mr. Gerry Anderson's statement printed in the March/April issue of THE CAT.

Does he not realise that the divine spark is within all living creatures whatever their physical appearance may be, also there is sufficient help available for all needy persons they have only to seek it.

Maybe we should feel sorry for Mr. Anderson, for it is clear that he, himself, is deprived. He may never have known the complete and utter joy of a close bond of mutual devotion with a beloved cat, a happiness which transcends the bounds of our earthly existence.

I hope Sir, you may find a space to include this letter in one of your issues.  
Margaret Foster, Oxford

I was most interested in Mrs. Anderson's thoughts on cats and would like to hear from her sometime.

We all seem to learn various dodges by experience. After many years with a large family of cats I have discovered the following home remedies for small ailments. I used to think raw meal for diarrhoea but now I think steamed fish, dry, is as good or better. For just a tummy upset due to greed or a

cat that is liable to diarrhoea I add a pinch of kaolin to small meals twice a day for a day or two and when giving tinned food half a teaspoonful of sterilized bone flour. For constipation it is better to add all-bran to food than to give too much oil. My cats love liquid paraffin mixed with food, so have this occasionally. They also have a teaspoonful of barley water twice daily as this is good for kidneys and bladder.

Meals consist of steamed fish mixed with rusks made from brown bread toasted in slow oven, good brands of cat food mixed with rusks and a very few pieces of the dried foods for a treat. Although these are advertised as a complete food, I am convinced that they cause cystitis if given in quantity.

Never give a cat one sort of food for every meal however fond of it they may be, the time will come when they will either turn against it completely or be ill. Always have plenty of clean water available for some cats really do hate milk. I never give a cat human medicine and particularly never aspirin or castor oil, this used to be advocated in cat books years ago so if you still possess a very old cat book I would suggest you get rid of it.

D. Hall,

78, Hill Road, Watlington, Oxon.

"Thank you for THE CAT, it is a most interesting magazine and I think the work done is splendid. I am enclosing £2 as a donation in memory of my dearest Peggy and as a thank offering for the pleasure my love Sophie my black cat gives me. My house is an open one for all the cats on this Terrace and for one who comes every evening, we call him 'The Boy Friend' and he must come quite a distance as no one around here owns him. We call this house 'Kats' Keff'! There is a cats' door and food is always on hand just inside. The 'Boy Friend' may be a stray but he keeps himself in perfect condition. He is very shy and will not let me touch him - although he will pat my hand if I put it outside the cat door - but he comes in and eats the food whilst I am in the room so long as I stand perfectly still . . .

"Sophie has retired to my bed as it is too wet in the garden. Perhaps, now, my seeds will have a chance to grow, she will lie on them! If I cover them with sticks or wire netting she removes them and does more damage that way".

Mrs. D. Parkhouse,  
Bideford, N. Devon

(A sprightly lady now past the mid eighties—  
Editor.)

### Members' Corner, cont.

#### MAGICAL CATS

Cats!  
Oh, what is there so magic about cats?  
It isn't that they wear waist-coats or spats  
Or even dinner-jackets or top-hats.  
They have a brutal way of eating rats  
And cannot even fly when chasing bats,  
So what is there so magic about cats?

Cats!  
Oh, what is there so magic about cats?  
They scratch the chairs and trip you up on  
mats,  
They even run away from friendly pats.  
They spring upon you unawares, like gnats,  
Sulk angrily when forced to live in Flats,  
And yet there IS a magic about cats.  
Melody Collier.

#### THE OUTCAST

Only one eye, ears tattered and torn,  
A thin little body, all forlorn,  
Nobody wants me, that's plain to see,  
Whatever is going to happen to me.

A Lady is kind she feeds me bits,  
And on the back step, she lets me sit,  
But oh for a home and someone to love,  
To that someone, my true love I'd prove.

I was injured, and they took me away,  
I clung to the lady, that fed me the scraps,  
Does no-body want me, this lovely day?  
Please somebody love me, perhaps, perhaps.

But nobody does, and away I must go,  
To sleep a long sleep so they say,  
It does no good for me to say "No",  
Never mind, its all over, this way.  
Joyce B. Dyer

(This poem is about a little friendly cat which had been abandoned by its previous owners, it was too ugly to be wanted, Cats League people got it to the R.S.P.C.A. after it was injured, so saving it further unhappiness.)

#### TRIBUTE TO COSSACK

My proud and beautiful cat,  
Crouched low in the long tall, grass,  
Stalking at this and that,  
Letting nothing go past.

To-day you died, alas,  
So young and untimely to go,  
In your little master's arms,  
Oh how he loved you so.

But we shall remember you,  
When the Spring is here again,  
The funny things you used to do,  
And you will live again!

Joyce B. Dyer.

### MISCHIEF

A gleaming eye,  
And velvet nose,  
Twitching whiskers,  
And twinkling toes.

Who climbs the curtains,  
Scrapes the walls,  
Claws at carpets,  
Slides up halls.

A feline beauty,  
Shining black,  
Oh! wait a minute,  
She's on my back!

But this is how she plans the way,  
To keep her happy through the day,  
I do not think I'll grumble yet,  
Just so glad to have a pet.

JOYCE B. DYER

#### MIMI

"Mimi, you funny little good for nothing Mimi" - sung the late and very much lamented Maurice Chevalier, and that song means just that little bit more to me than most others, because of my Mimi.

It all started way back on January 1961, when we'd discovered evidence that the house we'd bought in the previous June had also been the residential choice of a rather large mouse family.

We decided, on the spot to have a cat, and we'd heard of a lady who, it seemed, ran a hotel for cats, and so it was on a cold wintry evening, we met, were approved of and inspected by a rather cute brother and sister, who were about three months old.

We had not bargained for two cats, but the Feline Hotel Manageress was adamant that she could not allow them to be parted - "I'm sorry" she said, "I have had 14 transient residents over the Christmas holidays, and the other 5 you have seen on top of the Hall wardrobe and reclining in various positions throughout the house, are, I am happy to say permanent boarders. No I'm afraid I cannot let Measles and Weasels go separately".

Our nine year old son was delighted as the tiny bundles of black and white fur scurried out of the cardboard box that had transported them to their new home, and roared with laughter as they skidded on the polished surface of our kitchen floor.

We didn't particularly like the names 'Measles' and 'Weasels', so we decided to re-name them. Having in mind my favourite opera, I plumped for Butterfly and Pinkerton, but my wife favoured Tosca and Scarpia; however my son had the last word and he chose Mimi and Marmy who were a couple of characters in a comic he's read when a little younger.

Joyce B. Dyer.

## Members' Corner, cont.

So, we began to be owned by our Mimi and Marm, for, inevitably, this was how they were addressed when called for food or told to remove themselves from the top of the Television set", only Mimi was pronounced Meem.

Young Meem and Marm were always together; if one scurried up the plum tree in our neighbour's garden, the other playfully, gave chase, causing a shower of luscious Victorias to fall into our garden during the late summer days. However, though they ate, slept, played and hunted together, their characters and personalities were as different as the works of Picasso and Canaletto.

Marm had that "crazy half-hour" now and again when he'd go chasing sideways up the garden, or pounce upon a leaf whereas Meem was rather more sedate - more posh, so to speak.

I suppose these characteristics, coupled with a holiday we had recently spent in Paris led us to extend our cats' names to Madame Meen and M'sieur Marm, for it was plain for anyone to see that if I'd purchased a tin of fishy food instead of the usual meat, I received such a scathing look of disdain when I offered it to "Me Lady" that I thought of calling her "Duchess" but somehow Madame suited her.

In fact, on one occasion the resemblance between Madame Mimi and Oscar Wildes Lady Bracknell in "The Importance of being Earnest" was quite uncanny.

Marm would just about tolerate fishy foods, but Meen considered anything other than meat an insult to her digestive dignity. Having inadvertently purchased fishy food I tried to fool them by mixing it with meat.

Marm, as usual, gouged into the smelly mass, but Meen, Oh dear me - the withering look I received after she's sniffed with a faint air of disgust. I swear that if she'd had a lorgnette she would have resembled, perfectly, Martita Hunt in that famous scene where she has been told that poor Ernest has been "FOUND-IN A HANDBAG".

Marm ate, chewed, swallowed and drank (still does) practically everything from chops to chocolate cake. He's gnaw a bone like a dog, but Meen was more genteel, preferring to masticate gently, and seemingly enjoying her food.

The time came when we decided to move houses, and we realised that our Meen and Marm would be profoundly shocked. After all apart from three months in a "Hotel" where they'd been looked upon as transient residents, their home had been our garden and house for nine long years. They had sunned themselves, together as always, on

the coal-box, which was covered roofing felt and "held" the warmth of the sun's rays. Marm would miss one of her favourite idling and contemplating spots, that being oddly enough, on top of our compost heap (when I first saw her there I was tempted to call her Madame La Compost Heapa").

However, the day arrived when we moved from our house in North London to a bungalow in Shepperton, and as I've written it was a great shock.

Poor old Meem, who was after all, knocking on 70 in human terms had never been outside the house let alone in a car careering around the North Circular Road. Marm was scared stiff; but being a male I got the impression he tried to show a stiff upper lip.

Meem was missing for two days and nights but Marm, guided as ever, by his stomach had turned up after only a few hours, but we worried about our Meem until we heard a faint mewing from beneath a honeysuckle bush in a corner of our new garden. We rescued her and gave her her favourite meat and some milk and gradually she let us know that, although she didn't altogether entirely approve of our move, she was, at least still glad to be with us.

And so I have arrived at the end of my tale, and I wish with all my heart that it could have been happy, but alas, it was not to be - for you see, at 8.30 p.m. on Monday, 2nd July, 1973 at the age of almost 13, my "Funny little good-for-nothing Mimi died in my arms".

The details are sad, but I understand common. Her kidneys had failed. It was old age. Everything she ate or drank was turning poison, the vet said, as he injected her, endeavouring to save her life. I pumped glucose water into her mouth trying to save her severely dehydrated body, but it was too late.

The famous Betty Grable had died on the same day and I remarked to work colleagues that two glamour girls had departed this life. "Yes, we heard about Betty Grable - who's the other? they asked. I replied sadly "My Meem".

As I dug a little grave in a corner of our garden which she had grown to like, I could see, as plain as a cat in the dark, even though my eyes were filled with tears, her plump little behind swinging, jauntily, saucily, down the path to our front door, and a thousand memories returned as I laid her to her first rest.

"Mimi", my funny little good-for-nothing Mimi, there will NEVER be another like her.

R. J. Otter

## IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of dear old Korky, an appreciative stray to whom we gave two and a half years of happiness until July, 1973.

The Coe Family

In ever loving memory of our dearest best beloved Stephen who passed over 29th June 1957, and our darling most beloved Fluffkins who joined our other dear ones on 23rd July 1972. Your little spirits are always with me.

Auntie Averil.

To Lums, a beloved friend and companion, sadly missed by his devoted slaves.

Joan and Eric Tufnell

In memory of my Treasure, Henry, put to sleep 5th July 1973, aged 15 years.

Henry Hornetts Mum.

Remembering as always, our very dear Smokey, T.W.3460, who died peacefully on 21st August 1964, aged 9½ years. Ever in our hearts.

N. and D. Revill

Tailwaver 2332 - To the memory of my dearly beloved Panda, who went to sleep, 3rd July 1958, aged 10½ years. Sadly missed - also, Ruffles, the little white stray with us for a short time, and vanished 10th March 1961. Presumed run over. Finally, Memories of all the other cats I have had from time to time. To the future, with my love.

M. A. Julian

In loving memory of our darling little Spotty, a tabby-point Siamese kitten who died on 29th May 1974 aged 7½ months. Also Sooty, who died on 4th December 1973 aged 14 years. God bless two very loved and sadly missed members of our family.

Margaret and Arthur

"There is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle".

Bitos, a blue point Siamese, died yesterday, 20th May, age nearly eleven years. For the last two years he had been kept alive by monthly injections for nephritis. At the weekend there was a sudden deterioration due to renal failure. On Monday morning I had him put to sleep to prevent further suffering.

He had always been a gentle, loving cat, intelligent, and a wonderful "mother" to several kittens. Each one, whether Siamese, Burmese or plain Moggie, he cherished and washed and slept with. He always accepted them at once.

Bitos was my constant companion for over ten years, always welcoming and anxious to lie on my lap. At night he slept with the other cats, warm and happy in coils of fur and soft paws. His real name was Greenleaves Armand - a son of the once famous Linton Ajax - but to us he was Bitos - from the title of the play "Poor Bitos".

Realising how ill he was, I took him to bed with me the last night, to give him warmth and comfort. We slept peacefully together; Bitos relaxed and beautiful, even so near death. In the morning he was too weak to stand and I knew the time had come I had promised myself I would not prolong. He looked as peaceful and lovely in death as he had in life and in my sorrow I felt only gratitude for the long and happy years he had enjoyed.

So are fulfilled the closing words of that well-known play: "Alas! Poor Bitos".

Elizabeth Anderson

In affectionate remembrance of our Blue point twins, CHE-KHI and ME-TU, who died on 15th April, aged 12 years.

M. and D. Green

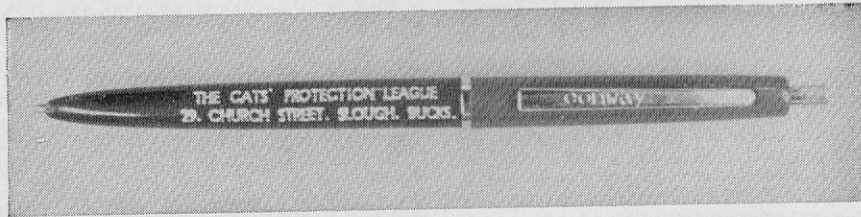
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