

"SNOWY" poisoned by slug bait 1970

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

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THE CAT

THE OLDEST MAGAZINE
DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO
CATS AND THEIR
WELFARE



EDMONTON C.P.L. SHOP

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

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1974

THE CAT Vol. XLVIII No. 5 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 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)

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Editor
Arthur E. Parratt

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ALWAYS WANTED AT HEADQUARTERS

Unwanted birthday and Christmas presents or anything saleable.

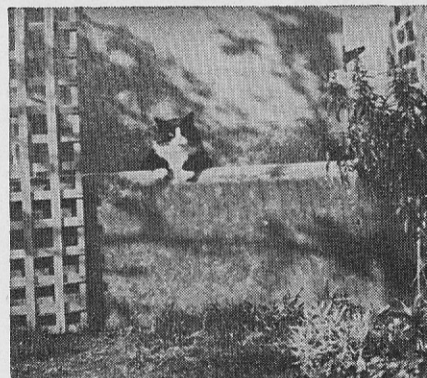
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Linen and blanket pieces, for use in the Clinic.

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.

APOLOGIES

Due to staff sickness, holidays and general shortage, the functions of Headquarters have been somewhat slowed down during recent weeks and in spite of determined efforts, correspondence has been seriously delayed. At one period we were left with only two full time clerical staff who not only kept the essential items ticking over, did also, in addition, cover much of the shelter work.

This position has now eased considerably and it is hoped that all will be well again in the very near future.

Likewise the July/August magazine was much delayed and was further hindered by mechanical trouble within the printers shop, this has inevitably led to a slight delay with this the following edition, but it is hoped that the delay will be considerably reduced and that our readers will not have so long a wait as with our previous issue.

ARTHUR E. PARRATT

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Yet another Summer has almost passed and H.Q., like all our branches and groups is still trying to assess just what another kitten season has revealed. In some areas it is claimed that unwanted kittens have decreased and our neutering campaign is beginning to show the required results. However, in the larger towns and cities, the problem is still great and confirms our original belief that the population control project would be both long and costly. Two factors are likely to give misleading results regarding the over-all figures, there being the increased number of workers and the ever widening area of the League's activities and I feel that when the total figures for the year are compiled they will show an interesting but encouraging advance once again.

Since my last report I have, in spite of staff problems, been able to keep up the contact between Headquarters and the branches and have visited the South Dorset group where we are now about to engage a shelter assistant and to improve the existing facilities, Bournemouth the subject of a separate report, Derby where we are hopeful of a new shelter in new surroundings, Newbury where I was pleased to meet the new local Chairman, Edmonton which was covered one Sunday afternoon and also the New Malden shelter where yet another Sunday visit enabled an exchange of views with the Chairman on her own ground.

Further visits have been made to Norwich where we have future hopes and too workers in Exeter and Hungerford where much work is being done quietly but efficiently. Good reports can also be given of activities in the Chichester area, South Wales, and in particular Swansea district, as well as the Cheshunt and Waltham Cross areas of Herts, apart from many smaller groups of people over a wide area where their help, however limited, is highly valued.

To all of you who help us in any way I would express the thanks of our Chairman, the Executive Committee and myself who as Secretary knows and realises how much your efforts help the running of the League.

ARTHUR E. PARRATT

NEXT ISSUE—
NOVEMBER/DECEMBER
1974

MEMBERSHIP

The first half of 1974 resulted in a further enrolment of 360 H.Q., members which was an improvement over the same period of 1973 when the whole year proved satisfactory with new members totalling over 460.

A quick check of our records now reveals that from July 1971 to June 1974 over 1,200 new members have been recruited at Headquarters alone giving proof of the way in which the League is steadily branching out from the solid foundations so carefully prepared and built up over earlier years.

At this present time we have rapidly expanding groups in various parts of the country who we hope and trust will, in the not too distant future, take their place with the existing branches to make the League even stronger and more widely known.

ELECTION OF VICE CHAIRMAN

Professor R. J. L. Allen, O.B.E., has been elected by the members of the Executive Committee to serve as the League's Vice Chairman.

Professor Allen has been a member of the Executive Committee since May 1973 and more recently has been Chairman of the Public Relations Sub-Committee. Both Professor and Mrs. Allen have been valiant workers for some years past being regular stall holders at sales and bazaars held on behalf of the London Committee and quite recently Mrs. Allen undertook the organizing of one of the bi-annual raffles which raised over £200 for branch funds.

We thank both these great supporters for their past efforts and look forward to this new association with Professor Allen as our Vice Chairman.

BOURNEMOUTH BRANCH

After some time in the doldrums, I am glad to announce that the C.P.L. flag is once again about to fly over the Bournemouth area.

I have made two visits recently to the area and can now reveal that new Secretaries (a joint partnership), a new Treasurer and new helpers are now starting a grand revival of C.P.L., activities which have recently been greatly lacking.

Following recent boundary changes Bournemouth has now become part of Dorset with the result that the League can now boast two active branches namely Bournemouth and South Dorset. Helpers are still needed in both areas and any members in either of these localities who can give a few hours regular help, however small, are invited to contact the respective Secretaries, details of whom can be found as usual on the back inside cover of this magazine.

ARTHUR E. PARRATT

CATS ABROAD

Please do not think that nothing is happening on the Foreign Fund Front because there has been no report recently.

Things have been rather quiet during the holiday season but a Jumble Sale was recently held in Slough and raised £136 for the fund. So far we have been able to give a little help to the Venetian group, the Anglo Spanish Society for the Protection of Animals and an old C.P.L. member in Portugal. It is not a great deal but at present we have little money and may I say that your help in making the funds grow would be very much appreciated.

ETHEL SMITH,
Honorary Treasurer

MESSAGE RECEIVED FROM THE CANTERBURY CAT CLUB

You will be pleased to know that the Canterbury Cat Society raised the very useful sum of £104 at the Garden Party held on 27th July, 1974 (kindly advertised by you in the May/June issue of 'The Cat').

Incidentally, one of the C.P.L. members travelled down for the day from London and succeeded in winning one of the raffles.

CADBURY'S SNACK "BRIDGE BONANZA"

One of our regular readers has drawn our attention to the contest now being held by Cadbury's Snacks and has suggested that a combined effort from the League might well have good results as did our efforts in last year's 'Whiskas' competition. Briefly, to enter you need to collect as many wrappers as possible from packets of Snack. Whether flashed competition packs or not, each wrapper is part of our entry.

Write on the back of the wrapper the name of any bridge, large or small, famous or not-so-famous. Each entrant must submit at least 10 different names, otherwise the sky's the limit - biggest entry wins the biggest prize."

If you will send your completed labels to Headquarters by 31st December 1974 and mark the envelope 'competition' we will forward a bulk entry on your behalf and who knows, your entry form might well help to win £1,000 for the League.



LUNCHEON TREAT

A Clergyman I know, who is noted for his sharp wit, was buying cat food for his two pets in the village store.

Behind him in a queue were several women members of his congregation, who all heard him ask for 10 tins.

With a perfectly straight face and in a voice loud enough to be heard by everyone in the shop, he said to the assistant: "I'm inviting the Women's Guild for lunch!"

M. Sidey,
Gray Street, Aberdeen.

The Sunday Express April 21st 1974

The Sun 13 July 1974

CATS GET RISE

Cats which keep down mice in Ghana's post offices have been given a 3p rise to 8p a day for food because of inflation.

THEY'RE ALL AT SEA WITHOUT FRED

Evening News Reporter

Lucky Fred of H.M.S. Hecate ended his shore leave today and went aboard for an extra ration of cream.

The black cat with milk-white paws has been banned for life from spending another night on the tiles because his floating home is jinxed if Fred goes absent without leave.

Guard

The superstitious sailors of the Royal Navy's 2,800-ton survey ship now in Plymouth, will not put to sea without their lucky tom.

To make sure that Fred does not go on a last minute prow for birds in port his captain has ordered him to quarters a day before a voyage.

To make doubly sure, Marine Engineering Mechanic Bob Shaw has been detailed as lucky Fred's personal bodyguard.

Trouble has dogged Hecate - named after the Greek goddess of black magic - whenever she has sailed without Fred.

The last time it happened one of the ship's engines blew up, the computer had a brain-storm and the radar went haywire.

Evening News 25 July 1974

SPAGGY THE LOST SIAMESE COMES HOME IN STYLE

Spaggy, the two year old Siamese cat thought to have been kidnapped from North Roskear, Camborne, came home in style on Friday - in a 1932 Austin car.

And it was partly through "The West Briton." For it was only after reading the report about the missing cat last week that Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bunt, of Langweath, Stray Park-Road, Camborne, were able to help.

Their five year old son Jason first spotted an unfamiliar Siamese cat in the garden, which led to Mr. and Mrs. Bunt calling at the home of the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Roderick Eastwood, at 27, Pendrea-park, Camborne.

The couple were out, so they left a message with the next door neighbours. All evening Mr. and Mrs. Eastwood and their two children searched the area, but without success.

Spotted again

On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Bunt spotted Spaggy again, picked her up and drove to the Eastwoods in their pre-war Austin.

"We are overjoyed," said Mrs. Lyn Eastwood, "and the children are thrilled." As for Spaggy, she has settled in again with her mother. Both have been given new collars bearing names and addresses.

Mr. Eastwood still believes Spaggy was kidnapped, "Siamese cats very rarely stray far," he said. "Spaggy had been well cared for and it's good to have her back."

West Briton 1st June 1974

WAITING FOR HOMES

Tiger is an 18 month old tabby cat who was thrown out on to the streets of Southampton with no food or shelter . . . to fend for himself when a family got tired of him.

Yesterday Tiger, along with 14 other stray cats, was at the Southampton show on the Common, being looked after by the Cats' Protection League and Tailwavers, waiting for someone to give him a home.

"We have 10 kittens, including two found dumped on a building site, and 5 fully grown cats, all wanting good homes," said Mrs. Christine Tench, chairman of the Southampton branch of the League."

"We are careful to whom we let the cats go. The people must be willing to give them a really good life, and allow us to come and visit them to make sure the cats are being well treated."

Southern Evening Echo, July 1974.

WANTED

Dedicated cat lovers (2) to train for cattery work in well known west country boarding establishment.

Future potential could include partnership - all enquiries to Mrs. M. Grover, Tel: Torquay 37728.

KITTEN PROBLEM

The Sunday People 21.7.74

A READER WRITES:

How do I go about killing all the kittens my cats keep producing? I can't afford to keep them, but drowning takes such a long time and gas is dangerous.

Our Vet replies:

If you cannot take your unwanted pets to a vet see him yourself and explain the problem.

Then ask for a supply of tablets or capsules, enough for one litter of unwanted kittens. The vet will make sure you don't get enough to harm a human being.

But please remember that the real answer, and humane solution, is to have your cats neutered.

A letter appeared in your column 'The Vet' on Sunday, July 21st, concerning the plight of unwanted kittens and what should be done with them.

Your vet advised that there are tablets that can be given to get rid of unwanted litters, but that the most humane way was to have the cat neutered.

The neutering of cats is something our charity has been advocating for many years as a way of combating the increasing number of unwanted kittens.

We have 25 branches throughout England and Ireland and if your reader would write to me at the League's headquarters, I will ask a local branch secretary to contact her to give some advice on neutering and unwanted kittens.

Copy of our letter to 'The People' following the above letter.

A. E. PARRATT

'The Sun' 23.7.74

HOP BAG HAS OUR CAT ON THE JUMP

My daughter bought me a large bag of hops so that I could stuff my pillows with them.

The smell of hops is supposed to be relaxing. But it has had the opposite effect on our old cat.

He has been skittering up and down the stairs and has had to be forcibly prevented from getting into the bag of hops.

HOLIDAY or WEEKEND?

Writer, catless in shared household, free to relieve any other cat lover. Dates by arrangement. Travelling expenses and feline company will amply repay:-

Mrs. K. Late,
8 Kingston Farm Road,
Woodbridge,
Suffolk.

Oxford Mail 17 August 1974.

DRY POCKET FOR THE SWIMMING KITTEN

When the kitten saw the reassuring figure of Inspector Harrison on the opposite bank of the Thames at the end of Cranham Street, Jerico, she did not take long in weighing up the situation - she just plunged into the river and pussy-paddled her way across to the waiting RSPCA man.

"That is the first cat in 22 years that has ever swum to me," Inspector Harrison said. "I have never known anything like it. Normally if they swim it is to get away."

With the unexpected cooperation of the bright eyed kitten the rescue was quickly successful, and she is now at the Forest Hill kennels waiting for a new home and a new life.

"She had obviously been abandoned," Inspector Harrison said. "I was called by a council man who said he thought there was an animal in distress by the river - and sure enough, there she was."

CAT LIVES 53 HOURS IN CONCRETE TOMB

Belgrade: A kitten in Skopje has set up a new world survival record by living for 53 hours entombed in a concrete wall.

A new cultural hall is being built on the banks of the Vadar River in Skopje, capital of Macedonia, and the men working there soon found themselves a pet: a young tabby cat formed the habit of turning up during the lunch hour, purring and rubbing herself against the labourers' legs while they fed her titbits from their luncheon packets.

No-one cared

No one knew who she belonged to, and no one cared.

This went on for weeks, while the building slowly grew and took shape. But one day the kitten failed to turn up. Nobody really noticed that she was missing, because everyone thought she had already been fed by his mates.

The same thing happened the following day, and still nobody took any real notice. They were too busy setting up a concrete wall.

The planks for the mould had been set up the day before the cat vanished, and the following morning the concrete had been poured in. They allowed 48 hours for it to set and then started to remove the planks.

Suddenly a soft whimpering and moaning was heard and as the last and lowest plank was removed there was the kitten, its tail encased in concrete, its body jammed between plank and concrete, and its tiny nose pressed against a tiny crack in the plank which had allowed it to breathe. A million to one chance of survival.

Carefully the labourers released the cat from its prison and gave it a long drink of milk.

Then they left the impression the cat's body had made in the concrete for future generations to see.

Sunday Express July 7th 1974.

The Daily Telegraph, Monday, July 15th 1974

ROYAL MEWS HOME FOR STRAY CATS

By Clare Colvin

Four Horses, two cats and a litter of kittens are to move from Islington to Buckingham Palace at the invitation of the Queen.

Their stables, Knapp's Transport, in Mathilda Street, Islington, are to be demolished at the end of August.

The Queen, when she heard, decided to allow the animals a temporary home in the Royal Mews.

Two greys, Pall and Mall, owned by Rothmans, will arrive at Buckingham Palace today. They will be followed by Mr. Albert Knapps' two cobs, Bess, an 18-year-old black mare, and Tommy, a three-year-old gelding, who work as carriage horses for Taylor of London, the perfumers.

'Great relief'

The change from the Islington stables, once a laundry, to the Doric archways and spacious stables at the Royal Mews was decided only last week.

Mr. Knapp, 68 said: "It was a great relief. All the houses around our stables have been demolished by the council and we had until August 31st to find another place.

"The horses are very popular with the tourists and need to be stabled in central London.

"The two tabbies are strays left behind by their owners. I don't know where we will go eventually, but at least we have more time to look for another stable. I'm very grateful to the Queen for helping us."

The approach to Buckingham Palace was made by Taylor of London and the request was sanctioned on condition that Mr. Knapp provided his own grooms and feed.

A Buckingham Palace spokesman said last night: "This is not the first time we have taken in horses temporarily without stables. Last year we stabled some of the Mounted Police's horses after the bomb explosion in Scotland Yard had damaged their stables."

PLAN TO SAVE 25,000 LIVES

SPAY - not slay! The caption heading the Cat Protection Society's pamphlet on Animal Birth Control.

I know that many think that such propaganda is put out by cranks, simply determined to spoil a cat's life, probably because they haven't any in their own!

But believe you me this not so.

Do you know that 25,000 unwanted cats, some sick, some abandoned, are put to sleep each year by the welfare societies in the Sydney metropolitan area alone.

This should prove the need to all of us for a desexing campaign, because this is the only logical way that the situation can be dealt with.

At this time of year frantic people are trying to find homes for their cats and kittens. Homes are just not available because there are not enough to go round.

To have to destroy a young life is a terrible thing.

A neighbour's cat was abandoned pregnant many years ago, and we took her in. Nine kittens were in the hall cupboard a day or two later.

Without my then small daughter knowing, I had to dispatch most of them at birth, which I hated to do, but there was no option, and I had difficulty enough in finding homes for the ones we kept. One we still have.

So if you should particularly want your cat to have kittens, think very carefully of your responsibilities, especially making sure that the offspring's owners have them desexed.

And dumping is now an offence by law!

Soft-hearted people, who cannot bear the thought of destruction, but who feel the kittens will be able to find themselves homes, simply let them go.

So I was glad to see a quotation of Albert Schweitzer in the Cat Protection Society's pamphlet: "No one may shut his eyes and regard as non-existent the suffering of which he spares himself the sight."

Sydney Sun 12/6/74 (Australia)

A friend driving from Exeter to Glasgow with his wife and their cat, Sheeba, spent the night at Lincoln on their way North.

Next morning Sheeba jumped out of her basket and vanished.

My friends, after spending an hour looking for her, had to continue sorrowfully on their journey without her.

But, 270 miles later, on reaching Glasgow, Sheeba, suddenly emerged from underneath the car.

She had travelled all that way crouched on the car's suspension - and apparently, was none the worse for her strange trip.

(Miss) Hilda M. Newton,
101 Mitre Road, Glasgow.

PROTEST AGAINST SLUG BAIT THAT KILLS CATS!

by John Montgomery

Brighton author John Montgomery is a well-known cat addict. His many books include *THE WORLD OF CATS, LOOKING AFTER YOUR CAT, YOUR DOG, THE CHRISTMAS CAT, FOXY, MY FRIEND FOXY, and FOXY AND THE BADGERS*. He is now writing a book about *ARTHUR - THE TELEVISION CAT*. He has sent us this exclusive article for *The Cat*.

Many gardeners seek to destroy slugs and snails which devour their young plants and seedlings. But all readers should beware of using the white slug bait which is also used as solid fuel and is readily available from chemists and garden shops.

This bait contains metaldehyde mixed with bran, a poison similar to wood alcohol. It is extremely dangerous to children, who might find it in the house and think it is a sweet. But for pets it is a deadly poison. Cats and dogs are attracted by its smell and find the taste irresistible.

Cats suffer the worst agony. Soon after eating the slug bait they vomit up a sickly, smelly fluid. They then become paralysed in their back legs, and cry pitifully when picked up. Death follows soon after, but may take several hours if the cat has eaten only a little of the fuel.

It is not enough to put the slug bait down in a garden and then to cover it with wire netting. A determined cat in search of this attractive drug will soon remove the netting. Other cats will then discover the saucer or tin in which the bait has been placed, and all will be poisoned.

The extraordinary aspect of this alarming business is that this deadly poison continues to be sold in shops all over the world. Hundreds of domestic pets die every year after finding the slug bait, on which they become "hooked" within a few minutes.

What can be done to prevent this tale of misery? It is certainly not enough to avoid using the slug bait in your own garden. Cat and dog owners should make sure that all their gardening friends know about the danger. In addition, pet lovers and owners - and all who care about animals - should visit their local chemists, garden shops and stores, and strongly **protest** to the management if this slug bait is on sale to the public without a prescription. If the management points out that the packet of the white fuel bears a warning that it is "harmful to children and pets", you should point out that this warning (if it is printed at all) is usually printed in very small letters, and that the product should be labelled quite clearly with the word - **POISON**.

Even such reputable firms as Boots the Chemists have sold this deadly poison openly over their counters in the past, and may still be doing so. It is usually sold in the gardening section as slug bait, and in camping shops and boating stores as a solid fuel for cookers. The slug bait is mixed with bran, and when placed in a saucer in a garden it certainly attracts slugs, but it is equally attractive to cats and dogs - and all die, or are seriously paralysed.

You may be saving a cat's life if you help to stop the open sale of this toxic poison. There is no doubt that many of the mysterious poisoning of cats, and the disappearance of pets that are never seen again, is due to the continued use of this fuel in gardens. Animals most at risk are the strays and prowlers, but the bait is no respecter of pedigrees, and all cats will travel long distances to find a saucer-full of this drug.

The agony of such a death is terrible. By the time the vet has arrived it is usually too late. And because the first symptoms are rather like enteritis the vet (unless he is able to see what the cat has vomited) may not realise the cause of the trouble. There is, however, a slight possibility that the patient may be saved if action is taken at once. The first symptoms are trembling, vomiting up the fuel (which has a distinct smell of meths) and intense stomach pain. If you are sure (from the smell) that your cat has eaten slug bait you should give him an immediate emetic, BUT this should be given only in an emergency, when you are sure the patient has been poisoned and is very seriously ill.

The emetic consists of common salt (one tablespoonful to a half pint of warm water), and the dose for a fully-grown cat should be 2 to 3 tablespoonfuls. He won't like it, but it may perhaps save him if he hasn't swallowed much of the poison. He will be sick within a few minutes, by which time the vet may have arrived. You may not, in the distress of the moment, remember the name metaldehyde, but you will remember *slug bait*, and you should tell the vet what you fear has happened.

Remember also that rat poison usually contains phosphorous, which is another cat poison. So is turpentine and Coal tar products and D.D.T. are poisons which should be kept away from all cats.

The law in Britain says that any person who knowingly puts, or causes to be put, any poison for vermin in or on any land or building without taking precautions to prevent injury to any cat is liable to a fine of up to £10. Slugs may not be vermin, but it is extraordinary that metaldehyde should be so easily bought as slug bait, placing so many pets at risk.

PROTEST continued

You can do a great deal to prevent further tragedy by ensuring that owners or managers of your local shops know about this state of affairs. A short letter to your local newspaper, pointing out the dangers of placing slug bait in gardens, will reach an even larger public. If you are a member of a local pet group, or have friends with cats or dogs, pass on this information and make sure that they also make investigations in their local chemists and other shops. We live in an age where the only way of getting action taken seems to be to **protest** - as loudly as possible. Cat-lovers will surely agree that this is something worth making a fuss about.

Gardeners who wish to learn how to control slugs without endangering children, cats, dogs and birds, should send a stamped addressed envelope to the Henry Doubleday Research Association, 20 Covent Lane, Bocking, Braintree, Essex. They will then receive a free booklet called "In Place of Poisons" which tells them all they wish to know.

MEANWHILE, PLEASE MAKE SURE THAT YOUR LOCAL SHOPS ARE NOT SELLING SLUG BAIT THAT KILLS CATS. (See back cover)

WATCH THE WOOD, AS WELL AS THE TREES

When one is deeply involved, one does not always see the whole picture. This is specially so in Cat Welfare work, because for most of us, it is a series of urgent crises. Every day we have to help certain cases, from the wild cat eating out of dustbins, to the not-wild of course, person with six, seventeen or twenty-three cats who is due to be evicted tomorrow. Coping with these immediate jobs, one has not time to take a long look at the work as a whole, but I think that sometimes we ought to do just that.

It is my opinion that Animal Welfare as a whole is now facing a difficult and dangerous period. Although it is generally understood that brutal cruelty is now much less, the attitude of humanity towards animals is deteriorating.

Limiting observation to this country, no one can fail to see that household pets are becoming rarer, and the large bodies who shape our lives are not helpful. Town planning simply takes no cognisance of pet animals, science and education seem to treat animals as inanimate tools, and industry exploits them to the utmost. The Animal Welfare Societies form a very thin line to stand against these forces.

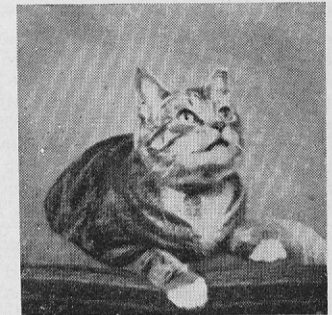
In our schools to-day are children who are third-generation reared in flats without pets. Quite a large group of the population now is made up of people who have never had

pets and who see no need for anyone to have them. This is not altogether bad. The pet cats to-day are mostly kept by people who really want them and who are prepared to look after them well, and if necessary, sacrifice other pleasures to ensure the cats' comfort. But when it comes to help for the unfortunate and the general work of Animal Welfare, the tide of public opinion and approbation is ebbing. Study the accounts of any Animal Society, you will see that legacies are often used as income, and the cost of work done is greater than the total of donations. The gap widens year by year, and, which is worse, year by year there are fewer people working for animals and more who consider such workers as cranks.

We may certainly hope that the tide will turn and the pendulum swing, but we would be well-advised to face facts as they are to-day. There are two things we can do. Personally everyone who cares about animal suffering should not be afraid or hesitant about discussing it and whenever possible enlisting fresh help. And, which is more important, the time has come for us to unite among ourselves. We cannot now afford the luxury of friendly rivalry between societies, much less the kind of nippy criticism in which too many of us have indulged in the past. Anyone who is fond of animals, concerned about their pains and anxious to better things must be our friend. Specially in the Cat-world, I think we must all make a real effort to put aside our strong personal prejudices and allow that there may be several ways of accomplishing what we want done, and while we each will do things in our own neat, well-thought-out and effective way, we must now allow that those poor unenlightened blundering people who do things differently are still cat-lovers, trying to help and they must be part of our work.

Please, from to-day, don't let us waste any time criticising each other, let us use our time to plan and act to do what needs to be done.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD



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

By the time this is published the worst of the season's headaches — and heartaches — will be over for a while. Those of us with telephones might once again be able to eat a meal whilst it is still palatable or drink a cup of tea without the constant interruption from the 'phone. We can all open our morning post without dreading what it might contain and, maybe, even catch up with our own correspondence. Now is a good time to thank those members who have helped us, by vetting homes, taking messages, offering transport during this very eventful summer. A summer when there have been cats in culverts, cats in trees, on roofs, in derelict shops, dumped in fields and on waste tips, all of them harassed, hungry and homeless. I could wish that, through our efforts during the next few months, we could prevent another horror summer next year. If only we could emulate Oxfam — inaugurate a Catfam — to care for the strays, feed them, coax them until they trust us, neuter them, give them a refuge they can rely on. It would need the active co-operation of everyone watching for the strays in their own immediate district, but not such a tremendous financial outlay — a box in the garage or garden shed for sleeping, regular food — and most households throw away sufficient wholesome food to keep one cat fed — but above all, patience — and a deaf ear to those nattering neighbours who do go on so about the folly of "encouraging those dirty cats".

I realise there are some totally committed members who already do this and so keep their own 'patch' clear. For this we are grateful but we do need so many more. 'More' is our theme song; more jumble, more goods to sell, especially with our Autumn bazaar and the annual Animal Fair coming aong. Our Garden Party and the Solihull morning totally exhausted our supplies whilst bringing in some useful cash and giving us the pleasure of meeting some of our members. Raffle tickets will be available soon and again this year we have some super prizes. Mrs. Vanes, of 23, Minstead Road, Erdington,

Birmingham 24, will be pleased to hear from those of you wanting tickets when they are ready at 5p each, and a stamp to cover return postage would be more than welcome — we should have shares in the G.P.O. by now.

My thanks to all of you who send to me, sometimes anonymously, and please, all of you, continue to help us.

F. PRIMETT

DERBY BRANCH

Our summer bazaar was quite a successful event, even though the profit was no higher than last year. We would like to have done a little better, though, to combat inflation. One of our best money-makers at bazaars is usually the White Elephant stall — this time we found difficulty in stocking it up so it was not so profitable as usual. If this trend continues we must find something new. Our Bottle Stall went very well indeed. We held a competition of photographs for the most appealing cat — this proved very successful, and entries came in from quite long distances from Derby. We were particularly impressed with one entry of "Tiger" — a wage-earner at a local Garage — obviously well cared for and loved.

We would like to draw Derby members' attention to the C.P.L. calendars we have had printed for 1975. This is a six-page calendar, each page has a very attractive cat painting, and we have had "Cats' Protection League" printed on the binding so that people will be reminded of us all the year round. We are looking upon this as more of a publicity venture than as a money-maker, so the price of them will be little more than they have cost us to buy. These would make an ideal Christmas gift for someone when one wishes to spend around 50p on a gift. It is more beautiful and useful than most other gifts one could buy for the same money — it really has to be seen to be appreciated. Members interested please contact Dorean Sinclair — Derby 671694. We hope to take delivery of them very shortly so they will be available for the Christmas Bazaar; viewing arrangements can be made earlier if need be (if

Derby cont.

someone wishes to send one abroad for instance). Can we have a competition (unofficial) in Derby to see who can send our calendar farthest? We really can let people know we exist through this beautiful, personalised calendar.

We welcome new members — Mr. J. W. Brewell, Mrs. I. M. Gordon, and Miss Kathryn Thomas.

We are now forming a junior league, with the help of Mrs. Vera Read, and already the girls are arranging to have their own stall at our next bazaar, and making articles for sale.

Many thanks to our friends — Mrs. Burgess, Miss Storr, and "four cats" — for their donations and parcels, we are very grateful indeed.

Our cattery continues to burst at the seams with the most lovely cats and kittens, we do hope that by next year we shall have found alternative accommodation for strays and unwanted, since our cattery closes at the end of the year. This will be crisis point for Derby unless we are able to appeal for an extension.

The dates of future events and the venue will be advertised in the Derby Evening Telegraph, usually the preceding Thursday. We need your help also at our Christmas Bazaar at the Guild Hall in November.

(MRS.) DOREAN SINCLAIR
Publicity Officer.

(MRS.) DREENA ELLIS
Treasurer.

EDMONTON GROUP

The repairs to the Cattery have now been completed.

We have recently taken in a tabby cat who produced five kittens and for whom we urgently need good homes. The Mother Cat was being chased by children when she was heavily pregnant and was rescued by us; after a few days rest and good food she gave birth to her five kittens.

A gentleman called recently regarding his Cat. The Cat had not been neutered and had been in a fight, which is not unusual for a male cat. We suggested he had the Cat neutered, but he would not hear of it; and said "why stop it's fun". He had only got the cat as a working Cat, although he insisted he did not have mice; even after a half an hour of arguing we still could not get him to agree to have his Cat neutered. How stupid can people get when Neutering is the only answer.

Madame Fluffys party was a great success. It was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress, the previous Mayoress and our local M.P. Fluffy and Lady had presents galore, which included money, chicken, salmon tinned

goodies, hand made blankets and masses of birthday cards and telegrams. Unfortunately Fluffy's temper was not very good on her birthday, but allowances must be made for her great age and the hot day. However the next day she made up for this by tucking into her birthday chicken. Her little friends at the Sanctuary shared the rest of the "Goodies".

Twenty one year old Lady is not too well and getting very thin; she really looks twice Fluffy's age.

Fluffy and Lady extend a big "thank you" to all who helped to make the party so successful. A very special thanks to an anonymous lady in New York who sent £10, and also to our Chairman Mrs. de Clifford who gave a very interesting speech on the work of the League.

We welcome any gifts or goods you may wish to donate for sale in our Charity Shop — part of this money is used to purchase food for Pensioners Pets. The Charity shop as you will appreciate occupies a reasonable proportion of our day, we therefore kindly ask for telephone calls to be made between 3-7 p.m.

C. WALLEDDGE

ISLE OF WIGHT BRANCH

To coin a phrase, Didn't we do well! We certainly did. Thanks to the many people who were involved in the first ever Jumble Sale to be held here in the beautiful and spacious grounds of the Island branch of the C.P.L.

The weather was absolutely glorious on July 20th and the people turned up by the dozen. Weeks of collecting and sorting all proved worth while. Everyone, including many life-long members gave us so much, so willingly. On the day itself, people we had never met before, came along to lend a helping hand. The whole affair was a very happy one from beginning to end.

Our total at the end of the day, believe it or not reached the wonderful sum of £209.54. Also, at least six new members were enrolled.

We had no idea we would do so well. May I take this opportunity to thank everyone very sincerely for the wonderful support given throughout. We had many offers of homes for the kittens that were on the premises at the time, but the cattery was padlocked for safety. We all know how tempting it can be to take a kitten home on the spur of the moment when seeing them begging us to do just that, so although seen and greatly admired, none were allowed to go on the day. Out of the many offers to give homes to cats and kittens during the afternoon, only two genuine people came back the following day and so we were glad of the decision we had made.

Our latest addition to the already over-

I.O.W. cont.

crowded cattery is yet another sad case of obvious dumping.

About a week ago, a tiny bundle of tabby, all but dead kitten was brought in to the home. She was found lying by the side of a quiet country lane in the middle of nowhere. She was so very cold and lifeless that we didn't hold out much hope for her survival, but of course we got underway with the all too familiar job of reviving the poor little mite.

The first thing we had to do was to bring her body temperature back to normal. In the winter this is done with hot water bottles, electric heaters and anything else we can lay our hands on. In the summer however, this is carried out by a less expensive, yet just as efficient method. It comes on four legs and it is known as the superintendent's Boxer dog Addie. She generates heat as good as any mother cat can and she had a hand, or should I say paw, in helping us to save so many of these unwanted and abandoned kittens. The fly spits and maggots had to be cut out of her fur with scissors. Daisy, as she is now known, did survive, and is right at this moment helping to put this story together!

The following day, yet another kitten was sighted, obviously of the same litter and so a trap was taken, along with food and plenty of milk. This was the only hope we had of saving the rest of the litter as it was impossible to break our way through the thick undergrowth that only led us into a black, dense forest. The trap was checked every hour, (thanks to our ambulance we could do this) but each time, the food had vanished and the trap was empty. Meanwhile, Daisy was making rapid progress, eating and drinking well. Addie was playing mum as well as ever. By the way, she thinks she is a cat, especially when she accidentally on purpose eats the cats food by mistake!

The next day was the same, no food and no kitten. In the evening I made my last trip to that lonely spot in the country. On reflection I was relieved yet shocked to find not only the kitten but her beautiful but badly injured mother. Both cat and kitten were terrified but by no means wild. This second baby had somehow managed to stay close to mum and on inspection back at the home proved fit enough to go straight into our kitten house. Mother on the other hand was brought into my spare room, taken out of the trap and examined very thoroughly. Her back leg was fractured, badly. No wonder she hadn't managed to feed both kittens properly. She had barely managed to hunt enough food to keep herself alive. Bess, this is her new name, was taken to our ever obliging vet and x-rays were taken. The poor

creature had dragged that broken leg along for at least two weeks. Apart from keeping herself and her babies alive, she was found to be well and truly pregnant again. The leg itself has started to heal and so to break it again and use steel pins would only bring her more pain and suffering. She has now brought herself through all the agony she is ever going to know.

We now have her in a fairly confined space where she only need move about if and when she wishes. Her diet includes bonemeal and calcium, fresh fish, raw red meat, cooked white meat and most important of all double portions of love and affection, something that cat had once, probably not too long ago, as she has not forgotten how to purr and relax with us. Bess trusts us completely already, though I can't for the life of me understand why. She has had a pretty raw deal from life and humans so far. We will keep her with us until she has her next litter; assured by our vet that she will have a normal birth. We will then take it from there as to her future. One thing is certain, she doesn't leave this cattery until she has been speyed and the superintendent is satisfied that she can cope with the outside world again, you know, that world that is supposed to be so full of animal lovers, the same one that sent her to us in the first place.

J. ELDRIDGE

NORTH KENT

I must first of all give apologies for keeping you all "in the dark" about the comings and goings of our now quite large Group. We have all just been through, and indeed, are still going through one of the busiest times of the year "Cat-Wise", but I am pleased to say we seem to be weathering the storm and have added quite a number of new friends and workers to the Group in the process.

This has been a bad year for infection in the area, and we have had two bad outbreaks of "Cat Flu" and one of Enteritis, which unfortunately added a lot to our expenses and stopped us from taking in and moving out some of the cats and kittens being looked after in two of our shelters. However all seems to be well once again, and although Cats are still pouring in they are also starting to trickle out again, now that people have had their holidays.

Our Summer Bazaar and Carnival Stall were both very successful and well worth the hard work involved. All the helpers turned out with their support, and a lovely assortment of hand made toys etc. made with the many bit and pieces sent in by you, but our very good friends Mrs. Pearson and her mother are running very short of knitting wool, material and anything suitable for

N. Kent cont.

trimmings, i.e. lace, ribbon, buttons, even reels of cotton would be a great help.

Our Christmas bazaar is on November 16th, so please send along anything you have for us to sell, or make things with; funds are right down to rock bottom, and with the price of everything soaring beyond belief we shall certainly have to cut down on the number of cats we take in, unless we can find some means of raising more money.

Thank you all very much for the milk tops and tin foil which keep coming along, also the many little parcels we have received, a special thank you to "Dingle" for the lovely jewellery, which brought in a nice little sum. Mrs. Pearson has been kindly answering letters for me, as I had become so behind with my correspondence, and we are now more or less up to date, Mrs. Willett, our very willing driver, is now travelling further afield than ever, and keeps adding more road maps to her collection. She is becoming expert at finding the short cuts and combining many little jobs in one journey. Petrol is becoming one of our big expenses, but without her help, we would never be able to make sure the spays get to the Vet, or gather in the many strays and abandoned cats from the rural areas as well as S.E. London, which we seem to have added on to Kent! So a big thank you to our Edna? We have had many more mother cats complete with kittens, found mysteriously at the bottom of gardens, or tucked away in sheds, and nearly all the members of our group have had one or two of these little families, either in the bedroom, bathroom or hidden away somewhere from the prying eyes of their resident cats - these long-term "boarders" have been quite a problem as the mother cats get fed up with being confined and it is a work of art stopping them from disappearing between our legs when the door is opened! However this as you all know is one of the perils of being a cat lover, and also adds to the neighbours impression that we are all quite mad. I suppose they could be right!

EILEEN BROOKER

NORTH LONDON BRANCH

July and August have been the usual very busy months for us, with kittens galore arriving on our doorstep and the usual "stray" cats of owners who are going on holiday and not wanting to pay boarding fees. We have had a magnificent Siamese cat in residence, awaiting the birth of her kittens before going to a new home. Such an aristocrat was treated with great respect by our other resident "moggies".

Now that our premises are to be compulsory acquired by the local authority, we have

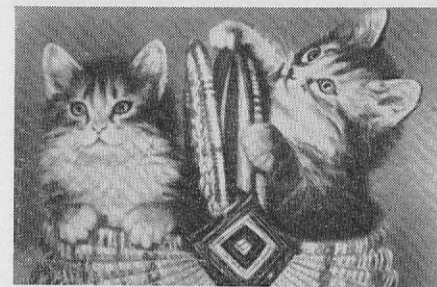
spent much time seeking alternative premises. We think we have found a suitable place with a flat for Daisy, our Shelter assistant. It is in an eminently suitable position, but whether we finally acquire it depends on whether the Vendor will wait long enough for us to obtain planning permission to use it as a Cat shelter and to obtain compensation for our present building from the local authority. The "go-slow" by N.A.L.G.O. members in the Council offices does not help us.

Troubles never come singly is an expression very applicable to us at the present time. We have just learned of the sad death of Mr. Roland King-Farlow, our auditor and friend. A retired chartered Accountant of eminence, he advised us on our finances, our investments and so many other things without charge. He interested Lady Kinnoull and the Hamilton-Followes trust in our work resulting in timely financial help on many occasions. We shall miss him and his help and advice very keenly. At the present time, it seems almost impossible to carry on without such help. We extend our very sincere condolences to Mrs. King-Farlow.

With such troubles weighing heavily upon us, it seems trivial to mention cat carrying baskets. Very many of our baskets are wearing out with constant use. If any member has such a basket, in good condition which is no longer required, we should be delighted to have it. If any member could spare the cost of such a basket, we would be equally very grateful. The Green Shield stamps which we beg from members do not run to cat carrying baskets in addition to all the other equipment we need.

This year again, we have more beautiful Christmas cards for sale, all showing some of our erst-while residents. They are 80p per dozen including postage and packing. If you should require any, please order early to avoid disappointment and please order from Miss Hutt, our Treasurer at 435, Caledonian Road, London, N.7. To order from Slough will cause delay and additional work for H.Q. staff in re-addressing the applications to us.

M. DAVIES



NOTTINGHAM GROUP

Some one hundred members converged on the Chairman's garden on Saturday 15th June to support one of the major fund-raising events of the year.

This was the garden Tea-Party at which a profit of £207 was achieved.

The form of this event now seems to be well established, so much so that our many energetic helpers - who seem to help at everything - turned out in force. We were encouraged by a hot and fine day, which not only induced people to come, but also to stay and buy the goods on display, purchase raffle tickets, or to sit and chat to friends.

It was gratifying to receive so many articles to sell or to raffle, and very pleasing to know that so many people were prepared to give practical and active help.

The next time we shall be looking forward to combining all our resources will be for the Cheese and Wine party, which will take place again this year, towards the end of November.

We shall be sending around the necessary details in due course, and look forward to the same generous response from the Nottingham members that we received for the garden Tea-Party.

M. BETTESWORTH

SOUTH LONDON COMMITTEE NOTES

October 26th at The Cathedral Hall, Ambrosden Avenue, S.W.1.

That is the date and that is the place, and please be sure to come, at 2 o'clock when the doors open. This is our Christmas Bazaar and it is very important to us that it should be the biggest and best that we have ever had. We are in dire need of funds, things are going from bad to worse, rising prices and falling support are giving us a hard time, and all the while our handsome cats and pretty kittens are playing happily and eating heartily and they are not a bit worried about making ends meet. We have to do all the worrying which is done on these premises, so please will you take on some of it and give us a hand in any way you can. Of course, donations of money are most needed, if you can send us something, or guarantee a monthly sum, that would be a real help. Not everyone can spare money these days, we are always glad to have goods to sell: nice clothes for the Boutique, china and glass, just anything home-made, sweets jam or pretty little things which are not found often in shops, and anything for Curio Corner, either treasures from abroad, or old bits or pieces, and specially any trinkets or bits of jewellery.

We have just had a grand offer from one friend, she will complete embroideries, so if you have anything which you just cannot get finished, please let us have it.

Our "Doubles" are simpler this year. Our sponsor will double every gift of £10 which we receive up to 1st January, 1975, and then - if our total is more than £100 he will add £20, if £200 he will add £30, and so on - please help, if you should happen to be planning a Christmas gift for us, please let us have it before the end of December, and it will be doubled - and if we get enough of them, maybe doubled again. So, please help if you can.

Our cats are specially charming at this time, any home you can find, we will have a cat to fit. We have baby kittens, and large kittens and half-grown beauties, and great, big fellows, and gentle little creatures, and every pattern and design of coat you can think of - so please find us the homes.

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

ULSTER BRANCH

After the very professional notes in the previous issue of "The Cat" from the gifted pen of Miss Gulston who, as many of you know, "does a bit of writing" in her spare time I'm afraid you will have to come down to earth with a bump and content yourselves with my amateur chitterings. Sorry, but there it is!

In June, I was privileged to attend the Annual General Meeting in London where I much enjoyed meeting friends old and new. As all flights to London were fully booked, I had to travel by sea and land, crossing over on Friday night and returning on Saturday. On Sunday I was at the Shelter to do my usual rota duty. I was pretty tired at the end but nevertheless I felt it had been so well worth-while and appropriate that in this, my last year as Honorary Secretary, I could say a personal "Thank You" to our friends across the Irish Sea whose interest, sympathy and generosity during my nine years in office have been such a source of pleasure to me. I have made many personal friends among my correspondents and I feel sure they will remain so in the future. It was heartening to hear from Mr. Parratt about the rapid expansion of the C.P.L. and of its growth in influence in the world of animal welfare. The honour of presenting flowers to Mrs. Sherratt, outgoing Chairman, fell to Ulster.

Settling down after my five weeks in Canada, followed by the brief trip to London, I find that things here are as difficult as ever. Happily we survived the terrible period of the strike with not one cat going hungry, but it was a grim episode and strained our small staff almost to breaking point. The fear that it could happen again is always with us.

Ulster cont.

Right now we are in the midst of the kitten season and we are being inundated with mothers and babies, often found in the multitude of derelict houses which abound in the area of the Shelter. The Shelter is overflowing and we are in urgent need of a few more reliable voluntary helpers.

We held our Open Day on Saturday, 22nd June in blazing sunshine. It was also the day for one of our countless "marches" and the road leading to the Cattery was like an armed camp with guns at the ready and armoured cars at every street corner. At the corner of Cliftonpark Avenue a crowd denoted the spot where minutes earlier a policeman had been shot dead, another policeman and civilian injured. Later on two policemen walking along Cliftonpark Avenue were shot at but happily they escaped. I felt certain this would put paid to our little effort, but our members are courageous and they pressed on regardless. We raised well over £150 which was a record sum for an Open Day. By the time you read this our Bangor Coffee Party and our Birthday celebrations will be over, and we hope they will be a great success both financially and socially. On Saturday 26th October, we plan to hold an Auction, full details will be enclosed with this magazine. We would appreciate any items you can spare that would be suitable and we anticipate raising a large amount of money from this effort. So far the fund-raising Committee have not been able to fix dates for the Christmas sales but we'll let you know about them in good time.

Now I want to say "Please" and "Thank You" - only in reverse. "Thank You" to all the folk who worked so very hard in connection with Open Day and to the donors of articles for the stalls. Thanks also to those who send us used stamps, wool scraps, little parcels of sales items and donations and a special mention to O.A.P. Nottingham. PLEASE keep on sending, our stalls get empty so soon and need filling up. Mr. Liken wants heaps of stamps and Miss Bradshaw is always glad to receive odds and ends of wool. We hate to be Oliver Twists, always asking for more but we have to do it for the cats, bless 'em. So again, please, keep on sending. And last, but so far from least, we need homes. This is without doubt our most pressing problem. We have reached saturation point. Our cattery is crammed with lovely cats - help to find a home "for one or more, in '74".

E. MCKEE

WEST CORNWALL BRANCH

I was intrigued to read Mrs. de Clifford's article in the last copy of The Cat, and I

wonder if perhaps cattery people sometimes take the easy way out. We have been running a large cattery both boarding and for unwanted cats for twenty years, this being our third cattery in Cornwall, and during that time we have enjoyed the best of health. Even the cats seem fit and happy, and as I write I can see Mouche, the cat which Mrs. de Clifford sent to me - as a present more than twenty years ago and still going strong; she only visits the vets for an odd vitamin booster, to keep her kittenny. Rusty in twenty-two and Winkie twenty-six and other cats are enjoying long healthy lives. Looking after animals should bring lasting enjoyment, and most creatures will fit into any routine that one needs them to. Naturally the odd accidents, illnesses and crisis' have to be overcome, but on the whole an organised cattery can be a lovesome thing God wot!! As I write a great peace pervades the establishment, and we have seventy cats and ten dogs living here, and eight living-in-helpers are bursting with health. . . .

Now the other side of the coin, which I suspect is the reason for careworn faces and lack of energy. In our office the phone rings constantly, some of the calls are positive, but most of them are from poor souls in highly nervous states using the poor old cat to seek a shoulder to cry on. For several hours a day we take turns to listen to heart-breaking tales of woe, and try to offer sympathy and advice (not usually taken). Then we get the really frustrated humans who threaten and blackmail if we won't do their bidding at a moments notice, a phone put down with a bang doesn't exactly cheer one up. . . We have long learnt to ignore the criticism we have attracted through erecting a large gate which is kept locked, with a notice, "please phone before calling" written up, although this does not stop the gate bell being rung at all hours, even when we are in bed, and the odd brave person who climbs over and makes his way into the house to be set upon by alsations. All this may of course sound delightful to a lonely heart, strange men appearing after dark in a remote place, but we have had our time and we do enjoy our privacy.

Then there are the "Good Doers", the people who love to help. Within minutes they turn your cattery inside out, let the cats escape, spread the germs, tidy up everything so it is lost forever, chat about every cat they have ever known and call us ungrateful when we say we can manage thank you when they next decide to turn up. Catteries always need help, but not with routine work which includes feeding cats. A bit of painting, carpentry, gardening, cleaning out the storage sheds, or the car, these are the jobs

W. Cornwall cont.

we never have time to do. But feeding the cats seems to be peoples idea of running a cattery, and believe me feeding cats is quick and pleasurable and we love it, but remember when feeding the cats there is usually a mucky toilet tray to be emptied and scrubbed or the odd worm pill to be offered, or a good defleaing to be carried out.

Last but by no means least are our dear friends the visitors. Without them we would have no boarding cats brought in and not many unwanted cats although we do arrange a good number of collections. The visitors really enjoy their visits, and they also find that all the kids, the neighbours' kids, Grandma and Grandpa love catteries too, so they cram their cars and have a jolly time at Cathlowena. We find long warm drinks of honey and lemon are marvellous for soothing shattered nerves of helpers after these frequent invasions (cattery people please note!) One of our helpers keeps a secret store of home brew in his room, so that solves his problem. Another eats garlic cloves "both to keep away the germs and the people" he says. . . Perhaps one day I will try to produce a book on how to look after animals and stay healthy, we have a lot of tried remedies and I can vouch for some of them except the garlick, it doesn't work on the people.

The ultimate arrives when the visitors have departed, the phone is out of earshot and the door bell turned off and we relax, this is usually after 9.30 p.m. but it is sheer heaven, and the cats and dogs get the mood as well and the whole of the catteries offer a grateful prayer for the blessings animals bring upon us, and an earnest request for "please not too many humans tomorrow. . ."

Footnote, Mouche the Russian Blue sends Mrs. de Clifford her love, she adores people particularly cattery folk.

K. BEESLEY

THE STUDIO RESCUE CENTRE, HASLEMERE

Such a number of needy cats. Every day the telephone rings and rings and rings, always to ask if we can please fit in just one more, to save its life. From all over England, I can see all these cats packing their bags and starting off towards us. I do wish we could take them all, but I have seen too many shelters and sanctuaries where no cat was ever turned away, and I know the dangers of overcrowding and underfeeding and the difficulties of keeping cats clean and happy, there must be a limit, and we have reached it. If, as we hope, we find homes this autumn for all the cats who are ready to go, we will soon be opening our doors again. At present we are full, and the cats are living all over the place, every cat-house has several occupants except for two strong-minded cats who both refuse to share and have to be given a house each. Apart from these two, we find that cats are generally willing to adjust and share houses if they must, they don't fight, though they do tell us if they are not pleased. One little oddity "Betsey" follows us round the place, keeping up a recital of all she doesn't like about the place, this keeps us on our toes.

Considering that they don't wear wrist-watches, it always surprises me how exactly cats can tell the time. I was forced to postpone supper to-day, as a caller arrived as I was starting out with the first loaded tray; I was twelve minutes late, but one would have thought the cats had not eaten for a week. A riot started at the gate, where the "freebooters" (the cats who run about the compound) piled up, leaping and trying to climb the chain-link all shouting at the tops of their voices, while inside the enclosure the cats in the big pens began the most elaborate kind of jumping-dances, weaving in and out and all yelling with desperate cries of famine. On the other hand, two days ago, as I had a busy programme, I tried to serve an early breakfast, and everyone was half asleep and yawning and would not empty plates quickly. I don't know how they do it, but they certainly are punctual!

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

MEMBERS' CORNER

POOR PUSSY

During the course of a varied, interesting, but rather restless life I once found myself judging at cat-shows. What might have been a great career was cut short after a row - in fact A ROW - of such noise and size that it shook the walls of Olympia, which takes some doing! The cause for the fracas was a handsome, indeed magnificent cat, groomed shining coat, exquisite ears, lovely eyes, even well-manicured claws. I withheld an award from this wonderful creature, and his owner nearly tore me to bits. My reason was that when I looked into his mouth, I found decayed teeth and tartar which had inflamed his poor gums. I told the owner and suggested that he needed attention.

"Never, never" cried the furious lady "My poor, poor pussy I would never let him suffer such an awful thing."

Something reminded me of this and recently I mentioned it to a veterinary surgeon, saying I had stuck to it and never gave an award to a cat with neglected teeth. Rather to my surprise, he told me that, in his opinion, bad teeth in cats seem to go all-too-often with kidney and liver diseases. I have since spoken to other veterinary surgeons, and they have agreed.

So now this is a special appeal, do you have your cat's teeth looked at regularly? If not, please will you do so? Don't try to do it yourself, cats often don't like having their mouths opened and they will bite.

We cannot at present issue vouchers for needy cats, but if you know of any cat belonging to someone who cannot afford dental treatment for it, write to me and I will arrange for some help. This is important, it can make a difference to a cat's well-being.

NEREA DE CLIFFORD

The ancient form of Haku poetry is used on these reflections of cats. Their meditative qualities have the Far Eastern mystique, but their contemporary feeling pets a kitten.

Thank you for reading my material.

MARY L. HOUSTON
California, U.S.A.

LATE SUMMER CLOUDS

Light and shadows part,
The cat pounces on a leaf,
Efficient tiger . .

PREFERENCE

I will like you,
Laps are protective cradles,
I will keep my claws sheathed.

CHIMNEY SWEEP

Fastidious cat,
Rough tongue cleaning minute dirt,
Sooty fireplace safe.

TO PET A TIGER

No one knows my thoughts,
Gentle stroking makes me purr,
Tiger and kitten are related.

PLAY?

You know not my thoughts,
Falling leaf drifts gently down,
Stalked and killed, called play.

SPELL

Witches on broomsticks,
Caldrons grown bubbly,
The cat casts a spell.

C-A-T

C stands for comfort and cherishing care,
Bringing contentment that both of us share.

A stands for agony when we must part,
Anguish of spirit and sad, aching heart.

T stands for thankfulness that you are here,
Tender and true, my own tabby so dear.

MISS D. ELTHORNE-JONES

'WHY'

Why don't cats wear any clothes,
A pair of white socks upon their toes,
A big blue jacket with purple thread,
Or a pair of short trousers, green and red,
Why don't they wear a hat with a rose,
Why don't cats wear any clothes?

LINDSAY S. BROWN
(8 years).

QUEEN

My beautiful blue-eyed Queen of Siam
Has a rather superior stare.
Her babies are all different colours
But she has no reason to care.

I've been transfixed for more than an hour
Watching them climb, play and fight
Now they've all been fed and washed carefully
And they're curled up with her - eyes shut tight.

When she's made sure they really are sleeping
She comes down for her supper and then
With her seal-brown face pressed into my neck
She will stay 'till they need her again.

JEAN WOLLEN

A DATE TO REMEMBER

The 1974 Animal Fair

ROYAL
HORTICULTURAL
HALL
LONDON

FRIDAY and SATURDAY
18th and 19th OCTOBER

Members' Corner cont.

MAJESTY IN MINIATURE

From legend to history leaped the offspring
of a favour

Bestowed upon the King by his lioness/wife
in Egypt.

"Is this a part-grown panther?" roared the
curious King Lion.

The tiny leo met his gaze, a replica in
miniature,

Beauty, strength and grace of limb were in
this furry creature.

Sekhnet was the goddess who has suckled
him in infancy,

Bastet taught him courage, how to arch his
back in anger.

And thus evolved the world's first cat, a
veritable Godhead

Who reigned supreme until the birth of
Christianity.

Centuries later, on the hearthrugs of nations
Curled, contented kittens lie like cast-off
furs, in comfort.

Twisting tails in question marks although
they know the answer

For cats see their reflections still, when
gazing upon kings.

SALLY LUNN

SOFT PAWS

On silent paws

She treads the floors
And walks with grace

In any place.

No basement grim
Her charms can dim,

No squalor hide
Her natural pride;

With air serene

She views the scene
Of dirt and noise

And scuffling boys.

Though sometimes lean
She's always clean,

And after meat

She licks her feet

And grooms with care
Each shining hair;

But in those eyes
So clear and wise

I see contempt

For Man's attempt
To build his life

On greed and strife.

His world she shares
But not his cares;

She's free from those
Because she knows

That patience brings
So many things

He cannot gain

By stress and strain!

G. M. BATE

THE TEA-TOTAL PUSSIES

Hector, James and Betsy-Lou

Live at the Rose and Crown.

Three tea-total pussies who

Often wear a frown.

They frown at opening time to see

The customers arrive.

They frown at those who drink too much

Especially when they drive.

These tea-total pussies drink

Only China tea,

From finest porcelain saucers

They lap with dignity.

The reason that they deign to live

Within the Rose and Crown

Could be the food, which people say

Is quite the best in town.

SALLY LUNN

CONTENTMENT

"Lord, what fools these mortals be"

A line I've borrowed from the Bard,

For no truer word wrote he;

They fret and fume and work so hard

And fill their lives with worry;

They have no time, they cannot wait,

They're always in a hurry.

Now they could learn a lot from me

Who know the art of sitting still

And taking life more leisurely!

I can long hours contented fill

In watching through my narrowed eyes

The tiny things that come my way,

The busy ants and restless flies.

I toil not, neither do I spin

(I can't avoid quotation)

And yet I am not worn or thin;

I thrive on contemplation,

Like those anchorites so holy

Who expected and accepted

Food and homage from the lowly.

Like them I sit, aloof and wise,

Upon some safe and lofty perch,

And watch the crowds that early rise

To start their never ending search

For things to me that matter not

For I have learnt to be content

With what has fallen to my lot!

G. M. BATE

Required to rent on long lease one to two
acres land, suitable for planning permission,
boarding cattery, Scotland considered.

Cohn, Park Farm,
Clapham, Bedford.

Members' Corner cont.

LETTER

Dear Mr. Parratt,

I felt I just had to write to you and tell
you how very much my husband and myself
enjoy your bi-monthly magazine "The Cat".
We have FIVE beautiful cats all of which
have a story behind them of how they arrived
here at our home. I know you can't possibly
find the time to read about all five so I will
tell you about Solomon our latest arrival.
I had a telephone call from a lady who lives
two streets away from me knowing that I
foster kittens and take in many strays, she
had phoned me in desperation. She had living
at the bottom of her garden a male and female
cat and their family of four kittens all of
which were wild, the R.S.P.C.A. had been
informed by a neighbour of hers and they
were coming the next day to destroy them.
This lady had tried in vain to catch them but
they were afraid and very spiteful to say the
least. I went straight round, and there in the
garden were Mum and Dad spitting at my
every move protecting their kittens with
their lives. After an hour with the help of my
husband and this very kind lady we managed
to persuade Mum and Dad cat that we had
very good things to eat on a very big plate,
the smell of the food was too much for them
to bear, they were starving and although
still spitting and growling at us they ventured
nearer the food plate, kittens following
behind, four little black and white babies full
of fun with each other, but very hostile
towards us. After two more hours and with
the help of leather gloves we managed to get
two kittens into my basket, needless to say
they were going mad and were very fright-
ened. After several escapades over garden
fences through bushes and nettles we managed
to get the two remaining kittens, and into the
basket they went. It was dark by this time
and we decided it would be impossible to
capture Mum and Dad who by this time were
not at all pleased as you can imagine. We
brought home our basket full of kittens still
spitting and growling, we got them indoors
which for them was strange in itself never
knowing what being inside was like. Opening
the basket was an experience in itself, they
all jumped out and went in different direc-
tions all four hid under chairs peeping out
at regular intervals. Having had many cats
in my care I knew that my best bet was to
ignore them and let them make the first
move. They came out eventually of course,
ran up the curtains and generally went
berserk. They settled down in their hiding
places, I left food down and drink and a dirt
tray, then we went to bed and left them all
to get on with it.

In the morning I crept in and to my
surprise they had all settled down very nicely
on the best chairs, as soon as they saw me
they were off to their hiding places again.
After two weeks I had managed to tame them
beautifully, they got on very well with my
other four cats and my Alsatian bitch, who
incidentally thinks she is a cat and mothers
all kittens I bring in, other dogs she hates.
Cats she adores despite having her nose
scratched to pieces many times. Well I found
homes for my babies who held a very special
place in my heart, having tamed them and
spending hours a day just talking to them.
I really believe if you talk to an animal they
will respond very quickly, and my kittens
proved me right again. Three had found
lovely homes and I was left with my favourite,
it was no good I couldn't part with him. I
called him Solomon, he is the biggest
bundle of mischief I have ever encountered,
despite being doctored and only being eight
months old he will fight with any cat outside
and torments my others terribly. He is a bully,
runs up and down the curtains, torments
the dog, jumps on the rabbit, whom he
loves with a passion. Despite all this we love
him dearly he gives us all many hours of
pleasure, as do our other four.

I have sent you some photographs of our
cat family, Smokie is 8 years old, Matilda is
4 years old, very aloof, a real snob, but very
loving to me only, she is a real queen. Ben
is 2 years old, his mother was Siamese but
Dad was a black moggie, he is a treasure with
a cry like a Siamese and big eyes, he loves you
to death, and thinks he is a dog, he never
leaves my dogs side, when we take her a walk
he has to come, he eats with her and sleeps
with her, when he hears us say walkies he
appears, he just has to hear Shebas lead
rattle and he's there, dear Ben, he had such
an unhappy start, and he is such a love.
Simba is just a year old ginger and white
and frightened of his shadow, he is so timid
bless him, but so gentle he wouldn't know
how to scratch, so needless to say Solomon
bullies him all day long. Solomon of course
I have told you about, I have been as brief as I
can. If at all possible I would like the photo-
graphs back, I enclose a S.A.E. hoping that
you can.

(MRS.) JENNY CHALKLEY

Unfortunately Mrs. Chalkley's photographs
did not respond to reproduction in Black and
White but it was felt that her story would
interest other readers.

Editor.

Members' Corner cont.

DUSKY AND MISTY

Last summer my son and I moved from our old house, taking with us our two neutered five year old cats Dusky (black) and Misty (longhaired tortoiseshell).

We kept them indoors for a fortnight to get them used to their new surroundings - a ground-floor flat backing on to extensive woodland - then opened a window and left it for them to come and go at will. They had always been used to this degree of freedom as they had previously had a cat door.

For some time they just sat at the window and made no attempt to go out. Then Dusky took the plunge and Misty followed. Half an hour later Dusky returned and announced himself settled. But Misty never came back.

We spent the next days scouring the woods, we informed the RSPCA and asked neighbours near our old home to keep a lookout in case she had wandered back there, but no Misty. Advertisements in local shops and press bought in eight replies from people who had found tortoiseshell cats. We investigated them all but none of them was Misty.

Defying burglars, cold winds and strange cats (of which there were several!), that window stayed open day and night throughout the autumn and winter, though our hopes were fading.

Winter passed, and by the spring we faced the fact that we would never see Misty again. Just before Easter, when we were offered an attractive tabby cat of the same age as Dusky whose owners were unable to keep her, we were glad to have two cats again. She settled in well with Dusky and we at last became reconciled.

Three days after Tawny's arrival, my son was walking along a path near home - the same path he had travelled twice a day to school and back ever since we moved - when he heard a movement in the hedge. He looked up, and running down a bank to greet him was Misty - a thinner and scraggier Misty, but unmistakable Misty.

She rolled over on the path and purred and when he called began to follow him unhesitatingly. So Misty came home.

We asked the vet to give her the once-over and he said that apart from being severely undernourished and slightly battlescarred, there was nothing wrong with her that a few weeks of good care would not cure.

So we had three cats.

We were somewhat worried about letting Misty out again and were ready to face the fact she might disappear again. This time we kept her in for nearly a month, but Dusky and Tawny had their freedom and we could not keep her penned up for ever.

So we let her go, and this time she came home again. We have now had her back for nearly three months, and she has given us more affection than ever before.

We shall never know what happened to her or how she was surviving through those eight months of autumn, winter and early spring. She had never been the type of cat to go willingly to strangers and I am certain she had not found another home as she was so hungry and neglected when she reappeared.

The hedge where she showed up was only one half a mile away. Could she have been wandering all winter and trying to find her way back? If so, was she looking for her old home or her new one? Could she by some strange cat instinct have sensed her way to a spot which one of us passed daily? Would she eventually have found her own way back again through that ever-open window? Or was it just an act of God that my son was passing that spot on that day at that time and looked into the hedge at that moment!?

We shall never know. All that matters is that this was our small miracle and our little mystical Misty is home again. The battlescars have vanished and she has become sleek and solid and contented.

D. J. POTTER

KITTEN

I have not seen the Taj Mahal in moonlight or in sun,

Nor have I watched hyenas laugh when in the mood for fun.

I have not seen Old Santa Claus, although I heard his bell,

I never saw a fairy dance at midnight in the dell.

I have not travelled very far from England's pleasant land, I should lose my way entirely on the Road to Samarkand.

When people rave about the views in Portugal and Crete

I nod and smile agreement, for I never can compete.

I have not watched the sun rise across the fields of France

Nor have I seen the Africans perform their Tribal Dance.

Some people even pity me for I have never seen

The diamonds in the Tower that are guarded for the Queen.

But I have seen a lovelier sight than jewels on display:

I watched a kitten dancing with a butterfly today.

MELODY COLLIER

Members' Corner cont.

When curtained windows show no gleam of light

And day's delights have faded from our sight,

When dark's the sky and every common scene Is veiled in myst'ry which the pallid sheen Of clouded stars doth deepen and enhance, Now silently there steals upon our glance A dusky form that low along the ground Advances slowly, gliding without sound To seek the shelt'ring shadow of the trees. The stillness is complete: there is no breeze To stir the lightest leaf upon the boughs, When suddenly there comes a cry to rouse The soundest sleeper from the softest bed And send a shudder through the shrouded dead!

What is this fiend that frights us with such howls

More horrid than the screech of murderous owls?

See, where that dusky form did seek the shades

The grasses part and through the dew-wet blades

There darts another form of lighter hue; With pointed ears well back and plaintive mew She slips away, close followed by her swain, To disappear once more, and then the twain Resume their anguished cries, and all the birds Are stirred awake by those impassioned words! So this strange wooing rends the sullen night Till, in Omar's words "the stars are put to flight"

And greying skies reveal a streak of red While restless sleepers now enjoy their bed!

G. M. BATE

A few months ago I took advantage - for the first time of a C.P.L. speying voucher, for yet another stray which now makes five felines 'till death us do part!' We cannot bear to part with any of them in spite of inflation.

Our latest addition is a sleek black cat, presented to us late one night, a three months old picture of misery in a cardboard box, suffering from malnutrition, balding coat and diseased ears.

Today, Esme is a healthy fascinating cat who couldn't be bought at any price and looks so charming with her necklace of emerald green popper beads and identity disc - like a rosary on a black widow spider. She emulates Arthur of the T.V. commercial and sometimes can be seen using her paws to scrape out the last morsel in her dish and pops it in her mouth like a monkey.

Esme is one of the lucky ones out of millions of nameless cats, destined to be rescued, loved and humanised and never let it be

said that animals have no soul or spirit counterpart, when there is a wealth of evidence to the contrary. Any naturally psychic person will endorse this.

The members who so sadly miss the companionship of their beloved pets should take heart, for in my opinion the world's greatest tragedy next to vivisection is the way in which the Christian teaching was interfered with. The fallacy that when we die so-called we sleep for thousands of years has caused more heartache than anything else. But of course free-thinking people do not put themselves in chains to this extent, however devout they may be.

It calls to mind a widowed aunt who used to live with us, she was psychic and after the passing of her dear cat she insisted on keeping Smut's basket clean, saying she knew he would be back. And judging by the tears of joy some weeks later Smut let her know that he was still alive and kicking. I shall never forget that episode!

DOROTHY MILLS (Mrs.)

IN MEMORIAM

In memory of my Darling Boo, T.W. 863 put to sleep July 1974. A good companion now dearly missed. N.K.J.

For Felix

In loving and treasured memory of our Darling Felix who gave us great love and beauty, and whom we greatly loved - love... (for he is still alive). We miss him so very much. We will all meet again one day, Felix dear. Thank you for all the happiness you gave us when you were on earth, we know you were happy with us, too. Bless You.

E. and F. EASTLAND

In ever loving memory of my best beloved BABY TWEENS 21/9/68 and her dearest brother BUTTONS 10/10/71. Forever my loving babies. Auntie Averill.

In memory of dear Smokey aged 18 put to sleep July 17th 1974 to save further suffering from an incurable illness. So loving and much loved - sadly missed. MERVYN DANIELL

In ever loving memory of Sooty, who went to St. Francis September 4th 1971. Always remembered by Mummy and Daddy Bach Jones.

Sooty, Time Passes,
Memories stay,
Quietly remembered
Every day.

In memory of 'My best Pal' Napoleon aged 3 years and sadly missed for 16th May, 1974.

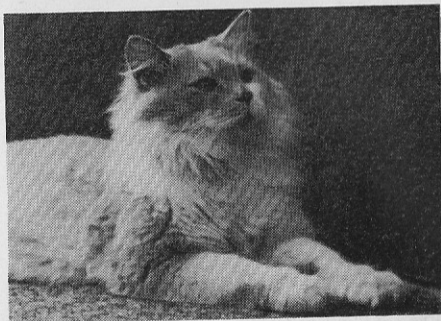
N. BRAMHALL

In Memoriam cont.

To my young tom Mizzie Talbot who was so kind and loving until the end. He will never be forgotten. JULIE TALBOT

In loving memory of Michael O'Leary the most loving and loved of all pets. His courage and sweet nature have done more to reach me that anything else in this life and he will never be forgotten.

D. FISHER
Ottawa, Canada



Michael O'Leary

Water colour portraits of pets or children - from clear snaps with description - price 60 pence. All money for C.P.L. also

Wanted - Dolls to dress for sales in aid of C.P.L. Mrs. D. Hall, 78, Hill Road, Watlington, Oxford.

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.

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by
JACINTHA BUDDICOM

published by

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

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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.

C.P.L. Slogan Labels are sold in Aid of Funds 17½p per packet. The Cats' Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough.

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.

'TO PET A LEO'

by *Hilda Lunn*

Obtainable from the authoress, 56 Stoneleigh Road, Solihull, Warks., 30p post free. Readers should mention the magazine when placing their orders and the proceeds will then be forwarded to the C.P.L.

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