

© 2011 CORGI

CORGI

293

TIGERLILY MAMA SAN RA'AB RAMPA

Author of PUSSYWILLOW

Mama San's continuing story of her life with T Lobsang Rampa



The Pen is Mightier
than the sword

Nurture Your Mind with Great Thoughts
for you will never rise higher than you think.

DISRAELI

CHAPTER ONE

It was my good fortune to be born in an era when family life meant something, when mothers found fulfillment in the home and had no need of a second occupation to allow them to function more fully as a complete being. A rare occasion indeed to return home from school and find an empty house; mother was always there, sewing perhaps, or busy crocheting (an art which she taught me when I was quite young), and always a nice tea awaited a hungry child.

As I was somewhat headstrong, there is no doubt a more firm discipline would not have been amiss; but that was not her way.

The moments which provided the greatest satisfaction were the times spent in the evening, as the day was ending and night approaching, before it was time to light the lamps.

Mother was fond of reciting this little verse:

‘Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour.’

She believed very strongly in devoting time to her offspring, and in catering to their mental and spiritual needs as well as their physical well-being.

The things one learns in one's childhood days seem to linger in the memory for ever, even more permanent than the present-day computer with its memory bank. School was fine, I never minded studying; but that was an everyday reality, something

one had to do. But what I really liked was to have my mother tell true stories about her immediate family and close relatives. It seems a far cry from where I am now, sitting in the apartment of a high-rise building, to those days when home was a house of your own and comfort was sitting by a blazing log fire on a winter's evening.

While the experiences unfolded in mother's quiet voice, I would picture a little girl around five years old being taken to stay with her grandmother who lived a long way from the big city where she had been born and which was her home. Although I had never been away from MY family I tried to feel what it must be like for the little girl trying to adapt herself to life in a village with people who were strangers to her, even if they were blood relations. There was very little said about her Grandpa but Grandma apparently had forgotten anything she might have known about the needs of small girls.

In the beginning the arrangement was meant to be just temporary, while the child's mother was recovering from a malady which had been causing concern. However, the days passed, then weeks, dragging on into months and years, and my mother never did return to the place of her birth; so, in the end she came to look upon various cousins with whom she associated as more her family than her real sisters and brothers.

As I look back through the years I still remember some of the interesting sleep-experiences she used to relate. In those days I probably put it down to 'unusual dreams' but in the light of future developments it seems mother was seeing into the future. She told how, in a dream, she had seen what she referred to as horseless carriages and this was as a young girl, before the turn of the century. As well as experiencing pre-cognition, she must also have looked into the past for she told of seeing bowls of white light, of an unearthly whiteness; and she believed her dream had taken her to a city of a former civilization. Pictures of people, too, were in evidence; but the subjects did not remain still, rather they moved about-advancing towards one.

Needlework and reading provided the main part of our re-

creation and I probably developed my love of quotations and proverbs in those days, an interest which has never left me. I loved being read to until I was old enough to read myself, and stories such as *Little Nell*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Peep Behind The Scenes* provided plenty of scope for my vivid imagination.

Later I passed through the usual 'teen-age' phase of romantic novels, identifying with all the joys and heartaches of Hall Caine's characters and those of Ethel M. Dell. Once I was returning a book to the school library and everyone howled with laughter when I announced, 'I have brought back *The Top of The World*.' 'You must be very strong,' someone commented glibly.

I looked for my soul
but my soul I could not see.
I looked for my God
but my God eluded me.
I looked for a friend
and then I found all three.

William Blake

CHAPTER TWO

It was also my good fortune to have as a marriage partner a person who was interested in more than the material things of life. He, who I will be referring to as Carl, was a very sensitive person and on the day of our first meeting we just knew our paths had crossed before. There was hardly any need for mere words since we came very near to reading each others thoughts. 'How dreadful,' someone may think; but if there is nothing to hide surely it is a simple method of communicating. It has been said that two people can live together for a number of years and gradually become like each other physically, while understanding each other perfectly, in silence. So we took the short cut and, instead of waiting until near life's ending, we started at the other end and benefited thereby.

The very first afternoon we spent together was enjoyable for both of us—definitely a milestone to be remembered. As I sit here viewing the North American scene I relive one glorious day in England: it was late Summer, around the middle of September, where a turning point was reached in the lives of two persons who were destined to meet.

There was a man in England who; upon having to put something unpleasant in a letter, would precede the unpleasant part with the comment, 'If you don't like the next bit please read it with your eyes closed'; so perhaps I might offer a similar suggestion. If you do not believe in Astrology, please shut your eyes for the next part because I want to tell something to the believers.

An eminent astrologer, known worldwide, who was interested in making a chart for us, said: 'It was inevitable that

you two should come together. Saturn is in the same House, to the exact degree, in each of your charts; sign of a deep and lasting tie.' This astrologer was very careful about his predictions, knowing full well the foibles of human nature and the responsibility of his profession, and he seemed somewhat baffled at some of the things he saw in the two charts. Considering the unusual experiences we were to contend with in the days and weeks ahead it was not surprising. It was apparent that while we may not always see 'eye-to-eye' in the ordinary everyday things, there was no doubt but that in the deeper permanent concepts we were as one. This assurance has always sustained me through the ups and downs, the peaks and lows, of the see-saw of our time together. I knew there was a purpose behind it all, even at the lowest ebb, and all the vicissitudes would be worth while in the long run.

It was not long (only a few days) after we first met that Carl took me to meet his Mother, with whom he was then living. Of a somewhat formidable appearance, with strong views on many subjects, she was amiable enough, but I always had the impression that she resented my appearing on the scene. Like many mothers she wanted to keep her son to herself, although she had never been noted for showing any special affection for him. It was probably a case of wanting to hang on to something she was in danger of losing. For me there was the knowledge that I could put up with the situation because it was natural for a young man to find happiness with a partner, and I felt we were doing what was intended of us. I had been fending for myself for a number of years so I had the experience of dealing with different situations, and this was only one more. For some reason I have had to contend with 'dislike' from certain women at various times, and I sometimes wonder why . . . probably this nuisance will follow me to the end of my life. The astrologer called it jealousy!!

*The better part of
one's life consists
of one's friendships.*

Abraham Lincoln

CHAPTER THREE

It was interesting the way in which I and my future husband finally met, although it seemed there had been several attempts by the 'powers that be' to bring this about. In the end we were introduced by a man, a man known to both of us, who said he had a strong conviction, a hunch, that he was meant to be the means of bringing us together. It just goes to show we should follow our hunches, or at least not discard them without due thought; and no one should count himself too insignificant to be a tool in the scheme of things. At one time I used to have a most depreciating attitude regarding my own abilities, having a tendency to listen to others—believing they knew the answers much better than I, and I suffered thereby. These days I realize I must stand or fall by my own beliefs and actions; thus I have gained a large measure of self-confidence.

So the first time Carl and I came together was on a Saturday, in September, and there was a mutual feeling that we had been together before. It was as though each of us had returned from a journey and were about to continue life where we had left off after having been away on our respective missions. On that first day and in the days which followed I would find myself starting to say something . . . perhaps making a comment, or asking a question . . . and then I would halt to say, 'But I have said that before,' or 'I have asked that question before.'

Where and when had we known each other? Since those days I believe I have become more enlightened on the subject and I have often wished I had possessed a little more of the knowledge and understanding which has been permitted me in

the interim.

That was the first of many very pleasant interludes . . . when we walked or sat by the river, taking tea at one of the many open-air restaurants along the banks of the Thames near London. It was there we used to enjoy taking a boat and idling away an hour or so; and the time I fell overboard just appealed to Carl's keen sense of humor, though to me the incident was anything but amusing.

Although at the time it seemed there was little, if any, choice the day we decided to go and live in Weybridge, we had made an unfortunate decision. It was not a harmonious locality for us and, in hindsight (a popular phrase since Watergate), we realized we had made a mistake.

However, 'needs must, when the devil drives!', and one cannot live in London without work . . . or you couldn't in the days of which I write; but, judging from what one hears about welfare, unemployment benefits and various grants which are available . . . well, possibly it is possible to live there now without working.

As with many people, the Second World War made a difference to our lives. The place where Carl was employed as Manager was unlucky enough to be bombed and so many changes had to be made. He went off from Knightsbridge one morning and when he reached Conduit Street he found the area barricaded off, no one being allowed inside. After explaining his position to a police officer he was allowed to pass and continued on to the surgical appliance company's offices, which had received a direct hit from a bomb.

When one brushes away the mists of memory one realizes what a terrible time we were living through. The apartment building (or block of flats we called it) where we lived also had a hit, and that gave me quite a fright. In my excitement I called out to Carl to 'come here' before the place collapsed; but he didn't come for what seemed minutes, in spite of my shaking the handle of the door behind which he was engaged in very private and personal business. That particular episode led to all the tenants being turned out of the building until the

following morning; so it was fortunate we knew someone who had spare accommodation, and we made our way to Earl's Court where we gratefully tumbled into bed. Many times have I remarked that one of the best breakfasts I ever had was the following morning, when we returned to our flat and had a meal of bacon, eggs and sausages. Apparently there had been danger of escaping gas and it was not considered safe to leave anyone in the building overnight.

People have often asked how we ever managed to get any sleep in the wake of those noisy and dangerous air raids, and they found it hard to believe that I was able to sleep through it all. I never worried whether I would see another day or not; and I will always remember once, in the early days before we had become used to it all, Carl woke me when there was a particularly noisy attack to tell me I was too deeply asleep. He said, 'If you died suddenly due to the bombing, you would not know what had happened to you for a long time, so it is better to be awake and conscious of what is happening.' I rubbed my eyes and pondered upon it, and the more I thought about it the more sense it seemed to make . . . so much so that it has stayed in my mind ever since. If I am without discomfort, or actual pain, wild horses will not awaken me; so obviously I must reach a very deep 'level' of the sleep state, which benefits me enormously. To me the sleep state sets the tune for my mood and efficiency, or otherwise, on the following day.

Just last month there were two or three fire engines outside my window at some unearthly hour, and I have to confess that I didn't hear a thing; and I only knew about it when I was told later. To sleep soundly does not mean that one sleeps the whole night through . . . in my case it is simply for a short time, at most three hours, which I understand is more beneficial than say an eight-hour stretch.

The late Sir Winston Churchill apparently found this a satisfactory method, together with his daytime 'catnaps', and he seemed to function remarkably well.

I was interested to read in Dr. James Paupst's *Sleep Book* (Macmillan of Canada, 1975) that 'something seems to be lacking in sleep research so far'. He writes:

‘Perhaps if scientists would decide not to look-as out-siders-into this other life we lead at night, but actually to take part in it, like Alice in Wonderland slipping through her magic door, they might come up with some real evidence. For if there is another life, it may be more “real” than what we live. Who knows what roles we each play in it? Who can tabulate our activities and reactions?’

As I read the book I was reminded of an incident during our stay in Surrey when Carl said to me one morning, ‘Whatever were you doing in your sleep?’ ‘Why?’ I was anxious to know as he did not tell me immediately. ‘Well,’ he smiled, ‘you said you were going to have our little car painted blue.’ So this left me wondering because I had no recollection of it. ‘You said it quite clearly,’ he continued, ‘and you answered my question when I asked you “why?” . . . You said it was going to be blue because that was the colour Warwick Deeping’s car was being painted.’

Later in the day we were leafing through a magazine and to our surprise we saw an account of Warwick Deeping’s BLUE car.

Who was Warwick Deeping? A ‘fashionable’ writer of his day, even though his work may have been written in a rather ponderous style. Deeping was merely a pseudonym—and not his real name.

If I accept
the sunshine and warmth
I must also accept
the thunder and the lightning

Kahlil Gibran

CHAPTER FOUR

The proprietor of the surgical appliance company decided it was unwise to contemplate staying in London because one couldn't guarantee freedom from further air attacks; so he cast around for a more suitable place, eventually deciding to transfer to a place in the 'Midland' area, a fair distance from London.

We heard about another company who also had left the city, due to wartime conditions, and had moved to Weybridge in Surrey; and these people needed staff. It was necessary to have a personal interview, so, after making an appointment, we went along by bus, to find the Managing Director had not arrived. Carl just had to wait, while I went down the road where there was a restaurant . . . and there I stayed for what seemed like hours until my husband joined me. The man, the Managing Director (who was also the boss-the proprietor), had forgotten about the interview, hence his late arrival. But apparently he was impressed with Carl's experience and abilities, so quickly decided he was the man for the job.

Not many people wanted to go out in the wilds of Weybridge, especially if they had been used to life in London. And we didn't think much of it either but there was nothing else in view so we had to accept what seemed the inevitable.

This was an engineering correspondence set-up, a technological institute (an institute of technology), and there was no shortage of students since people wanted to be well prepared for the future from the standpoint of furthering their education. In times of war, people worry about the future, wondering what post-war conditions are going to be like, and

they feel that if they increase their education they will stand a better chance of competing for a job.

This business flourished for a few years, and though the salaries for staff left much to be desired it was said that the proprietor soon became a millionaire. He found it difficult to understand why employees needed money.

Too late we learnt that, had we waited a little longer, other opportunities would have presented themselves and a much more satisfactory offer would have come our way. If people in general only had the gift of pre-vision, how much more satisfactory their lives might be. Or would they? It seems so easy to take the wrong path.

Summer was a much pleasanter time to spend in the vicinity because one could rent a dinghy and go rowing on the River Wey. This we would be doing after a wait of six or seven months because we had arrived in one of the worst periods, in dull November.

We were going to miss the walks in the parks, in Green Park and Kensington Gardens, where we loved to go during the weekends. Carl found museums fascinating, especially the science museum at South Kensington; and I enjoyed Madame Tussaud's waxworks exhibition, also going out to a restaurant occasionally in the evening for dinner. One of our favorite places was the Empire Restaurant, in Victoria Street, which we sometimes visited after Carl left the office . . . and I sometimes wondered whether this was arranged mainly for my benefit. I knew he liked to spend some time in a News Theatre, so I would suggest it after dinner, before we returned home.

Our nearest neighbor in Weybridge was a gardener who lived in a cottage with his wife, and who used to grow many vegetables for himself and his 'customers'. It must have been quite legal and above-board, but he didn't seem happy to have neighbors (us) around who were in a position to observe his varied activities. Life moved along fairly smoothly except for a mild complaint, about a cat scratching around the vegetable and flower beds, and he was concerned as to whether it was our feline.

We were awakened one morning in the early hours by a loud knocking on the door, and an agitated voice accompanying the knocking. On investigating we found the gardener's wife in a very nervous state and wearing only her night attire. She beseeched me to go with her since she thought her husband was dying, and would I go and see what I thought about his condition. She was obviously in a very distressed state so I had to do something, although she and her husband had shown nothing but resentment towards us. I threw on a robe and accompanied her back to her cottage where I crossed the threshold for the first time, when she ushered me to where her husband lay. For a moment I stood looking at him; I saw it was too late and there was nothing one could do to save him, for his spirit had indeed departed. She looked up at me, at last realizing the worst, and I consoled her as best I could while she gradually recovered her self-control and made arrangements to contact her doctor and her relatives.

It must be one of the saddest situations when one partner is suddenly taken away, most people seem to know not where, and the other is left to face life alone.

In this particular case, the clothes-line in the back garden was left in position for a long time, when normally it would have been removed immediately the washing was dry; left because it was one of the last duties the gardener had performed and his wife did not feel able to have it removed since it helped her to maintain contact with him.

I have often wondered why we are not educated more about the process of dying; why we are not told how it is a natural process, and that it is not the end. The majority of today's youth seem to have very little idea of what death is all about, and how can they know if there is no one to teach them?

JUST A SKETCH

The pavement was cold and hard as his body thudded down those twenty floors to finally rest on the sidewalk where passers-by might gaze with curiosity as he lay quite still, in the chill wind of winter.

One wonders whether he was born with the moon in the Eighth House, a sign of death in a public place.

After the three police cars had departed and the body had been taken to the funeral home, the pavement was cleaned and the curiosity seekers gradually dispersed.

Nearby there lived an Avatar, and after a few hours had passed the spirit of the young man approached the Great Being.

‘Tell me where I am,’ demanded the youth who had lived no more than eighteen years. ‘I came to you because I saw a light of understanding,’ he continued, ‘but the first being I met was a cat.’

With a puzzled expression, he said he thought he was mad because he understood the cat when she spoke to him.

The Avatar looked upon the boy with compassion and enquired why he was so worried (the boy seemed to be ignorant of everything connected with dying, and could not accept the fact that he was indeed dead).

‘Haven't you heard about life after death?’ enquired the Avatar. ‘Don't you believe in God?’

‘Oh, gee’ answered the boy, ‘that's an old guy in a book!’

To try to convince him that he was dead it was suggested the boy go to the funeral home and see his body. Quickly he returned, announcing, ‘Gee, that place is full of stiff.’

The Avatar sighed, feeling great compassion for the young man, and devoted much time trying to reach a point of understanding, eventually sending the youth on his way, reassured, while he was left wondering at the lack of religious teachings.

If you wish to see the valleys
climb to the mountain top;
if you desire to see the mountain top,
rise into the cloud;
but if you. seek to understand the cloud,
close your eyes and think.

Kahlil Gibran

CHAPTER FIVE

Weybridge was a busy place during the war years, Vickers Armstrong's Aircraft Company being in the vicinity, and providing employment for thousands of people. Each morning, around breakfast time, the avenue beneath our window was buzzing with motor cars, trucks and bicycles—all on their way to Vickers; but after an hour or so, the road was almost deserted again. Yes, we were continually reminded of the war. Of course Brooklands' race track, also in the Weybridge district, was known all over the world.

For us it was a fairly quiet period in our lives for we did not lead much of a social life, having very few visitors. Carl was not fond of mixing with people, so his employer held this against him. If you want to succeed in business life, it seems you must smoke, drink and BE SOCIAL, whatever that means!

A few of my acquaintances came to visit us 'out in the sticks' and I remember one in particular, a nurse who had but recently been married. She had flouted hospital regulations and married one of her patients in the hospital. Although her name escapes my memory, I have several reasons for remembering this young lady—not the least being that she was an excellent nurse, admired by staff and management alike. Her husband, prior to the marriage, had suffered a motor-cycle accident; thus he became a patient, having one leg amputated. During his illness and convalescence, no doubt partly due to the extreme care he enjoyed at her hands, he fell in love with his nurse. After his discharge from hospital, there were many escapades, after hours, and it was not long before wedding bells were ringing for nurse and patient. Around that particu-

lar time there was a film star who had suffered a leg amputation, and therefore he had enlisted the use of an artificial limb. My nurse acquaintance and her husband spent many hours sitting in the cinema studying this actor's leg movements so they might learn whatever they could to make things easier for themselves.

I was just going to comment that, were I endowed with an eidetic memory, I would give the actor's name. In the meantime the electrical pulsations within my cranium slowly 'creaked', bringing to the surface the name of Herbert Marshall—a well-known and popular British actor of his day.

Another person with whom we maintained contact was Dr. Murray, a pathologist, and whenever we found ourselves in his area we would go along to the hospital where he was employed and have a chat. Dr. Murray was a very clever man, an author of technical works, and a prospective candidate for Britain's parliament; but, since we did not approve of the party he represented, we were just as happy that he did not get sufficient votes. It would have been sad for a brilliant medical man to waste his time with politics, surely.

Dr. Murray is no longer on the earth plane—but he is always remembered with affection.

One does not enjoy being reminded of wars; and that being so, there is no pleasure in living close to an aircraft factory, which for some people creates an artificial glamour. Wages are high and the ordinary person, the so-called man-in-the-street, is able to live on a scale which would be unimaginable in peace time.

As well as the Vickers Viscount planes, the Wellington Bomber (the Wimpey) was also produced by the Vickers Brookland factory. This was the first geodetic airplane ever made. Vickers also produced one of the first anti-sub radar planes (a Wimpey) which had on top a thing which looked like a flying saucer. The machine used to fly over the sea by night, when U-boats were on the surface recharging their batteries. They could spot the U-boats first and were then able to drop their depth charges.

There is no pleasure in reliving the horrors of war with all

its hate and misunderstanding, and the aftermath of suffering which it causes. One needed only to walk past the Star and Garter Home for the Disabled, near Richmond Park, to be reminded how savage human beings can be to each other. These disabled and otherwise crippled men had been victims of the First World War.

When one lives away from the mainstream of things one tends to fall back on one's own resources; so we had plenty of time to think, read and, on weekends and evenings, explore the countryside on our bicycles which we had brought with us from London. Often we cycled along to Walton-on-Thames in one direction, or to a small place named Addlestone the other way (not far from Chertsey). Sometimes we would take a train and go to Woking or Guildford, and one of the nicest doctors I have ever known lived in Woking. He was Irish and, due to his abilities as a physician and his natural humanitarian manner, most of his patients considered themselves fortunate to be included in his practice. This GENTLEMAN has gone on to a higher state, with few regrets and the knowledge that his life on earth was well worth while.

One day we were riding along towards Heath Road, on our way home, when we passed a small restaurant and we noticed a sign reading 'Kittens available'; so we stopped and made enquiries. The restaurant owner was a pleasant English woman, and her cat family looked well and happy; so we decided to have one of her beautiful Silver Tabbies, a gentleman who was often known as Mr. T. Catt.

T. Catt was very tiny, with a very short tail and a beautiful sensitive face, and we were quite enthralled at the prospect of adopting him. In the two weeks we had to wait for him to be old enough to leave his cat mother we purchased dishes (plates, saucers and bowls), together with sanitary trays, and a sleeping basket; for cats, and indeed all creatures, are happier with their own utensils.

Everything was in order by the time we went to collect and bring him home. He was so small that he would fit easily into Carl's pocket. And that is how he was transported from one home to the other.

It was a happy moment when T. Catt crossed the threshold and took up residence, thus becoming part of our life. If a pussycat starts investigating his new quarters, and shows interest in the food you have provided, you can be fairly certain he is going to settle down happily. And this is what happened.

Life seemed to take on a new meaning, because we had been so much ‘wrapped up with ourselves’ and we needed to broaden our interests and affections. Carl and I had been thrown together for such long periods that there were too few ‘spaces’ in our togetherness—that is how Kahlil Gibran puts it. He says:

‘Let there be spaces in your togetherness, and let the winds of the heavens dance between you. Love one another, but make not a bond of love; let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls.’

So the advent of Mr. Catt added a new dimension to our lives, and I was to learn much from the association. The most exciting experience for me came one day when Mr. Catt had reached maturity. I was holding him in my arms while standing before a looking glass. Without concentrating I casually turned to let him see himself, because I knew cats **COULD** see their image if they were interested. Sometimes they seem to be sure there is another creature on the other side, and it can be quite amusing to watch while they search around behind the mirror to find the interloper. Whether T. Catt saw himself or not seemed unimportant at that moment because I was so interested in what I myself witnessed: In the mirror image I saw, around my cat, a narrow band of a bluish-gray substance extending a few centimeters, which later I came to identify as the etheric body which surrounds all living things. That was a very important discovery for me because in later years, having read so much material on this and kindred subjects, I could say to myself, ‘Yes, this is so because I have actually seen it.’ Sometimes it is possible to see something like this more clearly through a mirror; and it gave me the assurance that the etheric really existed, and gradually to have the ability to see it even without any artificial aids.

In the midst of
winter, I finally
learned that there
was in me an
invincible summer.

Albert Camus

CHAPTER SIX

As I look back, I realize more than ever that the time spent in Weybridge was a time of preparation for another phase. It seemed we were not destined to have friends or acquaintances, and it was not long before we were quite on our own—the few people I had known were occupied with their own affairs, and to some extent everybody's life was influenced by the war. Carl and I became air-raid wardens; and we had to take our turn on duty, patrolling our area, making sure no one was showing a light and violating the blackout rules at night. One ill-minded person reported us one night for showing a chink of light—it was more a case of bad feeling than a serious violation of rules.

Carl was intense in his love of nature people, and we were more and more pleased to have our Silver Tabby who showed great interest in our activities—and seemed to know his mission in life was to care for us. Carl suggested we go along to a store and find a harness for Mr. T. Catt before taking him out walking. This we did and, although he never really liked the restriction of being confined within the contraption, he did eventually come to accept it as part of the process of becoming civilized, even humanized. Your cat considers himself as part of your family, so why should he not consider himself 'humanized'. Sometimes I ponder whether my present creatures don't tend to look upon me as another member of their species. At home I am sometimes addressed as 'Ma Cat' and there are times when I can almost sense things from their point of view.

After all, if you can see something in your mind's eye there is no reason why it should not become a reality. Most of us

have heard the remark, 'I feel closer to my dog than I do to many humans,' or, 'The more I see of people the more I love my dog.' It has been said that, what you can visualize—CAN BE. He who can see the invisible can achieve the impossible.

I would like to quote an extract from *Alice in Wonderland* because it is so applicable, and it helps one to believe in so-called impossible things : 'Alice laughed. "There's no use trying" she said. "One can't believe in impossible things." "I daresay you haven't had much practice", said the Queen. "When I was younger I always did it for half-an-hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast." '

Who would believe that at one time cats walked upright, on two legs? Well I have an idea that, according to cat legends, they did indeed; and they used to engage in numerous activities which would surprise the human of today.

Within a few short months, T. Catt grew to become a beautiful specimen, and I used to say he reminded me of a Tiger Lily—he had the markings of a tiger and the delicate appearance of a lily. The expression on his sweet face was really quite angelic.

As the days passed we gradually realized that when you adopt a creature of nature, giving it the trust and affection it deserves, you will not be disappointed—for nature people are capable of returning your devotion many times over. I will never forget how much I owe my Silver Tabby, my Tiger Lily.

Since we were so very isolated in our personal life, the day we became the possessors of a little automobile was quite an event. The Managing Director of the company expected Carl to service his cars as well as attending the advisory work relating to students (the position for which he had been engaged), and I became quite proficient as a mechanic's assistant. Once I helped to change over the engine of a car—I hope I can remember the 'make'; yes, it was a Standard, and by today's standards, probably considered quite ancient.

The gentleman also owned a beautiful black Chrysler, and being something of a speed fiend he caused pedestrians to leap

out of the way when he came speeding along the Avenue on his way to the office. This vehicle, too, was serviced by Carl because his knowledge of motor mechanics was extensive; although he disliked this type of work very much, eventually putting his foot down and asking his boss to please find someone else to do it.

But to own a car ourselves was something else! And I was very interested when Carl told me he had heard of a little Morris Minor which was almost new, and which was to be sold for a very reasonable figure.

We went down Baker Street to the garage, and we were given a trial run which resulted in a purchase; and this certainly made life more interesting. We explored the whole district and often went to London Airport (Heathrow), which was just being completed, finding it most interesting to watch the planes. I have been surprised to see the name 'Heathrow' continues to be used because in those early days it was said there was a problem with its pronunciation: many non-English speaking people could not manage the 'th'—merely sounding the 't'. However, since it has survived, the problem must not have been insurmountable.

Sometimes we took a drive to other places of interest, to Epsom Downs or to Boxhill, where we might enjoy the wonderful view, or even to London itself where we drove around marveling at the damage which could be wrought by warfare. It was disappointing to find that T. Catt was less than interested in the contraption. He preferred to get underneath the thing and examine it after we returned from a trip. If ever we tried to take him with us he would make the most strenuous objections—as though there was something unpleasant and eerie about the whole thing. Perhaps he knew more about it than we did, as we were to find out later.

To our dismay this car was sometimes hard to control, as though another entity was trying to take over the steering and attempting to veer in the opposite direction. At other times we seemed to be moving backward, something which, logically, was impossible since the gear would be in the neutral position, with the car pointing down hill.

Many aspects of the whole affair were explained when eventually we happened to hear something of the car's history. Apparently it had been involved in an accident, resulting in a person being killed; and, according to the man who supplied the information, it was known to be a haunted car. So that was why the price was so reasonable, and possibly why Mr. Catt was such an unwilling passenger—always resisting our attempts to take him with us.

What our Tiger did enjoy was to stroll around the grounds with us, on weekends or in the evenings, usually wearing a harness so we might keep a check on him; and he delighted in doing a bit of tree climbing. These premises had originally been privately owned, before being transformed into offices, and the estate comprised about three and a half acres of land. It was very pleasant to wander amongst the trees and flowers in the cool of a summer evening, keeping an eye on Mr. Catt and chatting of various things which were of interest to both of us.

One day Carl said, 'You know, Ra-ab, that cat reminds me of a creature who lived with me previously : although HE was of a different color he had many of the same mannerisms, and I often have an impression of my black cat when I observe this one.' Since we believe that humans and 'animals' do return to earth again and again, we accepted the fact that 'black cat John' had come back again in the form of a Tabby—to look after us as well as gaining further experience himself. We believed this creature, T. Catt, previously John, had been associated with us through many lives, and that we would continue together through many more.

Carl was extremely gentle with 'animals' and he would lift cats carefully, with both hands—not taking them by the scruff of the neck thus allowing their bodies to just hang down and become strained as some people do, which can cause such misery. He used to say one should never laugh at a cat otherwise it would be sorely offended, and he was speaking of the so-called domestic feline. Siamese cats, it seems, are less concerned about it; but their biggest problem is loneliness. They MUST have the companionship of humans if they are to sur-

vive and remain sane and content.

It was the cause of much worry the night Mr. Catt did not come home by bedtime. We had gone down to the front door and out into the yard on a very warm summer evening, when suddenly he darted off into the dusk—all our entreaties to return being in vain. He had never stayed away before, so in our concern we could not settle down to sleep, only napping fitfully. So it was with joy that I looked out of the window in the morning and espied him sitting under a tree, waiting for the door to open so he might come in and resume the duties he had lately been neglecting.

I do my thing
And you do your thing
I am not in this world
To live up to your expectations,
And you are not in this world
To live up to mine.

You are you.
And I am I

And if by chance we find each other
It's beautiful

Fritz Peris

CHAPTER SEVEN

It was an interesting sight when Mr. Catt began ‘showing off’ in front of anyone who happened to call upon us: he would roll over on to his back and wait to be admired. Being a Leo person he was proud . . . and beautiful; and everybody commented upon his appearance. Even the short tail of babyhood had grown to become a thing of beauty. We spent a lot of time, he and I, in our yard where we read or dug up the little bit of flower patch, planting seeds which we hoped would eventually produce various-hued pansies.

Our Tiger would have a good feed of grass which is very good for cats, having an emetic effect; fortunately getting it all over before going inside. These days I have to grow grass indoors, in flower pots, and it is quite amusing to see a stranger come into our apartment and enquire what is in the pots. When they are told, ‘Oh, it is just grass,’ they look at one strangely until they realize it is the old-fashioned kind—being grown for cats only.

‘Why an emetic effect,’ someone will say. ‘Surely it is not good to deliberately make a cat vomit’ (or ‘throw up’ as they say in Canada). ‘Sure it is a good thing,’ I reply, for this helps get rid of all the loose fur which comes off when a cat washes, and which is most often swallowed, forming a hard wad inside the cat’s stomach; and technically termed a ‘hair-ball’. If these hard lumps, which are often too big and too hard to pass all the way through the intestines, do not receive attention they can lead to obstructions and other serious conditions if left in the stomach. Some people give, by mouth, a little olive oil or liquid paraffin periodically which helps to soften the hard

mass, thus allowing it to complete its progress through the digestive tract; but one should always be on the lookout for symptoms of this annoying and sometimes serious problem. To aid in the prevention of this condition, as well as to keep a cat healthy and constipation free, a bowl of water should always be available—and it should be changed mornings and evenings. Most people are surprised when told many cats prefer water instead of milk, and that water in most cases is better for them. All cats should be groomed (brushed and combed) every day to prevent the swallowing of loose hair. Short-haired felines are in need of this grooming just as are the long-haired variety.

It is surprising how many people have pets of one kind or another and do not take the trouble to find out how to care for them—the sort of conditions which are most suitable, the kind of diet they need, etc. Just like humans, most if not all creatures suffer from a feeling of loneliness if neglected for too long; and this goes for the fish in an aquarium, a bird in a cage, as well as the larger ‘animals’ who walk around on all fours. It is widely acknowledged that house plants thrive much better in an atmosphere of friendliness, when the so-called owners talk to them and provide companionship.

There is one thing many of us are guilty of, and that is in delaying getting professional help when we have a creature who is sick or does not seem to be well. Especially in the case of a cat, a day or even a few hours delay in treatment can make a great deal of difference to their satisfactory recovery. Veterinarians are agreed upon this, and the other day, Dr. Randall (our present veterinarian) was talking about this aspect: ‘But ‘ he was quick to comment, ‘there is no danger of your cats being left too long without attention.’ He knows we consult him just to make sure the little people are doing all right.

So the war progressed; and we were all tired of food and clothes rationing, and the shortage of petrol too. Reconstituted eggs do not make the best of meals for humans, and a little cat can get tired of eternally being offered canned pilchards in brine; and women, probably more than men, found it monoton-

ous and soul-destroying having to wear the same old clothes for too long. In those days I was very fond of nice clothes, and one found various ways of supplementing one's wardrobe: I happened to come into contact with a fashion editor of one of the London Sunday newspapers who accumulated a certain number of garments to be used in her job of reviewing. Since my size was average, the same as hers, I managed to obtain some of these articles which the lady was happy to dispose of and which boosted my ego tremendously. Finally, Miss Editor annoyed me somewhat by offering an attractive red woolen coat which she 'just needed to keep a few days for a showing', while in the meantime having second thoughts and withdrawing her offer. Just a little thing perhaps, but for a moment it angered me somewhat.

T. Catt was very fond of flowers and we used to tease him about looking like Ferdinand the Bull, who just sat and smelled them. One day he and I had a session of seed planting—we worked energetically and interestedly, and then we left them to nature so she and her helpers might bring them to fruition. At the appropriate time our efforts were rewarded, and we found ourselves with a glorious array of various-hued and over-sized pansies, in shades of blue, purple, orange and yellow; and some were the color of a Tiger Lily.

Some people seem to be luckier than others in obtaining good results from their efforts at growing flowers; but then one wonders, 'Is it perhaps not "luck" but something else altogether?' Those people who have given a little thought and perhaps a little research on the subject may have something to say about the 'green thumbs' theory. What are green thumbs, and what is the reason for them?

Were we to go into the subject ourselves we would realize that certain types of people have greener thumbs than the rest of us; and they are usually of the earthy type, such as the solid Taurus—born in May, a Virgoan whose birth date is in September, or the January Capricorn. These people are in greater harmony with Mother Earth; and as they lovingly go about their horticultural activities their particular etheric emanations

may be absorbed, thus providing the extra energy which results in a quicker and healthier growth. A certain person I know possesses an abundance of the Taurus and Capricorn qualities and, as you may imagine, his garden is his hobby and his great love—he spends hours and hours nurturing his plot, and the results are the envy of all his gardening friends.

Those possessed of this particular make-up can do much to sustain a sick person by transmitting energy through touch, because the etheric emanations are very powerful around the hands.

Carl and I spent a good deal of time in our photographic darkroom and this entailed much work since it was something of a make-shift affair. Being war-time the blackout curtains were useful in making the room dark but there was no ‘running water’ so we were kept busy transporting solutions back and forth from the bathroom, being particularly careful to prevent as much as possible the collection of dust in the dishes. I soon learned how careful one must be in maintaining cleanliness when processing film and making prints, almost as careful as preparing for an operation in a hospital. I also learned that if one is interested, dedicated if you like, in whatever one undertakes, it is possible to obtain good results in spite of difficult working conditions. One supposes it is only the bad workman who blames his tools, the proficient photographer overcomes the obstacles.

By watching and listening to Carl's procedures and explanations I was able to learn a great deal; with the big Thorton Pickard reflex, and the small Agfa 35-mm size, the range of photographic possibilities was fairly wide.

Why the small size film at all, one wonders. It seems that when someone was making cine films they decided it would be a good idea to make some of this size available to the public, especially since there is more variety in cine film than any other. The Belgian firm of Gaeverit manufactured the film in collaboration with the Agfa company whose 35-mm camera was one of the earliest on the market, and it took twelve frames to a roll, so we must have been amongst the earliest

users of the 35 mm which in later days has become so popular.

Around that time a British Company in Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, brought out the Compass, a wrist camera, using 16-mm circular film, and in those early days the mid-Europeans put out a 'spy' camera using this film which is just about half the size of the 35 mm. A little later a man in Italy invented another small instrument which has been called one of the finest cameras ever produced, but for one reason or another it did not receive the promotion necessary to get going, so it was never popularized. This camera was a Gami and one of its features was that with each setting of the shutter one might take three separate pictures. Whether that was a good thing is debatable. I have seen some results of this instrument and I have to agree they came close to perfection in quality.

Friendship is the
inexpressible comfort
of feeling safe with
a person having neither
to weigh thoughts
nor measure words.

George Eliot

CHAPTER EIGHT

Life is made up of sunshine and shadow and it would not be of much help to anyone if all was gloom or ‘cloud nine’ experiences, cloud nine being about the ultimate experience of joy we could possibly feel while on earth. Someone has said, ‘If the sun should shine night and day, how soon the trees would wither.’ I mention this to illustrate the ways of ordinary living; although misunderstandings and minor disagreements are most unpleasant there comes a wonderful feeling of satisfaction when two people resolve their differences and harmony is once more restored. It’s something like when you have to part from a cared-for person for a time—having been away from each other, the eventual coming together again reveals an extra glow which radiates new meaning.

I want to try and explain how the story of ‘Tiger Lily’ is made up of a mixture such as I have just described, how all was not perpetual sunshine and gladness. If I were to attempt to convey such an expression it would not be fair nor would it be correct, for we had our problems, great and small, just as is experienced by all serious thinking persons.

Many people have felt interest or curiosity regarding my life; thinking it must have been so different because of the unusual circumstances, in that one person left this life and his place was taken over by another. You who have followed the teachings in Lobsang Rampa's books (Lobsang Rampa to whom I owe a greater debt than I shall ever be able to repay in countless lifetimes), you will know the broad outline of the need for the necessary steps which had to be taken. Since his description has been so comprehensive it needs no enlargement

from me.

Lobsang Rampa has a harder time than anyone living can comprehend, he has seen his efforts sabotaged by smaller minds than his, and when I look back, even to the days before he came, I can see where my own actions (or lack of) could have made conditions much easier for the one who was already here, as well as for the one who would follow.

Carl and I, bogged down as we were by solid earth vibrations, and not having acquired the necessary refinements, were often in a quandary, thus we were misunderstood and I lacked the understanding which would have helped us, each the other.

Many were the hours we chatted about our early life, comparing experiences, and deciding there were many things we didn't understand about our situations, things we hoped would be clear one day. Always we were intrigued with the thought of that special FORCE which had brought us together, and we wondered at the purpose behind it. There were so many incidents, memories of what must have been past happenings, but everything seemed misty, in a sort of fog. It was not until Lobsang Rampa, who we all look upon affectionately as the Guv, came upon the scene, that enlightenment came to me upon many subjects, and for this I have been so very thankful for the light which has cast its rays out from the dark recesses of the subconscious mind.

As one gains more and more understanding of life's upward path, one realizes it is neither sensible nor advisable to discuss, to broadcast, all one's private experiences and thoughts. I am reminded of the advice of Dr. Rampa regarding the giving of a name to one's subconscious: give it a name but do not tell anyone else the name, or its power will not be so great, the power of the subconscious, that is.

It would be very nice to relate various experiences, various bits of knowledge which have been given to help one along one's path, but something which can be of help to one person would not necessarily benefit another, so let us keep our private information and guidance to ourselves, where it will at least do good to one person, instead of spreading a lot of 'idle talk' which most likely will benefit no one—partly because it

would not be believed, merely being looked upon as idle chatter.

One piece of information, though, may be passed on and may benefit at least some person who feels their load is too great. Many times the thought has been impressed upon my consciousness that no person is given a load of problems which is too heavy for them to bear. There is always some circumstance which intervenes when we feel we have almost reached breaking point, and this happens to each one of us at one time or another, unless we are one of those rare individuals who for some reason or another have perhaps suffered in another life, and are being given a respite, or who may not yet have reached the stage where such an experience is deemed beneficial to their progress.

From personal experience I can truthfully say that I have received such a feeling of sustenance in my hour of need that I could hardly have believed possible. This message is being passed on to show that if one is able to believe, such help is available to every one of us.

Many people have expressed the hope that Mrs. Rampa would write a book one of these days, that she would make it really sensational, full of all the exciting things most people delight in hearing. Well, while one does not wish to mislead anyone, it has never been my intention to write a sensational story. There is nothing sensational about it (everything has been carried out according to the law of nature) so it is my greatest desire that those of you who read these pages will accept them for what they are, a recording of events as they happened in the lives of a fairly ordinary family, which included a highly intelligent cat and one who I believe has reached a fairly high level on the evolutionary scale.

It might interest someone to know that whenever I take up my typewriter to continue telling of our experiences there always appears a picture, an impression if you like, of a cat in one form or another, before me. It is almost as though I am impelled to make such a creature the main theme of my story, and that I have no choice in the matter. At this moment, as I

write, there is a highly intelligent feline sitting on her resting place right opposite me, with eyes half-closed but otherwise with an air of full alertness. This creature, who has been termed one of the most intelligent creatures it has been my honor to meet, seems to be saying to me that I should be writing more about cats, and their world; whatever I may not be sufficiently familiar with, then I should make it my business to ask. The Guv is always willing to help with advice culled from his extensive knowledge, and in matters relating to ordinary day-to-day problems there is a fine veterinarian close by who is always prepared to offer us the fruits of his experience. So my Lady Cleopatra sees no reason why there should not be written a comprehensive book all about feline life, and telling many things the average person would appreciate knowing. So perhaps now we might return to some more antics of the felines, a subject which brings joy and happiness to the hearts of cat lovers.

Love does not consist
in gazing at each other
but looking outward
in the same direction.

Antoine De Saint-Exupery

CHAPTER NINE

Ships that Pass . . .

This phrase is used mainly with reference to humans but it can be applied to other creatures too, and I am thinking now particularly of Cat People. All of us, humans, and animals so-called, are like ships which meet on the high seas, pausing in greeting and then continuing, each on their own path, eventually to arrive at their separate destinations.

King George the Fifth of England used to quote that piece about 'If there be any kindness I may do, let me do it now for I may not pass this way again.' I have always considered it a thought worth remembering, for often it is too late before we notice the friendly gesture we might have made, or the kind word we could have uttered, which surely could have provided a little cheer where it was directed.

The other day I was looking over the pages of my book, Pussywillow and I was quite shocked to realize how many changes had occurred since that book was started, just over two years back. Some of the things mentioned, almost all of them it seems, have disappeared from one's ken; and the thought can be a bit disconcerting if you are one of those individuals who abhor too much change.

To reminisce a little, while still dealing with the theme of felines, our Cattery Person, Mrs. Potter, comes to mind: Mrs. Potter, who had been considered more or less a fixture, having a well-established Cattery, and a responsible position with a local Veterinary Hospital.

I used to enjoy chatting with Mrs. Potter, and being taken

around her establishment to see the lovely cats and kittens who took a lively interest in the visit. One would never have thought the situation would change, and so soon; but when romance comes along anything is liable to happen . . . and it usually does. Having been left a widow for some years, and at an early age, she decided to marry again, so she went off to the United States with her new husband taking, I believe, some of her cats in which she had a special interest.

Before leaving she was kind enough to make a tape recording of her cat family, just before their mealtime one day. So whenever we play the tape we are reminded of that happy time; it never fails to attract the attention of our Miss Cleo and Miss Taddy who do not wholly approve of all that screeching, considering it somewhat raucous.

One cat who had earned the name Manxie, being a Manx cat with, of course, no tail, was especially dear to Mrs. Potter, so no doubt this little person accompanied the retinue to the new home. I did not hear whether Mr. Ming the doggie whose job it had been to guard the cat establishment made the journey also, but one hopes he did for he was a most friendly and devoted creature who took his duties seriously. One of the saddest experiences must be to have to leave a loved one behind, especially a so-called animal who cannot easily make its needs known, and who finds it very hard to adjust to a different life after living in a certain environment, and performing a special duty for a few years. Mr. Ming had always been extremely polite to me each time I had visited his charges, so I am sure that wherever he now finds himself he will be appreciated and loved by those he serves.

Anyone who may have read my book Pussywillow will be familiar with those two Siamese cats who were known as Tiki and Shara, and who were sort of adopted by Mrs. Potter while she tried to find a more suitable and permanent home for them. They were not getting sufficient freedom in the 'Cattery' as Mrs. Potter often had temporary boarders and she could not risk a fight if 'stranger cats' disagreed. Rather than keep boarder cats in a cage all the time, they were allowed to roam a little so this caused a problem for Tiki and Shara. It was a

happy moment the day an elderly man and his elderly wife called upon Mrs. Potter in their search for a companionable cat. Apparently the man took an instant fancy to those two, although Siamese had not been in his mind. Shara, especially, who was the more temperamental of the two immediately showed interest in the visitors and demonstrated great affection for the man, so the decision was greatly influenced by Shara's attitude. So Mr. and Mrs. (ex-farmers from Saskatchewan) who were in Calgary for only a short stay were able to provide a permanent happy home for two creatures who, through no fault of their own, had been more or less abandoned by their former owners, and would probably have experienced an untimely end if they had been taken to the S.P.C.A. or the 'pound' as the family were prepared to do, but for a chance remark one evening by a taxi driver about finding a home for them with a private family.

It would be nice if all cat stories were to end so happily, for these two creatures found a good home where they were appreciated, and the ex-farmer (with his wife) received their reward in the way of affectionate gratitude. So there was a feeling of adoration on both sides.

Thus the people come and go; and I have seen how circumstances can influence the actions of other creatures, as well as humans. And now I am thinking of a certain cat family. I have written about Siamese mother cat Nikki who, at the age of twelve years, had to be sent 'home' since she was suffering from a terminal illness—her condition rapidly deteriorating. Grampa Cat had known Nikki all through Nikki's life and since he himself had attained the great age of sixteen years, when she was no longer there he must have been greatly affected. It was only fully realized the extent of the shock he had suffered when, within a few weeks of Nikki's passing, he gradually refused food, and then suddenly collapsed, soon to join his loved companion who he would have looked upon as a cat-wife. This left only ten years old Ichabod, who had never been without his Mother Nikki or Grampa Cat; and since his age would be seventy by human standards, one can imagine his state of loneliness and despair, especially since he had never

been what could be termed a 'normal' cat, due to an early illness.

I have often thought of Ichabod, living out the remainder of his lonely years, patiently awaiting the moment when he would join his cat Mother and his Grampa. How few of us seem to realize the misery, the torment, we can cause, unthinkingly or deliberately, through what is often nothing more than sheer selfishness, because we cannot bear to lose a creature, suffering or not, when to have the little creature put to sleep painlessly, by a qualified, compassionate veterinarian, can often be the kindest course to take. It can be a difficult course to take but when the 'animal' is suffering and there is no likelihood of recovery, surely our own selfishness should not come first. If one looks around there are some MOST understanding and humane veterinarians who will take time to reassure your pet, soothe him and administer an injection painlessly, thus making it easier for him to cross the river to the other side of life, where he will be met by others of the same species, and where he will rest and receive the necessary care suitable for his condition.

One understands that all beings are met on the other side by discarnate entities, of similar compatibility, so we can always be sure that our 'pets' are not alone when they are helped to cross the river into the great unknown, to the place which is the real HOME. Many people are concerned about the loss of a loved one, which may be human or animal, wondering where they are, whether they are being cared for and if they are comfortable or lonely. If you read the books of Lobsang Rampa you will have no doubt about the experiences of your loved ones who have passed on. You will know that you can meet them in your sleeping hours and that when the time comes for you to make your final journey to the Golden Light Land, there to meet you will be all those with whom you were in harmony while on earth. Even some with whom you were not in complete harmony may have seen their errors, realized where they were wrong, just as you may feel different about certain things, thus there may be an understanding between you which was lacking on earth.

We are told we should not worry so much, we should be more placid and this is very true regarding emotion towards loved ones. The more we worry the harder it is for them, they on the other side are being pulled towards you on earth by invisible strands (vibrations) with the result your loved one is suffering even more than you because 'out of the body' senses are more acute than those experienced by those who are still in the body. It is easy to suggest but not so easy to carry out as most of us know, but once it has been pointed out to us we can at least make an effort to do something about it, for no right thinking person wants to be the means of causing pain or suffering to anyone, particularly when someone has a malady which cannot be cured.

Too many very sick creatures are kept alive when it would be more kind to allow them to pass on to their true home. And often this is done by people who profess to love animals.

What lies behind us
and what lies before us
are tiny matters
compared to
what lies within us.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

CHAPTER TEN

Since this narrative seems to be moving from past events, to the future, and back to the present, it is hoped none of the clarity has been lost in the process. When an English friend of mine read the typescript of *Pussywillow* she remarked that all the place names in Canada caused her not a little confusion. Never having visited this country and possibly not being a great traveler herself she found it rather disconcerting to read of all the moving around we had experienced and I am fairly sure she was not wishing herself in our shoes—envy would be the last trait one could attribute to her, in this respect at least.

Before going back to Weybridge and events there, let me say that sometimes one does meet a ‘ship’ (a person) a second time if only through correspondence. Here is such an instance.

Last year, right out of the blue I received a letter from a person with whom I had had no contact for around seventeen years; I never expected to hear from her again since we were in different countries and, she being a much younger person, merely a girl in her early teens, we did not enjoy any mutual interests. However, Adrienne wrote to me because the Rampa Family had been ‘on her mind’ for some time. She wrote how she had left the flower shop where she had worked when we knew her in Dublin, and we had lived in the apartment above. During that period it was necessary for me to travel to London occasionally and on one of those trips it was arranged for Adrienne to accompany me. Since she had never been away from home before it was quite an experience for her—and a responsibility for me. She told me in the letter that she has visited London many times since—and that she always

thought of us, especially when she used to pass the hotel where we had stayed—Whites Hotel on the Bayswater Road, the only place available, it seemed on that particular weekend, which was a national holiday. However, we enjoyed the trip and since the airplane was comparatively small and flying fairly low we were able to enjoy the beauty of the countryside below us—especially as we flew over the mountains of Wales. The Welsh mountains are noted for their rugged beauty. Adrienne enjoyed herself immensely—visiting Madame Tussaud's waxworks where there could be seen figures of the famous, and infamous. The dungeon was a gruesome place where the murderers, and the murdered, could be seen. This museum is most interesting and no visitor to London should miss a visit. We took a bus tour around the city, and the places of greatest interest were pointed out to us by a guide, places like the Houses of Parliament, 10 Downing Street, St Paul's Cathedral, where one might enjoy the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and of course Big Ben the famous clock received great admiration. Not to be forgotten were Westminster Abbey and Buckingham Palace where one could view the changing of the Guard—then Trafalgar Square to see the fountains, and the pigeons, and Adrienne was impressed with the belts of green-such as Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens where small boys and large men enjoyed sailing their model boats.

We thought it would be nice to visit a cinema if we could find one which was showing a worthwhile movie. Someone or something must have been guiding us for in a very short period of time we found something which could not have been better in Adrienne's case. The theme depicted life as a nun and since my companion was of the Roman Catholic faith it was an ideal choice. The title of the film I will always remember—the film actress Deborah Kerr portrayed a nun and the name of the film was *Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison*. Adrienne was thrilled with it. And now she is married with a small son and a small daughter, and in the past year to a year and a half I have received several letters from her—just for the sake of old times, for the sake of those other days when we were all younger and more carefree. So there was a case where someone

‘passed this way’ more than once and if perchance Adrienne happened to think she could have been dreaming and that she had never made such a trip, she would take out her wallet and, looking at those photographic prints she carried around, she could verify the fact that she had indeed been to London.

Of course it would be impossible to keep in touch with all the souls we meet on life's highway for, after all, the main thing we have to do is to go forward, and not live in the past, so that we may progress further along the pathway, attaining as often as possible a further step along the ladder of success.

One often comes across a person who is living quite happily without any thought of progress, just living in a rut one might say. While this may be allowed to a few people, the majority must carve their way along their chosen path in an effort to attain the goal they set for themselves. Unfortunately many of us lack the extra effort and just sit down by the wayside, even with our goal in sight, while if we are not careful we might find time is running out and unless we realize it quickly we could leave it too late, which would be a sad state of affairs indeed if we had to return to earth to complete a task we had been too careless, or too preoccupied, to finish the first time. How many are the times I have been told to ‘not look back’ but go forward with a definite aim in mind. There is the thought of Lot's wife in the Bible—she took a look behind her while the city was burning, and didn't she turn into a pillar of salt! A thought worth remembering—to go forward, meet fresh people, and to never lose sight of our goal.

So, after that diversion we return to England and Weybridge, where every day was lived in very much the same way, which meant there was very little exciting happening.

It was not until Mr. T. Catt, the Tiger, was around four years of age that he was allowed to wander around unchaperoned. Carl and I talked it over and decided he should be all right in our neighborhood so long as he did not try to cross the road, and we hoped he would not do so. At first we were somewhat apprehensive, especially when someone from the office would tell us they had seen a Silver Tabby cat crossing the road, and entering a neighbor's grounds.

Fortunately the automobiles did not travel as fast as they do here in Canada where in Ontario it was heartbreaking to see the number of casualties due to speeding cars, many of which could surely have been avoided.

One of the attractions for him, the Tiger, was the fact that the neighbor kept hens and chickens and apparently T. Catt enjoyed visiting them which left us with another problem—fleas! It was anything but a happy day when I had to take him down into the yard and carefully (without affecting the eyes and ears) rub flea powder into his fur, for each time he visited that hen-house he seemed to collect some of those crawling, hopping creatures.

Apart from contact with creatures such as hens, which are sometimes infested with fleas, a cat should be comparatively free of these crawling hoppers as they grow beyond the stage of kittenhood, especially if they stay away from squirrels, and certain large birds such as pigeons. When the cats are in the babyhood stage, merely kittens, they are not able to care for their fur and general condition as well as a more fully grown cat.

Mr. T. Catt provided much amusement for us; he loved to pick up articles and put them in various places, which greatly hampered our activities if it was something we needed immediately. I remember one time in particular when Carl was looking for an instrument, a sort of scalpel-shaped knife and it was not to be found any place. After a time the culprit, in the form of Mr. Catt, came in from the shelf where he used to sit for hours and hours; in his mouth was the knife which he offered to us with great glee, placing it by Carl's feet. That knife must have been outside for some time because it had become rusty through being out in damp weather. It was an episode with a happy ending, for until we found the instrument Carl must have thought I had taken it.

Another time the Tiger must have been in a fight, and got the worst of the fray, for he arrived home one morning looking disreputable and with a torn ear. Whether he had been showing off or what I might never know, but since he was a child of Leo such a thing was entirely possible. When he was quite

young he fell from the same outside shelf upon which he was sitting, and landed on the ground, one floor down, and there he was miauing at the front door apparently none the worse for the experience. Surely that left him with less than the nine lives we attribute to those of the cat tribe.

We had spent most of the war years in this particular locality but still we had few acquaintances or friends, but we did have a short friendship with a person who was in the Royal Air Force, and his wife. One day we all decided to take a boat and spend an afternoon on the River Wey. We thought we may as well take the Tiger since it would be a nice change for him. A nice change, did I say! I am sure he never spent such a miserable time in the whole of his life; there was he panting away and looking as though he was about to pass out, and that was the first and last time Mr. Catt ever went boating.

The greatest man (or woman)
is not necessarily the one
who makes the most noise.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

There was one important event occurred while we were living in the Weybridge area and that was the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip, the Princess who is now Queen Elizabeth the Second. It was a particularly happy moment to be standing on the bridge at the foot of St. George's Avenue to watch the Royal train pass by, bearing the honeymoon couple, who were off to spend part of their honeymoon with their relatives, Lord and Lady Mountbatten. It was a dreary day in November, with rain hampering those who were bent on witnessing this delightful spectacle, this exciting moment. Wherever Royalty is to be found you can be sure of finding a host of happy Britishers. The British care very much for their kings and queens and they revel in all the pageantry the monarchy entails.

One had to make the most of each event, there were so few on which to feast the eyes.

At one period during the war Sir Winston Churchill's daughter, Mary, spent some time in the area, together with others who were in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. At one time these A.T.S. seemed to be everywhere. One supposes they were down there to receive certain training. Later Miss Churchill (the youngest daughter of the Churchill's) married Christopher Soames, now Sir Christopher.

Much of our time was spent in reading and listening to the radio and at that time Shaw Desmond's work was popular, as were the books of Paul Brunton, a serious and interesting writer. Carl enjoyed things bordering on the occult and metaphysical and I gradually became interested in the subjects. At

first I did not like to see him reading this material so much, for some strange reason I thought he would become so knowledgeable that he might progress beyond my reach. It was a stupid thought but not so uncommon as one might think, judging by the letters one receives. However, I am wiser now and I realize it is possible for anyone, everyone, to progress spiritually through metaphysical and occult studies—especially when they are able to receive proper guidance from one who knows. many spare moments talking about the sort of life we had led before we first met.

Carl's youth seemed to have been an unhappy time for a young boy. He was somewhat aloof and not easily understood, and after his school years were over he was sent to take an apprenticeship as a motor mechanic, a job he really disliked. Because of traveling about in damp, wet weather he developed chest problems which necessitated giving up this work. Later he studied advertising and he found this much more interesting and something for which he seemed to have a flair. The company he was with when we first met had given him responsibility for all their advertising so his work must have been satisfactory, since the aforesaid advertising brought in a good response. The position at Weybridge also entailed a fair amount of advertising, again bringing in good results, so there is no doubt but that a person who is doing work he enjoys has a much greater chance of success than one who is simply pushed into something for which there is neither liking nor interest.

He used to talk about his sister who I never had an opportunity of meeting and perhaps it was just as well since the two of them did not get along well together. Apparently the sister was the favorite, getting everything she wanted while Carl had to manage as best he could. After thinking about Carl and his environment I have sometimes thought that perhaps he gave in to others too easily when he should have stood his ground and demanded fair treatment from his parents, especially from his mother who seemed to thwart his ambitions. It is

always easy to see what other people should do but not so simple to solve one's own problems, so we should not be too harsh regarding others, especially when we do not possess all the facts. Carl used to speak with affection when mentioning his father with whom he had a very good relationship, so this helped balance the situation which otherwise would have been sterile, and resulted in a useless life. Carl spoke often about his father, and it seemed that his mother had a dictatorial manner, but father was kind and easy-going. Although I never had the pleasure of knowing him, since he had passed away some months before Carl and I first met, I always found it of great interest to hear about him and his naturally pleasant personality. The black cat, John, had been a close companion, especially in the later days, sitting on the lap of the invalid, Carl's father, who suffered ill-health for some time before finally departing to happier realms. Carl used to tell how it was such a blessing they had this cat who seemed to have the gift of comforting the older man, and how when the invalid passed away John pined and suffered a great feeling of loneliness. I learned also that the full title of the black cat was Johnny Shanko. Later Mr. Johnny Shanko had to be put to sleep, he had to be sent 'home' before his time, because the family life had been disrupted and the others were moving a long distance, to another part of England, where it was not possible to take him. Sometimes I have wondered, though, whether a way could have been found if the mother had displayed more patience regarding the situation. Even as Carl was telling me all this I could sense the emotion he was feeling as he related the incident which ended so sadly. Still, we now had the pleasure of Mr. T. Catt's company, for if Johnny Shanko had lived out his full time on earth he would not have come to us in the form of the Tiger Lilly. So—it's an ill wind that profits nobody!

Please allow me to explain something. If the preceding remarks seem somewhat odd to any person who reads them, I suggest they read all of the books of T. Lobsang Rampa, a name which is known the world over. It may be there are those who do not understand such things as reincarnation, the Law

of Karma etc., so by reading the above author's works they will understand these things and they will realize how black cat Johnny Shanko could return to the earth as Mr. T. Catt, to finish the life span which had been denied him previously when, unhappily, he was sent to his heavenly home a few years too soon. It can be very comforting to acquaint oneself with these truths, which eliminate the sadness one normally experiences on losing a pet, just to know we will meet again on this earth plane or the next, where we can be together, knowing no parting. If you read the aforementioned books you can lead a fuller, richer life, provided you take them seriously, for they are all true books, the whole eighteen of them, and there may yet be another, making nineteen altogether.

A great deal of fiction has been written about Carl and about Lobsang Rampa who followed, because the Press, as ever, prefer to make everything sensational, treating people in a derogatory manner. Carl's father was the Chief Water Engineer of the district in which he lived in the town of Plympton, Devonshire, but the Press preferred to describe him as being in the capacity of a plumber. Now what difference it makes whether Carl was the son of a baker, a tailor or a candlestick-maker I could never fathom, except it seemed to provide a certain amount of satisfaction to the media and a few zealous individuals who were egging them on, and by describing someone as being a plumber's son they hoped to denigrate him and tried to influence certain publishers to refuse to publish Lobsang Rampa's books. So it can be seen what jealousy and spite can do when a man is rather different and possessed of a superior mentality, something those people who were trying to pull him down, failed to understand. But it has always been something of a puzzle to me what is wrong with being a plumber—and wasn't Christ the son of a carpenter, a worker with wood. Water or wood—what's the difference?—We need both, and why should a stigma be attached to either a plumber or a carpenter? According to what we read about the life of Christ he was mocked, derided, and finally stoned and crucified, and to me this is an indication that all great entities, great men and women who have come to the

earth ahead of their time, are resented and persecuted just because they are not understood, and because they are in possession of greater knowledge, and are more advanced, than are most earth people. They become suspect and people of the earth do not understand. It is said that what people do not understand they fear and try to destroy, so that could well be one reason these higher beings have such a hard time trying to do their tasks and getting their message over. We of the earth believe ourselves to be very clever, but this does not prevent us from trying to destroy what we do not understand! It is very fortunate for those creatures such as the Yeti (the so-called abominable snowman), the Loch Ness monster and the humanoid types who are reported occasionally to emerge from Unidentified Flying Objects, it is fortunate indeed that as far as we know none of these creatures have been captured by humans. Bah! Sometimes I feel ashamed to belong to the human race.

No book is so bad
that it has no good
in it.

Pliny

CHAPTER TWELVE

We must remember that a few years ago conditions were quite different from what they are at the present time, and I used to enjoy listening to Carl while he told of how his family had lived in the last county but one in the southern part of England, his home being in Devonshire, just one county before Cornwall, where we find Land's End.

The ancestral home was not far from Plymouth and the name of the actual place—Plympton, and at that time there was a vast distinction between certain classes of people. Carl's family lived in what was known as Mayoralty House, because it used to be the home of the Mayor; it was a very big house, set on the side of a sloping driveway, and it sported five separate floors which necessitated a fair amount of domestic help to keep it in good condition. The lower floor at the front was underground, owing to the sloping driveway, but at its distal end there were wide French windows which opened out on to a garden of around three acres; which also needed one gardener at least. In the garden, and to the left, was a stone house with windows of colored glass, where frequently some of the neighborhood cats wandered; they would emerge after a time, looking bemused and almost cross-eyed due to different lighting effects.

The first part of the garden was a miniature lawn which had the model of a fort and cannons around it. Beyond that one could walk down a few steps and there was a large fish pond, containing goldfish, goldfish who were trained to pull on a string when they felt it was feeding time. I would sit there spellbound as Carl unfolded the experiences of his early life. The aforementioned pond had a center-piece, a boy holding

two wheels, and when a tap was turned on water would come spouting from the nozzles, and music would come forth as the water rotated the wheels. To the left of the pond was a large aviary built against a south wall; it was very spacious and people would go inside and walk around leisurely.

It is hoped that those who read *Tiger Lily* will not feel uninterested and bored with these descriptions, but I believe most readers will be fascinated just as I was when I mentally pictured the whole scene as it unfolded before me. As Carl related all that which was new to my ears he had the ability to make everything come alive. I felt I was really there, literally, LIVING amongst all this handiwork which had been achieved, greatly by nature, with the help of man.

There is a little more to add about that interesting garden but we will have a slight diversion because those who, like me, may be a little restless, needing a change of subject (so that we may prevent that awful feeling of boredom) will possibly utter a silent prayer of gratitude.

The name of the master of Mayoralty House was William so it may be well to use this name to avoid confusion in referring to various people. He had two given names but William will be sufficient for us to identify him. Well, this gentleman who was the Chief Water Engineer for the district had his dwelling, Mayoralty House, right opposite the Town Hall which, in turn, was adjoining the Police Station Headquarters.

It may seem strange to us, half a century later, to accept the fact that William, as well as being the Chief Water Engineer, owned the only Fire Engine of the area, so he was often referred to as the Fire-Chief-cum-Water-Engineer. So the Town Hall had the Police Station Headquarters on one side, while on the other side there was a small lane leading uphill, the small lane being directly in front of Mayoralty House. This lane stretched its way along and up to Plympton Castle, which had a very fine, round Keep, and at one side of the Keep, a very large mound on which the original Castle stood.

The Castle walls were in an extremely dilapidated state, but enough remained to enable one to decipher the original plan. They were very thick walls indeed, and they were penetrated

walls, that is, there was a tunnel going all around the walls and leading to a hidden chamber down below in the mound itself. This chamber had, in recent years, become blocked with fallen rocks. On the outside of the walls was a big red stone. Legend—inaccurate as usual—had a story that the Black Prince visited the castle and, being a large, hefty man with an uncontrollable temper, he had once seized a surly guard and dashed his brains out against that stone which thereafter turned red.

The Fire Chief, William, used to ride around the countryside in a pony trap, carrying his long stethoscope. In those days it was a wooden thing like a long walking-stick: at one end there was a scooped out receptacle for the ear and at the other end was a knob.

Every now and then Father William would jump out of the pony trap, stick the knob end of the stick to the ground, listening intently to find out if the water was flowing from the reservoir. He would then jump back into the pony trap and continue on his rounds while he resumed smoking his short Irish pipe.

Beyond the end of the garden was a greenhouse spread lengthwise across the garden, and if one went along the path to the right it led into an orchard. The garden was quite large and there was another section of about two acres which was given over entirely to the growing of vegetables; between the two gardens was a fire house. William had acquired fire pumps, there being no Fire Department, except for the one in Plympton. Father William owned the fire engine and the pumps, and the whole thing was horse-drawn. Every time there was a fire it was followed by a meeting of the Council, who voted how much they should pay the Fire Department.

All the firemen were in dark blue uniforms and they all wore brass helmets something after the style of the German Coalscuttle helmets. The Fire Brigade was very popular at parades especially when funds were needed and money was to be collected for 'hot cross bun day' and needs of such a nature.

Father William was a collector of antiques, mainly furniture and paintings—spurred on by his brother Richard who was a

member of the Royal Academy and who had the honor of having paintings hung there. But William was at times somewhat rash which resulted in his being sold various 'antiques' which were not authentic, and this left him with money tied up in what were substantially fakes, which later came as something of a shock to his family. At his death it was realized that William was not as wealthy as had been expected because, although on paper his estate was worth a great deal (partly owing to the antiques), it made quite a difference when many of them were exposed and found to be clever forgeries.

I would reiterate that Father William never was a plumber but rather he was the Chief Water Engineer of the whole district. I feel very strongly about this because many people, especially the Press, have implied and said outright, 'How can a plumber's son know anything except about plumbing?' Fortunately the insinuations no longer affect me, for I have learned more important things than to be affected by the media who seem never to mind causing unhappiness if it makes good copy.

I have learned about happiness, about giving and sharing, and how it is possible to be cheerful in the midst of desperate illness, terminal illness. I have learned how to be satisfied on this sometimes disappointing planet. I have seen how a person has helped others who have tried to cause only harm to the benefactor, and if I do not always practice such methods myself, the fact that I have been immersed in this goodness, means that some of it will sink into my subconscious mind to make me a better person now and later.

No, William was not a plumber, and what would it matter if he had been? William's wife Eve was a member of a very wealthy family of farmers at Brentnor, having large holdings there, but the family of Father William and Mother Eve had considerable battles over the right-of-way between two fields. Both families (who were wealthy at the time) went to Law, and if one family lost they lodged an appeal, and so it went on until everybody was completely impoverished, and nothing was gained in the end, but financially all were left the poorer.

As is often the case when an important employer has a

number of men in his service, these men are forced into duty as part-timers, and so it happened with the Fire Chief. He had sent one of his men out on his normal rounds, listening to the sounds of the water from the reservoir, and checking that the water was flowing through the pipes as it should. But then this man, not one of the brightest individuals, came back and reined in the pony, but just as he was starting to get down the pony moved, resulting in the man catching the seat of his trousers on the lamp bracket of the trap. Unfortunately he was just in the process of jumping so, as he jumped first, his hopes of future pleasures were almost ruined and the fabric of his trousers gave out. He immediately rushed into the washroom, and took off his trousers with the intention of stitching them up so that he might appear in public again. At that moment, just as he had removed his trousers, the fire alarm sounded, and the man remembered he was on the roster for duty; in his anxiety not to be late all thoughts of his trousers went out of his mind and he rushed out to the fire engine. He jumped on as the engine was moving out, and then the driver suddenly stopped as he heard a roar of laughter at this man with his fireman's helmet of shining brass, but without trousers, and his shirt tail waving in the wind . . . One of the fellow firemen tossed over a coat with which to cover the embarrassed man and the poor fellow disappeared, no doubt to repair the offending garment, his torn trousers.

Before we leave this interesting subject of water and its uses I have to relate a little incident I read in *The Albertan* this morning, December 1st 1976 . . . A doctor was having trouble and he found it necessary to call in a plumber, who was quickly on the scene . . . The plumber set to and soon everything was working well. 'How much will that cost?' enquired the doctor. 'Seventy-five dollars,' said the plumber. 'What!' answered the doctor. 'My fee would be less than a quarter of what you are asking.' 'So was mine when I was a doctor,' laughed the plumber.

Perhaps, like me, you have heard that one before, but it gives one cause for a little thought as to how things are changing. Rich plumber. Poor doctor.

MOUNTAIN GLORY

High up on the mountain
That's where I long to be.
Gazing far to the horizon.
That's where I long to be.

I long to commune with you, tree,
Just you and me together.
For companionship is beauty
Just you and me together.

A little blade of green, green grass
And a colorful mountain flower.
A ladybird who brings good luck
And a colorful mountain flower.

Selfish to wish such for myself?
My thoughts should be for others?
But I go to the things of Nature
To learn of those my brothers

INTERLUDE

Have you ever noticed how time seems to fly on faster wings and the fleeting years seem to be in a desperate hurry to reach some place, having not a moment to wait for anyone?

Today it is Easter, Easter Sunday, in the year 1977 and, as I remove the earlier pages of Tiger Lily from their resting place I see that the last (or should it be the 'first') part had been completed early in December of 1976. What happened to the intervening days?—plenty of ill health in the family, terminal illness in one case, business matters and ordinary domestic affairs to be dealt with, as well as letters to answer.

It makes one feel as if one has been parted from someone or something, so much has changed, even in the course of only four months. But at last I can say, 'Renewed greetings, Tiger Lily, we will continue our story!' This might be a suitable moment to extend other greetings before going further, and these sentiments are extended to friendly persons in many countries, countries reaching right around our planet. I wish to say to each of those who have written to me after reading my first book, Pussywillow, that I appreciate your expressions of satisfaction, and to tell you that your words of encouragement have prompted me to continue writing. Especially am I gratified to know that so many people have, through these pages, experienced a greater understanding of their pets, thus forming a more secure bond of companionship with them. One person in particular wrote to say that she had always been associated with dogs in her youth and knew little of cats. Her present neighbor's cat just ignored her if they should happen to meet but, to this lady's surprise, the cat began greeting her

in a pleasant manner after she had read the Pussywillow stories. Who says cats are dumb creatures!!! Most intelligent persons have heard something of the history of the Cat People, how they have been tortured, looked upon as the consorts of witches—even in certain ages worshipped—but generally had a hard time. Well if, as may be possible, they have had debts to pay for past, real or imagined mistakes, ‘humanity’ has seen to it that they have paid dearly and now they have redeemed themselves; it is perhaps not generally known that now the shoe is on the other foot—cats do so much to help humans that it will take a long time to make up for the harm we have caused them, and for the work they are presently doing for humanity. At least I hope I can do my little bit of showing those who are interested how simple and, yes, rewarding, it can be if we devote a little more time to a greater understanding of the needs of our ‘little sisters and brothers’ of the cat world.

Like many others I always enjoy a break from the ordinary work-a-day life, and this long Easter weekend provides just that. It helps us to use other parts of our brain, to do different things, to get out of the rut of the almost robot-like feeling as one performs the day-to-day essentials but which need no great intellect, if any at all.

In our case it gives us time to chat and relax for a few moments, in contrast to rushing out to the post office, collecting the mail and then spending an amazing amount of time dealing with the letters, by which time half the day is over. Don't get me wrong, for we of this household receive delightful letters from charming people—I am not making a protest, merely stating it is nice to have a change in order to get one's mechanism recharged’.

There is one lady of my acquaintance who is unable to function at all unless she sits down on a chair, closes her eyes and completely relaxes herself at intervals. At other times she will walk out into her garden, which is very private, and potter around amongst the flower beds, thus achieving the same result. At the present time she is coping with life under great stress due to the extreme sickness of two elderly, actually quite

old, members of her family, neither of whom is likely to recover. Fortunately she is now retired from her full-time business life after many, many years of traveling to and from the place where she was employed in an important position as a statistician.

A few days ago we had the occasion to speak to each other and she was telling me of some of the truths she had come to realize in the past years. Many were things we had discussed a long time ago, but it had taken more time to put into practice what had previously only been theories in her mind. With more time on her hands after her retirement, and before becoming involved in the family sickness, which had enveloped her in recent days, she felt that the more she indulged in handwork, a hobby, manual work such as gardening, anything to actually do, as opposed to reading or watching television, etc., she found herself becoming more 'aware' and 'sensitive' to things of the mind. I was very interested in hearing all this especially having had the same experience myself. Sometimes I feel I am slow to learn and that there must have been many gaps in my education regarding concepts which should have been familiar to me earlier.

As far as sensitivity goes, I heard something interesting on the radio the other day pertaining to earthquakes, a phenomena which is very common in this present period. The guest person was telling the interviewer that scientists can predict the occurrence of an earthquake only within a period of around six years; that is, they know there is going to be an earthquake, but at what period within the six years they cannot forecast. The guest went on to relate that it has been found the best creature to observe, when you are involved with these planetary upheavals, is the lowly cockroach, because by its erratic behavior one can tell when such an event is in the offing. This gentleman also made the observation that it would be a wise move to take note of what psychics and other sensitives have to say because they also are good indicators of these things. My acquaintance who is involved with her sick relatives tells me that sometimes she suffers from a most uneasy feeling at times, and that 'you can bet your bottom

dollar that within three or four days the world will know that another earthquake has occurred'. She mentioned that a few weeks ago she was beset with problems concerning the sickness surrounding her, together with the fact that she was going down with an attack of influenza and, to top off everything, she had suffered these horrible attacks which precede an earth tremor and which actually did occur. There is no doubt that she is sensitive to a degree.

To work with the hands—yes—that is something which can help us progress and indeed, in some cases, save a person's sanity. But there is a light side to it as with most things if you have the make-up to see it. During the weekend, this Eastertide, we were viewing films from the National Film Board and one of these films was depicting hippies and near-hippies.

Apparently this is causing quite a problem in a certain area of Toronto, and there was arranged a meeting with the Mayor in his office. The Mayor was trying to tell these 'would be changers of the world and its system' that it was essential for everybody to do something, to work, do a job, pay their way in life. 'There is happiness in working,' said the Mayor, and of course this sparked off quite a discussion. 'Why, then, is everyone trying to work for shorter hours,' one youth wanted to know. 'Surely if work is happiness you are going to make a lot of people unhappy.' So, I thought, 'Mr. Mayor, Your Honor, you cannot win, and neither can the Establishment!' Each segment of society believes themselves to be right and there seems to be no point of contact, no communication between them, and so everybody feels lost. It is a satisfying thought to know that before too long humanity will have reached rock bottom, and then we shall approach another Golden Age, with nowhere to go but up; even though some of us will not live to see this it is a comforting thought to know that future generations will benefit and (unless we destroy the planet in the meantime) one will be proud, and not ashamed, to belong to the human race.

Personally, this Eastertide has brought many memories and I have much to be thankful for. Seven years ago, living in New Brunswick, change in my personal life, and in my household,

seemed imminent. If my complete faith was to be in the opinion of the medical profession I could expect my family life to be broken up within three to six months, and the knowledge made me very sad. What would I do with my two Siamese cats who were little more than babies and in such a short time had developed a deep affection and love for Lobsang Rampa (the Guv) who had a like feeling for them?

Now seven years later, we are again engrossed in film viewing for recreation, just as we were in what now seems those very far off days. The other day we viewed again that lovely silhouette 'short' of Mr. Grasshopper and Miss Ant, produced by that clever and imaginative German lady, Lotte Reiniger, as mentioned in *Pussywillow*, and who had such a delightful feature written about her in *The Albertan* of April 21st, accompanied by a charming photograph. It was particularly interesting to see that this celebrated German animator lives in New Barnet, North London, and that she was associated with John Grierson of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who later founded the National Film Board. Lotte Reiniger apparently pioneered the invention of the silhouette picture and made the first full-length animated film in the history of the cinema. Now aged seventy-seven years this lady is obviously a great traveler and full of vivacity and verve. It is a great experience to have made her acquaintance, if only through the medium of a newspaper—so it seems our local newspaper does at times print something interesting and educational. *The Albertan* please make a bow!

If it were not for the constant pain which is forever present in our orbit I might well feel like the little cat who was so full, and overflowing, with joy at being included in the painting of the Buddha, that the planet was not big enough to sustain her, and she went right off to the next world. So, if we did not have a few sorrows and stresses we might all become too complacent and never achieve our goal which we had set for ourselves.

Over this holiday period we have been discussing many things and this I enjoyed because at other times, on the work-a-days, there are so many others beseeching help, mainly

through letters, that I could not bring myself to add to the 'chore'.

So the holiday progressed, but not without slight mishap. After I had typed the first page of this 'Interlude' the great outdoors beckoned, so I put away the machine and took my Cat People for a drive lasting for around one hour. We have a delightful driver who adores Cleo and Taddy, and I can always feel safe if I have to leave them with him while I am out of the car to make a call or pick up a few supplies. If he sees anyone approaching, especially if the adults are accompanied by children (who are often rather meddlesome) you will find he has locked all the doors and guards my people with a fatherly care. Cleo and Taddy really do hold Keith in very high regard and, since they are so used to him they can forget he is there and devote all their mental and psychic energies to serving the terrain, and the people who are sitting in parked cars, or who are passing us (and commenting upon 'those lovely cats'), or doing what Cleo and Taddy like best, speeding and passing other vehicles.

We had traveled only a very short distance when Mama San felt a looseness in her eye-glasses and no sooner had she commented upon the fact than the right lens fell out. Keith was out of the car in a flash, opening the passenger door and being full of concern. However, the missing piece was quickly located inside the car and soon we were on our way once more, Mama San feeling like a half-blind creature. It was too bad because part of my mission was to call at the house of a lady of my acquaintance who wanted to show me some art work upon which she was engaged. She does all kinds of things, including Macrame, and her two sons are professional artists, one freelance and the other an art teacher in Montreal. The lady's husband finds interest in cartooning, so I was not able to fully appreciate the things I was shown. Another of her hobbies is the making of turbans and she had one half completed for me and wanted to give me a fitting; in the end she had to decide herself what was best for I did not trust too well my one-eyed sight.

So after a pleasant interlude along the Elbow Drive we wended our way home just as one of those English poets wrote, 'the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea'.

The afternoon of Easter Sunday was less pleasant, as the third member of our family ended up in the emergency department of the local hospital, spending over two hours of a beautiful Sunday sitting there awaiting to have seven stitches put in a finger. A little accident, perhaps, a dispute with a can of food being opened, and the can won, so this was an Easter to be remembered for many reasons. After waiting at home for over two hours I telephoned the hospital to see what was happening, only to be told, 'Oh, the stitching is being done now!' It reminded me of the time in Montreal when I had a similar experience and Taddy had enquired of the Guv, 'Do you think we will ever see Ma again?'

So ends our 'Interlude'.

If you continually imagine you have an illness it is possible to contract it through auto-suggestion, and the reverse is true. If you do have an illness it is possible to get free of it if you have sufficient confidence in yourself!

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Our interlude over, it might be a good idea to return to the main story of Tiger Lily before we completely lose the trend because I rather enjoy living in, and writing about, the present. This is understandable as I am so much more contented these days, having the benefit of past experiences behind me and which I can utilize to make, I hope, life a little pleasanter for those other members of my family. You see, I used to suffer from moodiness, and it caused Carl much distress to see me apparently so dissatisfied. We were not without our misunderstandings and often failed to see a situation in the same light; of course this led to most difficult moments, resulting in much unhappiness for Carl, who was an extremely sensitive person. There was one nice aspect of it though, and that was that he never harbored any sort of resentment—after a little while all would be over and he would be as usual. Not so with the Ra'ab who would 'dwell' on a subject, magnifying out of all proportion the remarks which had been passed and acting like the elephant 'who never forgets'. Now that Ra'ab knows more about such things she realizes the difference in the make-up of each person, and understands that trying to control the 'lion' and the 'bull', especially when combined in the same person is perhaps a big undertaking, both creatures being strong-willed and given to remembering grievance, real or imagined.

Something which used to aggravate me was to be the object of a practical joke, but now I see I was merely being childish. I was too 'stuffy' . . . How would anyone like to be pushed out of bed, just for fun? But, behind it all, even then I knew there

was something more to life than just enjoying yourself and getting what you could out of it. I knew that if I tried to evade the situation, avoid my responsibilities, something, even someone, somewhere, would be affected, and that my action, were I to defect from the path I had taken, could become a major problem and at least result in great personal loss. It gave me great satisfaction, in our more placid moments when Carl would say that his present life was the happiest he had ever known, and that he found my companionship very satisfying. In the early days of our acquaintance he used to tell me that from the spiritual and mental angle alone he would have found my outlook just as interesting whether I had been a man or a woman! I interpreted that as being a delightful tribute to another human being, and it was his custom to utter such remarks at unexpected moments.

In the early days I used plenty of 'make-up' in the way of beauty aids and this did not appeal to him at all. He used to say, 'Ra'ab, you know exactly the amount of make-up you need to make you look attractive to the right degree!' This went on until finally I gave up altogether because that was what he liked best. No doubt but that he had used a bit of psychology there. Still, if you don't want to please your husband, who else matters? It is said that women often dress for each other, and often not to the other's advantage—they try to vie with each other and one can only come to the conclusion that they are so lacking in self-confidence that each one tries to out-do the other to make up for this feeling of inferiority!!!

Before I knew Carl I had my picture taken, and I gave it to him after we met; to my surprise I saw it hanging on the wall of his apartment one day and he had altered it. 'What happened to my earrings,' I wanted to know. 'Oh, I painted them out,' quoth he, 'I didn't like them!' Carl could not bear artificiality in any form and I used to be reminded of the Pharaoh Akhenaten, 'the heretic' as I have always had an overpowering interest in Egyptology. This Pharaoh, who is described as being physically deformed, refused to be depicted in any other

way than in his natural state. While on the subject of Egypt I am trying to think how I came to be known by the Egyptian name of 'Ra'ab'. It just seemed to happen and if anyone were to use any other I would hardly realize they were addressing me. Sometimes I think the word is diminutive of a longer name but I am not bothered about that, having been called many things in my lifetime, but Ra'ab is one of the nicest!

Still, names do mean something—one has heard of an actor or actress who had no luck at all, made no headway until they changed their name, and then the floodgates opened and suddenly they were acclaimed wherever they went. Some names seem to bring ill-luck, misfortune and lack of progress while others are harmonious and protective. I know a person who changed just one letter in his name (he actually added a letter) with the intention of bringing him better business results.

Well, while we lived in Weybridge the time came when we changed *our* name and as this has all been described in *As It Was*, one of Lobsang Rampa's most recent books, there is no need for me to go into deep detail regarding the reasons and decision for the change. This I do know, though, we had to put up with a lot of unkindness and even sarcasm from the highest position—a certain 'gentleman' in high authority finding it amusing to compose a piece of doggerel in as cutting a manner as he could muster and keep repeating it! Yes, we had a share—and perhaps more than a share-of harshness directed towards us, not least when Carl had the impression (or was he instructed, but what's the difference!) to wear an Eastern type of clothing and to grow a beard. I have very good reason to believe that some of those persons who thought we were crazy, are not feeling so well these days; some of them are this side of the veil of life, the remainder on the other, where it is too late to make amends, and all they can do is to wail at Lobsang Rampa for their blindness. Some of those who were intended to pave the way for him—'in the future', the future which has been, is, and will be. Sometimes one feels a little sympathy towards those who were told, even warned, about their purpose in life but chose to ignore the message and are now bound to the earth, either in the incarnate or discarnate state. Having

missed their opportunity they must wait for varied periods until they can see their mistakes, and again tune in to the 'life cycle' at some future date; meanwhile, they wallow in their remorse and regrets.

I think that I will never see
A Billboard lovely as a Tree
And unless the billboard fall,
I'll never see a tree at all.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

It is very easy to become bitter, to feel disenchanting, and to blame everything and everybody for one's woes instead of taking a hard look at oneself and realizing that is where most, if not all, of the trouble lies. Some people are inclined to declare the whole system to be wrong, blaming the establishment for their lack of success, or their parents for not guiding them into the right paths, or the fact that there is no work to be had (perhaps only work which is not sufficiently superior for their imagined talents), thus so many hippie types decide to do nothing at all.

The above is not an idle statement for, on looking back to my youth I can still hear myself saying, anytime I might be in trouble (trouble being as prevalent in family life as in any other segment of humanity) 'Well, I didn't ask to be born!' It was some years later before I realized the foolishness of that remark—for now I know that we all plan to be born, even though the plan may have become somewhat altered from what we had intended. The truth of this was brought to my mind more vividly a few days ago as I re-read Lobsang Rampa's book *I Believe* which devotes almost two-thirds of its pages to that very subject. So the blush of ignorance should by this time have faded, as gradually I have come to realize the truth.

Perhaps now it is time to return to Weybridge and Tiger Cat, he who brought happiness into our lives, and who is still around in another form, and who will greet me happily when the time comes for me to enter the land where he now dwells. Mr. T. Catt was obviously quite excited and full of antici-

pation when he was first allowed to wander around the three and a half acres all on his own but his human 'Mama' was quite apprehensive at first. I believe I touched on this in the earlier pages of this book but some people do not seem to mind a little repetition. Perhaps I am following the method of someone else, or one might use the excuse that as one becomes older repetition is not an unusual occurrence.

So the Tiger spent the greater part of his life in the Weybridge area, and when the time came that we were to leave, it was a big wrench for him, which I did not realize fully at that time. The first night after we left (and it was not even to a far distant place) he just sat, neither ate any food nor visited the bathroom until the next day. His 'Ma' was something of an ignorant Ra'ab in those days and it was Carl who had the understanding, but perhaps Ra'ab is gradually realizing that these little people need more attention and consideration than many of us are prepared to give. As I may have said before, cats are extremely sensitive, and the so-called domestic feline cannot bear to be laughed at—he will laugh with you (whoever heard of a cat laughing, someone will say) but please refrain from laughing at him.

Siamese Cat People are probably even more sensitive, but for some reason, I believe, they do not mind their Human People teasing them a bit—it seems that what matters to them is that their family (human and feline) should be happy. But Siamese cannot bear to be left alone. The other day Mama San was practicing a bit of time and motion study and our present Cleo was sitting by the front door of the apartment while Mama prepared breakfast, sitting dreaming, probably, and tuned in to my thoughts. I decided I would prepare breakfast in no more than seven minutes, partly because I wanted to sit down at the table on the hour to listen to the seven o'clock news, undisturbed. All went well, with about a minute and a half to spare, so off I trotted along the corridor, to the far end, feeling extremely pleased with myself, and gazing proudly at the tray of food which I had prepared. Just as I reached the doorway of the tiny suite leading to the bedroom where the meal was anxiously awaited, bonk, crash, and the whole thing

went down, leaving me with empty hands. Soon a figure appeared and another concerned voice called out: 'Whatever happened?' and I said, 'Sure, an' I don't know!' while I sensed cats literally flying to hide in their bedroom and for a few seconds the world seemed to be collapsing around me. Since that time I have learned that it is not possible to maneuver a tray through a small doorway, while keeping one's elbows bent outwards—so that was my first and only attempt at studying 'time and motion'. As far as Cleo and her sister Taddy were concerned, it just 'made their day' in retrospect, even if at the moment of happening it was a calamity, nothing short of an earthquake.

On reflection I have come to realize that a cat can easily become a very lonely person—although they can understand humans by following the thoughts of humans, many, perhaps most, humans are totally unaware of what message the cat is trying to convey to the human. A few months ago, I read of a so-called domestic cat, 'the family pet' as they are sometimes referred to, who, in the wake of a fire in the house aroused the occupants and saved them from a fiery death. Now if the cat had been able to yell 'Hey, the house is on fire,' the alarm would have been quicker and there would have been less panic. The other day a young man wrote remarking, 'I have always looked upon cats as being dumb!' 'Poor young man,' I thought, 'you are the one who is dumb!'

So we are still in Weybridge and we spent one of the coldest winters ever in that environment, in the latish 1940s, when everything was frozen up. An apartment situated over a garage was not the warmest place at any time and I had a soda-water siphon in a cupboard in the hallway which not only froze but actually exploded. What a mess!

We were quite concerned about Mr. T. Catt, sitting on his chair and looking quite miserable. He was sitting on a blanket and I placed another over him hoping for the best; in those days I was afraid that if I put a rubber hot water bottle near him he might claw it and suffer harm from the hot water. Things have changed now and I have no qualms about using this method of comforting cool cats who can, and, do, enjoy

such a luxury even when the temperature is around eighty degrees Fahrenheit and whatever it is in our 'Celsius'. Siamese cats seem to feel chilled more than other species, and I wonder if it is partly because their fur is shorter than most. I would warn those who contemplate heating their cat with a hot water bottle to make sure the cork, the stopper, is screwed tight, so do not prepare it absentmindedly as I have done once or twice and soaked the soft fabric upholstered love seat of my present people. Being of a striped material it is now a mottled mixture of blues, greens, red and yellows, etc.

No doubt many readers may remember the great freeze-up about 1947, for it was discussed at length in England!

Our stay in this particular district would soon be drawing to a close but we were not yet aware of the change. Carl, as time went on, often used to appear withdrawn, as though he had things on his mind, which indeed he had. Sometimes I felt a little lost and affected with a feeling of loneliness, although I knew change was in the offing. Loneliness has always been one of my big problems and I know that it was all within myself. It has been only in the past few years that this attitude has changed and these days I mostly feel exactly the opposite. Perhaps the passing years have brought me to my senses—though I would not like to put the question to my family since you never know what they might come up with in the way of an answer!

Carl was working very hard, his health had always been poor (he was classed grade four as far as army 'call up' was concerned), and that was one of the main reasons we took accommodation near his place of employment. Like many others of his day he received insults for not joining the 'forces' and remained shocked and silent when one day he received anonymously, by mail, the white feather which we all know is intended to indicate cowardice!!!

There was much work accumulating at the office and Carl was writing articles and things of that nature, at the instigation of his boss, all of which proved to be quite harassing, especially since he received neither praise nor recognition for his work. There was a lot of ill-feeling and jealousy because Carl

was able to do more than the others, and it was a really unhappy time, the credit always going to the person for whom the writing was done, and never to Carl.

Eventually we decided it was time for a change, and in a way this was forced upon us, but I must make it clear that it was OUR decision to terminate the association because we were not unaware of the rumors which stated Carl had been 'sacked', 'fired' or whatever word one uses in each country. The boss finally wanted me to do some work also, unpaid of course, such as taking telephone calls and any odd jobs but the Lion part of the Ra'ab had enough to do and was not willing to collaborate. Thus we decided we would change our course.

*Write without pay until somebody
offers pay; if nobody offers
within three years, sawing wood
is what you were intended for.*

Mark Twain

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The place we were bound for was on the way to London, past Walton-on-Thames and Esher, not very far from Kingston-on-Thames, and Sorption which was slightly closer and smaller. The nearest big place for shopping was Kingston-on-Thames where the big department store of Bentall's was a great attraction. These days we are so used to the mammoth shopping centers that a place such as Bentall's might almost go unnoticed.

It was something of an upheaval for us as we had spent such a long time at Weybridge but we were not sorry to be leaving. Apart from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, then Princess, passing through the edge of our town, and all the activities of the war, very little remains in my mind. Our car had been sold so we had to resort to a rental service, but we had very few items to take with us, other than clothing but even that was quite sparse. The greatest wrench was for the Tiger who was now leaving the only home he had ever known, and he had never left the place even for a night. He was obviously quite upset and on the day of leaving I had to call on a neighbor with a message and I was delayed because she wanted to chat. On my return I found Tiger Cat had almost, if not quite, suffered a seizure, and was most upset. Fortunately Carl was with him and I am sure he managed the matter better than I would have been able. It was going to be a real hardship to be without a big garden, nice and clean surroundings, and have to be shut up within two rooms, not even 'communicating' but due to various circumstances there was no alternative.

The landlady at Thames Ditton seemed very anxious to

have us as tenants, even going to the extent of having a disagreement with a previous tenant, thus making it possible for us to have two rooms, since we had made it clear that we would not contemplate only one. The time must have been around August or perhaps September, it is one of the dates I cannot exactly recall, which is unusual for me who has never had much trouble in that direction. What I do remember is how we used to sit in the small garden at the back of the house, in the late summer evenings, and how we suffered from huge mosquito bites, caused, no doubt, by huge mosquitoes.

It was not a happy time, by any stretch of the imagination, everything was inconvenient and one felt out of place in that area, which seemed to be off the beaten track. We had a communal bathroom and fixed up a cooking stove in one of the rooms, a quite illegal procedure now, I suppose, and the landlady was quite temperamental, one who thought she could rule the 'boarders'. She spent a lot of her time in her room, and she gave us to understand she was a sort of 'Ann Landers' who dealt with queries from correspondents, for a fee, and judging from her conversation she acted in the capacity of a kind of fortune teller! At any rate she was a good source of income for the mail office.

This lady was of a strong character, and to those who believe in reincarnation one might rightly come to the conclusion that she (or he) had been of some importance in other lives—in her present life she had been in close contact with a high-personage in Asia, while acting as though she was still in that environment. Her out-of-date clothes showed she had definitely belonged to the upper class and, though quite elderly, she had a young man companion! How I wish I could convey a picture telepathically, clairvoyantly, or whatever, because I doubt if I can conjure up the words to describe one episode. We were still with Madame at Christmas time, and as is the custom, most people enjoy the feeling of friendship for that day at least. Something like going to church on Sundays and being more or less enemies until next Sunday.

Well, our bedroom was right opposite that of Madame, and we could hear the rustling of paper and loud breathing as we

were retiring on Christmas Eve. The next thing we heard was a terrible clattering noise as 'something' rolled down the stairs, immediately followed out of the door by Madame, minus her wig, who had emerged to see what on earth was happening. It seemed she had wrapped up a can of cat food, or similar, as a gift for Mr. T. Catt, then came out and left it at the head of the stairway, where it had stayed a few seconds until she was back in her room, and then began half rolling and half bouncing down the stairs. No, I do not think that is half so good a description as if one could have actually viewed the whole situation. However, it all ended happily, with all of us, and Madame herself, highly amused!

It would be hard to decide whether the situation was worse for Carl or for the Tiger, for many people know what it is like to be without employment, and in England you were considered just about finished if you were not established by the time you had reached the age of thirty. If you left your job on your own, without being fired, you had no hope of obtaining unemployment assistance. What a difference in that country these days, when you can get all kinds of help without ever having done a day's work, there is a welfare assistance and student help. Is it a good thing though? Is it contributing to developing a nation of softies? Carl spent many hours cycling to East Molesley, to the unemployment office, hoping work of some kind, any kind, would be available, but not receiving a pleasant reception, although one man was an exception and he behaved quite civilly and came to see us once or twice. You see the jobs, if any were available at all, were given to men who had been 'fired' from their previous employment, and not to those who had left of their own accord, however the termination may have come about.

I knew Mr. Catt was terribly concerned because always (if they are treated with even a fraction of consideration) cats identify with their human family and he must have worried as to how we were going to manage. It was fortunate that we had some insurance policies which we were able to redeem, and this we did, otherwise the situation would have been quite hopeless. The Weybridge employment did not afford us the

opportunity to save at all, but one little thing helped us somewhat. A few years previously I had a very strong impression to 'take out' insurance for myself, which I did. The premiums were rather high so it was impossible to continue the payments in our, then, situation, but the refund was most acceptable, and in our frugal way we just kept going.

Small advertising commitments were occasionally available, but this was merely a standby, and just kept us in the situation that we had a few extra pounds for cases of emergency. There was a little balcony outside our living room, but that was after we left Madame, which was less than one week after the Christmas good-will. Madame liked change, and we were offered the upper 'flat' in a small house, which we were pleased to accept. It was a furnished suite and was quite adequate for us, with its one bedroom, plus living room and kitchen. T. Catt sat for many hours, facing the south, on the balcony where he could enjoy the afternoon sun and watch the birds and other garden activities.

*A classic is something that
everybody wants to have read
and nobody wants to read.*

From The Wisdom of Mark Twain

CHAPTER SIX TEEN

Thames Ditton must have been a very important place in days gone by, especially in the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. One could just imagine the Queen sailing along in her barge, right along the Thames to Hampton Court where, one understands, she spent a great deal of time. At the present time, just as at the time we were in the area, no doubt it is possible to visit the actual suite she used, and gaze upon the bed wherein she slept, or stayed awake. In England there is a famous phrase which is used to attract tourists-‘Queen Elizabeth slept here’—and it is used in information describing various places. All of us seem to find satisfaction in viewing such places of interest.

This brings to mind the story of the tourists (dare I comment they might have been Americans, who seem to delight in ‘doing’ European places in a few hours). They had left Britain and gone on to the continent, and were discussing various historical places they had visited. ‘Did you see the Magna Carta,’ someone asked. ‘No, we were too late, he had just left before we arrived.’

My knowledge of history, is not so complete as I would like, but if you can travel and visit places you can learn a lot more than by just poring over a history book, and it was a satisfactory feeling to visit the palace which was built for Cardinal Wolsey by the great Henry the Eighth. I have been told that my purpose in writing these pages is not to write a discourse on Hampton Court or, indeed, to delve into historical matters, but to write about my family, which of course in great part means my Cat People. So be it, but I will just mention another

item of interest, and that is that a row of houses right opposite 'The Court' were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, a personality who has also interested me greatly.

So, being fairly obedient, sometimes, I will revert to my particular story which perhaps I should emphasize is a true one because it is my desire to put down words describing, to the nearest point of accuracy, exactly what happened during this period of our life. So many people have tried to brain-wash the public into thinking Lobsang Rampa's works are no more than fiction (although most people KNOW him to write the truth) that I want to reiterate that, like his writings *Tiger Lily* describes the events in which I actually took part.

Our little half-a-house was in many ways convenient because we could walk down to the river, enjoying the calmness and thinking of what a tale the old Thames could tell if only we could understand the words of the water.

The railway station was very near to us so it was a simple procedure to go to Surbiton, our nearest small shopping center, or to Wimbledon, or Kingston-on-Thames, and even London itself was no great distance. Of course we did not travel around much but Carl did most of it since he was trying very hard to find some employment and he had to attend interviews and to various small matters.

Mr.T. Catt stayed at home with me and we did things together—I am sure Cat People are a good influence, and if you treat them in the correct manner they will help you. As I sat at the table engaged in studying handwriting I always had the feeling that the Tiger was tuned in, just as two others are, here with me now.

There was no real security between the two accommodations, a number of steps led to the upper part which was our abode, but there was no means of privacy and we had to walk out of the main door (the only door) which was shared by the elderly tenants who lived on the ground floor. Of course no one liked the arrangement but neither of us had an alternative so we made the best of it. All through the years I have remembered one little incident.

I think one of the elderly couple (man and wife) must have

been slightly deaf because he used to shout quite loudly, and I believe his wife was always ‘bugging’ him about one thing or another. She used to work, elderly as she was, and I think the man must have been retired. Anyway, one morning as she was leaving, after the usual quarrel no doubt, his voice must have been heard up to high heaven as he called after her, ‘Seventy years of age and still going to work.’ Personally, I thought he should have been gratified for two reasons; a little more financial help was forthcoming (unless she hid it), and in her absence he might enjoy a measure of peace!!!!

Life certainly does have its brighter moments, and I am sure Mr. Catt often must have thought, ‘Oh dear, those humans, why do they not agree, if only to differ?’ As I may have mentioned before, cats cannot stand friction, and that is one reason why they suffer from nervous and physical ailments. If there is too much friction and lack of care a cat will give up, just lie down and die, or he may disappear altogether.

As I look back I see that a good part of my own life has been spent seemingly in waiting—but waiting for what—and even if at times it has appeared I am seeing ‘through a glass darkly’ (Bible quotation), always at the back of my mind I FELT there was something behind it all. Now I actually KNOW that all the periods of seclusion, especially after meeting Carl, and during the times following his departure from this planet, were for a special reason.

Since I have mentioned a Bible quotation, and one has always interested me greatly, I am going to digress for a moment to tell of an experience of two days ago, when two middle-aged to elderly men knocked on our apartment door. I opened the door to these men and they asked me if I had a few minutes to spare. ‘What for?’ I asked, being slightly suspicious of strangers accosting one in our city these days, as the affluence seems to be attracting too much crime. ‘Well,’ one of them announced, ‘we are from the Bible Society and we would like to have a chat with you.’ Politely I replied that, ‘No, I don't think I wish to chat’ (I had rather a lot of things to do, especially as it was early in the morning) ‘for you see we here are of the Buddhist belief.’ They took a step backwards, then

recovered to exclaim, 'How interesting!' I took the time to inform them of an experience which came my way within the past few weeks; that of a young lady who had expressed a desire to read my book, Pussywillow, and as I had a spare copy I passed it on to her. A week or two later I received by mail a mild 'thank you' note together with a Bible Society book which she informed me was a TRUE story, but the letter was written in a manner which suggested my story might only be a fable. Like my husband I have a very strong feeling about this missionary attitude, because we believe we can be saved without belonging exclusively to the Christian church. When I was quite young, I thought like so many others, that we should get out into the world and bring everyone into the Christian faith, either by choice or attempted force. Now I know better and I am often reminded that the true Buddhist does not have missionaries and they do not believe in attempting to change a person's beliefs. People do not seem to realize that Buddhism rather than being a religion, is merely a way of life, an effort to treat others in the way that we wish to be treated ourselves. And did not Christ live according to that law—so why do we make so much of the whole situation?

*If you don't know what you
are looking for how do you
know when you've found it?*

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

It had been one of 'those' days when everything seemed to go wrong. The weather—well, you know what Calgary weather is like—cold, windy, with a great band of yellowish-greenish haze on the skyline, all the smog from the cars, because here in Calgary we seem to have more cars per capita than anywhere else in North America, and cars roar by all day and all night. By night the car drivers seem to go crazy.

Strange really, no foot patrols by the police around here. By night the cars go on and on. They most times completely ignore traffic lights, and there was one evening when I was looking out, two cars raced along and the first car did stop at a traffic light, the driver of the second car didn't stop—in time! There was a tinny clank; there wasn't any real damage done, but the second car driver leaped out of his car and the first car driver leaped out of his car, and there they were in the middle of the night punching at each other and screaming like maniacs. Both appeared to be drunk. The lights went green, the lights went red, the lights went green again, and still they fought. Then the lights went red, the drivers, as if on some unseen signal, dashed back and jumped into their cars, roared across the red lights, stopped at the other side of the crossing, jumped out again and started punching each other again. Well, that's how things are.

But, it was one of those difficult days. People had been coming to the door, the telephone man came, a delivery man came, and then the manager of the apartment came, to say I must not let any water down through the kitchen sink, because someone down below had got a leak and they had to disconnect

the pipes, and if we let through any water it would rush out and probably bathe someone's face in dishwater.

Yes, one of those threatened days when it seemed as if all energy had departed. I looked out of the window, and early evening shades were coming down and the lights were going on in the tall, tall buildings thirty or forty stories high. The great new building outside and rather to the left which housed a big oil company—that was ablaze with light. Further off to the left the new airport which was a-building was being floodlit while the lights were being tested. It made a very pretty glow on the skyline and it blended well in an artistic sort of way with some of the amber street lights or the greenish-blue street lights. As I looked, I could see the winking traffic lights, and then, coming in over the tall buildings, a great 747 jet with its hundreds of people aboard. From our viewpoint, we always see the port (left-hand) light on the wing; that is the red one, and it is only when the wind changes and the plane is taking off that we see the starboard green, but this plane was lit up like a young city on wings and I could imagine the people putting out their cigarettes, tightening up their seat-belts and wondering if Aunt Fanny or Uncle Whosit would be at the airport to meet them.

But I was feeling tired. Miss Cleo was bumbling about, walking in and out around my feet and generally making a nuisance of herself, because she wanted to run down our corridor before settling down for the night. So, with a sigh of resignation, I opened the door and let her out. We had to be very, very careful because Miss Cleo is a very, very social individual and she likes to sit by the three elevator doors so that she can greet people coming out. There are other apartments up here, of course, and Miss Cleo likes to act as an official greeter—it is amusing really to see how many people ignore her, do not even see her, but we have to keep a very close watch because Miss Cleo has many times tried to enter an elevator—she doesn't think of herself as a cat, she thinks of herself as a human, because she and Tadalinka have been treated as humans since birth, but at last she was tired of being out in the corridor and she came ambling along with her tail

held high and uttering little cries of pleasure that she was coming home again after she had done her duty.

The Guv was away at the end of the apartment in his small, small, bedroom, where all he can see of the world is through a mirror, so everything he sees is backwards. He has a telescopic stand and a mirror on it and the world goes by behind him, and with a mirror of course left and right are transposed.

I was getting tired; I like to go to bed early, it gives one a chance to think, gives one a chance to meditate and to ponder on the problems of the day and to wonder about the next day. The Guv had had his medication and was ready to settle down. I put out the cats' supper. They are very insistent) that they have a good supper put out every night. Then they come and sniff to see what there is and then they go away until later. They don't want to eat it then. They like to wait until it is night, and all the lights are out.

My room also is small and on one wall I have one of those picture panoramas. This time it is of a Hawaiian scene—a beautiful white beach and blue, blue seas, and of course the inevitable palm trees so absolutely real that one can, with just a little imagination, see them as waving in the breeze, and I have a Brazilian painting which matches the mural absolutely.

There is always so much to do before going to bed. Check that the door is locked and that I have that prop in place because there have been so many break-ins in Calgary that I have a special steel prop—one end fits on the floor, and the other, a forked end, fits under the doorknob so no one can possibly get in. I put that in place, went around picking up papers and things and stacking them away, and after that I walked into my bedroom. It is a little room, as I said, and I have a nice brass bed—brass rails at top and foot. Soon I was tucked up in bed and then there came the sound of loud purring. Miss Tadalinka had settled down beside me purring away, showing her joy that at last the day had ended and she could 'get her head down' and go in for some entrancing catty dreams.

Miss Cleo hadn't finished her work yet. She had to go along to see if the Guv was all right and then, after a few words with

him, she came trotting up the corridor in our apartment and rushed in beside me, but then—she saw fat Taddy just where she wanted to be, so she gave a snort of disgust and went to what is really their bed beside mine. Soon, she was curled up and emitting a very pleasant light snore.

For a few moments I lay there listening to the radio and reading a letter or two which had been answered during the day, because the letters come in in great numbers. The Guv answers them and then I go through them and check them for what he call 'literals', that is, any spelling mistakes, any fault in grammar or any mis-typing, but I was feeling sleepy—I couldn't put up with any more work, so I stretched out my right hand and turned off the light and snuggled down beside Tadalinka. She gave a little grunt of pleasure as my hand came down on her. Soon I felt myself getting heavier and heavier and then—sleep.

I don't know how long I slept, but I awoke with a start. I couldn't think what was wrong for the moment, but felt 'something' was wrong. It seemed as if someone was in the room with me, someone besides Cleo and Taddy. Then I looked up in the quite considerable light reflected from the streets and I saw Miss Kuei sitting on the top of the bedrail at the foot of my bed. Miss Kuei left us some time ago to go and live in the astral, but she still gives us the benefit of her advice and very, very frequently the benefit of her physical contact. There is no such thing as death, you know. Some people call it 'transition' but it doesn't matter what one calls it. So-called 'death' is just a matter of shedding one's earthly body just as one sheds one's clothing before going to the land of sleep.

Miss Kuei was there sitting, smiling at me, then she said, 'Ma, you know you are writing wrong things in this book, you should be writing more about cats.'

I looked at her and thought a bit, and then I came to the conclusion that without a doubt she was right because so many people write in, asking the most amazing questions about cats. How should one feed them? How should one lift them? Should one brush them or comb them? And then, oh dear, oh dear? What is to be done with a cat who has fleas? What is to

be done with a cat who has constipation? People seem to be unaware of the wants and basic requirements of cats.

Taddy snored deeply, Cleo sat up and looked on rather approvingly, I thought, but then Miss Kuei spoke again, 'You can answer all these questions, you know Ma! You can make it so much easier for us cats. People think we are strange creatures who never want anything. Well, you know differently, don't you? I want you to write about cats—about how cats can be made happier, because we have a special job, you know. We are the Eyes of the Gardeners and what we report determines what should be done for humans and for animals, but then—' she smiled brightly, 'aren't we all animals? Humans are only another form of animal after all, aren't they?'

I was in a bit of a quandary then, because after all I have had many cats, many, many cats—different sorts of cats, cats with all different temperaments, but all with different needs. Miss Kuei broke in, 'Oh no, Ma, oh no, you're wrong, you know. They are not all different needs, all cats need the same thing. They need certain basic treatment, certain basic medicine, so why don't you write something about it?'

I turned around a bit in the bed and said, 'Well, what do you think about it, Cleo, how can we answer questions like this, eh?' Miss Kuei interrupted, 'Oh yes you can, you know you have had enough cats now to know what makes them tick, to know what makes them sick!' I shuddered at the thought of writing things like that, because after all that was for a specialist, wasn't it, but then I replied, 'Well, Miss Kuei, the best thing I can do is to write out what I think and have a vet correct it or add to it.'

Miss Kuei frowned deeply and said, 'Ma, you mustn't say you will call in a vet. A vet is an American soldier who has left the army, what you really mean is that you will consult a veterinary surgeon.'

Well, of course, she was right, so I decided that the very next day I would telephone Dr. Peter Randall, an extremely good veterinary surgeon who had looked after Cleo and Taddy since we came to Calgary, Cleo gets on with him very well.

Taddy growls and hisses and puts on ‘all the act’ of course, but she never wants to jump at him. So I said to Miss Kuei, ‘All right, Miss Kuei, in the morning I will get in touch with the doctor of cats and ask him if he will read some pages for me and tell me if I am a hundred per cent right in what I am recommending people to do.’

Miss Kuei nodded wisely and said, ‘Well, you should write about curing cats of constipation, write about curing cats of diarrhea, write about the best way to feed them—so many people think that cats drink milk only, but cats need water as well, you know. So you write about all these things. Write about how cats should have a varied diet, some vegetables as well as meat. Cats aren't entirely carnivorous, you know—they like vegetables as well, in fact it is necessary; and write how to get grass-seed and grow grass in pots so there is always a fresh pot of grass ready, because grass really does scour out a cat's interior and dislodge hairballs, etc. You do that, Ma, and you'll be doing a good, good job.’

Miss Kuei gave a friendly wink and stood up to her full length and—disappeared, disappeared back into the astral world where she had taken up residence since leaving the earth.

I sighed deeply at the thought of getting my plans for the second book offset and then, well I suppose I must have dropped off to sleep, because when I awakened the early morning sunlight was streaming readily through the Calgary haze and making patterns on the wall opposite my bed.

I care about
your happiness
just as you
care about mine.
I could not
be at peace
if you were not.

Kahlil Gibran

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Soon breakfast was over; the Guv is a very, very small eater indeed and his breakfast is usually supervised by Miss Cleo who likes to sit on the end of the bed and watch, and then when he has finished his breakfast Miss Cleo walks up and sits on his chest! For some reason that we are quite unable to determine, Cleo will not sit on his lap, but always on his chest, sometimes so close that he can't turn his head. She sat there and purred and purred and purred until in the end I had to go out to collect the mail from the post office because we don't want people coming to visit us. We have had too much trouble, so we do not use our private address.

Just a short time ago we had a man and his wife come by air from Peru. They thought that they were going to spend the weekend with us. We had never heard of them, never had a letter from them or anything, but on the same day that they left Calgary we did have a letter asking the Guv to get in touch with them saying that they had come all the way from Peru to spend the weekend with us and take the benefit of the Guv's advice. They also said that they had been in touch with the police, been in touch with the post office, been in touch with everyone they could think of, tried different hotels, different motels, but they couldn't find the address, for which, as the Guv said—'May heaven be praised.'

It is a thoroughly annoying matter when people come to Calgary and try to find us. They think they are going to be welcomed like the prodigal son or daughter, or something, and to achieve that end they make as much trouble as they can. We have had them go to the police and cook up a piteous tale

about a very, very urgent need—someone is dying, etc., etc., and then we'd get a policeman come trundling up, and stand down in the lobby and announce 'City Police!' into the inter-com. Well, of course, it soon gets one talked about. 'Oh, why is it that the Rampa's are always having the police call on them. I wonder what they've done now?' It makes things really, really bad.

It reminds me of the time when we lived at Habitat, Montreal. The Guv had a wheel-chair which he was going to give to an injured policeman. This policeman had been shot through the spine by some robber, and we had a detective come and look at the wheel-chair and pronounce it satisfactory. Then we had a great big Sergeant of Police come to arrange for its removal, and the next thing was that they had a paddy-wagon come to pick up the wheel-chair. Well, the Guv drove the wheel-chair down into the elevator and all along the main street of Habitat and out to the police paddy-wagon. It was really highly amusing—if one has THAT sense of humor—to see heads appearing behind curtains and to see the workers in the gardens hiding down behind bushes to see the Guv taken off in a paddy-wagon, but it was an anti-climax when the heavy wheel-chair was just lifted up into the paddy-wagon, the doors closed and it drove off, and the Guv went back to his apartment in another wheel-chair. So, we do not welcome callers. We use a post box to discourage callers and it should be clear to all that if we wanted callers we would publish our address. Again, with telephone calls, we have had some remarkable experiences.

One night, around midnight, we had two police call on us in New Brunswick and there was a long palavar because the police insisted that we call someone the other side of Montreal and they wouldn't go away until we did. A woman there, who refused to accept a collect call, wanted the Guv to phone her husband and say he shouldn't have any sex with her—she didn't like it!

But the days went by, as days will, just the ordinary sort of thing—breakfast in the morning, piles and piles of letters, then lunch, then some more work, then tea and then the cats'

entertainment time when they race about and jump on their tree house, and soon the time came to go to bed again. The Guv spends ninety-nine per cent of his time in bed looking at the world backwards through a mirror. I went to my nice little brass-balled bed and fell asleep, and it seems I was no sooner asleep than I was being tapped on the shoulder. Drowsily, and in none too good a mood, I opened one eye and there was the lady Ku'ei again. 'Come on, Ma,' she said, 'we haven't finished our discussion—the one we started last night.' So I opened the other eye and waited for her to speak.

'What are you going to do about all these cat ailments? I have a cat friend here. She came to us quite a short time ago. The people with whom she lived neglected her, hadn't got time for her. She was just a cat, they thought, and—well they went away for a vacation and they left this cat called Pansy alone in a locked-up house. She starved to death because the people stayed longer than they expected. What would you tell people about that?'

Well, that is rather a sore point with us, because so many people think that a cat is just an ornament to be shoved about or to be left without any attention at all. You can leave fish for a number of days without having food added, because if they have a good aquarium they can live on the plants for quite a time and they can live on minute organisms in the water, and then again most people can get someone to come in and dish out some food for fishes, but they never seem to bother about cats. So I thought about it for a time, lying there on my back with the moonlight streaming in and periodically an aeroplane rushing by on its way to or from Calgary airport.

But people who have pets have a definite duty to their pets. If they are not prepared to look after them, then they should do without pets. Pets have rights just as children have rights. They are living creatures. They are intelligent entities. So if people are going away, they should board their pets with a good veterinary surgeon or a trusted 'cattery'. After all, these places have runs, wired in, and cats and dogs can be boarded. The owner has to pay, of course, but what does it matter—they would pay enough for their children, wouldn't they? They'd

pay to go to a theatre or a cinema. They'd pay to get themselves drunk. They'll pay for any entertainment, but when it comes to paying something for a poor, harmless, defenseless little animal who can't look after itself, well they take on the mantle of the miser. They begrudge anything, they begrudge food. Such people should be put in a cage themselves; they should be put in prison for cruelty to animals.

If you are going away, then why not go and ask your veterinary surgeon if he could take your pet for such and such a time. If he cannot, then he can always recommend someone who will. During that time your pet will be well looked after. He or she will have plenty of company and will welcome you with gratitude and joy when you return.

Why do you have a pet anyway? For an ornament? Well, if it's an ornament, then surely you give that ornament some elementary care. You look after it. You make sure it is clean. You make sure it is put in a safe place and an ornament, no matter how ornamental, is only an inanimate lump of material which someone has pummeled or carved into shape. Animals are one of the wonders of the world with senses far beyond those possessed by humans. Could you, for instance, sniff along a carpet and tell who'd walked that way three or four days before? Cleo can, Taddy can—all our cats have been able to. If you do not communicate with your cat, that is your ignorance, your loss. Your cat knows what you are thinking—if you think love, that cat will respond. If you think hate, you will find the cat disappears.

And then there is the question of constipation. Not only humans suffer from constipation, cats do also, but only through the neglect of humans. They are given wrong food, they are given scraps, anything that is not good enough for humans is usually tossed out for the cat or the dog. Well, why? If your pet is a loved member of the family, surely he or she is entitled to the perfect rudimentary courtesy of being properly fed.

There are many cat foods or dog foods on the market. Cat food is suitable for cats, not for dogs. Dog food is suitable for dogs and not necessarily for cats, but no matter how good the

cat food or the dog food, that alone is not sufficient—I wish I could put that in print the size the newspapers use when they have something super-sensational, but remember it again; cat food or dog food alone is not sufficient. You need other things. You need vegetables. You need a bit of meat, and you need water. Many people have the peculiar idea that cats will drink only milk. They have the idea that milk is the only drink for cats—definitely, definitely it is not so, they must have water as well .

Do you know what causes constipation? Inside the intestines there are a lot of hairs called villi. These villi are tubes, something like—let us say—hypodermic needles. They protrude into the mass that is being propelled through the intestines. Now, in the small intestines the contents are liquid, becoming semi-liquid as they approach the beginning of the large intestines.

As this material reaches up into the ascending colon, it is turning from a semi-liquid into what one might term as semi-solid, because the villi are extracting all the nourishment from the material and with the nourishment—water.

As the material—now becoming waste material—goes up the ascending colon, it becomes harder, more of a paste and then when it goes down into the descending colon towards the rectum it is getting harder and harder, but still within the range of the muscular effort necessary for its expulsion.

If an animal—or a human either for that matter—does not have enough water in his make-up, then the waste material becomes harder and harder, so that in the end impaction takes place, and then the poor wretched animal or human has to have an enema to provide water to soften the hardened mass and make it so that the bowels can expel that mass.

An animal, or human, who is correctly fed and correctly ‘watered’ won’t suffer from complaints such as this, because at all times the waste material is sufficiently plastic that it can be expelled. Sometimes, with a debilitated creature (human or animal) the muscles of the intestines are too weak to initiate peristalsis and so chronic constipation occurs. In that case, one has to introduce an irritant—a thing which irritates the colon

and makes it wriggle, and as it wriggles with much vigor it does cause a more or less expulsion of waste material. If one has to have a laxative (which is an irritant), one should also drink plenty of water to soften the impacted mass, and with cats we have found that if we use some canned milk such as Carnation, well, the cat will lap that up with gusto, and then will go in leaps and bounds to get rid of a lot of waste. It really does work, but here again you have to be careful because if you give too much you get the opposite to constipation which is diarrhea, and a cat rushing around exuding you-know-what behind is not a pretty sight and it means a lot of work, so the best thing is to treat your animals and yourself properly then you won't get constipation.

Too much dried food causes constipation. Some raw meat helps overcome constipation, but not too much raw meat, because if there is too much then the cat gets worms, so you have to steer a course between not enough and not too much, and a little practice will show you how.

But! Why am I telling all this? If you will consult your veterinary surgeon, he will tell you the best way to treat your cat. It will not cost much, you know, for an interview with him, because we have found that the veterinary people are far, far kinder than many doctors dealing with the human body. The Guv says he wishes he could have a veterinary surgeon deal with him—there would be a lot more sympathy, because there is not much sympathy for people with terminal illnesses. They are denied beds in hospitals and the doctors haven't time to visit, and so it is just a long, long wait throughout long, long days, and longer nights, waiting for the Great Lord to write 'the end' to life.

Cats are peculiar creatures, you know, they have a trait which is not known to many people. They are something like ducks just emerging from a shell. I know that if a duck emerges from a shell, it treats the first person it sees as its mother! Oh yes, it is perfectly true. Some highly amusing experiments have been carried out in connection with that. Well, there is something the same with cats; a cat gets a great liking for the first food it gets, so that if you feed a young cat

some fish, it will have a craving for fish all its life. If you feed it meat, it will have a craving for meat all its life, and cats seem to be one-track individuals—they like to stick to one thing. I suppose their taste buds get mixed up, or something, but anyway most cats like to stick to one type of food and that is wrong—they should have a balanced diet—a well-mixed diet. Some of the cat foods are truly excellent for cats—some are just the opposite, so the best thing is to try some different types of cat food so that you can see which your pet likes best and then use that as possibly a staple food and add other things to it. Perhaps a bit of potato or a bit of cabbage or a bit of lettuce and, of course, some meat or liver or fish, but above all make sure that there is always a dish of water placed available for your cat.

Another thing—make sure that you have a plant pot or a wooden box full of growing grass. It is such a simple, simple little thing to do. You just get some potting soil and some coarse grass-seed and plant the grass and that's all there is to it. In about a week you've a nice plot of grass which your cat can chew and chew and chew and be thoroughly sick afterwards, but that is the purpose of the grass—to scour out the stomach and remove accumulated hairball. Hairball in the intestine can cause bowel stoppage and death, so you may be saving your cat's life if you make sure that there is always fresh grass. It is so easy to plant one box of grass and when that shows signs of growing, start another, so that when one has been eaten up or faded, another is available.

Many people complain that cats tear up the furniture. They don't, you know. Never, never, never, will a cat tear up furniture if it has something of its own on which to exercise the claw muscles. Our Cat People have what is known as a tree-house. It is a long thing stretching from the floor to the ceiling and it is held in position by a Johnny pole, which is one rod sliding inside the other, the inner part being kept pushed out by a strong spring. This carpet-covered tree-house has a number of platforms with a hole in each one. The cats swarm up, dive through the holes and eventually reach the top where they will scratch and scratch and scratch and exercise their muscles.

We also have a small scratch-pad which is just a good lump of wood about twice the length of the cat, and is covered with coarse carpet. The cat will throw herself on that and tear and tear and tear, and I say to you very seriously indeed, our cats do not tear up furniture nor furnishings, because they recognize these things as their own property put there for their convenience and they never abuse one's trust in them.

Another thing which is very, very important—if you are going to be away for a number of hours you should tell your cat so. You should take that cat gently and look into the face and say slowly and firmly that you are going to be away for a certain number of hours and then you will return. This was brought to my attention quite forcibly some time ago; I had to go out shopping and I said, 'Well, cats, I am going out, shan't be long, goodbye,' and I went out. Unfortunately, I was delayed a matter of hours. You know what it is, I saw some things. I went wistfully window-shopping and I saw a lot of things which I couldn't afford and which I wished that I could afford, so time went faster than I expected, and when I returned home it was to hear that the two cats had gone almost demented with worry. They had been like raging things for a time, and then they had both gone to bed and turned their faces to the wall, which is a step preparatory to dying.

Oh yes, a cat can die as easily as that. If a cat is parted from a loved one and sees no hope of being reunited, the cat may—and I am absolutely serious in this—turn its face to the wall, and die. We have seen it happen, unfortunately.

A pet, whether cat or dog, is a thing of joy. A companion who never lets one down. A companion one can always rely upon, a good friend who knows how to express sympathy, who can cheer one up and show that even though the whole world turns against one, SHE understands and loves one still.

God grant me
SERENITY
to accept the things
I cannot change
COURAGE
to change the things
I can, and
WISDOM
to know the difference.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Cats, like people and automobiles, come in many different shapes, sizes, colors and types. Cats have a leg at each corner, just the same as the automobile has a wheel at each corner, and most cats have a tail, although the Manx cat does not and it definitely handicaps the poor creature when turning a corner at a dead run.

First, there is the ordinary, good old phlegmatic house-cat—most people call it the ordinary cat. Now, they have a peculiarity in that they are attached to their home, to the house in which they live, and when the family moves away, then very frequently the ordinary house-cat says some four-letter words and sets out on a travel back to his original home.

The ordinary house-cat has legs of approximately the same length, but when you come to a Siamese cat that is a different thing altogether. The Siamese cat has longer legs at the back so when you see one for the first time you think the poor creature is walking downhill, but the Siamese cat is highly intelligent, highly sensitive, and unlike the ordinary house-cat the Siamese cat is attached to the family and not to the home, and when the home is broken up so that the people move away, the Siamese cat says the feline equivalent of ‘Phooey—glad to get shot of that dump’ and off he goes happily with his so-called owner to a new domain.

Burmese cats are much the same as Siamese cats and you can say that they are the Rolls-Royce and the Cadillac of the cat world, but they have to be treated gently. They are extremely sensitive and they demand love in large quantities. If a person is going out to work, then it is a definitely cruel thing

to have only one Siamese cat—two cost no more to keep and they are company for each other. If you have a Siamese cat and you do not definitely love it, then you will find the cat won't love you either, and most times he won't even stay with you. One day, he will just walk out, and that's that. You won't see him again. He will go somewhere where he is appreciated. So, if you want a pet just to keep around the house, get the ordinary home domesticated cat—they are accustomed to it. They are stolid enough to live with it, but if you want a definite living companion and you spend a lot of time at home, get a Siamese cat or a Burmese, but then if you find you have to go out a lot, then have two cats.

Some people have a difficulty in getting a second cat because of all the spats and hissing and groanings that go on, but there is no problem really. You shut the resident Siamese in (let us say) a bedroom and the newcomer cat in a room adjacent to the bedroom and you wedge the door so that it is open about an inch, then they can look at each other and unburden their minds about each other and use all the swear words that they know, but after a short time they will tolerate each other and no harm will be done. But, of course, if you just bring in a fresh cat and toss him down with your first cat, then you are asking for trouble—they will never be friends. So; you have to use feline psychology. You have to make a very great fuss of the first cat and then you have to make a fuss of the second cat, and when they have settled their differences and decided which of them is going to be top cat, you will have a house of peace. They will live together, they will look after each other and there won't be any loneliness when you go out.

Many people ask about neutering cats. Well, it is a good thing. With a female cat, for instance, if she is neutered she becomes very, very much more affectionate, and it is not at all the same as giving hysterectomy to a human, you know. Hysterectomy in a human all too frequently causes a gross personality change. Not so with cats. Cats have a different metabolic process, and all that happens is you take away the yowling and the screeching and you make a very lovable, loving companion. If you do not have the female spayed, as it is

called, she will make a horrible, incredible, unbelievable uproar every so often, and you just can't live with it, and if you let her have kittens, well, soon you have got the whole neighborhood swarming with Siamese cat kittens.

Tom cats should be neutered when they are young, because Tom cats have a special gland which enables them to eject a fluid on the furniture and around the walls, and the fluid says in effect, 'Hey, Queen, come quick—I can't wait any longer.' So, again, if the Tom cat is neutered he becomes more placid and then there is no odor.

While on the subject of odors, all cats should have their sanitary tins with an inch or two of some special preparation which absorbs liquid waste, and no matter what the advertisements say, you should tip out the contents (down the toilet bowl) every time the cat has used it, because otherwise if the odor gets too strong, the cat cannot be blamed in any way at all for using a dark corner or going under the bed or somewhere like that. Wouldn't you do the same? Do you like to use a toilet which is plugged up and which has evidence of having been used by others before you? Of course you don't—well, why not show your cat the same sanitary courtesy that you would show to others or to yourself.

The Guv sometimes gets accused of repetition but then inevitably, after he's had a letter accusing him of repetition, he gets another letter from a person praising the repetition and saying that the second, or third, repeat performance has made the matter absolutely clear, so if there is repetition in this, well, it is for the good of the education on the treatment of Cat People!

*When someone cares
It is easier to speak
it is easier to listen
it is easier to play
it is easier to work.*

*When someone cares
it is easier to laugh.*

Susan Polis Schutz

CHAPTER TWENTY

I received a letter with some questions which may be of universal interest. One question is about cats and karma. Well, cats have a different sort of karma from humans, because they are exempt from many of the karmic influences through being 'the eyes of the Gods'. That is, a cat is an entirely strange creature placed down on this earth to report on things, to act as—let us say—remote television cameras, so that the Gardeners of the Earth know what's going on, and sometimes they have to do a thing which normally would incur karma, but in this particular instance the karma is annulled because they are working for the Gods.

Another matter which seems to puzzle people immensely is reincarnation. Now, humans never become animals—but of course humans are animals, aren't they, but let's call them humans instead—and animals never become humans. People have the idea that humans are the Gods on earth, whereas animals are just creatures there to be kicked around as the humans feel like doing. That is completely wrong—humans and animals can be of equal value in the higher community beyond the earth, and in some conditions an animal may be much more valuable to the Gardeners of the Earth than a human; it depends on the circumstances, but never think that an animal is going to be 'elevated' to human status. The animal might think that would be a down-grading instead.

. Humans commit a grave, grave crime against the whole of nature when they use animals for vivisection or experiments. After all, how absolutely absurd it is for a pharmaceutical representative to say that his product is worth so many mouse-units. A mouse isn't a man—and if humans want to experi-

ment, then let it be on themselves.

The Guv has a comment about this. He says, ‘Why not have hippies and women’s libbers as test animals—after all, they just sit about on their backsides and don’t do anything except tell other people what is wrong with the world. They don’t do anything to put the world right. Let them be vivisection subjects, as well—I wish I could be there to do it to some of them.’

We see many animals run over, and we had a case here in Calgary very, very recently. It happened one evening. A dog—a guide-dog for a blind person—was sitting near a fence on a broad sidewalk. He was waiting for his master, but then a young hoodlum came along in a beat-up old car, and with a look of fiendish delight he drove straight at the dog, mounted the curb and ran over the dog, crushing its ribs and everything else, and sped on. The police tried to catch the car, but it was a stolen one and so the fellow got away. There have been many instances here—hoodlums have gone to the zoo and have shot defenseless animals with bow and arrow. Well, that wasn’t the animals’ karma but believe me it has added to the humans’ karma!

Now, this letter which I have been looking at, asks about Lobsang Rampa and animals, so I state, ‘Yes, very, very definitely the Guv can communicate with animals on this earth and off this earth.’ For instance, he has three particular cat friends who live in the astral and who stay in the astral so they may help the Guv when he needs it. One is called Sindhi, another is called Jasmine, and the third is called Phyllis, and the Guv learns a great number of things from those three.

In addition, he does converse at great, and sometimes tedious, length with Miss Cleo Rampa and Miss Tadalinka Rampa. In fact, I often see Cleo scuttling away into his bedroom to jump on his chest, and there she will sit and talk to him. Another question which I have been asked is about when animals are killed by other animals. For instance, a cat catches a mouse or a bird. Well, doesn’t the bird or the mouse suffer agonies of terror, etc., first? The answer is—no, because there is a provision of nature which applies to all creatures, animal

and non-animal, in that when the time of death approaches the animal is unaware of it. The animal is not paralyzed with fear but is tranquil at being released from the hardships, the suffering and the bitterness of this life.

Of course this does not apply in cases of humans who are just murdering animals, because so often a human will shoot an animal not immediately fatally, and so the poor wretched animal, with perhaps a broken leg or a bleeding artery, will wander off to seek shelter, left to starve and suffer until finally death takes over; the animal can then receive the tenderness and mercy which seemed not to exist amongst humans of such a low vibration that they seem to lack feeling for any creature apart from themselves.

The pain, which is caused by the callousness of the human, well, that debt is rightly added to the human's karma, and at some time, in this life, or when he returns to earth again, he will have to endure a like agony which he caused the suffering animal.

We do not get this problem when an animal is killed humanely in a slaughter-house, because death is almost instantaneous. It takes two minutes for the animal to actually die. I mention this angle because someone is sure to say, 'Oh, that female has an obsession about hunting,' and I would say there is all the difference in the world between humanely sending an animal off this world because food is needed, the animal being treated in a humane manner, and the wholesale slaughter of birds and animals just to pander to man's sporting instinct—. Those fox hunts which through the ages have been prevalent in England, especially indulged in by the so-called 'upper class', who one would expect through their education and opportunities to know better, are to me the work of the devil. How would any one of us feel if we were suddenly turned loose, and a pack of dogs set after us???? If I had a grouch at all against any member of the British Royal Family it would be in this direction—their responsibility is so great and their example so important that they have to consider these things before indulging in their own preference for whatever it is that 'turns them on'!

Many people are not at all sure when actual death has occurred, as opposed to apparent death, when one could be merely in a state of shock or suffering from catalepsy, or in a deep coma. Only a true clairvoyant such as the Guv would be able to answer that and he says, 'Death occurs when the silver cord is severed.' He goes on to say, 'When the silver cord is severed the parting of the body and the soul is inevitable and irreversible.'

The majority of us ordinary humans are unable to see this phenomenon, we are blind to the vision of this parting of body and soul, therefore we have to rely on other means before we are able to make a judgment as to whether life has indeed become extinct. We try to evaluate whether there is a pulse to be felt, and whether there is any eye reaction on lifting the eyelids. Personally I have known a mirror to be placed before the mouth, to test whether the patient still lives—if the mirror becomes moist then there is always a chance the person will recover. The cataleptic state can be difficult to diagnose, as I know from experience. But, while we are alive, all of us animals, human and those others, by which I mean creatures of nature, let us really live and do all we can to make each other happy and contented. With regard to pets, cats specifically, and no doubt doggies too, the Guv always insists they should always have their toys on hand. It might be only a woolly mouse stuffed with catnip, or catmint as some call it, but when you move to a different location you should take your pet's familiar things along too, take them WITH you as *personal belongings* because you may have to wait some time before your main goods arrive. Take a scratching post or a complete tree-house, the blanket which your pet has been using, and any other toy you can think of so that your pet will not feel strange. Cats are very sensitive, and to suddenly get dumped into fresh surroundings, with all the strange odors, can be most discomfoting to say the least and can even result in sheer agony, and I can testify to this from experience.

Use the same water bowl which your cats have always used in your past home so that your 'pet' will have no real sense of loss or change.

*When you are cured of a disease
does it matter what the disease
was?*

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Now, you cat people, we have given you a hearing so we must return to the *Tiger Lily* and my then family activities.

It was rather fortunate that we did not have a television in those days because I am sure that we were happier with radio which, after all these years, is still my own main form of entertainment, contributing to relaxation, especially at the end of a strenuous day, and even during the odd moments of a daytime siesta period.

Two weekly programs of those Thames Ditton days have remained in my mind, and both of them were interesting, while one especially was of great interest to Carl. Fred Hoyle, the scientist, now Sir Fred Hoyle, used to broadcast on the subject of astronomy and, although I knew very little about it, I was anxious to learn; I found it extremely fascinating but of course Carl was more intellectually progressive than I, consequently he was able to follow the radio discussion with a greater comprehension. Even though some of the material was somewhat beyond me I liked to stay while Carl had the radio turned on, even if only for the companionship I provided for him, since that was the one thing he had, to a great extent, lacked in his earlier life.

One thing which did 'get on my nerves' was when Carl would take an old radio to pieces to study its mechanism and to repair the instrument if possible, if it was not beyond repair. You see, when someone is messing about with a radio they have to twiddle those knobs, trying one station and then another, and to another person it can be rather nerve-wracking, especially if one catches a few words of an interesting pro-

gram, and then suddenly it is tuned to another station. No doubt I was hypersensitive, as I understand I still am but to a lesser degree, but I vividly remember one day when I could have screeched my head off while Carl was busy with one of these sessions; I was so wanting, and needing, a moment of peace that I took off to the village store on the pretence of needing some supplies, and the walk calmed my nerves, so afterwards everything was fine.

This might be an opportune moment to confess that I understand I have not been an easy person to live with and I would like to put this on record myself. No doubt, in the days to come, when much will be written about Carl and about T. Lobsang Rampa, probably some of it true, and some perhaps the figment of the same writer's too vivid imagination, it is possible 'the woman in the story', that woman being myself may warrant a word or two. It is partly for this reason that I thought it might be a good idea to write down an assessment of Mama San Ra'ab, by Mama San herself.

It is true that I am as contented as it is possible to be on this earth, but that does not mean to say that I am an easy person to live with. Within myself I am utterly contented but extraneous influences tend to 'put me off'. When life passes by on an even keel then I function best, and the set-up of our present household is such that we are not able to have visitors at all, chiefly due to sickness, but this arrangement is extremely satisfactory to me, even though it makes for resentment on the part of some people, who appear to be lacking in understanding. I would like to pay tribute to one person in particular who is an exception in this respect, and this is Mrs. Gertrud Heals, one of my friends. Mrs. Heals is involved in the 'book business' including an art gallery, and picture-framing responsibilities, as well as book-keeping for the business. She performs many little acts which are beyond her line of duty and, at times, it is necessary to come to our apartment on one mission or another, but she never attempts to take advantage of the situation, and never stays too long. Although she is a great admirer of Dr. Rampa she never requests a meeting with him—and this I appreciate.

Unlike some people who, if on one occasion the Guv may have signed a letter in a slightly more friendly way, and another time it slips through the pile receiving his normal signature, are likely to administer a reprimand, 'All right, if that is the way you want it, it's okay by me, I'll revert to the former, more formal way of addressing YOU' On occasion people can appear quite insensitive and unforgiving. Another understanding person in the book world is Mrs. Carmen Moore whom we hold in very high regard. I salute you, Carmen Moore.

How often has Lobsang Rampa, in his eighteen books, attempted to explain that if you want to progress spiritually, become more aware, etc., you cannot make much headway by flitting about too much, collecting friends and associates just as you might collect moths and butterflies. Even the Bible of the society to which most people of the western world belong, admonishes us to 'BE STILL' and know that I am God, which means, 'Be still and get to know yourself.' So I do not feel it to be too wrong to lead a quiet life, and I feel I am fortunate not to be so sensitive as is the Guv, who is greatly affected by inharmonious vibrations. Of course harmony affects him too, and would that harmony was available in greater abundance

To return once more to Thames Ditton, to my husband and my Tiger. Carl had an even more difficult time than I, for a great change was in store for him, even more than for me, but I was restless at the thought of what was in store for us. As I view the past scene now, having the extra insight which I did not then have, I can see how interesting it must have been for Mr. T. Catt who, like all cats, lives on two planes all the time. Later on I was told by the Guv that the Tiger would have said to himself, 'There's Ma, living 'midst all these interesting happenings and she cannot see any further than the physical.' 'Well, if I were a cat, perhaps I would see a little further than the physical and etheric,' I thought. So Carl would go wandering off by himself, amongst the trees which were there in abundance at Thames Ditton, and I supposed he would receive inspiration and instructions as to what he was expected to do.

In retrospect, I see that even though he had agreed to relinquish his body for a greater cause, he must at times have experienced a feeling of bewilderment about the whole process.

Then we would have a nice quiet time on Sundays, and that was the day we heard the other radio broadcast which interested and amused us, the talks by Professor Joad, from the British Broadcasting Company, as was the program by Fred Hoyle who, incidentally, has a helper, a colleague, these days, in the form of his son.

Since we all enjoy something entertaining I have always remembered the statement uttered by the Professor, whose outlook and family were of the Victorian era. Professor Joad told us he had never seen his mother's legs; if he had ever glimpsed her ankles it was accidental, and that when he was young even the table and chairs, and the piano, were covered over with cloth so they could not be seen naked. 'Could that be true,' I wondered, and if the Professor could take a look down here now surely he would be shocked beyond words. He never would have been able to survive if he had glimpsed the mini-skirted era—

I do not propose to describe the actual take-over by Lob-sang Rampa because he has written of it in his book, *As It Was*, and I am sure most of the readers of this *Tiger Lily* of mine will, if they have not read it, have heard of *As It Was*, so if you wish to know more about this event the book is very much in print all the time, therefore I would recommend that you purchase it, and then you will know first-hand the whole story, or most of it.

*What made us friends in the long ago
When first we met?
Well, I think I know;
The best in me and the best in you
Hailed each other because they knew
That always and always since life began
Our being friends was part of God's plan.*

George Webster Douglas

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

After the change-over it was a strange feeling for each of us, for some time—and it must have been much worse for the Guv; we took occasional outings which I enjoyed and sometimes we went into a restaurant to have a meal, after exploring some of the local countryside. He seemed to adapt very quickly to the new and strange life, and for this I was grateful. One memorable day we went to Mortlake, a place which is known all over the world, even if by name only, since it is where the Oxford-Cambridge boat race takes place each year. It was just after the ‘take-over’ by Lobsang Rampa and as far as I was concerned there was an unusual, apparently inexplicable atmosphere surrounding us, as we dawdled on the bridge at Mortlake. We had left Mr. Catt to guard the apartment and I believe he spent most of the time in his basket on the verandah, because by the time we returned he was sleeping contentedly. Yes, at Mortlake we walked across Chiswick bridge and we were rather quiet, the Guv obviously deep in thought. He must have been viewing many scenes of the past and he commented upon some of his observations. One of the things he discussed with me was that of the period of about three or four hundred years earlier, the time of Queen Elizabeth the First. He mentioned Dr. John Dee, the alchemist, who acted in the capacity of Astrologer to the Queen, and whose home had been at Mortlake where he had a family. Dr. Dee had led a varied life, sometimes in favor, at other times out of favor with the Court, never a rich man, and often in very poor circumstances and, towards the end of his life, the Queen showed her appreciation by conferring upon him a grant of

some kind. Dr. Dee was a very outspoken person and somewhat erratic at times. All this the Guv talked about, and he mentioned Sir Christopher Wren, Cardinal Wolsey, William Shakespeare and others of that period. The name of Shakespeare brings to mind the process of transmigration, and I have sometimes wondered, amidst all the controversy about who wrote the works attributed to Shakespeare, whether this was such a case, which is more common than most of us realize. Personally I would believe this explanation before I would accept the suggestion that someone such as Sir Francis Bacon had a hand in the writings!! My supposition seems feasible.

Most of the afternoon's conversation was continued, and enlarged upon, after we returned home, for I was fascinated while listening to things I was told by the Guv. I will always be grateful to him for the patience he has shown, and the time he has devoted, in the interest of increasing my education.

Something which is sure to interest those who read these pages is how the Guv managed in his new environment, and I soon began to notice that he acted more normally than had his predecessor. Even the voice was quite different, the Guv speaking in a deeper tone—a sort of baritone, while Carl had the voice of a tenor. Neither of them professed to have a super singing voice, a regret which I share, since I am no singer either. The Guv has always been more adaptable as far as mixing with people was concerned, having a very easy manner and not so averse to meeting people as was Carl, who was very reserved. Until the Guv became so very sick he helped many people through personal contact, but now he has reached the stage where visitors, for any reason at all, are never contemplated or allowed. I have on occasion wondered whether it would have been better if Carl had adopted a rather more firm attitude towards me, because I was headstrong and needed a partner who could be quite firm, and able to deal with a strong willed person such as I was. Fortunately that situation seems to have been remedied now and Mama San finds satisfaction in having guidance from one who is the stronger—so that her life is more disciplined than of yore. Yes! Discipline is good and it makes for happiness in achievement.

I KNOW there are many, many, instances of transmigration, but it is looked upon by some religions, not the least by our Christian faith, as something quite strange, even unacceptable; this attitude has only come about because the original bible teaching of Christ has been so altered at the Convention of Constantinople (in the year A.D. 60) which gave the priests more power if the knowledge of transmigration could be suppressed. Being one of the victims of this watered down teaching resulted in more difficulties for me at first, but I have since realized that it is anything but a rare occurrence. I have known of a person who was involved in an accident and who suffered head injuries, resulting in a state of concussion, with temporary loss of memory, while following recovery from the accident the person seemed to act differently, to have different views, different likes and dislikes, which was noticed by those who had known him previously. Not impossible that another entity, another spirit, had 'taken over' while the person was disorientated through shock, but this does not mean that the whole procedure had not been prearranged, since the time may have arrived when the first individual had reached the end of his life span. Who is to know, except those 'in the know' whether a being from another planet could use this procedure known as 'transmigration' to gain experience, and to study humanity and life on our planet earth? This concept is worth a thought, for anything one can imagine is possible, and we earthlings are far behind in these matters, partly because our governments will not release vital information; they seem afraid to create panic amongst the public who are probably not half so scared as the governments seem to think. Perhaps the governments are scared of losing their own power, scared of being taken over or having to compete with more advanced beings.

The subject is one upon which I do not feel qualified to enlarge, besides, this is not the purpose of the Tiger Lily book. Someone sent me a cartoon the other day, and I believe he was applying it to his own situation, jokingly of course. I will pass it on as it is a feeling, an attitude, with which many of us are familiar. A man is looking through binoculars and the

Caption Says, 'I WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO KNOW AT LEAST A LITTLE ABOUT THE UNKNOWABLE,'

but my correspondent added his own comments underneath, where he had written: 'Me—looking in the wrong direction.'

He often sends amusing quotes but, in the main, let me hasten to state that we get inundated with newspaper clippings. But John's are short and to the point as are those of our mutual friend in England, Eric Tetley, who has the great aptitude of causing real amusement with his letters. This does much to lighten the cares of the day, so Mr. Tetley, thank you, you are appreciated!!

After a time the Guv and I had a talk about things in general, and about our own situation and the future. The Guv decided we could not contemplate just staying on in our present location which to us, in many ways, was something of a backwater, but it had been a useful refuge while underlying changes were going on in preparation for the future which Lobsang Rampa had in mind. The offices of The Milk Marketing Board, an important part of Thames Ditton, was of no interest to us, and most of the residents apparently having settled into a comfortable rut, this was obviously not the right kind of situation at all. Many people were retired, others commuted to the city and other places each day, so it was more or less a haven for weekend living and, being situated right on the River Thames, it was ideal for a life of ease and recreation. I met one very charming Jewish family, the father and mother and a new baby, and it came about that I was instrumental in giving the wife some little assistance with her many duties, for which she showed her appreciation in the way these people do, they are most generous if you 'hit it off' with them!! I felt rather honored when, many years ago, I had some dealings (not wheeling and dealing which is a favorite expression of one of our friends of the present) with a Jewish person and, in the course of the conversation the question was put to me, 'Are you one of us?' My rather dark complexion and then almost black hair and hazel eyes, caused many people to speculate upon my ancestry. I have done some speculating myself!

After some months we were getting to know each other better, the Guv and I, and I found he was of a much more firm and definite type than had been his predecessor, a description which we use in discussing Carl of the P.R. (pre Rampa) days. The Guv has a more definite purpose in life, and he had no time to lose. He was able to deal more adequately with my occasional fits of moodiness, and through these experiences I have found his method to be successful. Even though he may be feeling great compassion for someone in 'mind distress' he may not always show it, rather he may seem somewhat harsh, in the opinion of the victim at any rate. Now I know that what he says, and how he deals with problems, is the right way, especially when he expresses the opinion that what should be done with many of today's youth is to put them to work, any work, so they will not have time or energy left to continually grouse about their situation and the Establishment. I will be forever grateful that through this association I have learned how to cope with many of life's problems, and to be equable in temperament, thus passing on a little in the way of a helping hand to someone who may not have been so fortunate. Oh, yes, I still feel annoyance, but I do not allow the small annoyances to 'get me down'—it is better to laugh it off because that way you do not get so many lines on your face, thus saving on cosmetics, which really do not hide a thing, especially if you have a naturally unhappy and miserable outlook. The other day I commented to the Guv, 'I wonder why I feel so contented. Each part of the day is pleasurable, going to bed is wonderful when I can visit all those cats and humans who mean something special to me, on the earth and off the earth, and arising at six in the morning is no effort, while all the various events which each day brings are interesting and spell for me "learning", which is my keynote. How come,' I said, 'that it is like this?'

The Guv barely hesitated before answering me, 'Well, Ra'ab, I will tell you, the reason is that you know where you are going, and that is all there is to it—!' Well, there is a thought worth meditating upon, I decided. Then he came up

with a further comment, 'You know Ra'ab, you ARE a tough nut to live with.'

So, in due course we moved to a larger, busier locality, still in the South West, in a suburb of London, where we had found a small furnished 'flat' which had a small garden, with an old apple tree by the back door, where the Tiger used to sit for hours on a sturdy branch which was at a wonderful angle, straight out from the main trunk of the apple tree, which would be at about ninety degrees. Mr. Catt took some time to adjust to another change since he was past middle age, and we had to keep him indoors for some days until he had become re-orientated, which really was absolutely hell for him, especially as it was necessary for me to go out occasionally, and leave him alone, while I was shopping or engaged in other business matters, while the Guv had to be out very often, so Tiger was sometimes quite on his own and being older he suffered far more than I realized at that time. It has been one of my great regrets that through my thoughtlessness he suffered loneliness, a loneliness which often might have been avoided—and after he left us permanently my remorse was very real and for a time I was overcome by it; being sustained only by the Guv's almost unbelievably understanding attitude.

The Tiger was with us for about a year in his latest home and sometimes the Guv placed him on the front of his bicycle, taking him for a ride around the streets. This they both enjoyed, especially if it were in the evenings, and dark—a time when a cat can see more clearly.

Towards the end of his life he rested a good deal—and often wandered into the garden to talk with Mr. Tree. It was New Year's Eve when he contracted pneumonia and I lay on the floor all night with him (in the living room) as his condition deteriorated. When he finally departed the room was flooded with a bright light due no doubt to the presence of discarnate entities who had come to escort him home. I know I will be seeing him again when my time approaches to take my leave.

Soon after he left us I had a 'dream'—a dream so-called. There seemed to be a sort of flame burning—something I did not understand, but I felt it was associated with Mr. Catt. The

Guv told me it was exactly that—the pure spirit of my Tiger which I had seen because my vibrations had been temporarily heightened. Often have I thought about it and I would have had other experiences had I not been so overcome with my own grief.

*Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.*

*Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.*

Langston Hughes

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

As this little book is now quickly approaching the permitted number of pages, it seems a good idea to make a few comments with regard to a subject which seems to occupy the thoughts of a great many readers. A large number of people have written requesting more comments because the 'subject is not generally discussed these days'. Just this morning a letter was put into my hands, and when I read it I decided it was not accidental—it was just a reminder of what so many others had written to me in the past weeks and months. Since the writer of the letter is quite well known to me it might not be amiss to quote the relevant paragraph—'it would be an excellent idea to write more about death because it is something which effects each one of us, and it will help to break down the barriers of fear which most of us have'. The writer continues, 'In the last century, or Victorian age, sex was taboo, but now this subject has gone to the extreme. In this period of time, the subject of death of the physical body is taboo. Let us hope that subject will be discussed more openly in the not too distant future, without fear, and I am sure you can help by touching upon it.'

My thought is that Lobsang Rampa is the person who can best write about death, and he can go much further by writing about what happens AFTER death. In his latest book *Three Lives*, that is exactly what he has done, and many people have expressed the opinion that it is the best book of the eighteen he has written. We all hope he will be able to maintain sufficient physical strength to carry out his intention of making it to number nineteen. Judging from his remarks I am sure *Three*

Lives will almost outweigh the interest of the eighteenth, but they will complement one another.

The thought of dying does not worry me personally, because I am more concerned about my performance while living. If I do my best while on the earth there is always the hope (actually the knowledge) that there is nothing to worry about when time runs out for me. I read of someone the other day who quoted himself as being 'a man in a hurry', meaning that the years were passing and he had a lot to do. I feel in rather the same position because I do not feel that I have made the most of my own life, so I must try and make up for lost time.

I am somewhat in the position of a man I know who came to Canada as an immigrant and who, although now in a prominent position as a book publisher, known internationally, a television personality of note, as well as a producer, was in his early days employed by stores as a window washer. He was interviewed recently and said to the interviewer, 'In my job I had eight windows to care for, and each window took one day to do, so having only six days in a week it meant that I was always two windows behind.' That is, I am afraid, the position in which I often find myself.

I suppose it is not important how long, but how, we live, whether we be human animal or 'animal' animal because all creatures are here to learn certain lessons and to do certain jobs. Eric Tetley sent me a clipping the other day—oh! it was some weeks ago but I kept it because I wanted to tell about it in *Tiger Lily*. Mr. Tetley sends many pieces about cats, and you should see my accumulation of pussy pictures from all over the world, soon I will need an album. Anyway, I was most interested to read of the oldest cat, according to the Guinness Book of Records, whose name was Butch, and who had lived with a gentleman by the name of Mr. Arthur Baxter, of Claxby, Lincolnshire. Butch was rescued, covered in oil, at Immingham Dock in 1942, when only a few weeks old, and lived to the age of thirty-four years. Multiply by seven and what is that in cat years?—surely two hundred and thirty-eight, and he must have been a contented and well-looked-after person to have survived all those years.

I often think of the Cat world in the so-called Hereafter, and I understand it is a glorious place. The Guv, as many of you know, has wonderful powers of description, and I like to think I visit in my 'dreams', my astral travels, those I have known before, and with whom one day in the not so distant future I will be reunited.

Death—Life. Is not this earthly experience more like death and the hereafter the Real Life? That is how I see it and that must be the way it was viewed by Longfellow in 'The Psalm of Life', words which I had to repeat many times during my schooldays.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.
Life is Real, Life is Earnest
And the grave is not its goal
Dust to Earth to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul!

And I like the words of Mark Twain which were presumably expressed while on his deathbed.

Death, the only immortal who treats
us all alike, whose pity and whose
peace and whose refuge are for all—
the soiled and the pure, the rich and
the poor, the loved and the unloved.

*From The Wisdom of Mark Twain
Memorandum written on his deathbed*

So this brings to a close the Tiger Lily true story, concluded the day of the Silver Jubilee of Queen Elizabeth the Second, a time of nostalgia for those of us who became landed immigrants many years ago—but even though many of us are

now Canadian citizens—Her Gracious Majesty is still our Queen.

How long we in Canada remain in this situation is still to be seen, because it is a very controversial subject, together with separatism and bilingualism.

The Queen and her husband Prince Philip, are, of course, very much aware of what is happening, and I chuckled at the Queen's Jubilee speech when she said, 'We all know what the Commonwealth is NOT,' adding, 'It is a popular pastime these days!' No doubt the world would be a better place if some of us were as conscientious as our present Queen and her illustrious father, the late King George the Sixth.

THE END