

Let's Do It
God's Way

Ann Baker, D.F.H.
Director of Feline Health

Ann Baker's Autobiography

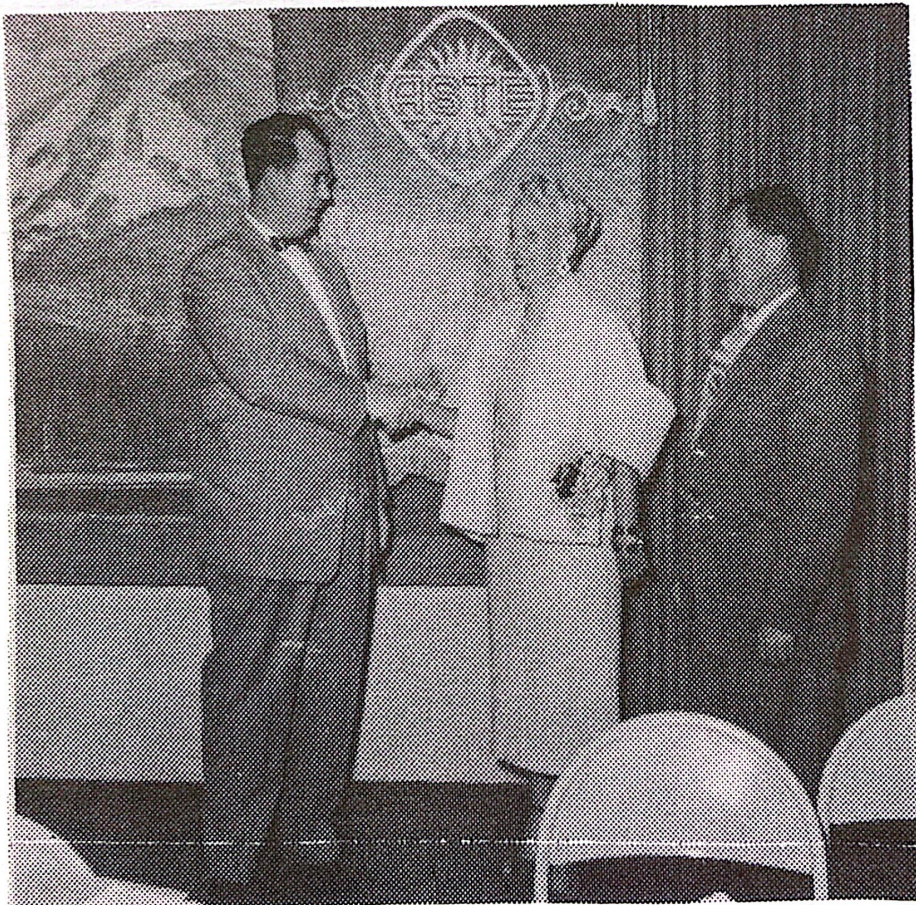
Cherubims

Research

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Ann Baker's latest picture by DMV (without glasses), 1982 (my best photo ever)



Ann Baker at American Society of Tool Engineers, being a tool engineer at Douglas Aircraft and Rohr Aircraft (Riverside, California), 1944-1959

ANN BAKER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

In writing about the Ragdolls and Honey Bears in the past, we have been unable to get across the real story, and it seems that in order to portray the entire picture we must provide a sketched biography of Ann Baker.

Ann Baker was born in Athens, Ohio, in 1918. Her father was a grocer and a former school teacher, and her mother was a nurse. At about four and a half years of age, she was injured by an old-fashioned mantle, which had been removed from the house during remodeling, and it fell over and struck her on the back of the head.

At about age seven, her back was injured by a swing breaking as she swung out over a cliff, and a tree root sticking up out of the ground managed to do serious damage to her spine, although it was not known then as she was not taken to a doctor.

Years later in her life, when she was pregnant with her first child, she suddenly broke down screaming with pain in her back. At that time, it was discovered that, due to her previous injury, the insides had grown fast to the spine. Due to the growth of the child inside, the female organs completely tore loose, which left her with a kink in the bowels that has never left. But in learning to live with it, she has come to believe it to be her biggest asset in life. She has never had to take cathartics, and has never had any type of bowel problems in 47 years. (If one doesn't go before or after breakfast, eat some raw bell pepper; one has to learn just how much by trying, and this is the same as all other herbal medicines.)

When she was about 19 years old, she was struck by lightning while in bed, but it left no ill effects, then or later.

Ann came to California in 1944, and started working in a grocery store near her house. She later transferred to the Safeway company, where she worked as a checker. That was in the days when the checker had to lift the grocery baskets from the cart to the counter, and on one of these occasions she let out a scream as it was as if someone had

hit her over the back. She was taken to the hospital, where she was kept packed in ice for three days. She was not able to work and had to stand the pain during these years, as she was on Compensation and had to see required doctors. She was getting no better and had had enough pain when she signed herself off to go to a chiropractor, who had her problem under control in a few visits. It was this man who gave her knowledge and helped her not only then, but for years to come. He told her how it would work, not to take any medicines or intoxicating drinks, and learn to live with her feelings. Several years later, when she got a terrible headache that wouldn't leave, she went back to the chiropractor, who explained that she had a blood clot in the eye and that it would keep building up in pain, but that she was not to quit work, nor lie down. Instead, she was to keep going in order to keep the blood flowing. If the clot stayed there, she soon would not be able to tell one color from the other and would go blind. But if the clot broke through, then she could expect to go through the same experience with the other side as the blood clot passed through the same process. Sleeping in a lawn chair to keep the head up and to keep going was a real chore, but it worked. After the clot had left both eyes, it traveled through the body a number of times, and finally dissolved.

During the war, she started working in an aircraft plant and went to a technical school. Later she became a tool engineer and worked as such for approximately ten years, first at Douglas Aircraft, and then after the war (and the huge layoff) she had the task of setting up a tool crib and identifying tools for a plant in Burbank, California. She transferred to Rohr Aircraft in Riverside as a tool engineer, and it was there she became a senior member of ASTE, and was so honored. During these years, she suffered several accidents to the head.

She was hit on the head (over the right ear) by a bucking bar, and was taken to the doctor by the company nurse. Where the doctor put fluid in the back of the head by means of what looked like a horse syringe (approximately 10 inches long), did not set so well with Ann Baker or the

nurse, who had never seen anything like it either. Ann was to have more treatments, but refused, which was okayed by the nurse and the Douglas Aircraft company.

It was after she had moved to Riverside that she could not remember how or why she started hurting in the heart area, but she soon realized that she had a blood clot in one of the valves to the heart. Knowing all she knew about not going to the hospital or the doctor, she lived with it. This was really bad, as she could not eat meals, since they would overtax the heart. She took her meals in pill form from a health food store, her main one being a vegetable salad. To eat would mean she would pass out on the floor and break out in a sweat. The heart could not pump the blood through to digest the meal. This lasted about two months, and the chest became very hot and sore as the clot would move up and down with each beat of the heart. To say it was sore would not express the pain with each heartbeat, but learning what she had from previous ailments, she continued until one day when she went to get out of bed and was halfway up when a knife-cutting pain occurred, and she could not breathe, take in a breath, lie down or get up, but had to just hold her position. As soon as the pain left, she lay back. The pumping sensation had left. Did the blood clot go through the heart, or break through? She felt fine, but couldn't take a deep breath. She finally went to a doctor for the first time since she first felt the pain. He taped her from under the arms to the end of the ribs. After two or three weeks, this was no longer needed.

She was attacked years later by an ex-convict in the front yard of her house as she was returning home at about 10:00 p.m. She jumped into the back of her car, locked the door and lay on the floor. After a while, she looked out of the open-back convertible window to see if the man had gone, only to be judo-chopped across the bridge of the nose. This caused one eye to go in one direction and the other the opposite way. Well, it took a year and a number of pairs of glasses to straighten the eyes until they could focus normally. In the meantime, the swelling inside the head was terrific (like a band squeezing), and this took a year to

gradually go away. Like the advice given her before she was told not to take any pills or drink any alcoholic beverages, this was very important, since it was the head and eyes.

During all these times, she only saw a doctor if no other solution existed. After these experiences, she learned the ways of God, and of this body He made for us to live in. Ann Baker has not been treated by a doctor in some thirty years or more, partly because, once when she went for a brain scan and complete research by a brain specialist, she was told by the doctor upon her return for the results, and he told her, "I am not concerned about you." Great! This was a blow, as if she had been lying about her condition. Then he went on to say, "*There is no way you can be alive — three of those injuries should have killed you instantly.*" He said he would not touch her unless she went blind or unconscious, and that she should not even take aspirin, consume alcoholic beverages or use an anesthetic. The Good Lord must have had a reason for her being here, and it was beyond them. So, she began to understand being a phenomenon herself. She later went for a blood test for insurance, and was told by the man who examined her blood that hers tested higher than any he had tested in his fifteen years on the job, and he wanted to meet her in person. He also said that if there were an epidemic in Riverside, she would be the only one who would not get it.

I know it is hard to believe when one has pain so terrific that one cannot stand it, and she has been there (believe me). They would have called an ambulance, but I know the Good Lord looks after her. She says pain can be dealt with; just do not panic. Use your head and determination and learn to lean on the Lord. That last is a must.

She has found out that these things come about when one gets busy with other things and forgets to thank the Lord for all He has done for her. When she starts talking to Him and remembering and thanking Him for his dying so that one might be saved and healed, and giving us the command that one is already healed, one just has to take the healing. For this, "Thank You, Lord." It works and one can do a day's work as if nothing had ever happened. You

can have your choice, to command your healing in the name of the Lord, or to call the ambulance. It has worked for her hundreds of times. This is no religion, whatever race you are. *It is knowing Him.* All the reading and listening will do no good whether you are talking about Him or His great earth and food. *It must be applied . . . period.* Sometimes one must isolate oneself from all people so as not to listen to all their "yak, yak," in order to keep one's own thoughts. It takes a strong mind and back to go the right way and not listen to others, or to the way of the world. They will ruin your health as well as take you straight to Hell. Right is right and wrong is wrong, and there are no short cuts, half-way measures, or a divided way of life.

Ann Baker says, "Some think me mean and hard. Well, life is short and I have so much to do I cannot be bothered with your greed." So she, of all people, could recognize the difference when she found the cat that was a phenomenon, and realized it would take measures of a different sort to make it a breed. This was a real challenge, to use the cat for experiment instead of herself. Using all her knowledge, she then developed the Ragdoll into a protected breed, and later the Honey Bear.

When she bought a piece of property to raise cats, it was then she decided to do research, on cures for things that veterinarians put cats to sleep for. Her first few months with cats ran up over a thousand dollars a month in vet bills, and she realized that even at that price (in those days when things were much cheaper), she would have to take measures and find her own cures. So, for 22 years Ann Baker has been involved in research. When she inherited the Honey Bears, she relied on Dr. Centerwall of Loma Linda University in California, who had done research on the Ragdolls. Later, she gave the dead cats to Davis University (in a frozen state). At that time no one had ever heard of DNA, not even Dr. Centerwall. It was two years after receiving the Honey Bears that the news was released to the public. So this was the reason she was given the pregnant cat, and told by the university it was a gift with which she could do as she liked, but could not call them or

refer to them in any way, nor use their name regarding the cat and kittens. This was given to her to see if it could be used to keep her Ragdoll breed going, but it couldn't work because of the big difference between the two breeds, although some similarities existed. (Honey Bears have a very different instinct and some different traits; e.g., they will bite but not fight quite as other cats do, and they do not eat the same things, but like people food of all kinds; they are also built differently in the hind parts, which allows the tail to go up over the back and the back legs to spraddle. So we have completely different lines — as all are related. The Honey Bear males born to the cat given her were used with Persians (CFA registered) of all colors and sizes, to get started.) After three generations, the kittens took on the characteristics of the original father and became like the original kittens born to the cat given her.

As stated elsewhere in this writing, Ann Baker has taken no money for wages in 22 years. All money derived from the sale of her cats goes for research.

If you are using Ann Baker's name and the name of her cats to defame her research for your greed, may Almighty God take over and you reap your reward.



Ann Baker at parents' 50th wedding anniversary, July 25, 1965

RESEARCH

Now let us get back to the research. I must say it was a terrible experience trying to do research when we had cats stolen, etc. At first, I sent cats to different places for research, but after sending 10 (which were to be returned) to Phoenix, Arizona, for research (all Honey Bears), they were returned to me all with bowed legs. They had pulled the legs out of the sockets trying to find out what made them so limp and why they spread, etc. These were later stolen when we had the Ragdolls stolen, and one day a year later I got a phone call from someone who asked me why the Honey Bears had bowed legs. Then and right then I knew I was talking to the person that had my stolen Honey Bears. This is why Dayton, Herman and Chambers all have different things and not Ann Baker's breeding program, or even the Honey Bears'. The Honey Bears can be dealt with in much the same way as other cats, except that they will be making other breeds, and not having the authentic Honey Bear. They will no doubt use the same name, but will not have the breed as others did with the Ragdolls. We did not register them with any association, so they could not get their start and use me as others had. I understand they are now calling them Persians and mixing the Honey Bears in. We could have sold the Ragdolls for a thousand dollars each and had more customers than we could supply had the first man not tried to grab it all for himself and cause all this trouble and controversy. But I guess this is the way of the world — greed — and he ends up destroying himself, the product and all others involved from then on. He backs out and leaves other with the mess he caused.

Now, back to research. We have found cures for many things, all by the pure food method. Cats, I have learned, are the only animal that veterinarians have no medicine for, like they do for dogs, and the use of dogs' medicine on cats always has bad after-effects (four to six months later). That is why, for example, Keflex, made for children, will work on cats instead of dog medicine, and is used by many vets.

In the case of cancer and the discovery of laetrile, chemists and doctors have finally recognized the value of biological medicine as compared to drug-chemical medicine. They are working on these day and night, but at the same time labeling them each with a big name so that they will safeguard the scientific discipline and leave people in the dark. We need simple answers so that we can treat ourselves. (Our time is short.) But medicine is big business, and much of this time being spent in research is to change their findings of natural methods into what can comply with medical protection. We need preventive medicine as well as cures. In this I am ahead of the game, as I have been into this for a lifetime and not only the past 22 years, when my life has been more dedicated to research. We must learn to live by our feelings and solve our own problems, and not let someone else with his poisons tell us what to put in our bodies.

Progenitor cryptocide is the name given to the cancer parasite. It begins as lepra or tuberculosis bacillus and then reaches the cryptocide stage. The name doesn't matter, as all diseases have only one name ("filth," "un-eliminated waste"). All diseases have only two causes: Dead, devitalized food, and poison. **When we start with this, we can find our way**, providing we are not too late already. This is why we need preventive medicine. Concentrated foods are low in potassium and required salt, changing the calcium-potassium-sodium balance in the body. Fresh fruits and vegetables have the calcium, magnesium, B vitamins and other nutrients for sound structure, which prohibit parasites and germs. They also have high ascorbic acid, vitamin C, and strengthen the veins and arteries to resist their breakdown by degenerative diseases. All health food stores have literature that is easy to read, and if studied or even read once, by people who want to know, all knowledge is available.

The protection of chemical medicine is killing us — no two ways about it. Their cancer cure will be finding out all about biological medicine and changing it into big names for chemical medicine.

To explain in plain English, I get my research cats from veterinarians who have problems. By the time I get the cats, they are almost dead, but if I can keep them alive two days, I can usually find out the cause. I then put out a paper like the one regarding the paper on live vaccination shots on cats.

Vets pay me nothing; the only cost to them is getting the cat to me, and if it lives, back to them. I guarantee them nothing.

If the cat responds very rapidly to our treatment, then it is usually due to an accident, and the vet had not been given proper information by the owners of the cat. Some can be reactions from the vet's medicines. The most impossible to cure is what results from cats that have eaten dead roaches. The most deadly roach killer we have found so far is *Hetty Roach Powder*. This powder is 99% boric acid. It does say on the bottle that it will destroy plant life and roots of valuable vegetation.

It may be that the cats will not eat dead roaches, since most go in a hole or dark place and die. So it may take longer for the roach to die, and they are very slow runners when poisoned by boric acid, therefore becoming a challenge to a cat. It takes from two to three days to as long as a week for a cat to die if it eats a roach affected by this poison.

Among the things I am working on and have discovered are the following: Lead is the cause of leukemia. (I have cured cats, but where do they get the lead?) Aluminum (too much in the brain) is the cause of Alzheimer's disease, but how to rid the brain of aluminum, and how to tell on live animals or humans? (We cook in aluminum. We have TV dinners, cakes, pies, etc., all packaged in aluminum. And we wonder why we get such a horrible disease in our old age.)

I have updated into a completely new edition my book "*You've Been Had*" — "*Me Too*," which is now in the process of being typeset, and I hope to have it on the market this next year (1986) at a price of \$25.00. It is all cures for cats,

but the same applies to other animals and people, including cures and preventive medicine for things that vets put cats to sleep for.

Income tax reports show that \$25,000.00 to \$30,000.00 has been spent each year to maintain the research program by Ann Baker.



Ann Baker with first male, Kyoto, son of Daddy Warbucks, 1965

RAGDOLLS AND HONEY BEARS

We have had 22 years of controversy regarding the Ragdolls, and I will bare all regarding even the beginning, although one does not have to tell the public all of one's personal details and all the why's and wherefore's.

There was an alley cat that had kittens that only came to eat, and you could not catch them (they were very wild). Then the mother was run over by a car, and after being left by the curb for a night and day she was found to still be alive, and so she was taken care of by someone. After this, she had litters that were born without the self-preservation instinct. They were right on the doorstep, so you could not even step down, and they went into the doghouse with the dog, and the mother tore up these people's dog three times trying to get her kittens out. This is where I come into the picture.

I contacted many universities to try to find out how to make a breed of these kittens, but they said I could not — it defied medical science. To mate cats, one would put in cat instinct, and mating brother and sister would create overbreeds. I wrote the universities that I had an idea, and explained. They replied that it might work, but that one would have to do it by actually breeding for seven generations, and then see. If it worked, it would only be a breed for as long as the breeding program was adhered to. I registered the originals with NCFA as experimental Persians. I had to work six years then to prove it could be done (Ragdolls will always be an endangered species in this regard). The breeding program has to be maintained, or they will be halfbreeds with cat disposition, or overbred with deformities and/or short lives. So, when we took the cats, which were mostly black, although from a white mother, and changed over to the Sacred Cat of Burma look by one male which had been fathered by a Sacred Cat of Burma (S.C. of B.), we called the offspring Ragdolls and registered them as such with the NCFA. We then purchased a piece of property okayed by the Planning Department of Riverside, California, for the purpose of breed-

ing these cats. When we started, we offered these cats for breeding (as pets only); never then nor now has anyone ever been given the right to sell pairs. All were sold under contract. Ann Baker was the only one to control and sell the males as studs. All other males were sold as pets, as they would be brother to the females sold for breeding. Six were sold as breeders. The first man to purchase a pair of kittens (four months old) sold over 100 kittens in the following year and a half (which was better than I had done, with 50 females of breeding age). He registered them all with the Cat Association, claiming them to be the authentic breed, and took over the other breeders. After so many overbreeds, he then claimed you could not breed a Ragdoll with a Ragdoll, and proceeded to mate them with other cats. He tried to put Ann Baker out of business through the cat associations and cat magazines, as well as through a lawsuit. The lawsuit was subsequently dropped due to its having been based entirely on false premises. It all ended with the State of California putting him out of business, and the people he had sold to carried on his breed of "Ragdolls" (which were in no way the same). When the cat associations put the name of the cattery before the name of the cat on the registrations, it made Ann Baker's trade name into a trademark, and all the registrations had to be voided and could not be used legally. (Attorneys for the Bobbs Merrill Corporation, which owns the Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls, were also in on this.) I then named my place Ann Baker Exclusive, and started re-registering the cats.

We then had all the registrations under Raggedy Ann and Ann Baker Exclusive stolen, and so then we formed a corporation and called it International Ragdoll Cat Association. (This is Ann Baker's breed, and no one else's.) Blanche Herman took over for Dayton after he had gone out of business, and had her breed. (She was denied an IRCA license due to her having used her own male as a stud — I believe his name was Big Boy — and then later got a male from Dayton). Chambers had his breed of Ragdolls and I was told by his unhappy customers that he had mentioned

at cat shows that they were breeding out the limpness (and selling halfbreeds for up to \$275.00, and "purebreds" (overbreeds) for \$275.00 and up). (Only licensed IRCA breeders have the authentic Ragdolls, and anyone not breeding to the program is legally liable to get his license revoked.)

The universities had killed so many of Ann Baker's Ragdolls — in research or whatever — that I was given a pregnant cat and was told I could do what I wanted with it, but that I could not refer to them or call them. It was a gift based on the assumption that I could mate the offspring with my Ragdolls to keep the breed going. But in no way could they be mated while maintaining the Ragdoll breed. Honey Bears are built differently in the rear area, allowing the tail to go over the back. They spraddle, some have retractable claws, they have two more holes in the head than normal cats, etc. They also make chirping noises and do not fight, although they will bite. In no way are they the same. We researched by crossbreeding to come up with a picture of what one would get, as well as to study the differences that different crossbreedings cause.

I understand there is an upcoming lawsuit regarding the article published in *Cat Fancy* in March 1980. But the article has nothing to do with authentic Ragdolls; it was written by Denny Dayton and signed by Robert Bruce, and has nothing to do with Ann Baker or her breed. I have never put anything in any book or magazine, and this magazine has *not* asked me for any information. I have spent over \$20,000.00 to protect myself and my breed against all that such people do and publish (\$350.00 to Atty. Haeflinger, \$250.00 in fees to the Department of Corporations, plus \$500.00 and \$17,044.38 to Atty. Winder, not to mention smaller amounts). Everything in the article in question is a collection of lies, and I cannot be sued for what the writers or the owners of the magazine do, sell or publish. However, I can sue. We will be having lawsuits of our own one of these days, but we are waiting on two things, and when the time is right, we will be on the firing line.

All belongs to me legally, and I have the say as to the breed and breeding program, which must be followed. Anyone doing otherwise is defrauding the public. Anyone can breed all different kinds of cats together, but they cannot get them trademarked, as anyone could do that. Patents mean that others cannot do the same. Even Ann Baker cannot make the start of either breed, but only the breeding program can make and keep it a breed. It has to take dedicated breeders to keep them from becoming an endangered species.

Stated elsewhere in the writings on research, Ann Baker has taken no money for wages in 22 years. All money derived from the sale of her cats goes for research.

If you are using Ann Baker's name and the name of her cats, and defile her breeds and her research for your greed, then may God take over and you reap your reward.

A book is now being typeset: Ann Baker's biography and research.

We will register with the cat associations only if they are registered under the cherubim classification, so as not to get them all mixed up with the so-called. Authentic Ragdolls have to be registered with IRCA first, and proof must be given to the cat associations. All cats bred in opposition to the proper breeding program established in order to maintain the authentic breed will have their IRCA licenses and registrations cancelled, and the cat associations will abide by the decision of IRCA Corporation, Inc.

All that is published in books, magazines, etc., is only the literature of others. Such things have been claims that Ragdolls and Sacred Cats of Burma come in chocolate points, and that Ann Baker has mated three or four breeds together to produce the Ragdolls. All kinds of stories exist. You would have to ask that mother cat who she had mated with, and I doubt she could tell you even if she were alive now. The start of the Ragdolls was all of 25 years ago, or more, depending on when you start counting (with the experimental Persians or when the perfected breeding line came about). All books and magazines will be taken to task, as well as breeders, associations, etc.

A copy of this letter has been sent to all so-called breeders, *Cats Magazine*, all cat associations, all publishers of *The Encyclopedia of American Cat Breeds*, Meredith D. Wilson, *Simon and Shuster's Guide to Cats* and Gino Pugnetti and Mordecai Siegal (U.S. editor), *Cat Catalog* (Ragdoll Society), and others as we find new publications.

Dear Sir:

My name is Ann Baker, and I am the owner of the trademark, franchise, and registry of the authentic Ragdolls. I am writing because we have had so much trouble over the article you have in your book.

The first man we sold a franchise to broke the franchise and tried to take over the Ragdolls. We had all our registers stolen (all NCFA, since they were not registered with any other association), and we had to form a corporation and register our own Ragdolls. No one has ever contacted me for the real story, but instead everyone took Mr. Dayton's writings as the truth. Mr. Dayton used my name and the name of my cats. We were going to court, but it was thrown out as all his stories to his attorney were shown to be false. Then the State of California put him out of business, but others he had sold to picked up where he had left off. Someone in New York is suing in regard to the huge article that was published in *Cat Fancy* in March of 1980. Many people buy the magazine thinking that what they read is true. But if you were going to publish something, I would think you would talk to the owner first.

Ragdolls are not cats, but cherubims, which means angels. They cannot be raised like cats. It is true that they cannot be let out of doors; this is because they are not born with the cat instinct, but are more like humans and have to be taught that way. They are lots of love. But, say you are an orphan and you go to a home that mistreats you or you feel you are not wanted. You sure would rebel. Regular cats can go out and have a fight and get over it, and then be their old selves once again and repeat the same thing now and again. Not so with Ragdolls: To be mistreated — I will compare them again with human beings — they act as a human would who had been raped, or a child who had been or is a battered child. They never come out of it. If one wants

a cat, one should buy a cat. But if one wants a child to love, then is the time one should buy a Ragdoll. Many buy them instead of having children, due to the times. They are no way the same as other cats. We only have about one in a hundred that ends up like this, and we really grieve for that cat. It will never come out of it, which is really a shame. And what grief Mr. Dayton caused many people, and what lies have been published. The cat associations and *Cats Magazine* have been knowingly carrying on this fraud on the public, and for all time the hurt can never be undone.

We intend to try with our upcoming fight. The only way it can be done is through a national fight and news, which will not only include the books, newspapers, cat magazines and associations, and phoney breeders, but all who are involved. We have to wait on two things first, and then the New York deal, we hope, will open up the can of worms. Mr. Dayton was told by the District Attorney's Office, his own attorney and the Department of Corporations to change the name of his cats, but he wouldn't. Instead, we had to steal all of our registrations (except Mr. Dayton's, however) which were no good and were voided by law.

Yours truly,

Ann Baker

Having registrations only means you can show; it doesn't mean the cats are purebred. IRCA registrations alone mean authentic cherubim cats ("phenomena"), which are trademarked and owned by Ann Baker. All IRCA breeders are licensed.



Since This Book is to Serve Many Purposes

And All Involved Will Get a Copy,

We Must Add This Part

When Mr. Dayton first broke his franchise, I went to Atty. Winder to put a stop to it. He said we needed to bring the franchise up to date first, although it had nothing to do with Mr. Dayton. I paid him \$500.00 cash plus \$250.00 for filing fees direct to the Department of Corporations. He kept stringing me along and said he could not go ahead until he had some money. Since I did not have \$10,000.00 in cash, he wanted a lien on my property, plus interest. I gave it to him and was told something that amounted to, "Get lost." As it turned out, he never prepared one piece of paper on my suit or the suit by Dayton against me. I took the matter to the Bar Association, and they insisted that Mr. Winder had not answered the complaint, etc. They close out their cases in one year, and so after the year had ended I gave up. Somewhere between two and three years later, I got a call from the Bar Association about my case. The file had never been closed; they found it hidden in the woodwork when they were remodeling. It turned out that Atty. Winder's father was at that time the head of or connected with the Bar Association.

By the time I got Atty. Winder paid off, he got a total of \$17,044.38 for doing absolutely nothing except talking to Atty. Garcia twice. I found this out later, only to say he would not be the attorney in the matter, when Mr. Garcia called him.

When Mr. Winder did nothing, I hired Atty. Pavlick of Burbank, California. Every few weeks when a date was set for trial, he would send for an additional \$200.00, and then he only postponed the date. I wanted to get it over with, so finally I pressured him, and he said that if we postpone long enough they will give up. I fired him and took my

papers to Ventura. There it was settled in one afternoon. Every time Atty. Garcia brought up anything, I produced a paper to prove that it was not true. After this happened three times in succession, he called a stop and took the Daytons into another room. When he came back, he said the case would be dropped completely, but that the Daytons refused to change the name of their cats. All was based on falsehoods. It was my breed, and he signed a franchise with me and not his breed, and not my hurting him. All I had to do was present the legal papers (which was all any of the attorneys would have had to do). I never recovered my \$800.00 from Atty. Pavlick, but I did not pay him any more, and did turn him into the Bar Association.

It ended with the State of California putting Dayton out of business. Since his people couldn't put me out of business, they started raising havoc — writing letters, spreading gossip among the cat associations and magazines, placing articles in magazines, contacting the ASPC, the Humane Society, Animal Control — you name it. Well, the minute a certain man was put in the Health Department over Animal Control, the first thing he did was revoke my license, and I had to go before the County Board of Supervisors to get it back. Because of all the moving around and the added stress, I started having heart trouble and my health changed generally. After every visit from Animal Control I have had trouble due to becoming upset. I suddenly go ice-cold and turn white, and in a few minutes I turn pink again and warm. I believe, based on the feeling, that this is due to a valve to the heart (naturally, I would undergo no operation). I cannot take an anesthetic. If I die due to the stress caused by Animal Control, **they are going to be charged with murder.** It happens every time they visit here. **Legal papers are set up to this effect.**

I'm a woman fighting the cat associations, *Cats Magazine*, and all the people using my name and name of my breed and frauding the public by illegally using my voided paperwork.

The Chambers on Ptolemy, in Mira Loma, California,

have as many cats as I do. They both work and show by appointment for money only. They also have a business license. They keep their cats in the house and have built their breezeway between the house and garage (under the same roof). **Why make me do all differently and keep changing??? Why is there this discrimination???** They have \$25,000.00 worth of Ragdolls which I was going to sell them, but the cats disappeared and I didn't get one cent. They advertized in *Cats Magazine* that they had forty breed stocks. They do not breed in accordance with my breeding program, and they do not get stud service. I end up with their unhappy customers and all the crap that should be theirs. They have nothing to do with me or my breed. They sell halfbreeds and overbred cats, and go to cat shows, causing trouble galore.

When I own the breed and the rights (all legally), I should have no competition. These are not the regular domestic variety.

These people who are selling cats in my name are constantly writing and turning in complaints about me (and many have never met me). Nor have they ever purchased any cats from me. What they do is continue Dayton's lies, and add to that. I do not allow any of my breeders to do such a thing; they have to sell their cats and mind their own business. Any and all problems, inquiries and news they hear are to be sent to the IRCA office. IRCA is a corporation, and the battle can continue after I am no longer on the scene.

Food, Animals, People . . . we are all His handiwork.

And I pray He will help me put them together
For the good of all . . . We pray for all our animals
And that they will touch the hearts of their
Owners in a real way for His glory.

November 24, 1985

To Whom It May Concern:

In asking for my government grant, it is now an emergency. To explain . . .

I have had political troubles — I guess you could call them that. The **Riverside Animal Control is on my back**. I was forced to close my lab (in which I used only health foods). Then I was told that if they caught a cat in my hospital area, I would be put out of business. Well, during rainy days I had no choice but to put my kittens in the cages in the hospital area, and here they came, taking my license and making me go before the **County Board of Supervisors**, during which time I lost three months of selling, during the height of my regular selling season, and which I had depended on to make enough money to carry me through the summer months.

I have supported my research solely through the selling of mycats (Ragdolls and Honey Bears), and have never taken wages for myself from that money. (I am on Social Security at \$263.00 a month.) All earnings have always gone right back into the animals and the research. I first lived in a house and had the cats in a 25' by 50' Army barracks. Several years ago, they made me take the cats out (I had forced air, heat and air conditioning in the building), so I rented out the house and moved into the barracks. I then enclosed an area so that the cats could have a roof over them, by permission of the Building Department, as nothing was being built to the Building Code. It was 2" off the blacktop, so it could be hosed out from under. I was also made to take the cats out and put the cages outside, and I then enclosed an area next to the barracks on the shaded side of the building, and put a roof over the loading dock. All I did was known and okayed by the Building Department (which stated provisions such as that it could not be attached to the building, etc., etc.). Animal Control came and said that if they caught a cat in there, I would be put out of business. Well, one time it rained for a week or so, and I had to move my kittens in that area. Here they came, and now I only have one building enclosed for the mothers

and their babies, which I call the "maternity ward," but which cannot be used during the winter, due to the rain. This half acre is blacktopped, except under the building (which is on blocks), and the standing water makes the building too damp. I have no cages now in the hospital area to put the cats in. We took out all the cages (which would be of no use if I couldn't put any animals in them), but I've had to make use of them again now that the rain has started up again, and have had to put others to sleep as I have no place for them (they couldn't stand the cold and rain in the cages). Also my babies, which are my means of making money, cannot be put out into the rain in the cages. I have twenty-two years of research to finish and this next year and a half are the most important. I have put my property in jeopardy and used up my savings with their antics. I cannot stay here, and need to move immediately.

The kind of property I need, **with the correct zoning**, will cost me \$200,000.00. I need to save my project. We have had to put ten to sleep since the first rain, and now that it has rained again, I need to go check them as soon as it is daylight. I am 67, and working in the rain does me no good either.

I am on Social Security at \$263.00 a month. I have taken no wages for myself in 22 years. I need no place to live now, since I am on the job constantly ("workaholic"). The research is supported by the sale of my own two breeds of cats, Ragdolls and Honey Bears.

I am in business, but Animal Control has me to the place. **I can no longer house cats here for their health and my research. I must move out of Riverside County.**

Have you ever held a flashlight in one hand and a cat in the other and try to give it a pill or shot, or whatever, outside in the dark, rain and cloud??? **This is called "animal control," but not "cruelty to animals" or to human beings.** At 67, it sure helps arthritis.

This is commercial property and some time ago I was told by the Planning Department that I had ten years to

phase out as far as cats were concerned. (That was done when Animal Control first said, **"Move right now,"** the first time.) I have about four years left to go, but Animal Control keeps harassing. **For now,** it makes it impossible for me to continue at this address. According to my financing, I have two years to go, but they are keeping me tied up with their troubling, and time is running out. If it is the property they want, my brother would get it, not them. (He owns the mortgage.) They say it is not the cats they want, so, as I see it, I need a grant to move, **or I must sue Animal Control for \$5 million for all they have done to me so far and not allowing me to finish my work, or they can buy the property.** I want \$150,000.00 for the property, minus the furniture and cats. Whatever I do I must do immediately. My agreement with the realtors has run out, and I can sell it myself. My mortgage is \$53,000.00 plus 10% interest for 1 1/2 years. The rest would be my money to relocate.

Income tax reports show that \$25,000.00 to \$30,000.00 has been spent each year to maintain the research program.

When I move, I do need new metal cages. The ones I have are wooden, and each year I have to put new linoleum in them and cover them with new wire. This last year I did not get it done, due to the time involved fighting Animal Control, and the fact that there was no place to put the cages, many of them ruined by sitting in the rain and bad weather.

I have lost a year already in my research, and at my age time is short to finish up all I am involved in.

I must move to new quarters or sue Animal Control, along with all the other suits coming up, as I mentioned in all parts of this book. This being a corporation, now the fight against the cat associations, magazines and so-called Ragdolls can continue, even if something happens to me.

Where are the people's rights??? What is legal??? What is law??? They say no one ever makes until after he is dead.

Ann Baker

IRCA

REGISTRAR OF CHERUBIM CATS

Ragdolls

Honey Bears

Doll Babies

Shu Schoo

Baby Dolls

Angels

Manxees

Fuzz

HONEY BEAR



CHERUBIM CATS



Wild Cats

Outdoor

Domestic Cats

Indoor-Outdoor

Cherubim Cats

Indoor

1. Cherubim cats are cats that did not get their start by breeding two breeds together . . . one is a phenomena and the others are DNA.
2. Indoor cats with plenty of love and lacking in normal spit fire and vinegar.
3. All **authentic** Ragdolls as originated by Ann Baker (Cherubim and not domestic is trademarked (Patent) (Not two or three breeds mated together to get).
4. There are approximately 50 Catteries set up all over the U.S. IRCA must register all Cherubim cats . . . It has nothing to do with so called other breeds by the same name or other registrations. You may purchase a pair and help us provide stud service and sales the U.S. over.
5. There has never been a pedigree paper issued on a Ragdoll cat as they do not breed as other cats and we will some day have a stud book . . . (when there have been sufficient males of the special males used as studs) . . . Not all male Ragdolls can be used for stud . . . all are brothers & sisters . . . except for a few . . . all owned and controlled by Ann Baker . . . 1985 . . . We are now putting out pedigree papers to breeders only and for their use only . . . This is getting set up for future shows.

SEND \$2.00 FOR INFORMATION OR SEE BOOK AD

YOUR CHOICE, RAGDOLLS OR HONEY BEARS

ALL COLORS \$150.00 to \$250.00 except

**SEAL POINTS, LILAC POINTS, MINKS, SABLES, SMOKES,
BLACKS, FLAMES \$300.00 to \$500.00**

Pregnant Females \$250.00 to \$350.00

INTERNATIONAL RAGDOLL CAT ASSOCIATION, INC.

156 Iowa Avenue, Riverside, California 92507

RAGDOLL, THE ENDANGERED SPECIES

The authentic Ragdoll breeders are licensed under IRCA and they must be bred according to the prescribed way if breeders don't want their licenses revoked. Those who are using their own males as studs, or who breed Ragdolls with other breeds, or who are simply dishonest in their business dealings with others, are dropped from being recognized as authentic breeders. Authentic Ragdolls must be bred in a certain way; if not, then they will become overbred, and the kittens will be deformed. (None live over a year or two, and have complications which the veterinarians can do nothing about.)

Authentic Ragdolls *all* have papers. In some lines the females are used for breeding and the males as pets. There are only three breeders in the world who are breeding for males as studs for catteries. All the rest have females for breeding and the males as pets. *All have papers.*

Two breeders for males have been trained in the facts of breeding authentic Ragdolls and have been working about three years to perfect their lines; someone must know in order to take over for Ann Baker, who is selling out to bare minimum (although never entirely), since we have, through our research, found a cure for anemia, FIP and leukemia, for which other research labs and many vets are now testing, which has led to research on people being started. Ann Baker will now be busy with that phase of business, as well as with consumers and the IRCA Registry. Big breakthroughs are on the way, as many people have been cured and/or helped of many things, including kidney stones, skin diseases, etc.

No Ragdolls are sold through any pet stores. As I have said, only licensed breeders have the authentic Ragdolls for sale, and all are IRCA registered. Be sure where you buy you cat, that the person can give you an IRCA registration.

LICENSED BREEDERS

Write for information on the licensed IRCA breeders of Ragdolls (cherubims) as originated by Ann Baker. You will need the latest list (published every two months), as once in a while a name is taken off, due to non-licensed business requirements. Also, learn why *all original Raggedy Ann cattery registrations were legally revoked* by a 1975 law.

No authentic Ragdolls are sold without registration papers, but no pedigree papers are given; that is, until such time as the cat associations put the authentic Ragdolls in a cherubim classification instead of mixing them up with the *so-called* Ragdolls (which has nothing to do with the breed originated by Ann Baker).

A halfbreed or overbreed is not considered an authentic Ragdoll. Unless bred as required, the authentic Ragdoll is an endangered species. Ragdolls are a phenomenon and not a domestic cat.

This is published to tell the true story, and as a guide for attorneys and a protection for the authentic breeders of Ragdolls and Honey Bears. . .

To my family and friends who feel they have been neglected. . .

To my enemies — I will soon have time to take care of you all at once.

Copies to all involved, so they know where they stand in regard to the whole.

Every accusation is documented. . .

This is not copyrighted and any authentic Ragdoll breeder associated with IRCA may make as many copies as he likes and use it for his or her benefit.

Ann Baker