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AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



JUNE 1949

1/6

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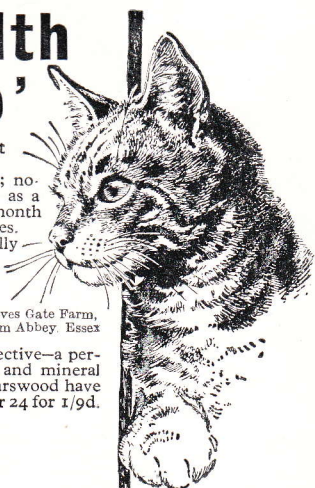
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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING

VOL. I No. 6

JUNE 1949

A MILESTONE

THE attainment of the sixth issue in the first year of a new monthly periodical is hardly a golden anniversary. Nevertheless, it is a milestone of some significance. In our case it marks our arrival, safe and sound, at an important stage of the journey. Six issues out according to plan and—if we are to believe our severest critics—each one as good as the last. That represents the sum total of achievement to date.

Looking back along the road we have travelled, I remember with great pleasure and satisfaction the meetings with so many good friends and helpers. To all these good people I send grateful thanks from my vantage point on Milestone No. 1. Meeting them has made the effort seem well worth while.

It has been particularly gratifying to find so many friends among cat lovers overseas. In America particularly the interest shown has been wide and sincere and it would give me special pleasure if an equal number of home readers could be persuaded to widen their interest as our American cousins have done.

Any exchange of news and ideas between countries cannot fail to work for the general good and advancement of our respective Fancies. Who knows, it might lead eventually to some lifting of the depressing regulations and orders which hedge us in to-day and make travel anything but a pleasure for humans and felines alike.

EDITOR

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Let's go to a Show

Brief details of the various Cat Shows fixed to take place during the approaching 1949/50 Season are given below for the information and guidance of our readers. We shall present more detailed information from time to time as it becomes available. Make a point this time of attending as many Shows as you can. There is no better place at which to make friends and to pick up useful points about cats, their breeding and management.

1949	
26 July	Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Clubs (incorp.) ... London (See advert.)
30 July	Beeston Show ... Beeston, Notts
25 August	*Sandy Show ... Sandy, Beds
27 August	The Lancs and North Western Counties Cat Club ... Eccles, Lancs (See advert.)
2 September	Durham County Press ... Durham, Lancs
21 September	*Herts and Middlesex Cat Club ... Venue to be fixed
28 September	South Western Counties Cat Club ... Torquay
12 October	*Blue Persian Cat Club ... London
13 October	*Siamese Cat Club ... London
27 October	*The Midland Counties Cat Club ... Birmingham
5 November	Scottish Cat Club ... Glasgow
10 November	*Croydon Cat Club ... London
6 December	*National Cat Club ... London
1950	
9 January	*Notts and Derby Cat Club ... Venue to be fixed
23 January	*Southern Counties Cat Club ... London
26 January	The Lancs and North Western Counties Cat Club ... Manchester

* Denotes Shows with Championship status.

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Cover photograph is Mrs. E. L. Henn's Black Longhair Kitten by Ch. Deebank Michael.

The Amazing Story of Tinker

WE think this is one of the most remarkable cat stories ever told. If you know of a better one we would very much like to hear it.

The news about Tinker and his five terrible weeks of imprisonment first appeared in paragraph form in the national press and frankly we were a trifle sceptical. After all, 35 days spent without food or water in the black hell of a coal bunker—this seemed a pretty tall story and we nearly left it at that. Fortunately, we didn't.

The facts were duly investigated and found to be absolutely true, and we are indebted to one of our readers and correspondents—Miss Catherine Manley, of South Croydon, whose work for the Fancy is so widely known and admired—for the full story and its happy sequel. It is a narrative of feline endurance and man's compassion par excellence.

Tinker is an ordinary Short-hair cat, black with white chest and paws. He is possessed of great personal charm and affection, just the kind of cat who believes that mankind is all that it should be. Two years old, he lives at South Croydon with Miss Dunn and Miss Mills, and these two ladies would find life very empty without him.

Early in April, Tinker disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed him. His owners were distracted; they searched high and low, neighbours were pressed into the cat hunt and the whole district was combed unsuccessfully. Days passed into weeks and it was feared that Tinker had been stolen. Hope finally faded.

Then he was suddenly found—within six feet of his own back door! He had pushed open the lower trap door of a coal bunker which had closed behind him.



South Thames Press Agency

**Mr. Fred Carman with Tinker
restored to health after his amazing
adventures.**

Perhaps he had been on a mouse hunt? Pushing his way on and up through 25 cwt. of coal, he caused some of it to fall and block his only possible path of escape. The heavy folding doors at the top through which the coalman filled the bunker were too much for any cat to move. The bunker itself was solidly constructed of brick and any cries for help from inside would most certainly have been muffled. Tinker, completely trapped, had the additional disadvantage of being a cat with a soft voice. His owners thought they heard him on one occasion but they mistook the direction of the sound.

Crisis and the Man

Five weeks went by and then the heavy doors of the bunker were opened, quite by chance. On the top of the coal lay Tinker, now a sickening apparition of a cat and nothing more than a skeleton held together by loose folds of skin. But Tinker lived, though he had not the strength either to lift his head or tail.

Tenderly he was laid on the floor. He seemed so completely beyond help that the two ladies were too distressed and non-plussed to know what to do. A veterinary surgeon gave directions for first aid treatment and promised to call in the morning.

Tinker could not possibly have lasted many hours. He needed immediate help. Gathering his

last remaining strength he clawed his way under a settee, and with his metabolism so seriously disturbed was overcome by convulsive muscular spasms which frightened his owners still more.

Then, once again, the crisis produced the man. He arrived in the person of Mr. Fred Carman, of Purley, breeder of the Romany Blue Persians. Mr. and Mrs. Carman are genuine cat lovers who keep their pets under ideal conditions, and anyone who loves cats may expect to receive a welcome at their home.

A Miracle Performed

Mr. Carman violently opposed the idea of putting poor Tinker to sleep. So he gently gathered the little skeleton, packed him up warm in a basket and bore him home.

Being a stout-hearted man with a commendable singleness of mind when faced with a problem like this, he decided that Tinker should live if it was humanly possible to save him. The difficulties must have seemed insuperable. The little bag of bones gave no sign of life, the heart was undetectable, and the breathing apparently had stopped. Only the dreadful convulsive spasms showed that life was not extinct.

As important as the problem of food were warmth and the prevention of sores. Tinker was carefully packed and covered to

conserve warmth. Drops of sweetened milk were administered but the stomach could not retain them. Powdered milk was substituted and was retained.

The torn pads were treated as well as an ugly abscess on the front foot. Hourly the feeding continued in between the convulsions for a whole day.

Little by little Mr. Carman's dogged efforts began to show results. The intervals between the convulsions grew longer and gradually the spasms ceased. A tiny morsel of fish was swallowed and retained. Only one relapse occurred when Tinker's owners

visited him and the excitement proved too much for him. So visitors were rigidly excluded for a while.

Under this inspired course of treatment, Tinker slowly regained his strength. His wounds healed, his coat regained the bloom of health, and except for a slight unsteadiness apparent in his walk there was no trace of his dreadful ordeal to be seen.

And, as you read these lines, Tinker is back home again, fit and well and probably giving the flap of the coal bunker a very wide berth!



Progress of a Novice

By GRACE POND

IT all started when I was a small child. One Christmas morning a small basket appeared on the end of my bed with all my presents. I cautiously opened the lid and then in all its glory a tiny ball of blue fluff with deep orange eyes emerged. The household had a new ruler from that moment!

Small as I was then, I did so yearn for Miss Fluff to have some babies. But we lived in London and there were so many difficul-

ties in the way. The years went by, I grew up, married, and had babies of my own to look after, and so had no time to think about Blue kittens.

The war came and brought about the disappearance of our house in London. So we found an old house with woodlands in Sussex, where we kept one quite ordinary but very handsome tabby cat, which someone had given to the children. Unfortunately, he became ill and had to

be destroyed. We all missed him so much that I decided we really must get another cat. There was no welcoming mew in the morning. I even missed the small mouse or large rat that he used to deposit at my feet (usually at breakfast time). I had to do something about it. Now was my chance. I would get another Miss Fluff and breed some Blue Persian kittens.

Early Disappointments

It wasn't as easy as all that. It was war time and for various reasons Blue Persian kittens seemed to be very rare creatures. After a number of enquiries and telephone calls, a well-known breeder wrote to say she had a kitten she had been keeping to show, hoping that the war would soon be over and that cat shows would begin again. Would I like her?

So again one Christmas time a basket arrived and was opened by my children. Dolly of Allington began her reign. She is one of the sweetest natured cats I have ever known. At last, I thought, there will be some kittens. But, due to the war diet or most probably my inexperience, Dolly's kittens never lived for more than a day.

I bought another cat, Idmiston Terina (known as Misty) and her kitten, Miss Fluff II. Dolly objected most vigorously to this invasion and for some days there were spittings and swearings every time they met. After a while, peace was declared, and it was most amusing to watch the three cats go off rabbit hunting together.

Came the time for mating, and I felt sure that Misty would pro-

duce kittens. But her litter only lived two days and then Miss Fluff copied her mother. I began to despair. I had read all the instructions, kept strictly to diet, but still no kittens.

I called on another breeder and told her of my disappointments. Whilst there, I saw a little male Blue Persian, and Neuburie Victor duly joined my household.

Victor showed great interest in all his queens and I just kept on hoping. Mrs. Brunton, the well-known breeder, called to see the cats, and prescribed a course of Vitamin E for them. All seemed to be going well. Came the day, or rather the night, and Dolly of Allington produced three beautiful kittens. The next night Misty produced five and the following night Fluff had three. I began to feel that I should put up a board outside the house, "Cats Maternity Home"!

Conceited Fluff

Fluff's three didn't look too happy. I tried giving one to Dolly, but after two or three days Fluff had only one left, which became the apple of her eye. I have never seen such a conceited cat as Fluff with her first kitten. To her, it was the kitten of kittens. If I dared to look at the other kittens first, she would carry it out of the box for me to see.

Too soon, they all grew up, developing characters of their own, keeping us amused by their antics, chasing each other's tails, catching sunbeams, patting paper, etc. But they had to go; nine kittens were really too much. So they departed to various homes, and are all still going strong. *I had bred some kittens!*

The next year they had litters again, this time all most successfully. It is Victor's habit to inspect each litter. He sits outside the door while the kittens are being born, and then walks in and gazes into the boxes, making little noises all the time. The queens sit and preen themselves and talk back to him in soft crooning tones. He approves so obviously of their kittens. Once a week he sits outside the maternity ward, and when I go in he insists on coming in and making his inspection, and then doesn't worry for another week.

Last year, after much trepidation, I decided to show one of the kittens. Came the morning of the show. I popped my little scrap into the car and off we went, he protesting all the way. I expected that I—a beginner daring to put such a kitten in with so many champions—would be far from welcome, but it was exactly the opposite. All the breeders, many of whom I knew only as names under cat articles, were most helpful, putting themselves out to give me innumerable hints and suggestions.

When judging time came round, I hastily departed, feeling much too nervous to watch. After lunch, I returned to the hall, slinking past the rows of pens of feline beauties, hastening to comfort my poor little scrap. But he didn't need comforting, for there he sat with various coloured cards tucked into the

bars of his pen. He was a prizewinner and well he knew it! There he sat, thoroughly enjoying his newly won adulation.

We departed for home, all well pleased with ourselves. The prizewinner wasn't quite so pleased when we reached home. I washed out his mouth, combed him, gave him a wee drop of whisky, some warm milk, tucked him up, and left him in splendid isolation for a few days. Since then I have shown several other kittens successfully, but there still seems so much more to be learned about breeding and exhibiting.

When visitors come and look at the kittens, the remark is sometimes made that breeding is a money-making business. I give them a freezing look and utter a most emphatic "No." They are not of my kind. I tell them of the initial cost of the cats, the vet.'s bills, the pounds of fish and horsemeat bought each week, the disappointments when the kittens die, the hours I spend in grooming and brushing.

They reply, "Then why on earth do you keep so many cats?" I try to explain, as patiently as possible, that I *like* breeding kittens, that to me the most amusing sight in the world is that of five or six kittens in a crazy mood, that I enjoy their company, that I am not out to make money, that I **JUST LIKE CATS!**

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WHO'S WHO among the Breeders

MISS KATHLEEN YORKE

WITH interest expanding so widely in the feline world it is a natural sequence that the thirsters after knowledge become more numerous and active in their search for help and guidance in matters affecting cat care and management. The majority, thank goodness, are content to plan for progress step by step and their demands are within the bounds of sweet reasonableness and common sense. A few seem intent on getting there before they arrive, completely oblivious to the fact that in cat breeding and showing, as in most other undertakings, it is wise to make haste slowly.

Now and again we are confronted with posers that are bewildering in their comprehensiveness. Only a panel of experts and recourse to a well-stocked library could possibly dispose of the enquirers to their satisfaction! Occasionally the problem is such that it can be dissected and the pieces passed on to our expert friends for—as they say down Whitehall way—"your kind attention, please."

To all beginners and novices we can offer no better advice than that they should read and re-read the contributions made under this heading by our leading Fanciers. Here those best qualified to speak present the fascinating stories of their careers and with commendable willingness and frankness pass on much that is useful to those who are anxious to follow in their steps. This month's contributor, for example, is a lady with an outstanding record as breeder, exhibitor and judge, and during the period between the two wars she owned with Capt. St. Barbe the famous Culloden Cattery, which for many years ranked high in the estimation of Fanciers all over the world. Stock with the Culloden prefix carried with it a guarantee of type, condition and



Miss Kathleen Yorke with Diamond Lil, Blue Persian belonging to Mr. Cecil Hallam, the photographer.

colour, particularly colour, and with its ascendancy the name of Miss Kathleen Yorke became increasingly prominent in the affairs of the Fancy. To-day, she remains one of its most experienced and enthusiastic members and her services as judge and authority are frequently in demand from show promoters here and overseas, where she has many friends.

Miss Yorke begins her story for OUR CATS with a direct but significant observation: "I can't remember the time," she says, "when I didn't have one or more cats around me."

She continues: During the first World War I had two Blue Persian neuters who were the best of friends with an Airedale and a Collie. Wherever I went they followed and the four good companions never failed to create interest and amusement. One of the neuters I had bought from Selfridge's and the other came from Miss Frances Simpson, although at the time I had no idea of her great fame in the cat world and did not discover it until many years later.

Although these neuters were perfect in my eyes, they lacked the type we now know. They had glorious copper eyes, coats of softest texture, pale, even and absolutely sound. This soundness is lacking to-day. The colour of my cats delighted me, and many years later I thought I would like to see a cat show.

But I could never seem to find anything about them—at least not until the day *after*, when pictures appeared in the newspapers! As a matter of fact, even to-day it is difficult for many interested people to find out about shows unless they know someone connected with or inter-



LLANTARNAM JUMBO BOY, Miss Yorke's prize-winning Black, who was sired by Ch. Hillingdon Jackdaw. Breeder was Mrs. Putman.

ested in exhibiting. I am often told after a show is over, "If only I had seen something about it, I should have liked to have been there."

Our present-day show managers are excellent and go to a lot of trouble to get all the publicity they can. But a lot more is needed in this direction. If only we could interest the press more. Two shows given a good space in the newspapers before the events were full to overflowing.

Reverting to the question of colour in our Blues to-day, it is

one that requires very careful attention. We have so many lovely cats that excel in all other respects but are either shaded on flanks, stomach, under tail, ear flaps or frill. This shading spoils the look of a good cat and involves the loss of points at a show.

Enter Barbara

At the first Championship show I attended, I was greatly attracted to a very sound, pale, even Blue kitten which I discovered belonged to and was bred by Miss Evelyn Langston. Her name was Lisbia of Allington and she was really lovely. I spoke to Miss Langston and asked if I might be allowed to buy Lisbia, but she wouldn't sell. She was kind enough, however, to promise that she would again mate the dam Ch. Marise of Allington to Milord of Mendip. From this mating I was able to buy Barbara of Culloden, and when she was shown at Madresfield Summer Show she won first in her class, also Best Kitten in Show. This she did on her wonderful coat and general all-round quality. Mr. Ambrose was the judge.

Thus I established for the Culloden Cattery a colour standard that was never lost. When Captain St. Barbe showed a litter of Barbara's at Newbury, it aroused exceptional interest. There were six kittens, each one as level and pale as the next. One of the litter was Anthea of Culloden and she

never varied her shade of palest blue. As an adult when she took her first Championship and five firsts, she was Best Longhair Female in Show and she also carried off the special for soundest Blue female. Anthea's win gave the greatest pleasure and showed me I was continuing with the lovely sound colouring of her ancestors and breeding on the right lines.

Barbara was the dam and granddam of many winners besides Anthea—Mervyn, Desire, Memory, Cynthia, Souriya, and others. The last named, by Son o'Flick, that grand stud, was the loveliest and best loved of all the Culloden cats. Cynthia was her dam and she and Son o' Flick were the perfect match for colour.

Winning Blacks

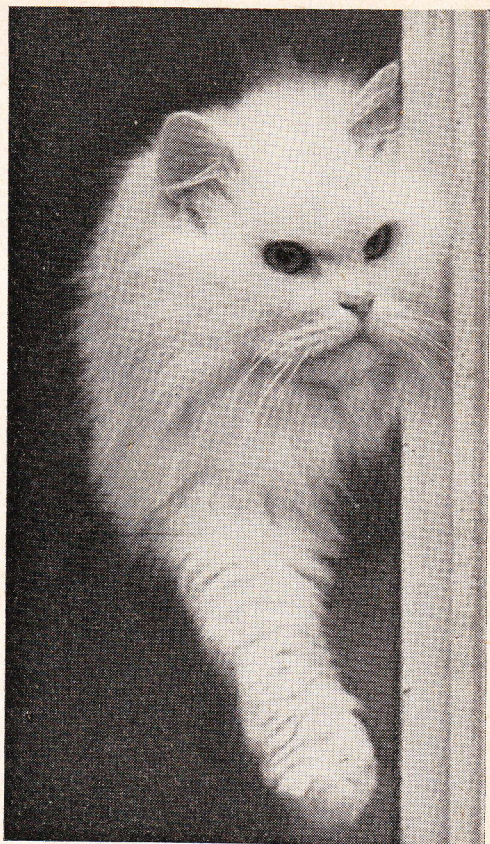
Blacks became my second fancy and from Mr. McClure I bought those well-known cats Ch. Hillingdon Jackdaw, Ch. Hillingdon Hebe and Ch. Hillingdon Black Star. Jackdaw was surely one of the finest Black studs of his time and his children used to be lined up at the shows with persistent success. He won many championships and had the endearing qualities of gentleness and patience with his queens. Black Star was quite different in temperament, jealous of other cats and sometimes a handful at shows. Star had the deepest large round copper eyes. Her daughter Nani, by Blessing of

Culloden, was a lovely edition of her mother and she had a sweeter nature. On one occasion she took First and Championship over Star and the next time Star beat Nani, whose promising career was stopped by the war. She is still as lovely as ever and lives with Mrs. Moore, her present owner.

There have been many well-known cats at the Culloden Cattery, among them Ch. Laughton Laurel—excelling in flowing even coat—Ch. Anne Goodcat, Ch. Hestia, two lovely Torties, Laughton Playboy and his son, Sweetaboy (Creams). Sweetaboy is still going strong at ten years old siring winning kittens, one of which, Woburn Pansy, bred by Miss Page, and owned by Mrs. Speirs, was Best Kitten in Show at the National in 1948.

Mrs. Yeend once entrusted the wonderful Blue, Ch. Mischief of Bredon, to my care. I was very proud to have him. What a marvellous stud he was! He handed on his grand type and his name is to be seen in the pedigrees of most Blues to-day. He hated a queen to hit out. Another guest I enjoyed having was Mrs. Stevenson's famous Cream stud, Ch. Buff of Handley.

One of the best purchases I ever made was the White male Ch. Casino Luck, whom I bought in 1938 from that great enthusiast the late Mrs. Grace Cox-Ife. Luck was like a fairy prince to everyone at the Culloden Cattery and all the queens—Blues, Blacks, Blue-Creams, Creams and Torties—thought him a marvel. When I showed him at Croydon he appeared so youthful that Mr. Western came up to me with the news that he had seen a very beautiful son of Luck's. He was amazed to discover that he had been looking at Luck himself, then 7 years old but looking five years younger!



CHAMPION CASINO LUCK

That day Luck was unanimously awarded Best Exhibit in Show and Mr. and Mrs. Cox-Ife, Captain St. Barbe, Mme. Gibbon (who was staying with me and helped with his preparation for the show) and myself were highly delighted with his success. It was indeed a red-letter day for Luck, who had the ideal temperament for public appearance and thoroughly enjoyed all his show outings.

Although I find it easier to generalise about cats than to talk about one particular breed, I must confess—after keeping many different breeds—that Chinchillas are my favourites. They are so human and understand-

ing, they know your slightest wish and are "yours" only.

Whilst judging at the National Cat Club Show in 1935 I noticed a gem of a Chinchilla kitten among the "any variety" classes. Although I had never wanted one before I felt that I really must own this one. Her name was Fernleigh Sweetheart, and to my great disappointment I discovered that she was not for sale. So I put Chinchillas out of the reckoning.

Four years later I was told by Mme. Gibbon that she thought Sweetheart could be bought as her owner, Mrs. Hesketh, was giving up her cats. So it came about that Sweetheart joined me. She immediately installed herself in my bedroom, helped me with the gardening and household tasks, and was my constant companion for the remainder of her life. Sweetheart and Casino Luck, who used to share the same armchair in the lounge, now lie together under a white broom which flowers not a dozen yards from the front door.

Tribute to Stewards

Need I add that I am never happier than when sharing the companionship of cats and it is always a great pleasure when I am asked to judge. I hate to pass over an exhibit that cannot be handled through obvious fear. It is very seldom that my stewards are unable to get an animal out for judging and I would like to pay tribute to their enthusiasm.

When talking to a breeder recently on the subject of temperamental cats at shows, she expressed the novel view that it might be caused by judges or stewards laughing. There might be something in the idea as the act of laughing causes us to show our teeth, and bared fangs usually mean a fight to members of the cat tribe!

A TIP FOR GIVING MEDICINE

Giving medicine to a cat is not a job that anyone enjoys. Few cats are good at taking medicine and the idea of being made to swallow even something that they really like is strongly resented by them. I find that the easiest method of administering the dose is by means of a hypodermic syringe without its needle. The small size used by diabetics is best; it can be practically concealed in the hand so that the cat is unaware of any preparations. Having previously drawn up the required dose into the syringe, insert the nozzle into the corner of the cat's mouth, raise its head a little and, holding the mouth shut, press the plunger in slowly. This is an ideal way of giving liquid paraffin as there is no need to get it outside the mouth or on the fur. The same method can be adopted in feeding an invalid cat with milk or glucose and water, or something equally thin.

Mrs. A. Hargreaves, writing in "The Cat Fancy."

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Tailpieces

*A regular newsy feature
with a selection of the best
items from home and overseas*

COMMENDED by the Old Street magistrate, Mr. Leslie Marks, for a smart piece of work when he was off duty in Westminster—P.C. Wisker.

Any reader who wants to spend an interesting day out amid lovely surroundings should make a note of 25th August, the date fixed for this year's Sandy Show. Sandy is in Bedfordshire and the Show is held in the Park of Sandye Place, some 10½ acres. In addition to a Championship Cat Show, there are about 1,000 classes devoted to other things—deadstock, floral exhibits, dogs, rabbits, cage birds, bantams, pigeons, agricultural implements, trade stands, etc. The judges for the cat section will be Mrs. L. K. Sayers—Siamese; Mrs. J. Thompson—Blacks and Whites, Reds, Creams, Torties and Tabbies; Mrs. D. Brice-Webb—Blue adults; Mr. Cyril Yeates—Shorthairs; Mr. J. H. A. Martin—Chinchillas and Blue kittens. Sandy has re-established its pre-war reputation for being one of the finest one-day shows in the country.

According to a "Daily Herald" report, Dr. Lester R. Aronson, chairman and associate curator of the Department of Animal Behaviour at the American Museum of Natural History, is conducting a series of experiments to determine the social behaviour of male cats. These experiments involve the recording of noises and reactions made by the cats as they are brought face to face with each other.

A Purley (Surrey) correspondent in "The Sunday Express" writes: "Many Devon people believe that cats born in May won't catch rats or mice, and this superstition survives in Hampshire and in villages of the South Downs. In Staffordshire there is a saying that boys born in May will be cruel to animals, and I have

met an offshoot of this belief in some parts of the west of Ireland."

I have had the item of news from America that Mr. Brian Stirling-Webb, hon. treasurer of our Siamese Cat Club, is scheduled to judge the Siamese Specialty Show to be staged by the Empire Cat Club of New York on 8th and 9th December.

A man living at Tydd St. Giles, in Cambridgeshire, is reported to have climbed to inspect a hawks' nest at the top of a 20 ft. tree. Inside the nest he found three tortoiseshell kittens.

Mrs. Ann Y. Satterthwaite is doing good work for the Fancy in Honolulu, where she conducts a cat column in a local newspaper under the title of "Popoki Patter." Popoki is the Hawaiian word for cat, being the nearest the natives get to pronouncing "poor pussy," which they heard the missionaries say to their cats. There are several commercial catteries out there and a second successful show has recently been staged.

The 1949/50 Show Season will be opened with the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Clubs (incorp.) Show in the Porchester Hall, Bayswater, W.2, on 26th July. An interesting feature will be a Household Pet section organised by Miss D. Culverwell, 19a Westminster Palace Gardens, S.W.1. Miss C. Manley has been invited to judge the entries in this section which, it is hoped, will be well supported by ordinary pet owners. It is sometimes well to remember that the differences between breed and breed are superficial and a matter for individual preference. Many potential Championship winners have ascended the ladder of fame via the Household Pets classes.

Mr. Jones (displaying the cat's first litter to his neighbour): There they

are, three fine fellows. We've decided to call them Winston, Anthony and Woolton. Neighbour Smith: I thought you told me a few days ago that they were Labour kittens? Mr. Jones: Yes, that's right, but they've got their eyes open now!

Cat marooned for three days on a gasometer at Hastings was rescued after a chase round a "cat-walk."

Mrs. Neville Langton, a Sussex lady and her late husband were amateur Egyptologists of repute and they have been responsible for a unique collection of some 400 cat figures ranging in periods over nearly fifty centuries. Most of the figures are Egyptian cats sacred to the goddess Bast and some are fashioned in materials varying from lapis and crystal to bronze, agate, facience and glass. The most impressive are reported to be images of Bast herself. Other countries are represented in the collection, which is acknowledged by the British Museum's Egyptian Department as the only one of its kind known to them.

"Tibs" Cat Book, that excellent sixpennyworth of useful and interesting information, has passed through three editions and is now available in a new 48-page edition. It is the sort of book you should get and keep in a handy place. The features are well presented and arranged and there is much commonsense advice on sickness and ailments. The book is offered to cat lovers as "A reliable guide to the proper care and feeding of cats and their treatment during illness, including notes on the history and evolution of cats through the ages." See the Tibs advertisement elsewhere in this issue for details of the address of Bob Martin Ltd., should you decide to order this little book for yourself or your friends. It will also be obtainable from chemists from 1st July onwards.

Mr. Cyril Yeates presided over about 40 members at the annual general meeting of the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club (incorp.). The report presented by the hon. Secretaries, Miss Kit Wilson and Mrs. J. M. Newton, showed that the 1948 Show was a success and the Club has funds in hand. Judges ap-

pointed to officiate at the forthcoming July show are Mrs. Sampson—all Longhair kittens except Blues, Blacks and Whites, which will be judged by Miss Campbell-Fraser; Miss Beckett—Shorthair kittens; Mrs. Blofeld—Siamese; Mr. Cyril Yeates—Neuters. Mrs. Axon retired from the Committee and the two vacancies were filled by Mrs. Price and Mrs. Speirs.

When a colour-splashed picture entitled "Figure of Eight, Skegness," was hung in the public library at Loughborough, Leicestershire, it was hailed by some critics as a fine specimen of modernism in colour. One critic even wrote of it as being "well worth examination in the light of the Munnings controversy." It subsequently transpired that the "find" was the work of a 6-year-old boy, little Tommy Warbis, whose pet cat aided him in his "picture." Tommy's father, a commercial artist who submitted the daub as a joke, explained that Tommy just splashed colour all over a piece of white paper and then even let the cat have a share in the picture by walking all over it and finally sitting down in the middle of it before the paint had dried. So much for modern art!

Exhibits at the Chester Show early this month were small in number but quality was good. Mrs. Bridgford's Red Tabby Shorthair Rivoli Robin was Best Exhibit in Show and Mrs. Wridgway's Salewheel Blue was Best Siamese. The Cream male, Merebrook Major, belonging to Mrs. Kirkus, was Best Longhair. Miss Kathleen Yorke, who judged, reports that the neuter class was full of quality and entries far better shown and groomed than the other Longhair cats. The winner was Mrs. Kirkus's lovely Blue Cream Caroline Psyche, a true Blue Cream and not a Blue-Tortie as so many are to-day. Show Manager and hon. Secretary was Miss M. Le Gallais. MICKY.

IMPERIAL SEAL-POINTED SIAMESE

Renowned for:

**Svelte Type; Sweet Temperament;
Close, Short Coat; Enchanting
Sapphire Eyes.**

MRS. FRED J. WILSON,
376 WILLIAM STREET, EAST ORANGE,
NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

More about Mothers

The review in our March issue of Miss Frances Pitt's enthralling work, "Friends in Fur and Feather," was so enthusiastically received that we have had to bow to demands for an encore. Further extracts and pictures appear by kind permission of the publishers, Country Life Ltd.

ALL cats, asserts Miss Pitt, are motherly — creatures. They tend their kittens with fondest concern and are easily persuaded to adopt strange foundlings. But they never give their full allegiance to mankind, reserving the right to walk by themselves when they feel so inclined.

Her Granny Cat, a Shorthaired tabby and white personage, had unusual instincts in this direction. She adopted and brought up a small farmyard rat named Samuel Whiskers and the story of this quaint association is something to read and marvel at. After Samuel had met an untimely end through, it was thought, a fight with an intruder rat, Granny took on the job of mothering some tiny rabbits, which was all the more remarkable because she was a great hunter and loved nothing better than a nice plump young rabbit. Indeed, she often brought one home after a night of hunting in the near-by woods as an offering to Samuel Whiskers! A kitten would have accepted the food gift gladly, so why not her beloved rat?

Truant Rabbits

Yet, despite Granny's poaching proclivities, Miss Pitt had no trouble in getting her to adopt some baby rabbits, two of which were insinuated amongst Granny's own litter. A picture of the family group appears on page 17. The rabbits accepted the cats and Granny, though often worried by their antics

and activity, bestowed on them every care. The rabbits *would* run about and venture too far away. Granny would race after the runaway, capture it and carry it back to the basket. A kitten, when carried by its mother, knows better than to struggle and just hangs limply. But the little rabbits would protest vigorously.

Horrible Tragedy

Here is Miss Pitt's prologue to the story: "The kittens and the rabbits played prettily together, but it was rather the kittens that played than the young rabbits. However, I did not anticipate trouble for the bunnies were quick and lively and seemed well able to take care of themselves. Yet trouble did come, horrible tragedy, for which the old cat was in no way responsible. I ought to have realised that there was danger in the rough gambols of the mischievous kittens; I ought also to have remembered that it takes very little to pull the trigger of instinct in the young predatory mammal. When I came down one morning there was only a bit of fur left!"

Another quaint story of a cat's mothering instinct concerns Peggy, who brought up Felix Squirrel with her kitten Toby. Peggy was a kindly, black-and-white cat and her natural offspring was a fat roly-poly blue kitten. Felix was quicksilver! The three of them are also pictured on page 17. They were sent to Miss Pitt by an agitated owner who was alarmed that the young squirrel

would come to a sad end under the claws of neighbours' cats.

Peggy was the perfect mother to Felix—it was eventually discovered that the squirrel was a she—and not only fed and cleaned her but was ready to defend her to her last breath. On one occasion she was nursing Felix and Toby in a box in the corner of a shed when an enquiring puppy sniffed under the closed door. Peggy heard the sniff and with eyes glaring and fur on end, she rushed to the door.

The door was not a close fit and there was sufficient space at the bottom for the puppy to push its nose through. There was also room

for Peggy's paw! The anguished howl of pain and injured innocence that followed had to be heard to be believed.

The outcry scared the squirrel into violent action. She raced and hopped round the shed to such a degree that Peggy was completely alarmed at the queer behaviour of her athletic offspring. The more she ran after Felix the faster the squirrel raced and hopped, until finally peace was restored by Miss Pitt.

The 200 pages of the book are packed with absorbing incidents and anecdotes of a similar kind. It is grand value at 12s. 6d. to any animal lover.



WHEN A CAT IS HEALTHY—

It is lively and alert, taking notice of everything that is going on around it.

It enjoys its food and its breath is sweet smelling. Its teeth are white and its tongue unfurred.

Its tongue and gums are pinkish and the nose is cool and moist.

Its eyes are wideawake, free from any discharge or redness.

Its coat is glossy and smooth and the skin is clean and elastic to the touch.

Its temperature is 101/102 degrees and the rate of respiration 20 to 30 per minute.

It will purr when petted and rub the side of its face against any hard object that is handy.

It will spend a lot of time in cleaning up and washing itself.

I AM THE CAT

I am the Cat,
Elfin sprite of the playway,
Impish angel of the hearth,
Sleeping shadow in inglenook glow,
Dancing dervish with winds in the garden.

I am the Cat,
Free-born and asking only to be myself,
Independent, yet wistfully desiring
To blend myself with human yearning.

*By Guy Bogart, well-known
Californian poet and cat lover.*

CATS IN PROVERBS

A bleet (timid) cat makes a proud mouse (Scottish).

The cat would eat fish but is loth to wet her feet (Chaucer).

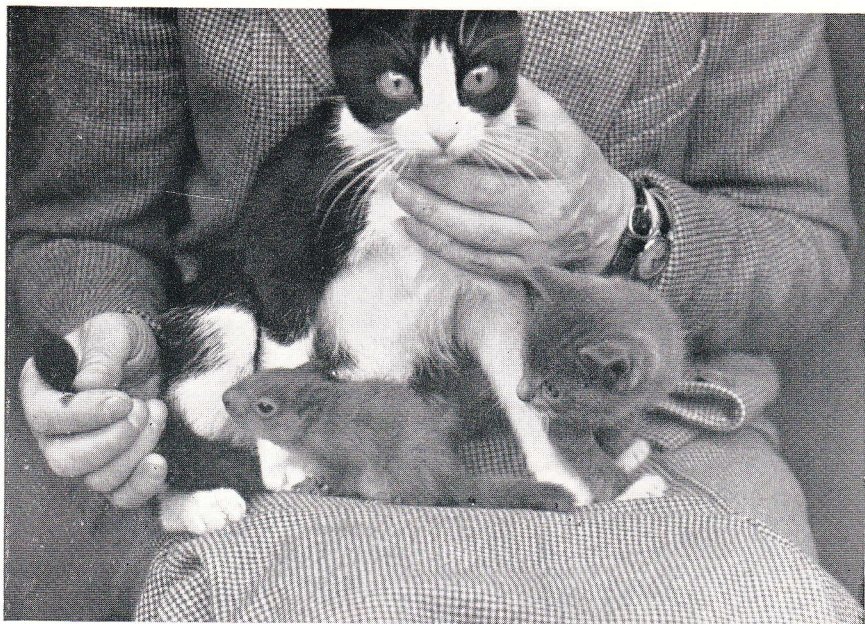
Wanton kittens make douce (sedate) cats (Old English).

A cat in gloves will never catch mouse (Italian).

A halfpenny cat may look to the king (Scottish).



Miss Pitt's Granny Cat was the perfect foster mother to these baby rabbits despite the fact that she was a great poacher and loved nothing better for dinner than a nice plump rabbit !

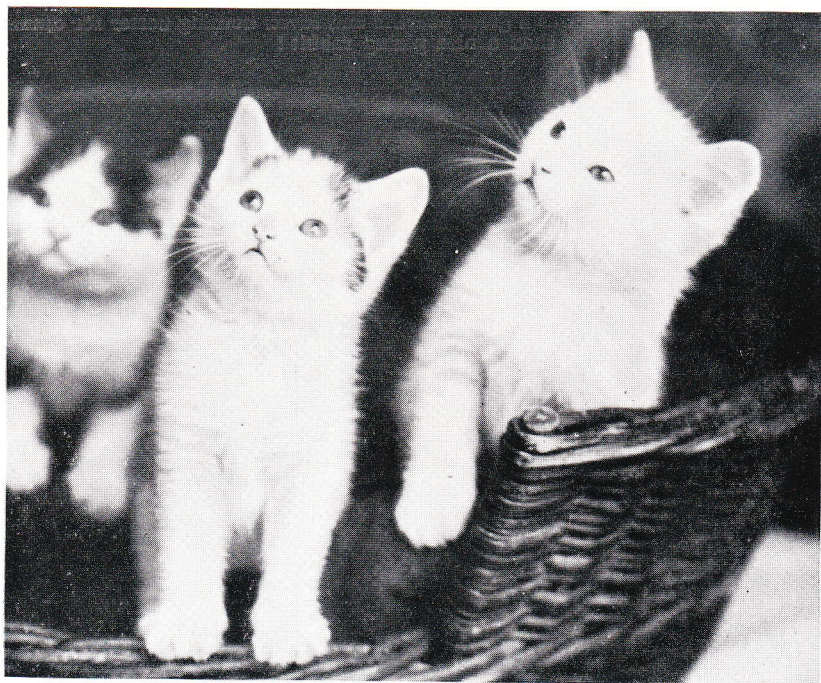


Peggy with Toby her kitten and Felix Squirrel, whom she mothered with great devotion and care.

Photographs by permission of Country Life Ltd.



HAZELDENE AMBER, handsome Tortoiseshell female belonging to Mrs. Brittlebank, of Manchester. *Kemsley Newspapers*



Perky Manx kittens by Sedgemere Cecil (White Manx) ex Onyx (Black Manx) were bred by Mrs. H. M. Bentley, of West London, who has raised many fine litters of this variety.



A lovely study of two Blue Longhair Kittens bred by Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Harrington-Harvard.



TRELYSTAN GARNETSON, prize-winning Brown Tabby male owned by Miss Cathcart, hon. Secretary of the South Western Counties Cat Club.

Paignton News



CHAMPION LAUGHTON LAUREL, famous pre-war Blue Longhair stud belonging to the Culloden Cattery—see page 11. Noted for his pure sound colour, flowing silky coat and small neat ears, Laurel was sired by another famous cat, Ch. Mischief of Bredon.

Difficult Queens

IF breeding pedigree cats were as easy as falling off a log, kittens would be nine a penny. Fortunately breeding is not as easy as all that ; in fact, most of us find it more than a little difficult.

Speaking quite personally, I have found it most difficult to obtain kittens during the past two seasons, and I cannot blame the unnatural conditions under which pedigree cats are supposed to be kept, because mine have almost unlimited freedom in open country.

I have certainly reached one conclusion. It is that far more often than not it is the queen who is at fault. Whether or not I am myself responsible for these failures I cannot say, but I have started off this year with a minor revolution.

One queen I purchased as a kitten because I was anxious to obtain a female whose mother had been a good breeder. This particular mother had produced forty-two kittens in eight litters and had reared thirty-nine of them to eight weeks. The stud was well known as a successful sire. Here, so it seemed, was hopeful material. It was, however, a false hope, for it was only after four visits to the stud that

the queen, now eighteen months old, was found to be in kitten. Eventually she produced a litter of four, but all were dead.

It was then that I decided to keep my own stud. With other people's cats he was eminently successful, but there was no result when he was mated to this particular queen. As a last resort they were left to live together, but even this arrangement failed.

This year I decided that as soon as the queen called she should be allowed to run wild. As a result she is obviously in kitten. Why things should work out this way your guess is as good as mine.

Novice Fanciers often write to ask if I will take their queen to my stud, and in the course of the letter some of them say that she has already been to two or three other studs. I always refuse and that for two reasons. In the first place, I only keep a stud for my own queens and those of a few friends, but also because I am convinced that they are wasting their money and my time. Now I am advising all who put this problem to me that I should let the queen have a mongrel litter. In fact, I am almost prepared to say that it would be a good plan to allow queens of the notoriously

difficult breeds always to have their first litters bearing the bar sinister on their shields.

The trouble is that some of us breeders are far too self-opinionated and much too slow to learn from experience. I must plead guilty myself, for I had in my own experience a case which should have pointed the way.

First Litters

Some years ago the late Mrs. Edgar presented me with a very beautiful Chinchilla queen. For years attempts had been made to get this queen in kitten, but the effort had been in vain. When she was four the lady decided to take a hand in her own affairs and escaped when she was in season. In due course she produced five sturdy kittens and she came to me with the last of her family to keep her company.

This queen was never a good breeder although she had three litters while she was here. One of her sons became Ch. Foxborough Tilliwilli, who was the first post-war Chinchilla champion. The old lady herself—she must be twelve this year—is Ch. Langherne Winsome and is now owned by Miss Steer. I often wonder what the story would have been if Winnie had escaped when she was a young queen.

Another long-held belief I have also discarded, but I must confess that I do not feel too happy about it at the moment. Long-held beliefs have a habit of dying hard.

Most breeders, I think, are convinced that a longhaired cat should not have her first litter until she is at least a year, and, if possible, she should not be mated until she has reached twelve months. On the whole, I think the theory is sound, because a queen is far from being fully grown even at a year. Yet, on the other hand, we must be prepared to modify our practice to suit the individual cat.

Early Callers

A queen I had a number of years ago started to call when she was very young. I held her back more times than I care to remember and finally had her mated at ten months. She was a good breeder in the sense that she was easy to get in kitten, but she was most difficult when the time came to produce her family, and more than once the vet. had to be called in to deliver the kittens. Quite early on, too, this queen developed a form of sex hysteria which became worse as she grew older. I am quite prepared to admit that the fault may have been mine in holding her back so long.

Just to put me to the test, as it were, a young Blue queen of mine has started on a similar story. She called for the third time when she was seven-and-a-half months' old. This may be the same story with a difference, however.

Helga is a charming little creature, but she had me worried, so I discussed the matter with a

number of breeders in whom I have the utmost confidence. Unfortunately, that did not help very much, as opinions as to whether she should be mated or held back were equally divided.

Thus I had to make my own decision. Yes, she is in kitten and she is only eight months old! Whether I have acted wisely I shall know later.

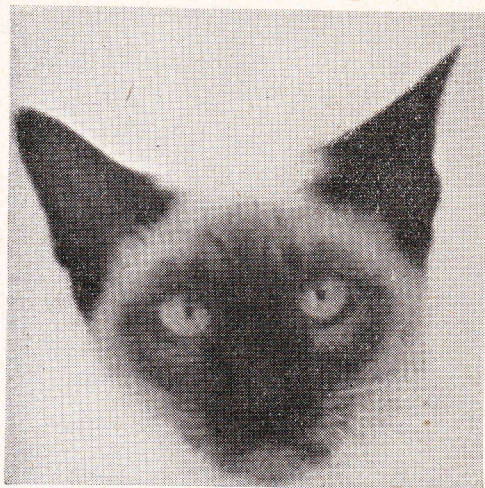
One hears so often of queens that will not breed or who, if they do, produce a litter which they are quite unable to rear. Thus new methods must be tried. Failures there will be, of course, but we can only make progress in this fascinating hobby of cat breeding by realising the difficulties and by being prepared to adventure even against the teaching of the text-books.

PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Fancy in South Africa is making steady progress and news just received of the second Match Show of the Western Province Cat Club would seem to be yet another indication of the growing interest and increasing liveliness in that part of the country. The Show was held in April at one of the old historic Cape houses, Newlands House, by courtesy of the owners, Judge and Mrs. Newton-Thompson. The occasion was graced by the presence of Mrs. McCarthy, wife of the C.-in-C. South Atlantic Fleet, who is one of the patrons of the Club.

Siamese dominated the entries to the extent of 31 out of a total of 54 exhibits. The rest of the cats on show were mainly household pets. There were a few neutered Persians but hardly any Shorthairs.

The award of Best Cat and Best Siamese in Show went to Momchao Phaun, bred by the King of Siam and owned by Mrs. Bendyshe Walton, of Grahamstown. Best Opposite Sex was Yasmin of Brakkekloof, a nice queen bred and owned by Mrs. Vogts, of Fish Hoek. Grey Knight, a Manx owned by the Rev. J. Fowler, M.A., carried off the prize for Best Shorthair (not Siamese). Best Kitten was the Siamese John Sebastian Periwinkle of Brakkekloof, bred by Mrs. Vogts and owned by Miss F. Pocock.



A South African winner—Miss F. Pocock's Siamese kitten, John Sebastian Periwinkle of Brakkekloof.

In the neuter class, the winner was Archer Blue Chang, owned by Mrs. F. H. Wood, Newlands, and bred in England by Mrs. Hunt. Another English-bred cat—Mrs. McLennan's Abbots Rayso Ching—was shown by Mrs. Wood in this class and was runner-up to her winning entry.

The South African Cat Union, of which Miss F. Pocock is the energetic and enthusiastic Chairman, is bringing out a quarterly bulletin. Another item of interesting news is that a trophy for the best Siamese in show has been donated by Lady Ermyntude of Kintyre.



Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

REGULARLY every month, Mrs. Joan Thompson—popular and active figure in the Cat Fancy for many years, breeder and International judge—will turn the pages of her diary to reveal the most interesting entries concerning personalities, both human and feline.

1st May. Miss Cathcart, hon. Secretary of the South Western Counties Cat Club, informs me that the first post-war show will be held at Torquay on 28th September, and if it is well supported it is hoped to revert to a Championship Show next year.

Trelystan Garnetson, her Brown Tabby male, is a son of her famous male Champion Trelystan Garnet, who died in 1944 after winning 23 Challenge Certificates, and had the distinction of being best Longhair Cat in Show at Gloucester, 1936. Garnetson (whose photograph appears elsewhere in this issue) has been exhibited once at the National Cat Club Ch. Show, 1947, where he was first in his open class. He is already siring winners, notably Trelystan Amethyst, winner of the Challenge Certificate at the S.C.C.C. Ch. Show in January.

5th May. Mrs. Brittlebank's Tortoiseshell, Hazeldene Amber, by Mrs. Culley's Bennaven Chieftain, a winning kitten at last season's shows, has visited Mrs. Budd's Cream male Tornado of Takeley. Her ambition is to breed a champion Tortoiseshell and she expresses regret that there

are so few Red-and-Black Longhair studs in the Midlands. Amber (also pictured elsewhere) is her only queen and a great pet, so she much appreciated Mrs. Budd's kindness and attention to her.

13th May. To-day saw the start of—for me—a great adventure. I met Miss Royd-Smith and flew with her from Heath Row to Paris. We took with us a Cream male kitten (Rollo of Sunfield), bred by Miss Gabb, of Godalming. Delighted to have Mme. Bridgett, President of the Cat Club de Paris, meet us at Le Bourget, where we were whisked off to the home of Mme. Sarrazin, who was my hostess during the week-end. A merry supper party followed and we were later joined by Mr. Sarrazin. The kitten travelled splendidly and I am convinced that the best way to end a cat abroad is by air. The low, steady hum of a plane is much better than the bumps and noise likely to be encountered on trains and ships, and, of course, air transit has the big advantage of being direct and fast.

Mme. Sarrazin owns only two queens, Netheredge Snow Storm, a very nice White Longhair bred in England by Mrs. Saunders, and a Blue. Both are good brood queens and devoted mothers, as cats usually are when they have happy homes. Snow Storm's litter was interesting as she has a pedigree Blue sire and a pedigree White mother, and all her immediate ancestors are these two colours plus a Cream grandsire, Ch. Sherry of Hanley. The litter of four were two White Longhairs, one Blue

Longhair and a Brown Tabby with glorious eyes for size and colour. The last named is now owned by Mme. Sigwalt and one of the White kittens by Mme. Gibbon.

14th May. Up with the lark and off to judge all the Shorthair cats and kittens and some of the Longhairs at the Cat Club de Paris Show, held in the Salons Jean Goujon. The last time I was in Paris I was acting as steward for Miss Evelyn Langston in January, 1938. On that occasion I so greatly admired the rows of gleaming pens—they may have been made in aluminium—and I was sorry to learn that the Club had lost them to the Germans during the occupation of Paris. Mme. Bridgett judged the Blue adults and kittens, White adults, Chinchilla and Cream females and several side classes.

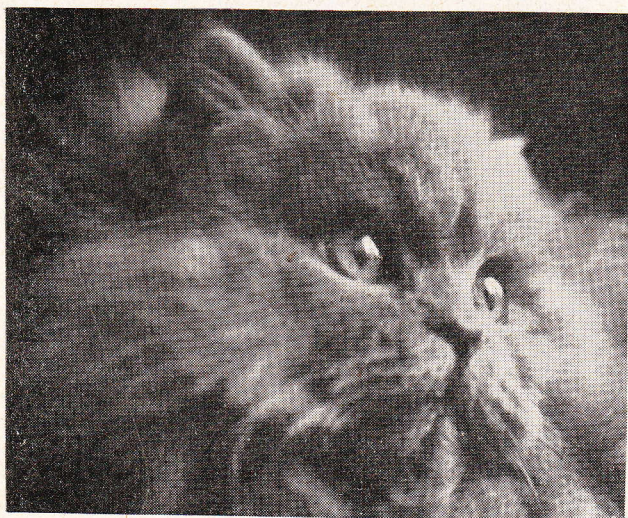
Altogether there were 160 exhibits, an excellent entry for the time of the year. I had some really lovely cats in my classes and a worthy Best Exhibit in Show was a glorious Blue-Cream excelling in head and type, Mlle. Bonnardot's Vivette de Montazah. I particularly admired the

intermingling of the two colours on her paws, hind legs and head, face, chin and ears. These are usually the spots where one finds a few patches of blue or cream. I subsequently found that the challenge certificate I awarded her was her third and final, the others being awarded by Miss Yorke last winter and Mme. Bridgett.

Best Male in Show was Mme. Remande's lovely Chinchilla, Fleury of Allington (bred in England by Miss Langston), who at eleven months has achieved the exceptional honour of winning two challenge certificates.

In Mlle. Scrive's female Violaine I handled the best Russian Blue I have seen since the war. Her coat conformed to our standard for this variety, which states: "Coat, short, close and lustrous and of a sealskin-like texture." She was lithe and graceful and her paws slender and neat. Lovely green eyes and typical head completed the picture. A sprinkling of white hairs on chest and tummy were her only blemish.

Another lovely Shorthair I handled was a beautifully marked Silver Tabby, Ch. Chichat Dacheux, belong-



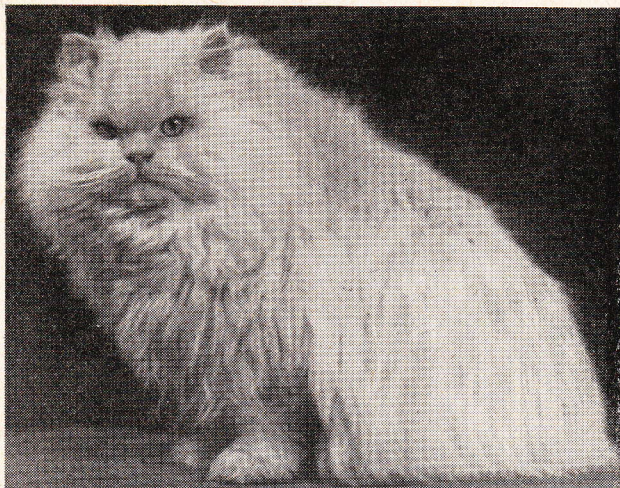
Mr. André Formont's TALISMAN OF KNOTT HALL, bred by Mr. Felix Tomlinson. (See Diary entry on page 27.)

ing to Mme. Desbrieref de Laveleye. His broad head, lovely large green eyes made him an attractive exhibit. Best Blue British type Shorthair was Mr. Marolle's female Velvet Douce de Trevisé, a lady with a lovely shade in coat and an excellent head.

Mme. Lasnier's Chocolate Pointed Siamese, bred by herself, were an interesting exhibit—Viedam de la Sablière, the male, and Vimy de la Sablière, the female. I made the female Best Siamese. She was svelte and had a long whip tail, a good head, short fine coat, and her colour-

Champagne (not for competition). He is an even better male than when he left England a full Champion. He was naturally short of coat, but it was a lovely pale shade and his head, type and eyes are exceptional.

The Show was splendidly organised by Mme. Destrem, the Secrétaire General, and Mme. Ravel was obviously taking a keen interest in everything and her help and advice were frequently sought. The floral decorations were lovely and some of the exhibitors had outlined their show pens with white lilac, carna-



INT. CHAMPION IDMISTON CHAMPAGNE

ing was lovely. Both these cats had the warm shade of cream body colour which harmonises so well with chocolate points. No need to speculate whether or not these cats were pale Seals or Chocolate Pointed Siamese—their points were definitely "milk chocolate."

The winning Seal Pointed male was Mme. Bussy's Weep, who was considerably larger than the average size of winning Siamese males in England. His tail had a slight kink, a fault I found in nearly every Siamese exhibit.

Mme. Bridgett and Mme. Gibbon exhibited Int. Champion Idmiston

tions and other flowers, as is customary at Continental exhibitions.

15th May. Sunday, and the second day of the Show. Photographers and Pathé Gazette men were busy taking pictures. Everyone looking their best. Mme. Bridgett and myself gave Mme. Sandoz, of Zurich, an examination which she passed successfully. She is now eligible to judge. Mme. Sandoz was given a class of Blues to judge under exactly the same conditions as we had had, viz., all the cats were brought to the platform and penned by stewards. We remained in the background

whilst Mme. Sandoz wrote a very detailed report on each cat. Then she retired whilst we had our consultation. Mme. Sandoz has stewarded several times on the Continent and also for Miss Yorke and myself in Switzerland last November. She has knowledge, confidence and personality, and I shall await her debut with interest.

The remainder of the day was also very interesting. Mr. Formont, owner of Talisman of Knott Hall, bred by Mr. Felix Tomlinson, is very pleased with his purchase. Talisman has grown into a fine cat and will probably be exhibited at next season's show in France.

The proceeds from the Show were given to the radio village of Epron. The prizewinners received the usual lovely gifts instead of prize money, which is customary with Continental events. Altogether a memorable gathering and it was a joy to see some very lovely cats. Kittens were very few in number except in the litter classes, but this is quite normal for a mid-May show.

16th May. A short visit to Mme. Ravel in the morning previous to lunching with Mme. Sigwalt at her lovely flat in the Rue Montaigne. Her two Blue queens were nursing six fine kittens by Thornhill Blue Boy. Her Chinchilla queen, Bentveld June, bred by Miss Posthuma, of Holland, had been awarded the challenge certificate the previous day by Mme. Bridgett. Mme. Sigwalt's latest acquisition is an Abyssinian.

In the evening our little party left by train for Nice. Mme. Ravel and Mme. Sarrazin to see us off, both very kind and thoughtful for our comfort. Mme. Bridgett and Miss Royd-Smith shared a sleeping car and when I said good-night to them the former had her Cream cat happily kneading his paws on the blankets. It is a popular fallacy that cats are only happy in their own

homes. They are much more devoted to their owners than they are given credit for.

17th May. Met at Nice by Mrs. Strang-Steel, Secretary General of the Riviera Cat Club. This Club was founded about 1936 and held its last pre-war show at an hotel facing the sea on the Promenade des Anglais. It was in a flourishing state when war put a stop to its activities, and since then pedigree cats, with the exception of Siamese, have almost vanished from the Riviera. Mrs. Strang-Steel, however, is determined to revive the Club and it is remarkable that it already has over 50 members, although they have not yet been able to acquire stock. The Secretary formerly owned some lovely cats, including Ch. Woodchurch Desmond (bred in England by the late Mrs. Forrestt) and some of Mrs. Askew's Blacks. In the evening, Mlle. Perrin, President of the Swiss Cat Club de Vaudois, arrived and we had an enjoyable and informal dinner party. I was pleased to hear all her cat family were well and the two Blue kittens by Champion Oxleys Peter John, bred by Mrs. Harrington-Harvard, and the Blue female by Gem of Pensford, bred by Miss Cattell, are very satisfactory.

18th May. By motor coach to Grasse with Mrs. Strang-Steel and Mlle. Perrin. Here we spent a very interesting afternoon visiting the factory of M. Molinard, the scent and powder manufacturers.

19th May. Luncheon party for ten, which included most of the officials of the Riviera Cat Club, who have done such splendid work in re-starting it. Mme. Bridgett very animated, and undoubtedly her visit gave a tremendous fillip to the Club and much pleasure to the officials.

20th May. To Cannes with Mme. Bridgett to see a villa which she con-

templated buying, a delectable spot and next to Mme. Ravel's future country retreat, although I understand she will still retain her Paris home. Mme. Bridgett enchanted with the glorious view but a little dubious about negotiating the heights!

21st May. A very enjoyable tea party for about 50 members of the Riviera Cat Club. The young members danced in an annexe, those who wished to played bridge, and the rest of us indulged in that universal occupation of cat lovers—gossip. Mme. Bridgett's Cream male, with the silk girdle of her dressing-gown tied round his neck as a precaution, behaved with perfect *sang-froid* and was very much admired. The Vda de Barcia, Countess de Bourbon, Mme. Serranto, Mrs. Strang-Steel and other officials were tireless in introducing members and visitors to each other and everyone appeared to be enjoying themselves tremendously.

22nd May. Our little party broke up to-day after a very enjoyable ten days. Mme. Bridgett and Mlle. Perrin back to Switzerland, myself to Paris en route to Brussels, and Miss Royd-Smith back to England.

24th May. On to Brussels for a short stay with Mme. Egeter. She purchased the winning Blue kitten Baralan Merry Fella, by Ch. Deebank Michael (bred by Mrs. Henn), on my recommendation. Since then we have corresponded and this visit was the outcome. As I tripped down the railway stairs in Brussels I saw Mme. Egeter with a copy of OUR CATS held in front of her. That was our introduction.

Merry Fella has grown into a fine cat with a good head and very lovely deep copper eyes. A Blue queen was nursing a robust litter of four by him, and a Black queen whose pedigree is rather a mystery had a very lively, attractive litter of

three Blue Shorthairs and one Black Shorthair. The only other cat is a Blue female and she arrived in an unusual way. She was brought to be mated, the fee paid, and then no word came from the owners until they wrote to say they were on their way to Canada and asking Mme. Egeter to keep her.

I was very concerned to hear from Mme. Egeter that Siamese female kittens were being sold in the market at Brussels for less than the Belgian equivalent of £1 each. One cannot associate pedigree kittens with market-places, and it is heartbreaking to see domestic pets exposed for sale in the open at any time or place. What is the remedy? In my opinion, Siamese breeders cannot act more humanely than to follow the advice given by Mrs. Wade, a great and experienced cat lover, who suggested that some of the female kittens should be put to sleep at birth.

25th May. Tea with Mme. Michaux. She has a lovely White Longhair with copper eyes and a remarkable coat for May. She was nursing a White female, later to become the property of Mme. Egeter, and a Blue male by Merry Fella. Her son by him in a previous litter is huge. Although only ten months, he is already larger than the majority of stud cats and he tries to slip in unobserved feeds from his mother, which is risky as the new babies were only twelve days old.

26th May. Mme. Egeter was concerned as Merry Fella's tail had a brown greasy deposit which the vet. diagnosed as eczema. This condition is frequently seen on the skin of Longhair males and is not a skin eruption. In the evening I washed his tail and the skin was clean and healthy and his owner very relieved.

When this condition is observed one wash in the following solution will usually remove all grease. If it

is not immediately effective, give another washing ten days later:

Three pints warm water, one level tablespoon Lux, two teaspoons liquid ammonia. Sit the cat on the sink draining board with the solution in a shallow bowl in sink, one person to amuse the cat whilst the second one washes the tail. Have a kettle of warm water ready to pour over the tail to rinse. Dry, and in a few minutes the cat will forget all about it. Merry Fella was angelic and sat like a statue. Very important to have the water pleasantly warm.

28th May. Pleasant day shopping. Oh! how I wished I could feed my small cat family on some of the juicy beefsteaks I saw displayed at the shops. I can buy excellent horse-flesh, but I have yet to meet the cat who does not prefer beef.

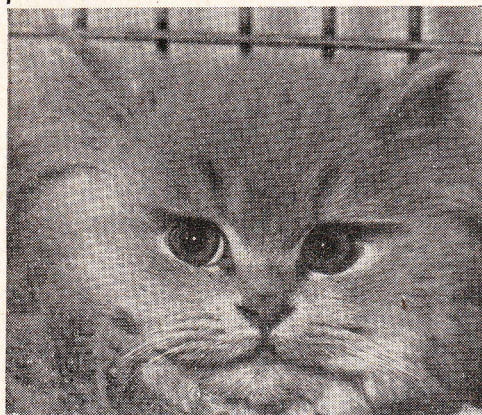
29th May. Left Mr. and Mme. Egeter's home at 10 a.m. and with them to see me off at the Airport,

flew from Brussels to England in 1½ hours, arriving in my own home at 3 p.m. A wonderful and memorable holiday with recollections of much kindness and hospitality. Found over fifty letters waiting for me; will endeavour to answer all in time.

31st May. Mrs. Towe has been in touch for some time with Mrs. Somerville (formerly Miss Deeble, hon. Secretary of the South Africa Cat Union). She wished to import some Blue Pointed Siamese, and the first ever to land in the Union went by plane, taking two days and arriving at Johannesburg in perfect condition. They will provide a good outcross as the Blue Pointed male kitten was by Lela Teen, the B.P. female kitten by Raard Blue Sacchi, and a Seal Pointed kitten by Mrs. Wedgwood's winning B.P. male Wansfell Ariel. The fourth Siamese was an adult male sired by Mrs. Towe's late stud Hillcross Sheng.

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To the Children

From Uncle Peter

Boys and Girls

Did you find the animal quiz a bit too hard? I believe you did, but I will let you into a secret.

I set the same quiz for American children and 67 of them sent me answers, but only 10 of them got all the answers right.

Thank you, Angela Cross, of Wantage, for your interesting letter. I have certainly heard of kittens being born in some queer places, but never on a roof before. I did have a cat once, a Siamese cat, who seemed to realise that babies need sunlight. She used to carry her kittens about thirty yards up to a flat roof and let them lie in the sun. She never took them out on a dull day.

I am glad, Wendy Stuart, that Tiger is improving. Eczema is not easy to cure completely, but if you have patience it goes. It is always a good plan when animals have this complaint to make a complete change in their food. For instance, if they have had hardly any meat give them a lot for a few weeks and cut out the other things.

So you have had chicken-pox, Jill Bridgford. My sympathies are with Daddy, however, because I had chicken-pox when I was grown up and I hated it.

My first family of kittens for this year should arrive in a fortnight's time, so you can well imagine that we are excited. The "we" means me and the boys. I have 150 boys. Rather a lot, don't you think?

You know that one of the days of the week is called Friday, don't you? That day was named after a Norse goddess, Frig. Now whatever has that to do with cats?

I'll tell you. If you ever see a picture of Frig you will notice that she always rides in a chariot. This chariot is not drawn by horses or even by polar bears, but by two cats. This goddess was always called the cats' goddess and girls who liked cats used to get married on Frig's day (Friday). If the sun shone when they were being married that was a sure sign that they had been kind to cats.

The other day I was rather surprised when I suddenly realised how often we used the word "cat" when we are talking. It is not really surprising, however, for the cat has been a household pet in this country for nearly two thousand years. At Uticonium, the Roman town which used to be outside Shrewsbury, they must have had cats as a tile was found there on which was the perfect imprint of a cat's paw. Puss must have got into the pottery before the tiles were baked.

Here are some common expressions in which we use the word cat. Can you add to them?

It is raining cats and dogs.

A cat may look at a king.

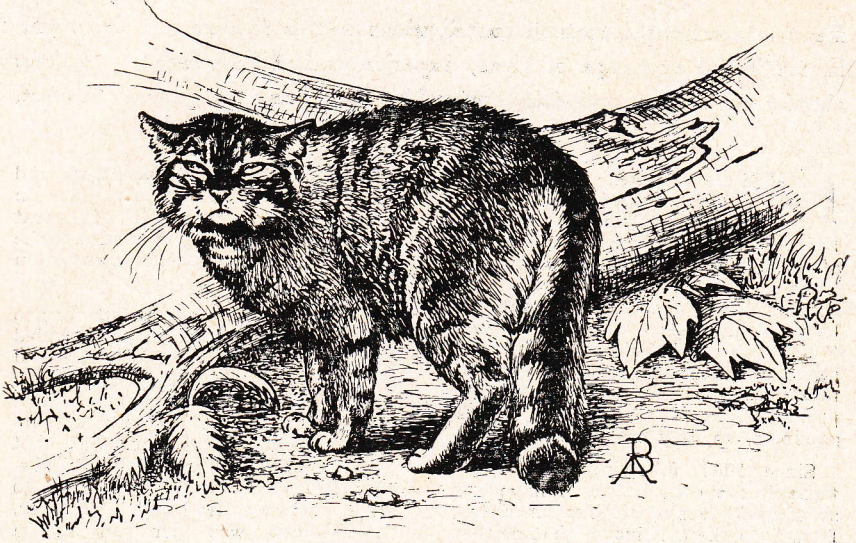
It's enough to make a cat laugh.

He had a grin like a Cheshire cat.

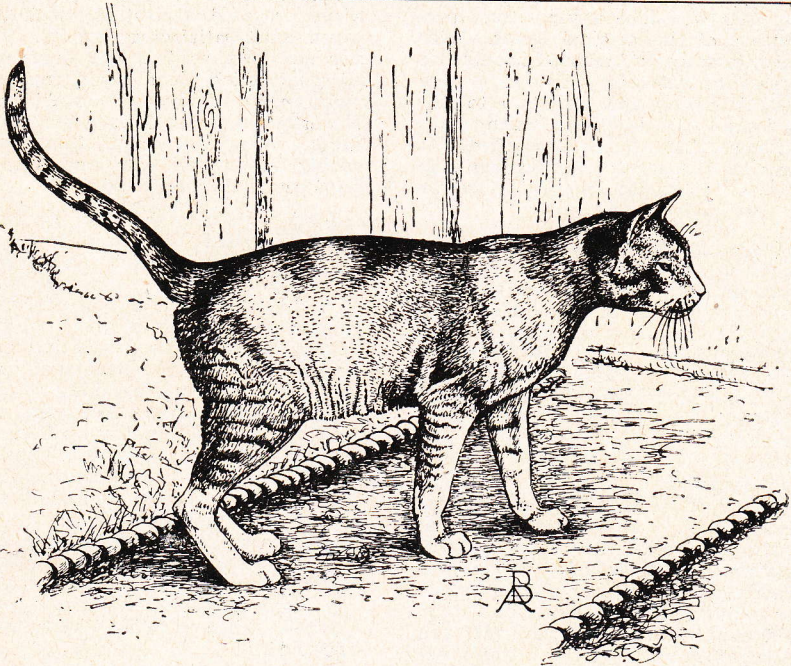
There is not enough room to swing a cat.

Uncle Peter

Your replies to Uncle Peter should be addressed to OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9. Please remember to write "Uncle Peter" at the top left-hand corner of your envelope.



SCOTTISH WILD CAT



INDIAN CAT

Correspondence Corner

Readers are invited to send contributions to this feature and so to join in the useful exchange of ideas, experiences and knowledge. Letters should be concise and deal preferably with items of general interest.

I HAVE never taken a prominent part in the work of research and enquiry into cat flu or distemper. Neither have I sat on any committee of enquiry into the above diseases. Therefore it may seem a little presumptuous of me to comment on Mrs. Williams's article entitled "That Dreaded F.I.E.," which appeared in your April issue. Nevertheless, I have been enquiring and probing quietly, but not, thank goodness, entirely on my own.

Since 1930, following heavy mortality in my own cattery, I have lost so many kittens at various times that I came to the conclusion that neither breeders nor vets. had a very clear idea of what they were fighting. Had I to experience the same troubles again, I think the mortality among my cats would be a very small percentage of the original losses. Indeed, in some outbreaks, I should not expect to lose any provided I gave very full time and attention to my patients. I do agree with Mrs. Williams that f.i.e. is over-rated. It may be a bogey to frighten naughty kittens. It should never be the terror it appears to be.

Quite frankly—after all my experience of helping breeders when sickness has attacked their stock—I have not heard of one case that could be diagnosed with accuracy as the true f.i.e. Since 1936 or thereabouts, post-mortem findings have confirmed that suspected cases were not f.i.e. There was a very bad outbreak in 1936. At that time I had believed the answer to f.i.e. was bacteriophage. After this particular epidemic it failed utterly and to me inexplicably. I reported to the Medico-Biological Laboratories Ltd., and besought their help, which was readily given. After a long search for a living victim, we found one, and a bacteriologist went out and collected samples of the kitten's excreta. It was found literally teeming with a bacteria we had not encountered before, but one capable

of causing the noted symptoms and the heavy mortality. It was an haemolytic streptococci of great virulence. It was possessed of the most delicate nature when away from its feline host.

Every known blandishment dear to the heart of a bacteria was provided for it! In spite of all efforts it would not survive and multiply and enable a bacteriophage to be prepared from it. It just wasn't that sort of bacteria, and as animal victims are not used by the Medico-Biological Labs. as culture mediums, we seemed to have reached a dead end. However, the bacteria was identified and a fresh supply obtained from the Pasteur Institute and its behaviour studied again. This time fresh methods were employed and an antiviral virus prepared against it which has given most satisfactory results. It has not been used in the thousands of cases which alone would enable a claim for its efficacy to be established. Nevertheless, when I have sent it to areas where suspected f.i.e. was raging immunised cats and kittens have remained unaffected.

I am quite sure that the distemper I have labelled "enteric distemper" in my book and which does often mimic it closely is confused with f.i.e. I also believe that the high mortality obtaining is due to this confusion and consequently incorrect treatment. I also believe that both breeders and vets. in failing to distinguish between the distempers are looking for a serum they will never find, namely, one capable of inoculating against all distempers. The distempers, I believe, appear in different cycles and protection can be given against an established one, but will be found useless when a fresh variety appears. It is like inoculating against diphtheria and being amazed when death occurs from typhoid!

Catherine Manley,
South Croydon, Surrey.

As one who has been in Sweden (Stockholm) for five months and has some more time to spend here before I can return home, I am as cat starved as any cat lover can be in this country where cats cannot be seen, much less petted, for love or money. I only saw one cat here in 4½ months. Then I read the news of a cat show to be held at the local stadium where mostly only sports events take place.

Now, Swedes as a rule do not "go in" for pets nearly as much as we do in England, and even dogs are few and far between. The average Swede when asked "Do you keep a cat?" shakes his head good-naturedly and answers, "No, there are no mice in my house." While to a majority here a cat is an animated and rather smelly mousetrap, to the very few it is a first-class object of snobbery. Shows are held and prizes awarded in the shape of silver and gold cups and cabinet-size photographs taken of the beautifully groomed thoroughbreds.

The show was open for three days in succession, and when I got there—unfortunately on the last day—only the Siamese had retained their customary vitality. Some of the Longhairs looked rather the worse for wear after their long confinement (5½ hours a day for three days), but even so, the show was most impressive.

There were some 120 cats lined up in the spacious cages placed on long trestle tables. On each cage was pinned a card with the cat's name, gender, class and number and the judge's comments underneath. They were all in four main classes, the Angoras, Siamese, Russian Blues (very original and coming mostly from Norway for the occasion) and the Household Cats, looking extremely well nourished but rather on the large size. Very few appeared to be neutered. The Angoras were further sub-divided according to their colouring—ginger, pure white—of a loveliness that has to be seen to be believed—black and blue-grey. There were no Persians or Manx nor was any distinction made between males and queens. Neuters were judged in the same class. A special group was formed by mother cats with their "kulls," the Swedish for litters.

There was a delightful cageful with a Siamese mother and her four hybrid-Siamese kittens. The kittens were definitely too white and the card outside said "Litter tainted—disqualified." Although I once owned six Siamese with pedigrees a mile long, I must have a definite feeling for the under-cat because I found myself most interested by the household cats, all looking so lively and greedy. Food seemed plentiful in the form of meat and fish.

I was impressed, too, by the thoroughness of the judging. All the cats on show were actually graduates from other smaller shows held by the Cat Lovers' Club—very little known to the public—and other private persons, of whom the most notable, perhaps, is Baroness Lilli v. Bach, herself an exhibitor and enthusiastic patron.

The public could record their preference for one cat and the most popular animal received the title of "Miss Stockholm," with a prize award. Incidentally, it could be a neuter or a tom!

Admission was by ticket costing about 2s., and various irrelevant knick-knacks were sold to cover the promotion expenses. Very few cats were on sale but the few that were offered were considerably cheaper than they would be in England. A White Persian litter sold at £2 2s. each and the most expensive Siamese went for up to £7 7s. each.

Miss I. F. Hazel,

c/o Countess Bunde, Stockholm.

The first issue of OUR CATS has found its way out to me quite safely and was immensely enjoyed by friends and family as well as myself. It is a grand publication and worthy of a great future, and I think you will find many readers in Australia. I happened to be showing a copy to a friend at the Royal Sydney Show last month, and the moment I opened it several cat Fanciers crowded round and expressed a desire to borrow it. Your readers might like to know that quarantine conditions are all they should be and my cats were well looked after and in the best of health when they left.

Mrs. F. B. Donmall,

Lansvale, N.S.W., Australia.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

The rate for prepaid advertisements under this heading is 3d. per word per insertion (minimum 12 words) and instructions must be received by *not later than the last day of the month* preceding the month of issue. Please write "copy" clearly and post with appropriate remittance to OUR CATS MAGAZINE, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9.

At Stud

TIMOTHY OF KNOTT HALL (Blue Persian), sire Dickon of Allington, dam Pickles of Knott Hall. Fee 2½ gns. and return carriage. Registered queens only received.

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MOLESEY ALI BABA (Cream Persian), sire Tweedledum of Dunesk, dam Molesey Mischief. Fee for each stud £2 2s. and carriage to registered queens only.—Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Pitts Lane, Binstead, near Ryde, I.O.W. Ryde 2794 (2½ hours from London).

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RAYLEIGH BLUE PERSIAN at Stud, **VALLEYEND COMMANDO**, sire Valleyend Blue Prince, dam Faith by Bluemantle of Rayleigh.—Mrs. Voss, Fairlight Glen, Eastwood Road, Rayleigh, Essex.

SEDAN CYDER (Cream Persian), sire Dickon of Allington, dam Sedan Barley Sugar. Fee 2 gns. and return carriage.—Miss W. Titcombe, 14 Long Lane, North Stifford, Grays, Essex. Til. 4174.

SIAMESE Cats ZY-TINGASHA (Seal), **SILKY BOY** (Seal), **ZY-AZUREDAH** (Blue).—J. Hall Longmore, Frankton, Rugby.

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Club Notice

THE LANCASHIRE & North Western Counties Cat Club. SUMMER SHOW, 27th August, 1949, at Eccles (in conjunction with Eccles Horticultural & Agricultural Show). Judge, Mr. Geo. Bolton. Usual cups and specials for members. All schedules and enquiries from hon. Sec., Mrs. Culley, 65 Westbourne Park, Urmston, Lancs.

For Sale

THE DUNLOE RUSSIAN BLUES, Short-haired lovely kittens.—Miss Rochford, 25 Rudall Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3. Tel. : Ham 6498.

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SIAMESE Kittens, males, farm reared, from 4 gns.—Longmore, Frankton, near Rugby.

BLUE POINTED SIAMESE Kittens, dam Ch. Velvet Mask Dinah, sire Raard Blue Sacchi. Seal Pointed **SIAMESE** Kittens, dam Lindsey Loo, sire Seal Sleeve Qui San Fou.—MacLaren, Ferries, Pulborough, W. Sussex.

BEAUTIFUL hybrid **SIAMESE** Kittens, males £1 15s.—Seawyns, Warren Road, Gorleston, Links, Norfolk.

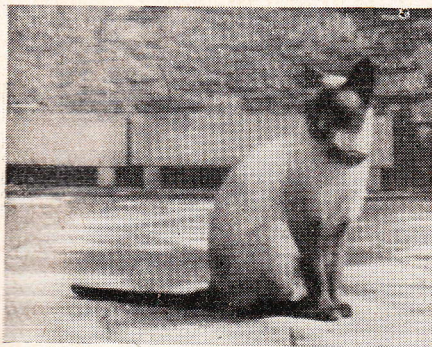
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WANTED by Lady engaged in Animal Welfare Work, **COMPANION HELP** interested in same, small salary, simple cooking, small house rural surroundings, help for rough.—Miss Harvey, Woodside, Hertford Heath, Herts.

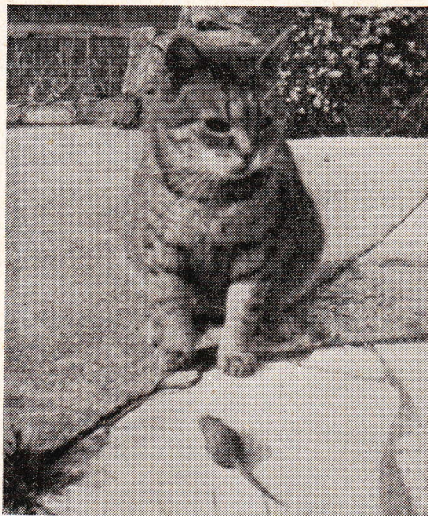
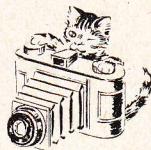
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**. . well-fed, well-petted
and
properly
reversed .**

Mark Twain



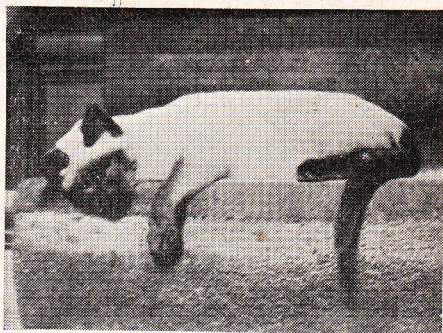
RODIN, belonging to Mrs. G. M. Anderson, of Abingdon, Berks, is the Siamese queen referred to in last month's issue (page 31) who had an accident and a successful operation.



SQUIBBS registers complete indifference to the rubber mouse provided by his devoted mistress, Miss Phyllis Williamson, of Winchmore Hill, London, N.



IDMISTON CANDYTUFT, Blue Persian prize-winning stud owned by Miss Barbara Edwards, of Shere, Surrey.



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Massive son of Mighty of Sunfield ex Walverdene Sandra Mia. Excellent eye colour. Sire of Carreg Carol—1st in C.C. Notts and Derby, 1949, and of Best Kitten in Show, Wombwell, 1948.

Best M. & F. Cream Kitten, Durham, 1948.

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