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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



1/6

FEBRUARY 1952

BEST NEWS, PICTURES & FEATURES

Another lovely cat who loves

KIT-E-KAT

**'the complete
cat food'**

Outstanding cat at last year's Crystal Cat Show at Olympia was beautiful Blue Persian, Champion Harpur Blue Boy, who was judged best cat in the show.

Ch. Harpur Blue Boy's proud owner who lives at Nevern Sq. London says "Persian cats are finicky about food, but Harpur Blue Boy loves Kit-E-Kat and I know he is getting a food that feeds him for perfect health."

Not only champions but all cats love the Kit-E-Kat flavour. They can't resist it, and Kit-E-Kat is so good for them. Every vitamin and mineral a cat must have is packed into every tin. It's economical and cooked ready to serve.



KIT-E-KAT LIMITED
MELTON MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE

Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING

Published every month with the best-possible features and illustrations and circulated to Cat Lovers of every kind throughout the world. Our editorial purpose is:

- (1) to spread a wider understanding and a better appreciation of all cats, their care and management;
- (2) to encourage in every way the breeding, handling and showing of pedigree cats;
- (3) to work for the suppression of every form of cruelty to cats;
- (4) to act as a link of friendship and common interest between cat lovers in different parts of the world.

VOL. 4 No. 2

FEBRUARY 1952

Managing Editor:

ARTHUR E. COWLISHAW
4 CARLTON MANSIONS
CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

American Associate Editor:

MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT



This nice study of four Blue Pointed Siamese kittens was submitted by owner-breeder Mr. A. Whitlam, of Grimsby.

Our cover kittens this month are BENTYELD PINK LADY (Cream) and BENTYELD HEATHERKISS (Blue-Cream) bred by the well-known Dutch fancier Mlle. Posthuma.

GENERAL INFORMATION: The address for all communications relating to editorial and advertisements in OUR CATS is 4 CARLTON MANSIONS, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9 (Macauley 1462).

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Pity the poor Stud Owner!

We continue to receive distressing stories from stud owners concerning the travelling arrangements for visiting queens. One of them writes: "Life is made quite unbearable at times by the queer antics of some of these queen owners." In the circumstances we feel it might help to improve matters if at this appropriate time of the year we reprinted the helpful notes from a Stud Owner which first appeared in our March, 1951, issue.

AT this time of the year many queens are visiting studs for the first time and all too frequently owners are disappointed that the queens turn. It should be remembered that queens when calling are under a big stress and the mere fact of being boxed during a journey to strange surroundings and strange people is enough to put any queen off.

More often than not the owner has not made any fixed arrangements and many useless calls, wires, etc., fly about and by the time the queen has to be sent the owner is so confused that the cat is despatched without proper preliminaries. Here are a few tips which will make for the comfort of your queen and all concerned:

DO NOT arrive without notice at 8.30 a.m. or 10.30 p.m. on the doorstep and expect the stud owner to greet you with open arms, especially if your queen is loose or packed sardine fashion in a ferret box. See that the queen is delivered in a comfortable and moderately sized box or basket—not some filthy contraption done up with string, the family wash basket or a 40 lb. crate that you can hardly get to the stud house. It has happened!

Find out before your queen calls if the studowner has a stud available and will accept your queen, with conditions and fee. Provide yourself with a good wooden box 18ins. x 12ins x 14ins. high with decent catches. A piece of wire twisted round a catch will prevent prying eyes from removing the lid if sent by rail. Baskets are all right for road travel. Never bore holes near the bottom of the wooden box as these cause draughts—air space should be made at the top just under the lid. Two clean blankets should be included.

As soon as the queen calls either telephone or wire the stud owner to ascertain if the queen can be accepted and, if so, give time of arrival. There's plenty of time if you wire at once, as more often than not the fourth day of call is the most successful. Send your money at once if not previously paid as no stud owner is liable to introduce a queen until the fee is paid. On service you will receive a copy of the stud's pedigree. Above all, do not forget to give the queen's pet name by which she is known at home. It does so help if the name is given as pronounced. Remove any collar before sending your queen; this is important as a safety measure. Finally, acknowledge the return of the queen after service at once—not a week afterwards. The stud owner will be pleased and relieved to know that the lady has returned home safely.

The popular series by our regular contributor Mr. A. C. Jude will be resumed in our next issue.—Editor.



B.O.A.C. Photograph

Mrs. Martin supervises the final arrangements and Stewardess Diane Furness gets acquainted with her precious charges before their departure from London Airport. The travelling case was specially made for the kittens and occupied every available inch of space allowed by air freight regulations.

Six Kittens Fly

RECENT travellers on the B.O.A.C. Hermes service from London to Johannesburg were six pedigree kittens which were sent as a gift to South African fancier Mrs. I. Miles, of Westridge, Durban. They comprised what was probably the largest and most valuable consignment of blue-blooded feline stock ever to leave these shores.

Arrangements for the selection and despatch of the kittens were handled by Mrs. E. B. Martin, of Chelmsford, who has sent cats and kittens to many different parts of the world. She was given valuable assistance by several well-known members of the Fancy. The kittens were Widdington Sun-

shine (Cream Longhair male bred by Mrs. Sheppard), Riccalton Rosadawn (Cream Longhair female bred by Mrs. Baker), Harpur Blue Orchid (Blue Longhair female bred by Major Dugdale), Blue Star Twinkle (Blue Longhair male bred by Mrs. Pond and owned by Mrs. Stephenson), Antonia of Allington (Chinchilla female) and Fabian of Allington (Chinchilla male), both bred by Miss Langston.

All arrived safely at their destination and have given great satisfaction and pleasure to their new owner. They must surely do much to raise the standard of pedigree stock in South Africa, where new blood is badly needed.

Sadlers of the Wells

By LISA GORDON SMITH

ONE of the most popular members of the Sadler's Wells Opera is an artist who has only one small walking-on part and no lines to sing. He is Sadler, the cat, who makes two brief appearances in "The School for Fathers."

Sadler is not only popular with the audiences (as is witnessed by the applause he gets no less than by the choice bouquets of fish left at the stage door along with the flowers for the prima donnas) but he is extremely popular with the rest of the company.

"Sadler" is not so much a name as an hereditary title, and one held in apostolic succession at that. Sadler the First obtained the position of Theatre Cat by applying at the stage door to ask if there was a vacancy. There was, and he was taken on for the customary duties of mouse-catcher and general pet. The rôle in "The School for Fathers" he thought out for himself at a Sunday rehearsal. The normally rigid rule about closing the doors to the stage was relaxed and on walked Sadler to see if he could get some of that nice, warm limelight.

It seemed to be coming from the other side of a wall, so up and over he went, to find himself in a lovely garden full of property geraniums and laundry.

The producer, Denis Arundel, was so delighted with his naturalistic style of acting that he gave him the rôle permanently, and Sadler achieved the dream of every performer and became "a star overnight."

But even the most hard-working and conscientious star must have a night off sometimes, especially in repertory, and on one of his off-duty

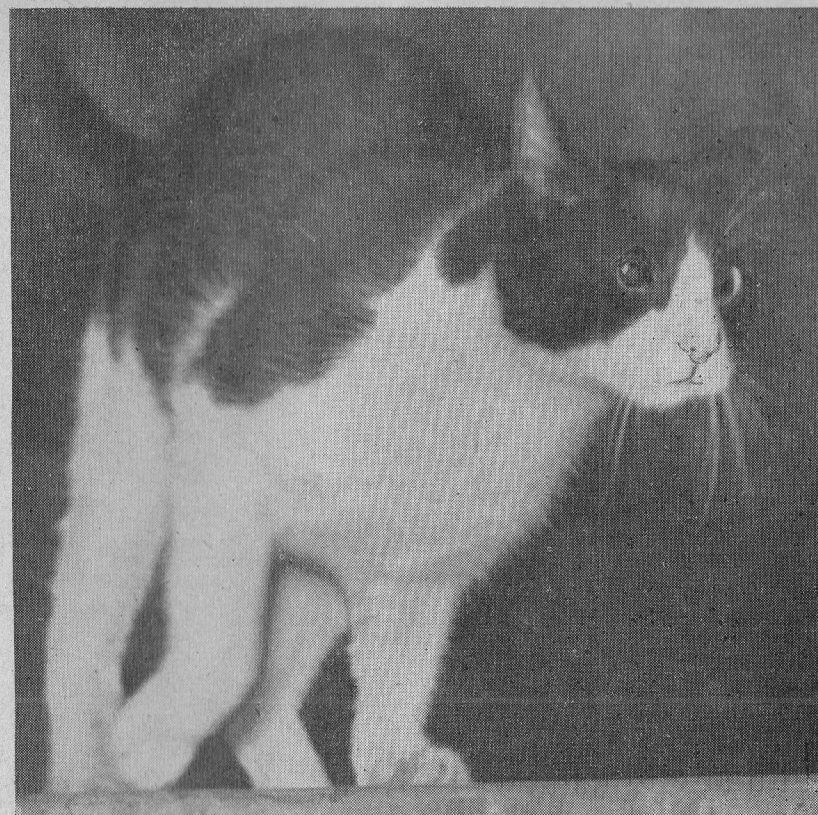
spells Sadler, according to custom, inclined his whiskers politely at the stage doorman and set off to see a friend across the road. It is, regrettably, a very busy road. . . .

Sadler the First was mourned alike by management, cast and theatre staff, but "the show must go on." It was remembered that at Sadler's Wells's sister theatre, the Old Vic, the theatre cat was also black-and-white, and he was promptly transferred from Waterloo Road to Rosebery Avenue and his name changed, by tacit agreement, from "Vic" to "Sadler."

The theatre routine was, naturally, familiar to him, but actual public appearances were a novelty which he took to with every appearance of pleasure.

When *his* opera is on the bill, Sadler's day begins early. He is allotted a dressing-room (which may be anything from the manager's office to a huge and warmly lined property basket) labelled "Sadler Asleep Do Not Disturb." Here he is closely guarded, but he does not mind the temporary loss of liberty, in view of the large quantities of food with which he is rewarded. After consuming his salary, he is glad to sleep for the rest of the day!

His two appearances are at the beginning and the end of Act I Scene II. Somnolent and full of fish, he is carried on in the comfortable arms of Kate Jackson, who opens the garden door and "puts the cat out." He is promptly captured by the nearest bystander and escorted back to his dressing-room until the end of the scene, when the stage director, tall ex-singer John Wright, helps him up



"News Chronicle" photograph.

Sadler the Second makes his appearance in "The School for Fathers."

on the wall. Then it is up to him. He stretches, blinks at the audience, and leisurely jumps down to investigate the flower bed as the curtain falls. Seldom does his performance vary, although there is no compulsion about it and both the management and the audiences would accept any—well, almost any!—variation he would care to introduce.

At the end of this scene Sadler makes no more appearances until the next "School for Fathers" night—or so the authorities hope. But one evening, when a different opera was on the programme, they heard gales of laughter from the auditorium dur-

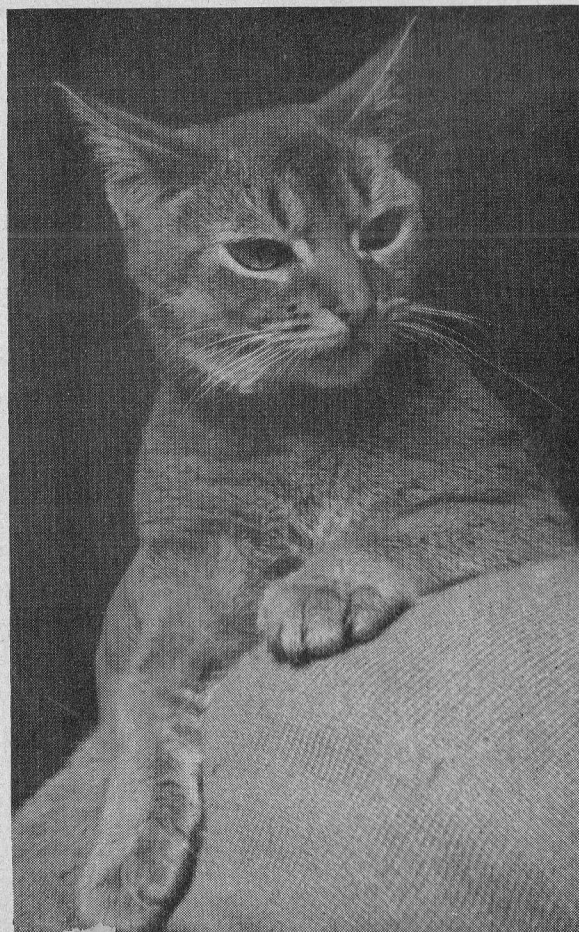
ing the interval. A discreet peep revealed that Sadler, fearing to disappoint "his public," had reintroduced the Curtain Turn so prevalent in bygone centuries and had walked along the "apron" in front of the curtain to select the most central and limelight position in which to take a bath!

It is sometimes said of theatrical stars that they are "quite unspoiled by fame." I think this may fairly be said of Sadler. He is self-opinionated and conceited, of course, but those are racial rather than occupational characteristics. He is friendly and extremely gracious to the Press, being willing to grant an interview or be

photographed with his friends at any hour of the day or night, and, when admirers offer to stand him a saucer of milk, he demonstrates that he is no vulgar saucer-lapper, but a cat of quality who conveys the liquid from saucer to mouth by means of a daintily dipped paw.

A cat believed to be Sadler's privately engaged under-study frequents

the restaurant next door and is frequently addressed as "Sadler." He makes no attempt to deny this mistaken identity, and comes in for some of the adulation intended for his famous double. But intimate friends are not deceived; Sadler once had a difference of opinion with some swing doors, and there is a permanent kink in his tail!



This lovely Abyssinian male, SAITES XENIO, bred and exhibited by Mlle. Rose Meyer, was Best Shorthair at the November Show held in Paris by the Club des Amis des Chats.

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.

RINGWORM IS CURED

At last I am pleased to tell you that my Tortoiseshell, Rezza Ophelia, is cured of ringworm, thanks to the treatment you indicated after my letter (see Correspondence Corner in our issue of October last).

I used a pound of sodium acid sulphate crystals, a pound of sodium thio sulphate, taking a tablespoonful of each and dissolving them separately in one gallon of water. The solutions were then mixed together and used to wash the cat thoroughly. The washing was repeated after 10 days and three washings in all were given. As a precaution against reinfection my apartment was sprayed with a 2 per cent. mixture of formaldehyde.

However, I had to renew the treatment as, one month after the first series of washings, ringworm reappeared. I think this was due to insufficient disinfection. So I repeated the treatment with five washings and two disinfections with 5 per cent. mixture of formaldehyde. Then I powdered the fur of the cat with an insect powder—Timor powder with 10 per cent. D.D.T. This is being used with wonderful results among animals in France.

I nursed my cat from August last year and it was only at Christmas that I felt sure I had effected a complete cure—the best Christmas present I could wish for. I would like you to publish my letter in OUR CATS so that other readers might benefit from my experiences, and I would like also to thank all those readers who so kindly responded to my appeal.

Mr. Michel Guinard,
Paris, France.

F.I.E. TREATMENT

I own a Siamese, now over a year old. At five months he was infected with gastric 'flu, also known as infectious enteritis. The onset was sudden, with vomiting, high temperature and listlessness. I communicated with a vet., who prescribed the following treatment, which effected a complete recovery.

Treatment. Good nursing is all important. The kitten must be kept warm and out of draughts. I confined him to a warm cage for this purpose. In order to prevent dehydration caused by excessive vomiting, fluid should be administered frequently. Normal saline solution (one teaspoonful of salt to a pint of boiled water) given four-hourly, orally and rectally—rectally about 20 cu. cms. No fats may be given. A solution of glucose was also given at intervals.

To stop the vomiting, half a grain of chloretone was administered.

The main drug of the treatment is aureomycin. The dose is 50 mgs. twice daily for five days. I found it quite easy to dose with a pippette (nose dropper type) after mixing with a teaspoon of saline solution. As an occasional stimulant, half a teaspoon of brandy in warm water was given at night.

As diarrhoea is apparent, the anus should be kept clean. All excreta, etc., is highly infectious and should be burnt. When improvement was noted diluted warm milk was added to the diet. I found encouraging signs of improvement after ten days.

Mrs. A. H. Henderson
(Reg. Trained Nurse),
Somerset East, South Africa.



JUDY ENJOYING HERSELF

MRS. A. A. BANKS, of 79 Langton Avenue, Sydenham, London, S.E. 26, writes:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how much I appreciate your Kit-zyme Tablets. I have given them to my young cat, Judy, since she was five weeks old and she has never had a day's illness. Judy loves the Tablets—at the sight of the bottle she gets excited and, after having her daily dose, she always looks for more. I always recommend Kit-zyme whenever I get the opportunity."

KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO...
It is a natural Tonic and Conditioner — NOT a purgative



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Promotes resistance to : **LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES**
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-

KIT-ZYME is sold by Chemists and most Pet Stores
Literature Free on Request

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PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Road, London, N.W. 10

READER WITH A PROBLEM

I am writing to ask if any of your readers can help me with a problem which I think will be of interest to other cat owners who live outside England and on return do not want to lose their pets.

I have five Siamese cats with me in Berlin and I could not bear the thought of their being left behind when we return to England. I have seen too many cats left with a reluctant promise of a home with the servant when their owners leave, and cat skins are on sale in almost all chemist's shops at 12DM (£1) each. My cats have travelled from Paris and through Germany, and I find they settle readily in new surroundings.

But the opinion is constantly expressed to me that cats—particularly Siamese—cannot survive the six months' quarantine in England and that the mortality rate due to cold and infection is very high. Is this really so? I read of cats being successfully exported to Australia, where there are also quarantine regulations. Why am I advised that cats seldom survive the English kennels?

My five cats will some time accompany me to the U.K., so I should be most grateful if any reader of your valuable magazine who has had any experience of bringing cats into England could give me any advice. Any recommendation would, of course, be confidentially treated.

Mrs. Margaret T. Kalberer,
Military Government, Berlin,
B.A.O.R., 2.

Replies to the above letter should be sent c/o "Our Cats" Magazine. I shall be pleased to forward them to Mrs. Kalberer.—Editor.

KITTENS MUST LEARN

My Tortie cat and her kitten were characters in an amusing incident the other morning when I had given each of them a bowl of milk and Weetabix. Mother had caught a mouse, and as

she could not attend to it and her breakfast at the same time, she laid the semi-conscious "catch" between her own bowl and the kittens. Each time the mouse moved she gave it a dab with her paw. Rather hard on the mouse, I thought, but kittens must learn!

Mrs. M. Smith,
Blubberhouses, nr. Otley,
Yorks.

TANSY LENDS A PAW

My cat Tansy was supposed to be the least attractive of a litter of Silver Tabby kittens born to a mother of 6½ months or so last March. He is a neuter, and it is of his attitude towards a litter of four sisters that I am writing.

When they were in their box, very young, he was most interested in them—at first, to my great concern. At first he would sit and watch. Then, when the kittens' eyes opened and they started to view the outside world, he decided, after watching mother's attempt to lure them back into the box from their wanderings, he had better lend a hand. To my horror, I caught him rolling one of the kittens back towards the box with his paw. I held my breath and my feelings in check while Tansy got all the kittens back safely. Mother, looking on, approved all this, and Tansy eventually became assistant and sitter-in. He even helped to keep the kittens clean.

Mrs. F. E. Robson,
Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

MIXED DIET!

I read in a magazine the other day of a cat eating chocolate. Is this an unusual thing for cats?

My cat will eat chocolate (only a special variety of milk chocolate—please do not ask how he knows the difference), milk toffee and occasionally wine gums. Also, if given the chance, he will eat a tin of Ovaltine

tablets. He will drink tea, coffee, Bournvita, cocoa and Ovaltine, or anything of this kind with just a spot of milk. His main meal each day is cornflakes as he will not eat cooked meat or raw meat. Fish makes him ill.

I do hope this is of interest to your readers.

Miss V. M. Dauncey,
Edgbaston, Birmingham, 16.

INFORMATION SOUGHT

I wonder if any of your readers know anything about the writings of the late Edward Greenly, who was very fond of cats and collected a great many stories about them? I am told that he had a manuscript on cat anecdotes which was never published, and if I could locate it I should like to have a look at it. I enquired last summer at the British Museum but found there was no record of it there. I shall be most grateful for any information.

Mr. J. B. Rhine,
Duke University, Durham,
North Carolina, U.S.A.

MRS. VIZE WRITES FROM S.A.

This is a wonderful country, with brilliant flowers, marvellous scenery full of contrasts—at times we are 6,000 feet above sea level, then down to flat, sandy scrub land with not a living thing in sight. Then one comes upon fertile valleys with extensive grape-growing areas and a coastline with many delightful seaside towns.

One thing I have noticed: there are not many cats running loose in the towns. It was a long time before I saw even one alley cat. Most of them are mackerel tabbies or blacks. It was mostly in the cafés and farms I saw our feline friends.

I was able to meet a few fanciers through the kindness of Miss Pocock (Chairman of the S.A.C.U.), who gave a cocktail party in my honour. . . .

Most of the cats in the Cape are Siamese. There are very few Long-hairs and currency restrictions are a bar to imports. . . . Later, in Johannesburg, I was most hospitably received by Dr. Stewart (Chairman of the Rand Cat Club and Siamese Cat Society of S.A.) and Mrs. Stewart. We drove to Boksburg to see Mrs. Van Heever's Siamese, and a goodly lot they were, too. One male, 4½ months, was outstanding, and if his points deepen with his adult coat he would trouble the best in England.

Actually, the Siamese here are not on the whole of a very high standard, and as the breeders have never seen a Clonlost Yo Yo, it is rather difficult for them to know what to aim for. Also, lack of experienced judges is a handicap. Mrs. Stewart, who came from England about 14 years ago, is the only one, as far as I can gather, who has had experience at first hand of the required standards for all breeds. She is working very hard to put the Cat Fancy here on its feet. . . .

Mrs. Anne Vize
(now visiting South Africa).

A WAY TO HELP

I should like to support very warmly the letter from Mrs. Phyl G. Jones, which appeared in your December issue. I know the work of the Animal Health Trust well, and I can assure readers that this voluntary organisation deserves every possible support, and to this end I have interested myself for the last three years.

What a grand gesture it would be if all of us who are cat lovers could subscribe a sufficient sum to make it possible for the Trust to carry out some scientific work towards the eradication or cure of the diseases that afflict our pets!

Mrs. Jones says: "The sooner some scheme is launched to raise this sum, the sooner this valuable work can be commenced." Can we not therefore

start *now* some further support for the Feline Fund at the beginning of the New Year? All the organisation for this is already in being at the Trust, and if everyone who has the good of our cats at heart will send as generous a donation as they can possibly afford it will expedite matters.

A guinea annually will make you a member of the Trust, or you can enrol your cat as a Trusty member for life at 5s. Surely this is a modest appeal in return for the health, happiness and companionship our cats give to us?

Donations can be sent to the Animal Health Trust (marked Feline Fund), 232/5 Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1, or to me at this address.

Mrs. Felicity Tschudi Broadwood,
Send Hill House, Send, Surrey.

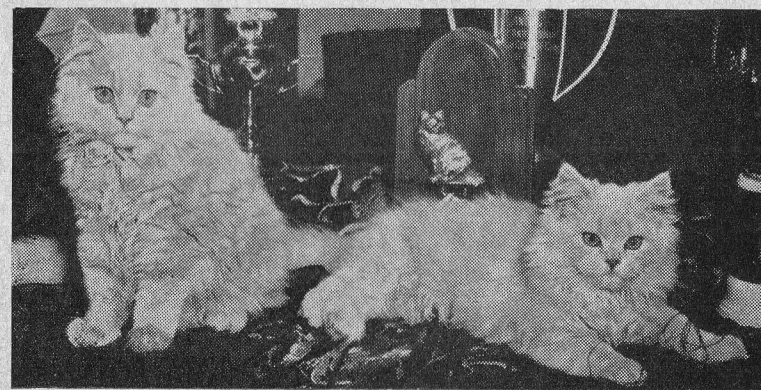
About that letter you were going to send us. Why not sit down and write it NOW? Correspondence Corner is YOUR feature. Please help to keep it interesting and of value to other cat lovers.

A pet tawny owl was found in an exhausted condition at Buckhurst Hill, Essex, and taken to an animal sanatorium for care and attention. Then came a snag. Owls should have fur and skin to aid their digestion and the sanatorium authorities began to think about procuring some unskinned rabbit and other furred food. Felix, the cat, solved the problem without fuss or expense. He takes nightly toll as official mouser to the sanatorium and never troubles to eat any of his catch.

DANEHURST CATTERY

Owner: Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S.

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Crowborough 407

A page for the proletarian puss No. 21



"Evening News" photograph.

Peter—one of the backroom boys at the Regent's Park Zoo—surveys the giant carp with a mixture of curiosity and suspicion.

Zoo Backroom Boys

(Reproduced by courtesy of the London "Evening News")

WITHIN recent weeks there has taken place at the London Zoo the important yearly task of stocktaking. The 7,000 and more inmates of cages, dens, aviaries, tanks and ponds have been carefully checked and catalogued.

But (writes Joan Powe) there is one class of animal that will not appear in the records though its address would be London Zoo. Classified, it would read: *Felis domestica*. We know it as the domestic cat. And the Regent's Park cats—some half a dozen or so blacks, whites and tabbies—are a proud lot, though they

have not been classified. You could call them the Backroom Boys of London Zoo.

Quietly and unobtrusively they move behind the scenes, waging war on rats and mice in the animal houses, drawing their daily ration of meat or fish. Members of the public rarely see them. . . . But the uniformed keepers and assistant keepers who see they are fed and lodged say: "We wouldn't do without them for worlds."

In the Lion House, for instance, unperturbed by the roars and snarling of Rota, Mr. Churchill's lion, is a

plump little black cat called Nigger, who shares the quarters of Head Keeper Charles Hitchcock.

Nigger has lived in the Lion House for seven months, but "Hitch" will tell you there have always been cats in the Lion House as far back as he can remember.

Some years ago there were Siamese cats—the favourites of one of the head keepers. A Russian blue cat once kept down rats behind the lion cages.

"They're sensible animals, cats, and on the whole they seldom run risks," says "Hitch." "Of course, Nigger had an occasional game with the lion cubs when they were very small, but he soon learnt when to stop. He keeps well away from the big cats now."

When the Zoo is closed a grey-and-

white cat can sometimes be seen strolling among the King Penguins. He is Tosher, the Club House cat, and he and the penguins are good friends. His job: keeping down mice and rats in the Keepers' Social Club, where he has comfortable quarters and good food.

At the Keepers' Lodge is another favourite, Horace, a black cat who has sunned himself by the aviaries for the past six years.

And at the Aquarium, tucked away in the quarters of Head Keeper Fred Akhurst, is a large white cat who could sum up every cat's dream—or nightmare. For Peter—stately and aloof—has the run of tanks of 3,109 fish—from tiny tropical fish to giant carp. But, as Keeper Akhurst explains, no cat likes to see giant fish—even behind glass. It's all rather unnerving.



HAMSTER MUTATIONS

Just before Professor Hindle, F.R.S., retired from his post as Scientific Director to the Zoological Society, he read a short paper on some new mutations in hamsters. The point of interest to cat lovers lies in the fact that Dr. Hindle was responsible for bringing the first golden hamster to this country. It came from Syria and was a pregnant female which subsequently produced 12 young.

It seems almost unbelievable that the whole of the hamster population in this country and America to-day, totalling several thousands, have been derived from this single female. Surely this fact must do much to dispel some of the misapprehension which exists about in-breeding. Still more interesting is the fact that new varieties (mutants) are being spon-

taneously produced. Mottled brown with white hamsters now exist and a short while ago some examples of an entirely new variant suddenly appeared in America and were subsequently described as "nervous grey females."

I think some valuable conclusions may be drawn from this. Many cat fanciers are prone to believe that unusual varieties are *separate species*. This is not so. Russian Blues, British Blues, etc., are almost unquestionably brought about as mutations of the original wild animal in exactly the same way as the varieties which are now occurring among the hamster population. It will seem strange if the "nervous grey females" are eventually called American Blues when their true parents are Syrian!—Cartwright Farmiloe, F.Z.S.

DEE BLACKBURN continues her story of

Bo'sun - Sailor Siamese

(Third Instalment)

WE had a beautiful passage from England to St. Peter Port in Guernsey. The wind was just right and we made one long reach, making the trip in just under 13 hours. We arrived early in the morning and just as quickly as I could get ready Bo'sun was taken ashore for the first time in several weeks. Bo'sun knew Guernsey as he had been there earlier in the year, but at first he seemed terrified to be on land again and found it difficult to follow on his lead. However, when we got up into the hills he lost his timidness and after a little while got back into his stride.

From Guernsey, where we stayed only a day, we set sail for the Isle of Chaussey, off the French coast; but as the wind became very light we stopped at St. Helier, Jersey, for the night. As the surroundings to the harbour were not particularly inviting—many trains and much traffic—Bo'sun was not taken ashore. As a matter of fact, we ourselves stayed aboard and we set sail early the next morning for Chaussey. This island is a lovely spot—it is owned by a friend of a friend of ours—and as there were no trains or traffic on the island, Bo'sun again had the time of his life scampering all through the hills and fields. The niece of Marin Marie, author of the book "Wind Aloft and Alow," took us fishing in her yacht and Bo'sun had a wonderful meal of fresh fish for his breakfast, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

We stayed three days at Chaussey and then one morning the wind was so favourable we reluctantly made our departure, heading for Benodet, on

the northern coast of France. We sailed for three days and two nights and Bo'sun was in seventh heaven. Since night sailing makes it necessary to catch a few winks of sleep during the daytime, Bo'sun is as pleased as punch, and I'm sure he thinks the new routine has been established just for his benefit—so he can have a bed-fellow for his afternoon nap.

When I have a late night or early morning watch and, George is having his shut-eye, Bo'sun insists upon coming on watch with me. If I happen to get up and out on deck without his knowing it he puts up such a howl that I have to hurry below and get him lest he awakens "the captain." When he keeps the watch with me he invariably sits on the compass, which is sunk in the centre of the cockpit seat. This sometimes makes navigating a bit difficult until I can remove him, and I do this by going off course a bit, which makes the compass needle swing to right or left. The illuminated dial fascinates him, so he moves to one side and will sit quietly and watch the movement, sometimes trying to catch the object which swings back and forth.

Towards nightfall of our third day we ran into a complete calm and dense fog. As we would have had to sail all night again in rock infested waters to make Benodet, we decided to poke our nose into Camaret instead of carrying on. We made port just at nightfall and had no sooner moored than one of the worst south-westerly gales I ever experienced descended upon us. We were very glad we hadn't carried on! Bo'sun, as a matter of fact, is as good as a barometer. Two or three hours before a

gale makes its presence felt Bo'sun gives the warning. For no apparent reason, he charges around the deck at a rapid rate of knots and keeps this up for about ten or fifteen minutes, after which he has a nap. When this happens, George always says, "A big wind is coming, Bo'sun's got it under his tail." And, sure enough, he's always right!

We stayed in Camaret a week waiting for good winds, so decided not to

of Kit-E-Kat took a long leap from one side of the cabin to the other when we came about in some rather rugged seas.

Bo'sun's introduction to Spain was not too pleasant. We landed at a most enchanting spot—Mugia, a small village in Camarinias Bay. We took him ashore for a walk and suddenly there appeared about fifty little children. So amazed were they at Bo'sun—"uno cato"—on a lead that



A hungry Bo'sun implores Dee Blackburn to "Come on, open up!" as she tantalises him with a sight of his favourite fare on board the S.Y. "Mary Hillier."

go on to Benodet, but to take our departure across the Bay of Biscay from this point. Crossing the Bay from France to Spain took us just under four days and we encountered a variety of weather, from flat calms to gale force winds. Bo'sun was quite happy under all circumstances, and only once showed alarm when his dish

the great lot of them surged forward in an attempt to pat him. He was terrified! And, as they could not understand English, it was impossible for us to tell them he was frightened. So Bo'sun had to be taken back aboard and spirited out to a more secluded section of the village to avoid his many admirers. How-

ever, in Spain all the people are curious, children and grown-ups alike. When we moor alongside a quay great masses of them come along and just watch us by the hour. As a result, Bo'sun is getting used to them and does not react so violently to their enthusiasm.

From Mugia we sailed on to Corcubion, then to Muros, another enchanting little Spanish village. Finally, we arrived at Vigo, a simply delightful city. The hospitality of Spanish people is amazing. They just can't seem to do enough to please. We were made honorary members of the Yacht Club Nautical and allowed all the facilities of the Club. One night in Vigo I received a terrible fright. Apparently, early in the evening, when Bo'sun had been allowed ashore, he met a Spanish señorita. When he came aboard for the night he was most upset and did a fair amount of howling, which we thought might be his manner of serenading—and he kept it up! As he rarely cries in the manner of most Siamese cats, we felt that he was unhappy and let him out again for what we thought would be a little while, but he had other ideas. As a result, I walked the streets of Vigo until four o'clock in the morning, but Bo'sun was nowhere to be found. He had never done this before and I thought we had lost him. Needless to say, there was little sleep for George or me, but about 6 a.m. the prodigal returned. Next day he was kept aboard on his lead. I was taking no more chances.

Unchaperoned Senorita

That evening, just about twilight, I heard a thump on deck. Bo'sun's ears perked up and he let out quite a howl and jumped up to the porthole. I quickly poked my head out of the hatch, and there, sitting quite pertly, was a little grey señorita, quite obviously the attraction of the previous night's escapade. I stopped and

talked with her for a few minutes and told her I was surprised her father would allow her out at night; that I was under the impression that all Spanish señoritas must have a chaperone, and that, furthermore, Bo'sun wasn't allowed to have girl friends so she must be off "muy pronto." She never appeared during the daytime, fortunately, so Bo'sun was allowed to have a run ashore. But for three nights at the same time she came back to the ship, but I believe tired of the chase when Sir Bo'sun didn't appear any more. In view of his escapade, Bo'sun was confined to ship after dark. George and I are beginning to have our doubts as to the efficiency of Bo'sun's operation!

Popular in Vigo

By the way, Bo'sun has acquired a North Sea roll. It isn't noticeable aboard, and we hadn't noticed it ourselves, but some friends of ours called attention to his gait one day when they were watching him play ashore, and, sure enough, he walks like a typical North Sea sailor.

In the smaller villages of the various harbours where we moor we often pack a lunch and go ashore in the dinghy to find an attractive spot to relax or swim. When a picnic lunch is the order of the day Bo'sun always comes along. I pack his lunch in one of the small round Player's cigarette tins which has a tight cover, and the cover serves as his dish for both the contents and a spot of milk. He loves to go for a row in the dinghy and is always the first in when we are preparing to leave the yacht. He sits way up in the bow and looks for all the world like a figurehead.

Bo'sun became quite a popular character in Vigo, particularly so as reporters came aboard and took pictures of us which appeared in the local press. The day the paper appeared hundreds of people came down

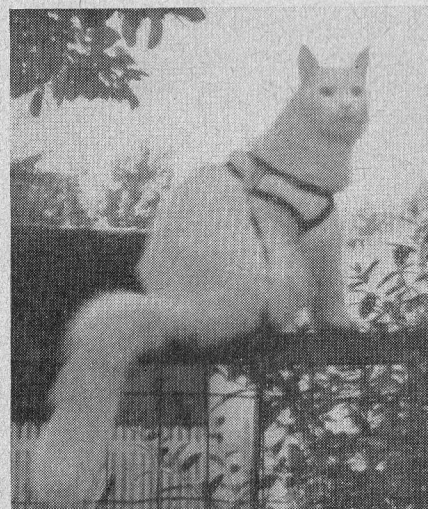
to the Yacht Club to see the ship with "uno cato" aboard.

We stayed two weeks in Vigo, and again reluctantly made sail for Lisbon, where we are moored now. Bo'sun hasn't gone ashore here as the harbour is quite close to the main road. However, he amuses himself visiting about three other ships moored alongside us, and finds life aboard quite to his liking.

Soon we take to sea again and no doubt will have other things to relate by the time my typewriter is taken out again.

(To be continued)

SNOOKY



We much regret that our picture of Snooky, remarkable 25-year-old cat of Albany, New York, does not appear under happier circumstances. When the picture reached us from America in late November the news was that Snooky was enjoying the best of health and his devoted owner, Miss Mary Ellis, was looking forward to the celebration of another day. Then followed an air mail letter carrying the sad message that Snooky had fallen victim to the unexpected cold weather. He died on 7th November.

Snooky's 25th birthday attracted considerable attention in America. He was a striking cat, pure white, bred from imported Persian stock, weight 20 pounds and 33 inches from head to tip of tail. His teeth were in healthy condition and his sight and hearing perfect to the end. For years he had a dog companion to whom he was greatly attached.

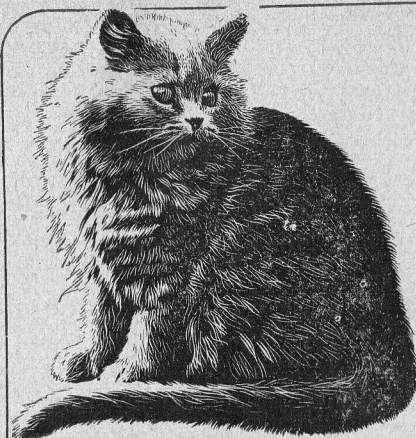
TAKING THEIR MEDICINE!

It is fairly simple to give a cat a pill (writes Henrietta Hitchcock in the "New York World-Telegram and Sun") if the poor fellow needs one. But when it comes to liquid medicine, you may run into opposition. If there are two people to do the deed it is much simpler. Single-handed, you need technique.

They jerk their heads away, they blow the medicine out in bubbles, they bat the spoon or medicine dropper away with a sassy paw. So, when I operate alone I make a cocoon, or mummy, of the little rascals. I use a large bath towel. Put the middle edge of it under the cat's chin and pin it snugly at the back of the neck with a safety pin. Then overlap the towel across the back, pulling it firmly so that the protesting front paws are controlled. Then bundle the remainder of the towel under the cat, drawing it from front to back. Use another safety pin to complete the mummy if necessary.

You can then hold the cat on your lap or perch him on the table and slide the medicine dropper into the side of the mouth, between front and back teeth. I use this method with my Siamese. . . .

Whenever you take your cat to a veterinarian, observe his methods and his dexterity and speed. Make as short a job of it as you can, for cats are nervous, and you don't want them piling up resentment of your behaviour. . . .



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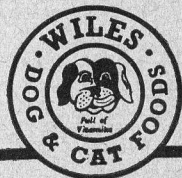
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Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

THE Atlantic Cat Club held their fiftieth Championship Show amid pomp and splendor. The room was decorated for this special occasion with huge clusters of golden flowers. In connection with the All-Breed Show, which was handled by Mrs. Silas Andrews (President of the C.F.F.), there was the Solid Color, judged by Mrs. Mabel Erdman, the Silver Society and the Siamese Cat Breeders' Guild, judged by Mrs. E. Earl Nack, of Willow Grove, Pennsylvania. Many entries were turned away for lack of space. Mrs. Elsie Collins, of New York City, was manager; she turned in a very efficient performance. Financially, the show was a pronounced success. The weather was good, the gate excellent and there were many entries from great distances. The President of the Club, Mrs. Ralph Wilkinson, was on hand to see that everyone was well received and taken care of, and she was assisted by Miss Doris Hobbs in making the out-of-town people feel at home. The White Persians had a field day . . . Anthony De Santis's White was Best in Show . . . there was a bit of confusion regarding this honor . . . as Rita Swenson from up Boston way proved a very strong contender for this coveted position. With this top honor went a very valuable cup that has been in possession of the Club for fifty years. In the Solid Color Specialty, Mrs. Helen Hildebrand's queen, Heidi, also a White Persian, took top honors for Best in Show, Best of Color and, of course, the blue and purple ribbons . . . with a few trophies thrown in for good measure.

Mrs. Hildebrand is President of the Solid Color Club.

* * *
The Crusaders have been doing some very specific work with the novices this season. The Newark, New Jersey, Chapter meets every two weeks and at each meeting an experienced breeder gives a talk on what they consider the highlights of breeding. This meeting was devoted to a discussion of the brood queen . . . from the day she is bred to the time her kittens arrive. Research on feline nutrition proved a very interesting topic. The lecturer stated in no uncertain words that a queen passes on to her unborn young only such nutrition as her own system does not require, hence the vital importance of building up the queen well in advance, with special emphasis on the last three weeks. Judging by the question period that followed the talk this was a highly informative lecture. The next meeting of the Crusaders will be devoted to the topic of "Finicky Eaters."

* * *
Mrs. Joseph Marshall, down Texas way, has purchased and imported a Russian Blue. On the 14th, this little Blue presented Mrs. Marshall with three lovely babies, each one sweeter than the other. She tells me that Stromboli (brother to my Sannie, a Siamese) sits on her head and tries to dig out bobby-pins while she is looking at TV.

* * *
The Cotton States Cat Club was judged by Mrs. Saxby-Mabie. The Best in Show was a Blue male, Imp.

Moonbeam of Gaylands, owned by Miss Verner E. Clum. The Best Opposite was also a Blue, Southland's Trudy, owned by Mrs. Foster Prather.

North Texas held their first show at Dallas. The All-Breed judge was Mrs. C. F. Rotter, from Minneapolis, Minn. The Best in Show was Ch. Michael of Beverly-Serrano, a Chinchilla male, owned by Mrs. Helen Amos. Best Opposite was Chesterfield Clarissa, a Blue, owned by Mrs. Ben Kendricks.

The Milwaukee Cat Club was judged by Mr. Deans Henderson, All-Breed. Best in Show was Chadhurst Sampson of Great Lakes, an imported Black male owned by Mrs. Myrtle K. Shipe. Chadhurst Sampson was also best in the Solid Color Specialty, which was judged by Mrs. Frances Kosierowski. When Chadhurst was under the All-Breed judge's hand . . . (Deans-Henderson) . . . he held him up and remarked: "It looks as though something new has been added . . . this cat isn't from this country."

The Seventh Annual Championship Show of the Long Island Breeders' Club was held at the Garden City Casino, Garden City, Long Island. This is a rather small club . . . but extremely exclusive. The manager, Mrs. Florence Hamilton, did a very excellent job of putting the show before the public. Mrs. Crystol Small, from Cleveland, Ohio, was the All-Breed judge. Mrs. Christine Hartman was the Specialty judge. Both judges did excellent work. No changing of decisions after the ribbons had been placed . . . no arguments . . . no dissatisfied breeders . . . (well . . . maybe one breeder was unhappy) . . . all told, it can be accurately stated that it really was a quiet, peaceful, sportsmanlike show. Best Cat in Show was Nani Lei King's Lanakila of Sunny Knoll, bred by Mrs. Joseph, of California, and now owned by Mrs. Nora

M. Andrews. King is a Smoke, just a year old, big boned, cobby, eye color out of this world. It would be indeed hard to fault this boy in anything. Everyone seemed to think this boy the Best in Show . . . there have been times when the opinion of Best in Show was not unanimous. The stewards of The Casino had a little alley cat that had been flown down from Quebec, Canada. One of the judges (Mrs. Hartman) called the show to order . . . and presented "Canadian Rufus," a ribbon on which was printed . . . Best Grand Champion. Talking to the stewards afterwards, I was informed that "Canadian Rufus" out-ranked every cat in the show. I felt very snooty the rest of the show . . . Rufus had luncheon with me the last day.

American Personality

MRS. IDA WILCOX SMITH

MRS. IDA WILCOX SMITH and her two Silver Champions, Citrus Ridge Pericles and Citrus Ridge Priscilla (see our picture), hail from the extreme southern part of America in the tropical State of Florida.

It was in 1922 that Ida Wilcox, of Cleveland, Ohio, married Arthur J. Smith and immediately moved to their home situated in the everglades of Florida. The nearest neighbour was over a mile away. To a girl raised in a city this distance of a neighbour can be a very serious thing and probably would have been had it not been for her two cat babies. They were her constant companions, followed her everywhere. There came a time when the 'glades were flooded and a rowboat was tied to the front steps for transportation. The Smiths were completely surrounded by water. Small snakes crawled under the doors—the two cats showed their valour and courage, destroying the snakes

completely. It was during this period that this intrepid little lady would place her two "bodyguards" in the stern of her boat and go fishing with them—sometimes with a net.

Mrs. Smith told me quite recently that her two cats proved a source of joy and companionship that could never have been duplicated in human relationship under as close confinement, and so began the dream of Ida Wilcox Smith as a breeder of Persians. One day she heard of a lady who had a "house full" of White Persians. The Smiths made a call.

breeding. Mrs. Smith says it is grand to win with any cat, but to win with one of your own, one that you have worked for, experimented for—well, it is really a happy and proud sensation. She has also made some very nice wins with Blues and Blacks, but the Florida climate is hard on dark coats and it is next to impossible to keep them an even colour. This is probably due to the salt moisture in the night air.

This little breeder will talk endlessly about her cat family, and at this writing it is quite large; but when I tried



Mrs. Ida Wilcox Smith with her Silver Champions.

They really found a "house full" of Silvers. A Silver baby went home with them, and so began the Citrus Ridge Cattery.

Mrs. Smith has been perfecting her breed ever since. In 1934, she made some very spectacular wins at the various shows and has been a consistent winner ever since. To-day she can write her pedigree of pure-bloods with six generations of her own

to interview her regarding her personal activities, I found her quite diffident and greatly given to under-statements. So I snooped around and found out some of her deep, dark secrets. She is no glory-seeker and is much inclined to be one of the workers in the ranks. Obscurity is not only a *modus operandi* of her job as President of Miami Florida Cat Fanciers; it is a fetish.

BILLIE BANCROFT.

CONTENTMENT



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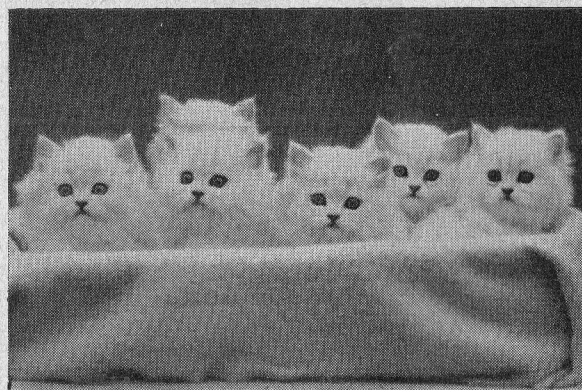
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On Judging Siamese

By P. M. SODERBERG

A FEW days ago I was with a group of Siamese fanciers having a friendly chat over a cup of tea when, quite by chance, a discussion started which may be of interest to the novice Siamese breeder who intends to show his cats. What I have to say may also interest those who have exhibited Siamese during the past season.

Every year a great number of new fanciers join the throng who find the Siamese the most attractive of all cats, but I am not concerned here with their popularity.

At the outset of our friendly discussion a well-known judge stated as her opinion that there was far more inconsistency in the judging of Siamese than is the case with Longhairs. No one denied the statement; in fact, no one could, for it is true. Yet there is a point that must not be forgotten. Many of the best Longhair judges are also on the judging panel of the Siamese Cat Club.

Thus a question presented itself quite clearly. Why is it that there is this obvious inconsistency in judging Siamese when the ability of the judges is not in doubt?

The answer is not as simple as it seems at first sight, for there are a number of factors involved, yet if something can be done to help the novice who is confused by his experience at the shows, then the problem must be examined.

Let us start off by taking the really simple case. A cat is shown in a small class and is awarded a first prize, and then, shortly after,

at another show it comes home cardless. Here the explanation may be perfectly simple, for whereas competition was small on the first occasion, the cat in question may have won merely because it was the best of a poor lot. Such a situation any novice can understand.

On the other hand, it does sometimes happen that a cat wins under a certain judge in a large class in which there are a number of well-known cats, but at a later show under a different judge the same cat is passed over. This just means that judges interpret the standard in different ways, and, in deciding their awards, place a different emphasis on the various qualities which are set out in this standard. To say the least of it, such results are confusing, but there is no reflection on the judge who, without doubt, has made his awards with care.

There are few judges to whom I have ever spoken who judge by adding up marks as they are set out in the standard. In fact, the late Cyril Yeates often told me that he considered judging by points could never be a satisfactory method. My own experience of judging is far too small to permit me to be categorical about such a matter, but few will contradict me when I say that there never were better judges of cats than Cyril Yeates and his wife.

As I see the position, the judges of Siamese ought to get together and discuss the matter, but I cannot claim that this idea is entirely

my own. It was suggested at our small tea party by a lady who knows far more about Siamese than most of us who are on the judging panel. Such a meeting should result in a consistent policy and would remove many anomalies.

The kinked tail is always a problem when judging Siamese. The Standard of Points says: "The tail should be quite straight or slightly kinked at the extremity." Now there you have it. If I had my way no Siamese would have a kinked tail, but people who have far greater experience are most anxious that the kink should be retained because they regard it as characteristic of the breed. Whatever we may feel about this question, no judge has the right to put a cat down because it has a slight kink, but the word "slight" can be interpreted in many ways. Perhaps the official Standard should be more explicit on this point.

Problem of the Squint

We now come to a second point about which there is a wide divergence of opinion. It is the perennial question of the squint. At one time it used to be said that a squint was also a characteristic of the cat. I have even read that all the original importations had a decided squint. This certainly is not true, but the fact remains that there are Siamese at the shows which have a decided squint and these are sometimes high up in the cards.

When referring to eyes the Standard merely states: "No tendency to squint," but it certainly does not suggest what the judge shall do when he meets a

cat which is really cross-eyed. There is no implication that a bad squint is a disqualification.

This much at least can be said. A squint may be hereditary, and then comes the question: "Do we want to breed this fault into our cats?" I would not presume to make a statement on the subject, but I know what I feel about it.

Siamese cats are strange creatures and I have known some which had the most appalling squint at times when emotionally disturbed, yet at others had eyes which were perfectly centred. It is the duty of a judge to decide "on the day," and no exhibitor can expect more than this.

Best in the World

In case you should have formed the impression that the standard of judging Siamese is bad, let me disillusion you, for that is far from the truth; yet there are many judges who feel that the job can be done better. If that is the case there is excuse for complacency.

The Siamese in this country are the best in the world, and in that position of pre-eminence they must remain. This can only be achieved if breeders know clearly what is required, and for such guidance they are compelled to rely largely upon the opinion of the judges at the shows.

I have mentioned in some detail two points which are worth discussing, but there are also a number of others. Can we not get together at some time in the near future to settle our differences of interpretation? When we have reached our conclusions, let us stick to them. The Siamese cat is worth the trouble and so are the many hundreds of breeders.

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for healthy bones and teeth; vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid for healthy appetite, silky coat and good general condition.



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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.

28th December. To-day I visited Mrs. Stephenson, of Tunbridge Wells. Her garden has a huge plot completely wired in and enclosing rose beds and lawn. The windows at the back of the house all open on to this space so the cats have the freedom and exercise so necessary for their happiness and well-being. When the wire netting was erected Mrs. Stephenson was out for a short time and on her return she found that the extra length at the top planned to curve inwards had been stapled on to a firm foundation. Of course, the idea was to have the netting left "wobbly" so cats who want to get out and marauding males who want to get in think twice about their safety when they feel themselves swaying insecurely. This was soon put right and now it is an ideal space for all the family. Nowhere could one find Longhair kittens in more perfect coat and condition and I should imagine none has been to more shows. Woburn Sunshine, purchased from his breeder, Miss Page, made his début at the Festival Show in July. He has since been to four more shows, and as he has been brought out at three of them for Best in Show he has

been handled by dozens of judges and stewards. He was looking lovely and is big for his age; at six months he weighed over eight pounds. The same remarks apply to the Blue-Cream Ashdown Shadows, except that, being a female, she is not so heavy. Best Longhair Kitten at the Festival Ch. Show and Herts and Middlesex, she has been to five shows. Her coat is remarkably intermingled and every-one who has bred this variety knows how difficult that is to attain. Her Cream litter brother, Ashdown Sprite—also present at two shows—is a big, well-grown kitten and has improved very much. Mrs. Stephenson was thinking of having him neutered, but I hope I was successful in persuading her not to. We are short of Cream males and he is well bred, being by Neuburie Bambi and Anchor Questy, the latter Cream queen being full sister to Anchor Cream Cracker and my Anchor Felicity. All these young queens, bred by Miss Hildyard, of Liphook, have produced outstanding winners.

Another kitten, Blue Star Twinkle (present at the B.P.C.S. Ch. Show), was in lovely coat. A huge kitten, he was flying to Mrs. Miles, of S. Africa, on 1st January in company with Major Dugdale's Harpur Blue Orchid, two Allington Chinchillas and two Creams.

Until we can find a vaccine to immunise our kittens against feline distemper and the more deadly infectious enteritis there is a small risk of infection at shows, but when kittens are fit and well the risk is negligible.

Those leading a natural life are more resistant and many well-known breeders renowned for the bloom on their kittens have been exhibiting over twenty years and never had illness. One has only to peruse this season's show catalogues to find the evidence that dozens of breeders have shown at almost every show and their stock, which I have had the pleasure of judging, was, with a few exceptions, in superb condition. Pre-natal care of the mother, ample food good in quality and variety, hygienic living conditions, exercise and scrupulously clean sanitary pans, little or no in-breeding, are the factors which determine the health and robustness of cats and kittens. One precaution I have observed, and that is to take kittens to shows only when I have been able to get there and back home in one day. Long journeys, strange surroundings overnight are tiring and a tired kitten is more susceptible. But of course I have lived about 10 miles from the London shows so have had a good choice. Otherwise, I might have had to modify my ideas about travelling!

1st January. From Switzerland, Mme. Sandoz sends news of her enjoyable trip to the Cat Club de Paris Show on 21st, 22nd and 23rd December. Congratulations to Madame Gibbon on Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas being Best in Show. It is a great triumph to present a Blue male born in 1942 and secure such an honour. Her Chinchilla Farquhar Tatiana also won over the younger cats; she is a remarkable queen with wonderful eyes and expression.

Best Shorthair was a Blue Point Siamese, Raard Blue Revel, bred by Mrs. Macdonald. Mrs. Axon was awarded first in the European section of the photographic section with Ch. Noxa Teena, a Tortoiseshell-and-White. Best Female in the Ch. class was Madame Bonnardot's Blue-Cream Int. Ch. Vivette de Montasah, a

lovely queen which I have admired on the Continent. Congratulations also to Miss Posthuma, of Holland, who bred Bentveld Rosemary, Best Kitten in Show, a Blue female by her Int. Ch. Southway Wizard. Madame Sandoz will be attending a show in Vienna this spring—another tribute to the revival of interest in cat shows all over the world.

From Mrs. Downey, New Zealand, a welcome letter arrived following her cable to tell me Miss Lelgarde Fraser's Red Tabbies, Hendon Beautiful Doll and Hendon Red Dancer, and my Blue male, Royal, by Thiepval Beau Ideal, had arrived safely. She writes: "The 'Norfolk' came in on Saturday afternoon, the 8th, but being a Saturday there was no hope of getting the kittens off until Monday. I worked hard all the week-end to make the time fly. The 'Norfolk' was out in the stream so had to go out in the launch with the stock inspector. We had to call at the N.Z. Shipping Company's office first and you may be sure my first question was: 'Are the kittens all right?' What a sigh of relief when he said, 'Fine!'"

"The bo'sun had looked after the kittens well and had groomed them. He even had the fur saved in a paper bag for me. The kittens had not been confined in Spratt's crates but were in big coops on the deck. Royal lived in one and the Reds in the other. The bo'sun had also allowed them to run in his cabin. He said the whole crew had spoilt them. Directly I got them home I gave them grass, which they enjoyed. I fed them later, but they were not hungry until supper time. All three are lovely kittens and I am so pleased with them. We have never seen such dark Reds in New Zealand. Their copper coats and eyes are wonderful. I was pleased to see Spotlight Pride's photograph in the October issue of OUR CATS. He was very young then. His points and mask have darkened considerably now. My imports from England give me so

much pleasure and my husband is so kind and interested in the cats."

More good news of British exports comes from U.S.A. Mrs. Myrtle Shipe, of Detroit, Michigan, writes: "The Black male, Chadhurst Samson of Great Lakes, bred by Miss Rodda, which you so much admired when you met him at Idlewild, New York, with Miss Hydon, is now a Champion. Two weeks ago, at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, which was a double show, he received the award of Best Cat at both shows. He has a lovely head and face with a snub nose like our best Blues, and he is blessed with a charming disposition."

From Miss Verner Clum, of Florida, U.S.A., comes news of Souvenir Moonbeam of Gaylands, three times winner in his Open Class as a kitten here, season 1950-1951. This is the Blue which Miss Kathleen Yorke first judged at the K.K. Show in July, 1950, giving him a very good report and making him her Best Blue Kitten. He became a C.F.A. Champion this autumn and was awarded his points under Mrs. Saxby-Mabie, Mrs. Laura Graham and Mrs. Rotter. A lovely photo accompanies Miss Clum's letter of Souvenir Moonbeam with his winner's ribbons and two silver cups.

A number of breeders will remember the beautiful Black kitten Baralan Mistress Midnight (by Ch. Baralan Boy Blue), which Mrs. Henn exhibited at Sandy and the M.C.C.C. Ch. Show, 1949. She was much admired and awarded firsts. Later, Mistress Midnight was sent to Mrs. Kloos, of Florida, where she became a Champion. Now Baralan Cinders (by Ch. Baralan Samson), another lovely Black Longhair, has gone to Mrs. Kloos, and by all accounts we shall soon be congratulating owner and breeder on another British-bred U.S.A. Champion.

This is good news which I am always pleased to receive. Breeders here are very interested in the career

of our exported stock, as, indeed, they should be. In U.S.A. it is permissible to add the new owner's prefix or affix to our registered name, even when stock already has either belonging to British breeders.

From Mrs. Cicely Mellor, of New York, comes news of Mrs. Herm's magnificent Black male, Double Champion Hermcrest Natajha, the cat I admired so much at the Atlantic Cat Club Ch. Show in January, 1950. Exhibited at the 35th Annual Ch. Show of the Empire Cat Club in New York, he won over all other breeds to take Best Cat in Show. His daughter, Hermcrest Lisa, was awarded Best Opposite Sex in Show and his son, Hermcrest Impy, Best Novice in Show. It was the first time in American cat show history that three Blacks have taken top honours in show finals.

Natajha needs only one point to become the second Black cat in U.S.A. to achieve the rank of Grand Champion, the first one being Pied Piper of Barbe Bleue, whose wonderful photograph appeared in the November issue of OUR CATS. Breeders here will be interested to read Natajha has English bloodlines. His grandsire is Ch. Lavender Chu Chu, by Ch. Mischief of Bredon. Chu Chu was purchased by Miss Elsie Hydon in England in 1932. Natajha's granddam is Laughton Delphine, a prefix owned by the late Mrs. Leslie Wood, who bred so many good Blacks, Blues and Creams before the war.

Mrs. Mellor is hoping to visit Paris and Switzerland this spring and hopes to see a show. The enchanting spring show of the Cat Club de Paris in May will be ideal for her and let us hope she will also find time to visit us.

11th January. How time flies! To Notts and Derby Ch. Show at the Royal Drill Hall, Derby. It seemed incredible that they were holding their seventh Ch. Show. How exciting it was to judge at the first one in

1946, when we were longing to see what our fellow cat breeders had been producing during the war years. Well, the Committee can congratulate themselves on a series of successful shows and now their friends rejoice with them over their record figures at this one—178 exhibits and 751 entries. The large hall was thronged with spectators and I was delighted to hear the gate was also a record one.

I had 81 of the exhibits to judge in various classes and much enjoyed myself with my grand steward, Mrs. Chapman, who handles the cats so well. Miss Kathleen Yorke, Mrs. O. M. Lamb and Miss Lelgarde Fraser were Best in Show judges and their choice from their own and the nominees of five other judges were Best Longhair, Miss Langston's Ch. Flambeau of Allington. He was on top of his form and looking lovely, a serene and sweet expression adding to his beauty. Best Shorthair Cat was Mrs. G. Price's Pikha Mia Too, the Seal Point Siamese female I gave a Challenge Certificate to at the last Notts and Derby Ch. Show, a very attractive cat when handled, with a lovely, short, silky coat of excellent warm tone. Best Longhair Kitten, Mrs. Oakley's Storkey Nugget, a good Cream male with a long, flowing coat. Best Shorthair Kitten, Mrs. Dadd's

Sabukia Sinbad, Seal Point Siamese, a fine male who has won well at previous shows and will shortly be leaving for Sweden. Best Longhair Neuter, Mrs. Hammond's Cream, Fanifold Kitticat, in full pomp and very sweet to handle. Best Shorthair Neuter, one of Brigadier Rossiter's "boys," Seal Point Siamese Kinki Pu, on this occasion beating his house mate, Premier Mirza Taklif, who had decided to insulate himself against the cold weather by growing a longer coat than usual. Both are lovely neuters, as was the third, Mrs. Buswell's Beaumanor Simon.

Congratulations to Mrs. Linda Parker on her Sabukia Sweet William, by her Siamese male Lindale Simon Pie, becoming a Champion, also to his breeder, Mrs. Dadd. Felicitations to Mrs. Aitken for the same honour for her Black female, bred by herself, Bournside Black Topsy. A lovely Silver Tabby Longhair male, Antonio of Silverleigh, exhibited by Miss Bracey and bred in Scotland by Miss Paton, was a welcome sight and should help this rare variety.

Mrs. Turney's Chinchilla female, Sarisbury Aphra, of the sea-green eyes, looked lovely in the morning light and her coat had the clear, frosty look so indescribable and charming in this variety.

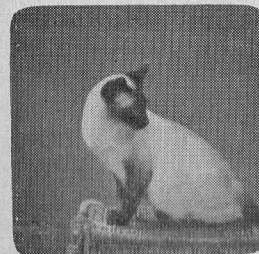
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A little gem I had to judge was Mrs. Budd's Black Shorthair kitten, Nidderdale Black Magic; her jet black coat shone and her type was lovely. Altogether, a grand show. Congratulations to the Show Managers, our well-known Mr. Felix Tomlinson and Mr. Jack Martin and their committee.

After the show to Bramcote, Notts, to Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Webb, a real cat chat and supper by the fire.

12th January. Delighted to find my hostess much improved in health since her serious illness last summer and taking her usual enthusiastic interest in cats. Her Blue male, Oxleys Smasher, was looking well. He is a very attractive pale son of Playmate of the Court. He has won several specials for his lovely eye colour, and the previous day won first in Any Variety Longhair Stud, judged on progeny. Thiepval Elf, daughter of Ch. Southway Crusader, is a favourite of mine. She has a lovely face and head and such round saucer eyes. Her daughter, Ronada Susan, won the previous day Mr. Owen-Jones's special prize for Best Blue Persian Maiden Queen bred by exhibitor. Ronada Peach was in good coat—a pity she has not had a family this year. She will be allowed to mismate to see if she will find "the time, the place and the loved one altogether" effective.

In the middle of the garden Mr. Webb had erected Ch. Astra of Pensford's temporary house. He will cer-

tainly have a loving home whilst his owner, Mrs. Vize, is in South Africa. He was looking very well, with his soft coat showing the bloom of good health. I am sending my Cream, Anchor Felicity, to him, as this mating produced the Copenhagen winner Twinkle of Pensford. Several well-known Midland fanciers are taking the opportunity of using him whilst he is available there. Mrs. Vize returns in April, according to the latest news.

14th January. My mailbag over the holidays brought a number of lovely photographs. I wish the Editor could publish them all, but space does not permit. However, when he considers they are sharp and clear and of general interest many will be published during the year. I am always pleased to mention new Champions and Premier Neuters, and any omissions are because I have not followed the fortunes of every cat. So please send news of these outstanding winners.

Mr. J. Arthur Rank is to give the entire proceeds of the world première of the new film "The Card" to the Animal Health Trust. The principal players in this famous Arnold Bennett comedy are Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Glynis Johns and Petula Clark. The première takes place at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on 28th February.

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Paris stages fine show

THE 25th International Championship Show held at the Hotel Continental, Paris, in December provided a wonderful picture of softness, sumptuousness and beauty (writes Miss Kathleen Yorke). Ethereal Chinchillas, Blues, Creams, Blue-Creams, all in their finest coats. magnificent Whites, Blue-eyed and Orange-eyed, and Blacks just made you want to possess them. Shorthairs also made a brave show, although Siamese were not as good as one would wish to see. There were two exceptions: Raard Blue Revel, a Blue Point sired by Champion Blue Seagull, and Raard Radiant, a Seal Point sired by Petit Gitto.

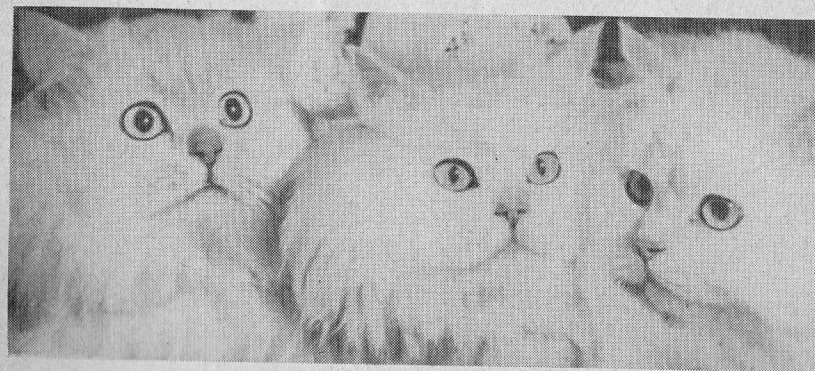
Kittens were really beautiful and the Best in Show was Mlle. Posthuma's Bentveld Rosemary, sired by Int. Ch. Southway Wizard. Miss Rodda judged all the Longhair kittens and found Rosemary worthy to head the parade of between 50 and 60.

Other judges were Mr. Brian Stirling-Webb and myself. It was a most interesting experience for all of us. Exhibits were penned in the huge ballroom and judging took place in an adjoining salon. Cages were lavishly

decorated with flowers, pale satins and velvets and mirrors. Exhibits arrived from Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland. Unfortunately, the Scandinavian countries were prevented from showing because of outbreaks of foot and mouth disease.

Best Champion and Best Exhibit in Show was Madame Gibbon's Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, sired by Dickon of Allington and bred by Mr. J. H. A. Martin. A lovely younger brother of Nicholas was second in open Blue Male class, Southway Rascal, owned by Madame Sarrazin. Winner in that class was Dutch bred Wasjka van Frisia State, sired by Int. Ch. Southway Wizard, bred by Mme. Kroon but owned by Madame Coget, of Belgium. A sister won in the Blue Female open class, lovely Laska van Frisia State, shown by Mme. Kroon. I forgot to mention when speaking of the kittens that Signora Paganini's Wewillie-winkie of Dunesk (sired by Ch. Baralan Boy Blue and bred by Mrs. Brunton) was Best Male Kitten.

In Whites, Mlle. Perrin won with her attractive Int. Ch. White Flower du Leman. The magnificent White male, Djangher Wang Fou (bred by



These lovely entries were shown by Mme. Gibbon at the Paris Show—(left) XEROS DE LA MASCOTTE, (centre) ROMANCE DE LA MASCOTTE and (right) FARQUHAR AIGLON.

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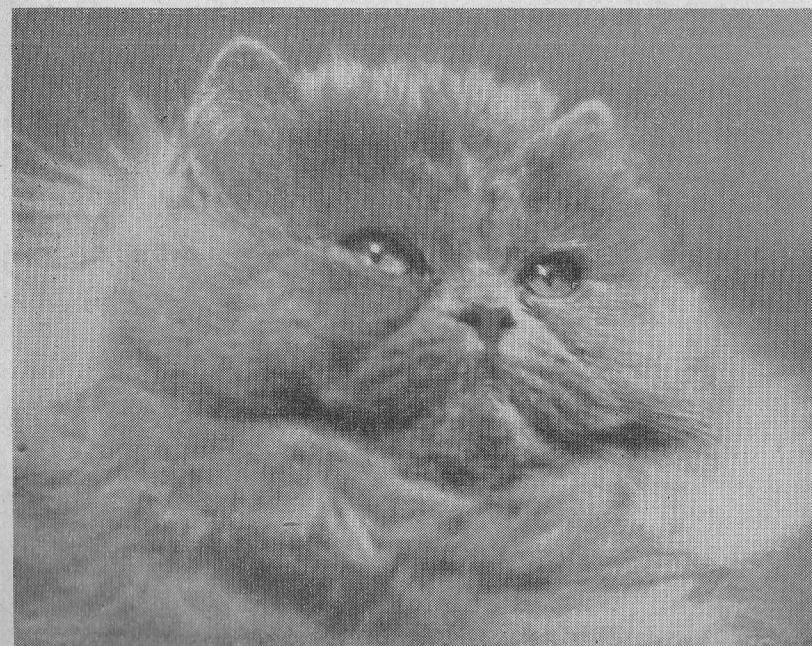
Mme, Pulby but now owned by Mme.
Gibbon), was a magnificent cat, but
unfortunately an accident to his eye
spoilt his chance for Best Exhibit in
Show. A very lovely Chinchilla
youngster came out for the first time
as an adult and won well, Romance
de la Mascotte. His brother was also
in the running with Farquhar Aiglon
and Bentveld Roger. The females
were headed by Int. Ch. Farquhar
Tatiana, a queen of the finest quality.

Two lovely Black females showed up
well. Winner was Milout du Santa-
flora, belonging to Mlle. Cacciavill,
and Chadhurst Suzette, who ran her
very close, belonged to Madame
Mariani.

I need not tell you that this very
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Avon who was found dead in a gas-
filled room, the theory was put for-
ward that the gas tap was turned on
by one of the seven cats in the room.
Another elderly lady who was in the
room at the time recovered after
treatment.

Kent fireman Ken Harvey was
lowered down an 18 ft. wall to the
surface of Canterbury's River Stour
to rescue a cat which had been
trapped in a drainpipe for several
days. When released the animal
jumped into the river, swam down-
stream to the opposite bank, and dis-
appeared.



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Tailpieces

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with a selection of the best
items from home and overseas



THE Annual Report of the Cats' Protection League (published in the January issue of their Magazine) contains the following interesting figures: In-patients, 1,015; out-patients, 6,021; cats and kittens received, found, 509; homes found, 351; road accidents attended, 74; cats collected, 806; ambulance mileage, 2,840; humane destruction, 4,605. During 1951 the League's chief benefactor was Mortimer, Miss Rudd's famous cat, an ex-stray who collects monies on behalf of his less fortunate brothers and sisters. Mortimer is probably the only cat in the world who has his own bank account. Well done, C.P.L.—and Mortimer!

The following story (sent to me by a Yorkshire reader) recently appeared in the "Yorkshire Evening Post." It won a half-guinea prize for the narrator: When living in South Africa I had a cat called Thomas, who became very ill. I had decided to have him destroyed the following day, but when the time came I relented and nursed him back to health. Some weeks afterwards I was sitting alone in the house, sewing, when I heard a noise. Getting up, I found that the front door, previously closed, was open, and Thomas was walking in. "Is that you, Thomas?" I called. "I thought

you were outside." At the sound of my voice there was a mad scramble in an adjoining room, and I was just in time to see a big man taking to his heels. In the room, to which I went immediately, drawers had been ransacked. The thief, hearing my remarks to Thomas, evidently thought my husband was returning. So saving the life of Thomas most certainly saved many of my possessions from being stolen.

I am indebted to one of our readers, Mrs. Joseph Marshall, of San Antonio, Texas, U.S.A., for a sight of the interesting little newsletter which she sends out each month under the title of "Cat Tips from Texas." Packed with intimate snippets about people and cats. I was specially interested to read that our American Associate Editor, Mrs. Billie Bancroft, has been made an honorary member of the Alamo City Cat Club, Inc., and further it is suggested that popular Billie B. might be nominated for the National Award "for the person, institution or organisation who has contributed most during the past twelve months for the advancement and welfare of the cat."

MICKEY

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MISSLEFORE ZEPHYR PRINT (Blue Point Siamese). Sire Misslefore Autumn Print, dam, Misslefore Ya-Rain, at stud to registered queens. Fee £2 2s. and return carriage.—Richards, Hendelak, Roughdown, Boxmoor, Herts.

For Sale

S.P. SIAMESE Kittens, ready Feb. Sire Done-raile Dekho, dam Martial Sabina, from £5 5s.—Marshall, Rosebank, Brockenhurst (2217), Hants.

SIAMESE B.P. Male, five months, registered, pick of prizewinning litter (National), outstanding, 8½ gns. Sisters B.P. 5½ gns., S.P. 4½ gns.—Cousins, Caravan, Stanks Hill, Birmingham Road, Warwick.

SILVER TABBY Kitten (Male), born 1st Dec., 1951, by Champion Hillcross Silver Flute ex Crinkle, 4 gns.—Mrs. Kapp, Croydon 6711.

FINE BLUE PERSIAN Male, born 16.6.51, Reserve at Olympia, make good stud or lovely pet.—Enquiries to Box 28, OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

Wanted

WANTED. Seal Pointed SIAMESE Queen on breeding terms, guaranteed best of homes.—Frost, Buttons Farm, Cross-in-Hand, Tunbridge Wells.

WANTED DURING 1952, 500 new Subscribers to this Magazine. Readers can help in the circulation drive by supplying (in confidence) names and addresses of cat-loving friends and buyers of kittens, to whom specimen copy may be sent free of charge.—Details please to OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Miscellaneous

SIMPSON'S BOOK OF THE CAT, many illustrations, Cassell 1903, good condition, 45s.—Box No. 29, OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

ALL ELASTIC HARNESS-COLLAR-LEAD SETS for Cats. Standard model 10/-, elastic nylon 12/6, featherweight kitten 10/-. Siamese coats 12/6, all colours. C.P.L. recommended.—Collier & Collier, 78 Upper Shaftesbury Avenue, Southampton.

WARNING TO OWNERS. Never dispose of cats unless you are certain they are going to a good home. There is a big demand for cats by the vivisectionists and also by the fur trade. In both cases they are liable to suffer revolting cruelty. For further information apply to: National Anti-Vivisection Society, 92 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

THE TAIL-WAGGER MAGAZINE, the monthly British Dog Magazine for dog owners and dog lovers everywhere. Fully illustrated and complete with informative features and instructive articles. Annual subscription 11s. (inc. postage) for twelve issues.—The Tail-Wagger Magazine, 356-360, Grays Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

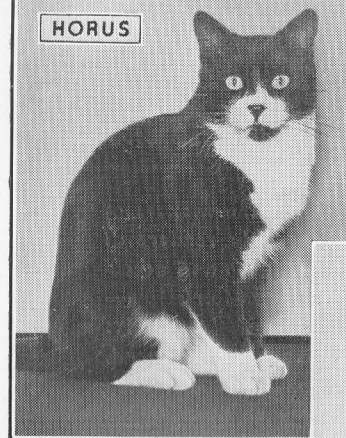
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Boarding

FOR SIAMESE ONLY. A comfortable and well-run BOARDING HOME where cats are loved and cared for as individuals and the special needs of Siamese are fully understood. We have been privileged to look after many beautiful cats for well-known Breeders and S.C.C. members, to whom reference may be made. Numbers are strictly limited and stringent precautions taken against the possible introduction of infectious diseases. No cat can be accepted without our own Certificate of Health signed by the owner.—Detailed prospectus from Dr. and Mrs. Francis, Low Knapp, Halstock, Yeovil, Somerset. Telephone Corcombe 250. Through trains from London and Birmingham.

A BOARDING HOME for Cats and Dogs where every care and attention is given to your pets' individual requirements. Our Certificate of Health, signed by the owner, essential before acceptance. Inspection invited.—Miss K. M. Bradley, "Old Beams," Holyport, Berks. Tel. Maidenhead 1812.

HORUS



MISS DOROTHY J. RUXTON, of Martin Lodge, Mayfield, Tunbridge Wells, writes:—

"You must have received a great many letters in praise of Kit-zyme, but I should like to add one more.

Seventeen months ago I had my little cat, Isis, spayed. She was at the time six years old and had produced sixty-two kittens. Until the operation, she had always been lively and playful and enjoyed

every moment of motherhood from the birth of her kittens to the last finishing touch of their education. Her husband, to whom she was very faithful, continued to visit her and each time she hoped (in vain, of course) for the joy of another family. After each bitter disappointment she became more and more depressed and listless; all interest

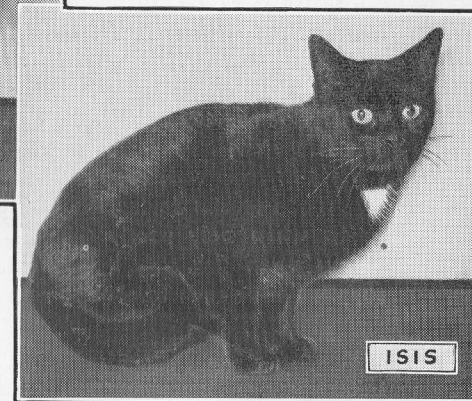
in life had gone; bored and frustrated she wandered about the house or slept the hours away and even food had lost its attraction. It was pitiful to see her.

Then one day I had a brainwave, TRY KIT-ZYME! . . . and within ten days there was a marked improvement. She took to going out again, exploring hedgerows and day by day growing more like her old happy carefree self. Once more she was thrilled by the smell of food, ate heartily, enjoyed games and lately has taken to shooting into my room in the middle of the night, a cross between a hurricane and an earthquake, to hold a 'Witch's Sabbath,' tearing madly round the room and sending mats and rugs in all directions.

But this is not all. Her son, Horus, for two years running had developed skin trouble in the early Spring and lost his pants. He looked terrible and was painfully self-conscious about his appearance; he also had scabs on his head and neck. I had tried one or two 'cures' but it was not until I put him on Kit-zyme regularly that he recovered his good looks and high spirits.

I shall never be without Kit-zyme in the house. With grateful thanks from Isis, Horus and myself."

ISIS



KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO . . .
It is a natural Tonic and Conditioner—NOT a purgative

Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST



Promotes resistance to: LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/6, 750 for 8/6
KIT-ZYME is sold by Chemists and most Pet Stores
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