



**YOUR CAT
MAY LOOK
HEALTHY YET
NOT FEEL FIT**



Vitamin-hunger

CAN MAKE A CAT'S LIFE A MISERY

Too many cats live their lives continually under-nourished. Scrap feeding alone just isn't adequate for health. A cat needs proteins, vitamins, meat and minerals for proper health. Be *fair* to your cat, start feeding her Whiskas. Whiskas is such a rich, highly concentrated source of the nourishment a cat must have, that a little Whiskas mixed with table scraps gives the bounding energy, coat and health a well-loved pet deserves.

Whiskas

GIVES A CAT *vitamin-vitality*

12 NOURISHING
MEALS 1/6*



MADE BY KIT-E-KAT LTD., MELTON MOWBRAY, LEICESTERSHIRE

Printed in Great Britain by F. J. Milner & Sons Ltd., Commerce Road, Brentford, Middlesex,
for the Publishers and Proprietors, A. E. & I. B. D. Cowlshaw, 4 Carlton Mansions,
Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



1/6

MARCH/APRIL 1952

Increased to 48 Pages this issue!

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. 3/4

MARCH/APRIL 1952

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4 CARLTON MANSIONS
CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

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MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

WE PLAN FOR PROGRESS

THIS merging of issues and our appearance at the beginning of the month have their significance. OUR CATS will in future be published on the first day of each month and, what is more important, forthcoming issues will be enlarged to contain extra reading matter and illustrations. I hope also, in the near future, to be able to present some grand new features and to enlist the services of some more capable and experienced writers.

The pre-eminent position occupied by OUR CATS within its specialised field is already assured. We now seek to widen its scope and influence to the utmost limits under the slogan: "The Magazine that Spans the World of Cat Lovers." The key to success for our "bigger and better" experiment is to be found in increased readership. Your individual interest and help in this connection will be greatly appreciated.

EDITOR

Our cover picture this month (by P. A.-Reuter Photo Ltd.) shows a pair of exquisite Redwalls Cream Kittens (bred by Mrs. E. M. Hacking, of Liphook, Hants.) being displayed by Miss Petersen, a Danish visitor to the Crystal Cat Show at Olympia last October. Names of these prizewinners are Redwalls Bath Oliver and Butter Fingers.

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).

Publication date is the 1st of the month and closing date is the 7th day of the month preceding the month of publication. MSS. and photographs submitted will only be returned if accompanied by fully stamped and addressed envelopes. Photographs should preferably be of the glossy type with sharp details.

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The Pensioners

by Stella Conway

My Tom brings home the milk for tea,
Enough for him—the cats—and me.
Across the fields and o'er the stile
From farm to cot is just a mile,
And as the clock ticks on towards five
'Tis fun to see the cats arrive.
Each has her own appointed spot
From where to watch the distant dot
Which larger grows till it's a man,
Yes! 'tis Tom with the milking-can.
Down the path, from out of the
hedge,
Off the thatch and the window ledge,
The cats all rush precipitate
Meeting Tom at the wicket-gate
The ginger cat, old, greedy, fat,
The kitty-cat, grey, like a rat;
The one-eyed cat they say's a stray.
Bearing marks of many a fray;
The tabby cat with half a tail,
The cat named Jane that proved a
male.
They're sometimes less and sometimes
more
Following Tom—though past the
door
None dare set paw if MY cat's in.
Tom tips the milk into their tin,
Generous measure for them all,
And puts it out just by the wall.
They purr in unison their grace,
Each settles in accustomed place,
All lap and lap until they see
Cats' faces gazing crazily
Up at them from their shiny plate;
And then they sit and meditate
And wash their whiskers and their
paws,
And on the tree-trunk sharpen claws.
For country cats have work to do
In loft and barn and rickyard too.
So—soon they slyly slink away
To action stations, seeking prey.
No fireside claims them, like my Jim,
But then I find excuse for him,
For when a body's old like me
A cat is kept for company.

Kuo's Kittens

By L. R. C. HAWARD

ARE cats born mice-catchers? Nobody seeing Lucifer in Walt Disney's "Cinderella" would doubt that the answer is yes, and the efficient way the domestic tabby catches his first mouse seems to confirm this view.

Until recently, the question, although an old one, has not been considered really important, but in the hope that some light may be shed on human behaviour and personality traits, science has now stepped in and provided the answer for us. It seems strange to imagine a white-coated scientist spending months and months studying the mice-catching propensities of the common or garden cat, but this is just what has happened.

Behaviour among our domestic pets is often analogous to our own. How often we hear the remark, "Why, he's almost human," after some particularly intelligent exhibition by puss. The psychologists, therefore, have undertaken many studies of the cat in order to account for certain types of behaviour in ourselves.

Mice-catching really raises the perennial problem of heredity versus environment; that is, how much of our activity can we ascribe to what is born in us, and how much to the influence of our surroundings from birth. Geneticists, who study the transmission of characteristics from one generation to another, have found the cat a useful "guinea-pig" in this type of research, for the study of three or four feline generations

can be made within a reasonable length of time. Another reason why cats top the popularity poll in genetic experiments is that many of the characteristics due to instinct are so strongly developed—domesticity is a very thin veneer and tabby and the tiger have more in common than is generally supposed.

Kuo, a famous psychologist, set himself the task of studying the reactions of kittens to rats and mice, and his experiments are accepted as masterpieces of patience and accuracy.

By careful and controlled breeding over a number of generations, a large number of week-old kittens was eventually obtained, all having identical ancestry. They were then divided into three equal groups labelled A, B and C.

Old Hands

Group A kittens were allotted to an equal number of queens, each cat and kitten living together but separated from the others. The cats were all experienced mice-catchers, old hands at the game possessing a confirmed reputation in the rodent world.

Group B kittens were brought up in complete isolation, each one being reared individually.

Group C kittens were all separated and brought up in the company of well-behaved baby rats, who all had long and respectable pedigrees in the laboratory.

After a set period had elapsed, each kitten, at the same age, was

placed into a large enclosure alone, and after it had thoroughly explored and become familiar with the site, a mouse was introduced into the situation. The behaviour of each kitten, and of each group, was recorded by the cine camera installed in the enclosure.

The experiment was repeated again and again, using different breeds, different sexes, different ages and so on, until finally the numerical results were so vast that chance and error could safely be ruled out.

Natural Mousers

When all the results were finally accumulated, this is what Kuo found:—

Group	Mice killed	Remarks
A	90%	Instantaneously
B	45%	Doubtfully
C	15%	Accidentally

What can we learn from this? In the first place, less than half the cats naturally caught mice without some influence from the older and experienced cats. Secondly, although kittens had never seen a mouse before, those of the first group had obviously learnt something about them from their foster-mothers, and this raises another interesting problem on how this could be done. Thirdly, environmental influences in the third group had been so strong as to nullify the effects of instinct altogether, for it was found that mouse fatalities in this group occurred because of the unequal sizes and strength between kitten and mouse, the unfortunate rodents being killed in genuine and friendly play.

As far as mice-catching goes, then, we can say that the effects of heredity and environment are equal. The birthright of every

kitten appears to be a 45% predisposition to mouse-mauling; that is, 45 out of every 100 kittens isolated from their mother at birth will naturally kill a mouse, but add to this influence from the mother cat and playmates on the tiles, and only a cat of the highest ethical principles can fail to succumb to such sport.

On the other hand, bring them up with mice or rats in a spirit of liberty, equality and fraternity, and they will become as friendly towards the latter as we are to the former.

The results have been of great value to science, and have led to further researches on other aspects of the problem. To the cat lover the results are not without interest, and to every reader there is surely one striking lesson to be learned: if such firmly rooted instincts as these can be so completely controlled by communal upbringing, this could surely be a major constituent in future world peace, for no nations can surely be as antagonistic as the proverbial "cat and mouse"!

Here are two important dates for your diary!

The Third CRYSTAL CAT SHOW

will be held at
OLYMPIA (National Hall)
on
Friday and Saturday
22nd & 23rd August
1952

A page for the proletarian puss No. 22



Associated Press Photo

AH! THERE YOU ARE!

A seasonal picture, don't you agree? Anyway, we saved it up for a springtime appearance. Tiger, mascot of an American police station, looks into the desk drawer containing her two new-born kittens. Tiger disappeared for a week and one of the station officers heard scratching noises coming from a desk in the basement. He opened the bottom drawer and there was "the deserter" with her new family.

DEE BLACKBURN continues her story of

Bo'sun-Sailor Siamese

(Fourth Instalment)

WHAT a heavenly place is Lisbon! A city beautiful from every point of view. Our first mooring was in a small harbour for trading ships (called frigatas). These craft had an old-world flavour, were most picturesque and immaculately clean. Having a cat aboard a ship in these waters is no novelty. Every ship, large or small, had one cat or several as mascots, all plump, healthy and very attractive. Bo'sun eyed them in a most in-

terested manner, anxious to make friends, but as soon as he would make an overture from the bulwark rails they'd scamper below decks. They apparently had never seen a cat like Bo'sun, or perhaps they didn't like the cut of his jib!

A few days after our arrival in Lisbon we took the British Consul for a sail on the River Tagus and in the evening he directed us to the Yacht

Club Harbour, where we have been ever since. Without a doubt the surroundings here are the most attractive we have ever seen. The beautiful tower of the Jeronimus Church and Monastery, many hundreds of years old, is just across the road and lovely parks and flower gardens abound. However, as there is a main road running parallel with the sea front, Bo'sun is not allowed ashore alone. He gets ample exercise, nevertheless, by scampering over all the yachts moored around the har-

bour and is quite content to stay afloat until he's escorted elsewhere. His ability in springing the many feet between the moored yachts would put a long-jumper to shame. Bo'sun still goes ashore a-plenty, though, as we have met so many charming and hospitable friends who insist that Bo'sun be included in whatever excursion is being planned. Only once did he cause us any embarrassment, and that was purely

accidental. We were having dinner with some friends in a well-known sea-food restaurant. On these events I usually attach Bo'sun's lead to my chair leg and put a small knitted mat on the floor which we carry with us for him to sleep on when he's had his meal. The first course was largostinas, a shell fish similar to lobster, but more tasty. Bo'sun was given a portion and, apparently liking it, had consumed it before I had a chance to supply him with more, as it takes a little time to crack the shells and extract the meat. In an attempt to remind me that he was still there and not satisfied with one course, he put his front claws on the cloth, which started to leave the table. Momentarily there was a panic when the dinner party thought the fare was floor-bound, but we managed to just catch it in time. Bo'sun was then supplied with another largostina, a goodly portion of turbot and a small piece of cake for dessert. He then curled up on his mat and waited quietly until dinner was over, which is his habit when taken to a restaurant to dine.

Greek Meets Greek

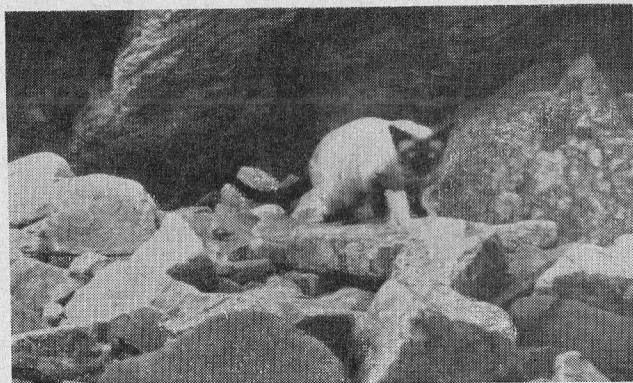
One Sunday afternoon some Egyptian people we met in Lisbon took us for a lovely drive through the mountains to a scenic spot called Arrabida. Bo'sun accompanied us. On the way back we stopped in a quaint little café for tea and Bo'sun had his saucer of warm milk. While he was busily engaged with his drink the proprietress brought in her Siamese cat and called his attention to Bo'sun. Bo'sun, being otherwise engaged, did not see the other animal until he had finished and the woman placed the cat before him without an introduction. Bo'sun looked at him for a second and then gently patted him on the face, which is a trick he has when he watches himself in the mirror. However, when the other cat

returned the pat, Bo'sun was so startled that he reared up on his hind legs and gave forth such a ferocious howl that the woman snatched up her pet and made a hasty retreat.

Bo'sun was genuinely upset, because without a doubt he thought the animal was his own reflection and it was not a little disconcerting to have his gentle tap returned when he had played so many times with himself in the mirror without retaliation. Bo'sun is usually most friendly and I was as surprised as the woman at his reaction. When we returned home I showed Bo'sun a mirror and lo! and behold he reared up again and gave another howl. He was taking no more chances with his own reflection coming to life.

Dental Treatment!

Some time ago I began to get a little concerned that Bo'sun's teeth were losing that pristine pearly brilliance. I had given the matter a great deal of thought and had even toyed with the idea of a miniature toothbrush. This notion brought forth such hoots of laughter from George that I asked, a little hurt, what suggestions he had to make, and when he replied, "He's an able-bodied cat, give him sea biscuit," it was my turn to shriek with laughter. However, pursuing the matter to its logical conclusion, a sea biscuit was cracked small into Bo'sun's bowl and in the most humorous spirit presented to him. A few exploratory sniffs were the prelude to a protracted series of honest-to-goodness crunches. His nose didn't leave the bowl until it was empty, and only then to deal most effectively with the pieces that had been spilled. Then, looking more than ever like a fully qualified Bo'sun, he went on deck to sniff the weather and make known his opinion. Needless to say, his teeth very soon regained their ivory castle appearance and one more item of diet has been



Bo'sun out on a foraging expedition when the S.Y. "Mary Hillier" put in to the French port of Camaret to avoid bad weather—see our February issue instalment.

added to his menu. Do we require any further evidence of his qualifications as a sea-going cat?

We have read of strange exploits of intrepid mariners with denizens of the deep. We have taken (with a pinch of salt) the stories of lone mariners finding their breakfast of flying fish spreadeagled on deck, waiting to be put into the pan. But when we awoke one morning to see a tiny silver fish dancing and jumping about on the carpet we thought things had gone a bit too far and, rolling over, endeavoured to dismiss the whole thing as one of those figments of imagination which are apt to follow the night before, especially when that night before has been spent in the sub-tropical and extremely hospitable atmosphere of Lisbon. However, the matter refused to be so easily resolved and proved in very definite fashion its concrete existence. There being no holes in the bottom of the ship large enough to admit a microbe, we perforce had to turn to Bo'sun as the culprit.

Cats are Revered

It transpired that Bo'sun had been making love to the local fishermen and the local fishermen, like all Portuguese, to whom a cat is something approaching sacred, had returned his overtures by tossing aboard straight from the hook such fish as were too small for the pot. These new playthings seemed temporarily to hold a greater fascination for Bo'sun than his Mickey or Donald, and, in accordance with his custom, were brought to me to play a game of retrieve. My early fears that he might eat them raw proved to be groundless, as he never failed to present them to me or, in my absence, they were placed in what Bo'sun considers the most sacred corner of the ship—my pillow!

This is one instance of Bo'sun supplying the answer to his own meal problem, as he never brought to me any fish which he subsequently refused to eat.

Near the harbour, lining the waterfront, are several modern-looking buildings which we have since discovered are only shells. Apparently they were built for an exhibition which was held in Portugal some ten years ago.

One day in passing I saw a cat appear in a hole on the side of one of these buildings about ten feet from the ground. This amused me somewhat, but soon my amusement turned to amazement when seven more appeared and followed the leader down a little runway made by the brick pattern and approached me, mewing expectantly. I talked with them for a little while, but discovered that they weren't interested in conversation, but seemed to keep a weather eye on my shopping basket.

I asked one of the locals about them, and he explained that cats were near sacred in Portugal and that never, regardless of quantity, are they destroyed, but that when kittens are old enough they are put out to fend for themselves. Horror-stricken at this thought, I ventured to say that of the two, to destroy unwanted kittens would seem the kinder. He assured me, however, that all cats were cared for and no harm came to them. He spoke the truth, as I subsequently discovered, for every day after meal time, morning, noon and night, can be seen a steady procession of people—men and women—trotting along with parcels of food for the animals. I, too, occasionally take them food, and one day I counted twelve feasting on a recently proffered parcel, and of these twelve, nine were obviously "expecting"!

(To be continued.)

That Nice Mr. Binks!

By LISA GORDON SMITH

MR. BINKS is a kind cat. His is not merely a passive kindness, a refraining from inflicting injury, but a true kindness of heart which makes him considerate of the feelings of human beings. This is a rare quality in a cat!

Binks is even kind enough to allow Michael Joseph, the well-known author, publisher and cat lover, to be regarded as his "owner," although, of course, they are both well aware of their true relationship to each other!

Readers of Michael Joseph's books may remember Mr. Binks, who makes a brief appearance in the revised edition of "Cats' Company" as the black-and-white man-hating country cat who agreed to adopt the Joseph home rather than be moved into a town. After an hour or two of voiceful protest, he decided to stay, realising that being "owned" by this man might have its compensations. That decision he has never regretted, despite the fact that destiny brought this country cat to London, after all.

The sober coat and air of respectability which cloaked his skill at hunting and decided his new name are, it appears, an outward manifestation of one side of his nature; for, although nine-year-old Mr. Binks can still catch his rabbit on a country holiday (where, at Michael Joseph's daughter's farm, readers of "Charles" will be glad to know that the pretty Rissa—an old lady now—still lives), he appears perfectly contented with his



Associated Newspapers Ltd.

Michael Joseph introduces Mr. Binks to a not-too-friendly *Jemima Gray*, the "Siamese lady."

Bloomsbury flat for most of the year, and has a permanent list of warm, warmer and warmest corners to suit the temperature of any day or night.

I was soon made aware of Binks's kindly nature when I was invited to visit him. He trotted across the room towards me, his tail in a firm question mark, and said "Prrrrr-up?" The round eyes gazing up held friendship and, I thought, a trace of anxiety.

My "Good evening, Mr. Binks!" seemed to reassure him, and he began a delightfully warm and furry sentry-go across my ankles, purring and chirruping his welcome.

The nominal head of the household was repairing an electric

lamp and Mrs. Joseph was making an hospitable bustle with the tea-things. Binks and I sat on the floor and beamed at each other, until Mr. Joseph suggested that, if I took up a more conventional position in the armchair, Binks would doubtless join me. And so he did, until the arrival of tea sent him on "a round of visits," putting us all at our ease by his gracious acceptance of tributes of cake.

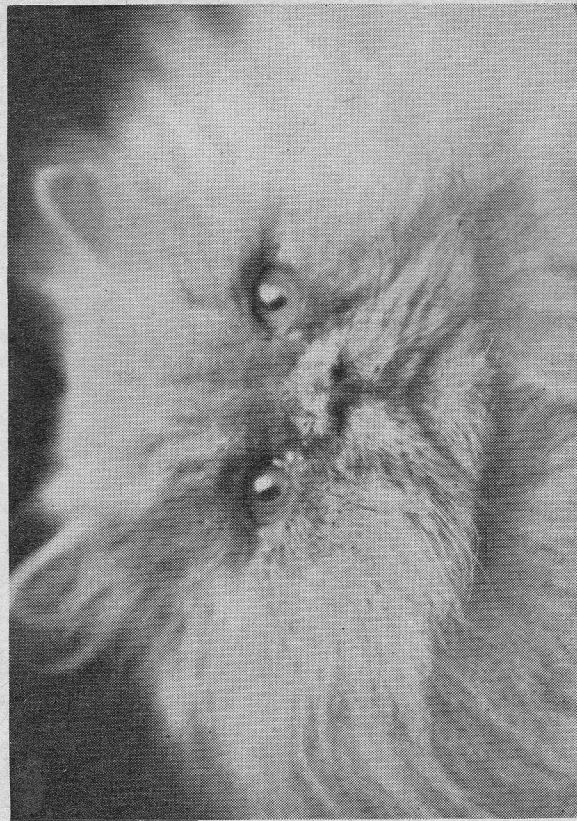
Binks's determination to make a happy home for his humans shows itself in many ways. When Michael Joseph, unable to sleep, carries this large and comfortable cat off to bed with him, Binks appears willing and stays close beside him, purring a lullaby. Not until he believes his "master" to be asleep does he steal back to the warm corner of his own choice.

When structural alterations are completed the Josephs intend

moving to a country farmhouse where, it is hoped, the excellent hunting will console Mr. Binks for any draughts he may find. There, too, with plenty of space to spare, there may be other cats; for Michael Joseph has in mind varieties which even he has not yet owned. "But only if Binks likes them," he says, recalling a Siamese lady named Jemima Gray who refused Binks her friendship—and whom Binks, try though he undoubtedly did, could not manage to like either.

But Mr. Binks, assured of his rights, will probably be tolerant of any newcomer who appreciates his position, for Binks, as I have shown, is a kind cat.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to his character comes from Mrs. Joseph, a confirmed and unpentant dog lover, who says: "I don't like cats—I just like Mr. Binks!"



TRENTON PAGE BOY, a young Blue Longhair male of fine quality belonging to Miss Montague, of Hampstead. Page Boy was sired by Mrs. Harrington-Harvard's popular stud Champion Oxleys Peter John.



The headquarters building of Bob Martin Ltd. at Southport

I visit Bob Martin's

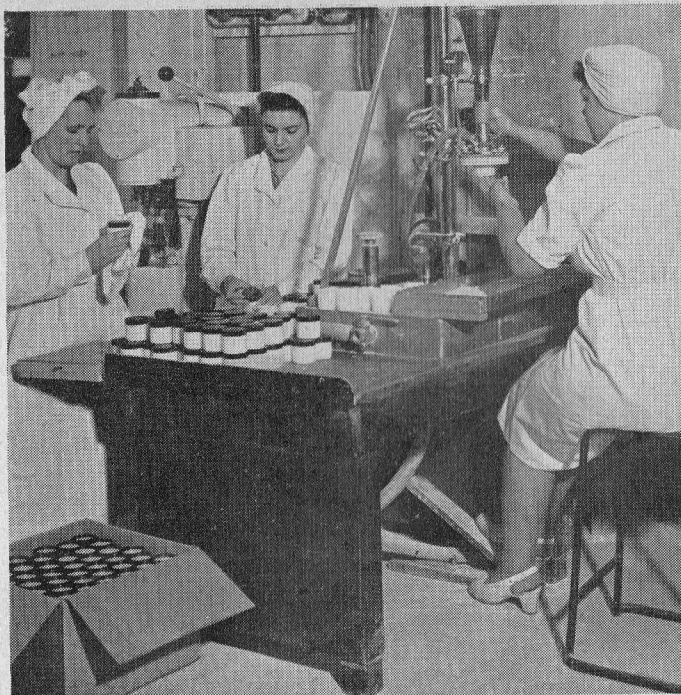
By JOAN THOMPSON

FOR some years I have been intrigued and curious about the origin of a well-known organisation in Lancashire which is devoted to small animal welfare. So it was with pleasurable anticipation that I travelled to Southport on a January day to meet the executives and to tour the factory of Bob Martin, Ltd. The extent of their activities exceeded my expectations.

It was in 1892 that Bob Martin started his research, and although he was something of a visionary, he could not possibly have foreseen the developments which were to grow from his early pioneer work. He laid the foundations of a great new industry which has gained the respect and confidence of animal lovers all over the world. In addition to the more obvious European countries, Tibs preparations are on sale in places as far apart as Aden and the Argentine, Saskatchewan and Siam. I saw a huge consignment destined for Australia with packing cases bearing familiar names of cities in that territory.

Before 1900, the average man's ideas about keeping dogs and cats in good condition were hazy. He knew little about their maladies and if they had not recovered from an illness through their own powers of resistance they were often destroyed. Bob Martin was determined to change all that. He established kennels and before long had about 100 dogs under his care. From these he acquired valuable knowledge on canine ailments. He wisely decided that prevention of these troubles should be his first aim. In a short time he produced a formula which was to challenge the existing ideas about health and fitness in dogs and—some years later—in cats. This formula was introduced as "Bob Martin Condition Powders for Dogs."

When the cat's special needs were studied and Tibs Powders were marketed in 1939, sales simply soared. More than 50 million powders are now manufactured each year. I marvelled at the precision of the machines which deal with these small packets of powders. Each



This illustration shows the jars of Tibs Canker Powder being filled by a vacuum process.



These machines compress the Tibs Worm Tablets for cats. Each machine is capable of producing 320 tablets a minute.

machine is fed at one end with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile roll of paper which in no time at all is cut, creased and filled with five grains of powder in a neat little heap in the centre. The robot then proceeds to fold the packets and eject them in a steady stream for counting and packing by the assistant. Paper is tested for purity and none is used which could have a deleterious effect on the ingredients. Precision in thickness is con-

Many leading fanciers entrusted Bob Martin with the conditioning of their valuable show animals and for some years orders were entirely due to personal recommendation. In 1920, Mr. Martin was joined in the business by his son, Mr. Robert Martin, and together they embarked on a policy of expansion. Four years later the Company published its first advertisements in the national press. To-day, it is no exaggera-



Loading cartons with Tibs Cat Powders. One of the powder wrapping machines is shown in the background.

sidered in fractions of millimetres as the powders have to fit the cartons tightly.

Patient experiments convinced Bob Martin that one of the main reasons pets become off colour is because their domesticated existence is so different from that which nature intended. He proved that when many of them were supplied with certain vital elements they improved immeasurably in health. The vitamins and minerals in Tibs Cat Powders supplement the diet which is so frequently anything but a natural one.

tion to say that Bob Martin advertising is among the best in the country.

The Company started with one clerk and a packer. It now provides congenial employment for hundreds of skilled workers who are presided over by highly qualified executives.

I had the pleasure of a very interesting talk with Chief Chemist Waterhouse, and although I gathered that there is no possibility of producing a remedy, at the moment, for such a serious disease as infectious enteritis, he realises what a menace

it is and the staff are always on the alert for information which might help to find a treatment. All drugs used are tested at Southport and are British Pharmacopoeia standard. Tibs are passed through very fine sieves to ensure even texture and the powder falls on to spotless Perspex-lined trays. From these it passes to the wrapping machine and is untouched by hand at any stage. When, owing to tariffs, the powders are made in other countries, France, for example, samples are submitted to Southport to ensure the product is standard.

I saw a wonderful modern instrument testing for and estimating vitamin B₁, using ultra violet light, a process which the chemist assured me once took him all morning, but now could be performed in thirty minutes.

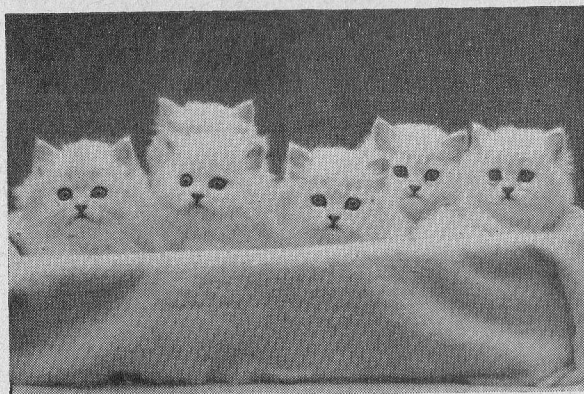
In two cabinets simulating tropical conditions, samples of capsules, tablets, powders, etc., were being tested for their reaction to humidity and dry heat. In one cabinet the entire product in its wrappings was undergoing tests. Constant research and most exacting tests by qualified chemists ensure constant high quality and conformity to formula.

Consideration for the staff was another interesting aspect of the Bob Martin organisation. I was pleased to meet the welfare officer, Miss Duxfield, who has been with the firm for nearly 30 years.

Altogether, a most enjoyable and instructive experience, and I came away from Southport with the warm feeling that I had been among animal lovers.

REDWALLS CHINCHILLAS & CREAMS

Export a Speciality



Exquisite Kittens sometimes for sale

MRS. E. M. HACKING, RED WALLS, LIPHOOK, HANTS.

Telephone: Liphook 3204

P. M. SODERBERG takes you back to 1894 when

Mr. Cruft showed Cats

A NUMBER of readers have written to me during the past few weeks to ask when I am going to say something about the shows of 1892. This is a question which I should like to be able to answer, but even the most diligent search has failed to locate a single catalogue for either 1892 or 1893. This is a pity, for I am sure that tucked away somewhere catalogues for these years do exist. Can you find them?

So the best I can do is to go on to 1894 and conjure up a name—Crufts—which is still a household word in the dog world, but which long since seems to have dissociated itself from cats.

"Cruft's Great International Cat Show" was held at St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, London, on 7th and 8th March. Why it was called an international show I cannot imagine, for there was not a single exhibitor from outside the British Isles, although it is true that one came from County Down in Ireland. The only international flavour was provided by the cats of Siam and other strange creatures to be mentioned later.

The exhibition cats of those days had a far harder time at shows than their descendants to-day, for not only was this a two-day show, but it was also open to the public until ten o'clock at night. For the owners of winners there may have been some compensation for this effort of endurance, as the promoters sent "a

handsome illustrated Prize Card" to each winner of a prize. The cats' thoughts on such overtime are not recorded.

There was no doubt about it, the promoters had obtained their patrons from the very top drawer, and in a long list of those who gave this show their support were two Duchesses, two Countesses and Ladies galore. Many of them also visited the show on the opening day.

There were four judges, who must indeed have had their time well filled, for there were no fewer than 567 exhibits. Although there were not the same number of classes that we find at all the big shows to-day, seventy four was quite a formidable number, and a brace class with thirty entries, in which there were sixty cats to be taken from their pens, must have given the judge plenty to think about.

The Weir brothers, Harrison and John Jenner, were two of the judges. At this time there was hardly a show at which either one or other of these brothers did not officiate, and Mr. J. Jennings, now on his way to the front as a judge, was asked by Charles Cruft to help. To me the fourth judge is of interest, for she is only the second woman to appear on the catalogues I possess. The lady was a Miss Gresham, and this, as far as I can discover, was the only show at which she judged, unless later she performed the same function under a married name. Except for

1895, her later history as judge and fancier is wrapped in mystery.

Surely these were the days for exhibitors, as the railways went out of their way to be helpful. Both the Great Northern and the Midland indulged in full-page advertisements. They provided a through van all the way from Inverness and even went so far as to have a representative at the show for the sole purpose of giving help to exhibitors. What "good old days" when the return fare from Wolverhampton was only three half-crowns!

Siamese were Rare

In most classes there were three prizes: a first of thirty shillings, a second of a pound, with ten shillings for the third. Specials, too, were numerous enough to satisfy even the most exacting exhibitor. Some cups worth anything up to twenty-five guineas could be won outright and there was a gold medal for the best team. One cat walked off with three pounds, two cups, a silver cigarette case, a silver whistle and matchbox combined and a medal. Quite a day out!

There was nothing very remarkable about the Shorthairs except for the fact that few of them seemed to be anything other than mere chance varieties with pedigree unknown. There can have been little attempt at standardisation, and to-day such cats could only find a place among the domestic pets. Siamese were there, but only five males and a solitary female. Here the first prize went to a young male, Siamese Mew, only seven months old, who had the effrontery to oust from first place such well-known Siamese as King

of Siam and Kitzu Kara, whose points were said to be almost black.

How I should have hated to judge the Manx or Any Variety Foreign class if the description bore any relation to reality. Mr. George Billett had the audacity to show two "wild tiger cats." Did the judge have to take such cats from their cages or did he judge them from a safe distance? Lord Lilford was not quite so precise in his description, but for most judges the fact that the noble lord was showing an "imported wild cat" must have produced some sobering thought.

Blue Longhairs had by now become really popular, and in the two open classes there were 38 cats, a number which would be considered a good entry even to-day. What was undoubtedly the Best in Show, although no such award was made, must have been a Blue male owned by Mrs. Hawkins. This cat bore the formidable name of Woolloomooloo. The gentleman was a fine cat, no doubt, but his parentage was unknown and, even worse, his owner had no idea how old he was.

Smokes were Plentiful

These were the days, too, when the Smoke was a power in Catland, for the two open classes had eight males and twelve females. That total is higher than all the Smokes I have seen in the last twenty years. When since, I wonder, were twelve female Smokes to be found in a single class? If you know the answer to this question, I shall be pleased to have it.

The National Cat Show was another outstanding event in 1894, but I am afraid that I have

little space left in which to say much about it. There is, however, one point which interests me above all others. It is the appearance of the name of Louis Wain as judge and also as President of the National Cat Club. No one has ever excelled this incomparable artist of cats; few have approached the skill with which he could convey feline moods to paper. Happily, in 1894 he still had before him many years during which he was to delight cat lovers the world over with his drawings, and it was only in the distant future that the last years of his life were to be overcast by tragedy. Three excellent examples of his work have appeared in recent issues of this Magazine and I understand they aroused widespread comment.

Mrs. Amy Palmer, a 50-year-old blind woman who lives alone at Capel St. Mary, Suffolk, would find life very dull without her black and white cat Tidy. "Tidy," she says, "seems to understand my affliction. He leads me everywhere and guides me carefully from room to room, making certain I avoid the furniture. Even when I am working in the garden he sits waiting patiently to take me back to the house. I have had him since he was a kitten."

Robert Grout, an 80-year-old Twickenham man, was fined £20 and ten guineas costs at Brentford for unlawfully practising as a veterinary surgeon and falsely describing himself as such. It was stated that Grout, who said he had been looking after cats and dogs for 30 years, had a board outside his house bearing the words "Canine and Feline Clinic."

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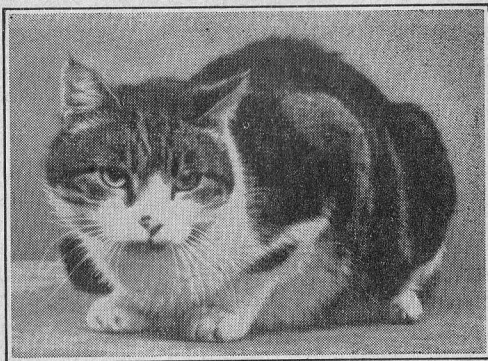


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"Old Bill"



POOOR Bombed Billy, otherwise Old Bill, appeared from nowhere during the first bombing of Kensington, and took up his abode with the Heavy Rescue Squad in Kensington Square. He lived with them during the V.1's and V.2's. When they disbanded he was again homeless; he haunted the place uttering lamentable cries and we fed him in some tumble down sheds. He found his way up to our flat roof where I made him a Peter Pan house, and here he lived and was fed, going about his own lawful, or unlawful, occasions.

"When we found him he was just a bag of bones, filthy and dejected, and although he became fat and well kept he still preferred his attic room, but we were told by our neighbour that when we went out he could be seen peeping over the parapet, and finding the coast clear, used to come in through the window and sit in front of our stove, leaving when he heard our key in the lock.

"During the summer he sunned himself on the roof and was very friendly. That winter was very severe, however, and several times on our return home we discovered that he had left us a present of some 'rather cheap scent' to show his appreciation of home comforts. Knowing he was aged and that he had been quite happy during the past year we decided that it would be kinder to have him painlessly put to sleep as his gifts were not conducive to our home comforts.

"We therefore took him to our vet., first letting him have a very expensive meal. We said good-bye and left him. The following morning we were awakened by the telephone at a very early hour and, on answering it, were commanded by the vet. to come and collect our * * * cat. On enquiry as to his having been put to sleep we were told that he had taken enough to put a man out, but had neutered beautifully! Needless to say, we rushed over and collected him, to find that on coming round he had wrought havoc in the hospital, so angry was he!

"We brought him home and he disappeared for three days, presumably to tell all his friends about his operation! At the end of this time he returned and settled down as a semi-respectable member of society, to rule the household with a rod of iron.

"Last year he suffered a stroke through middle ear trouble. I took him to his good friend our vet., who said after treatment that it was better to take him home and nurse him in his own surroundings and she thought he would be O.K. He couldn't stand and was very sorry for himself. I fed him every two hours through a syringe and he gradually improved.

"To help his recovery I gave him Kit-zyne, and when he was fully recovered he demanded his sweets. Now he has his daily ration and, although the vet. puts his age at about 15, he plays like a kitten. He goes for walks with the dogs and follows as well as they do, sometimes rushing ahead and sometimes lagging behind so that he may chase after them. He eats well and sleeps in bed with his head on the pillow. But he will never enter the bedroom by the door, always going out through the kitchen window, chasing round the roof, sounding like someone with hobnail boots on, and then coming in through the bedroom window, which is high up, and taking a flying leap on to the bed! He makes a dive right under the clothes and drops asleep at once."

★ This amusing story by Miss Kit Wilson, the well-known authority on Cats is published by the makers of KIT-ZYME.

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.

CAT STORIES WANTED

May I ask the co-operation of your readers in my collection of cat anecdotes? Their kindness will be greatly appreciated.

The stories should be true and should include the name of the breed, the sex, age, a brief description and the name and address of the owner and/or the name and address of the person most closely involved. I would not use these names without express permission.

No type of story is barred. It is natural that I would prefer stories in which the cat is shown in the best light, but it is not necessary. I have no such prejudice about protecting the good reputation of humans!

Letters should be sent directly to me at 350 West 57th Street, New York City 19. They will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged.

Miss Hetty Gray Baker
(address as above).

CHOCOLATES AND MICE!

I have just been reading your delightful Magazine for February and two letters therein from readers made me feel I would like to write of my own experiences, hoping they will be of general interest.

Miss Dauncey tells of her cat's love of chocolates. I had a little Siamese before the war who relished chocolate drops. I used to buy the little flat plain ones and kept them in a box on the mantelpiece. The moment she saw me going near she would run up mewing and, with an outstretched paw, ask for some. If she heard the box being rattled she would rush in from the hall. Poor Little Sister met

a sad end through an accident with a motor car.

My other story concerns my Siamese queen with five kittens. She was a great mouser among the rough grass close to the house. At first she would present the mice to the kittens after she had removed the spleen, which I had to remove later! One morning I went to the kittens in time to see Simmy bring them their first live mouse. When, after much crooning, the kits were assembled in a semi-circle round her, she dropped the mouse, which promptly fled through the line of astonished kittens, who sprang up with arched backs and bristling tails. Simmy dashed after the mouse and brought it back.

The performance was repeated, and this time the escaping mouse was grabbed by one of the kittens, who was immediately transformed into a little fighting fury. I'm sure its teeth must have met in that mouse! Simmie looked on contentedly.

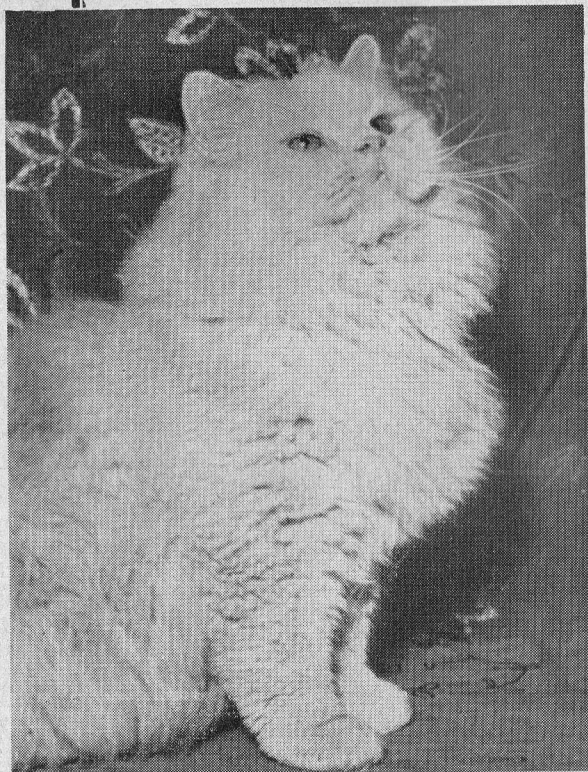
It was most instructive to see how an animal teaches its young to hunt and deal with their prey.

Miss E. Wentworth Fitzwilliam,
Slingsby Hall, York.

HOMING INSTINCTS

We usually take our cats to the shows by car in boxes and baskets and we have invariably noticed that on the outward journey they mew and seem restive. Coming home, although they have spent a long day at the show and want a meal, they are quiet and purr. I think they know they are going home.

Mrs. Denys Fawell,
Salhouse, Norwich.



A Champion Cream

Introducing Champion TOLLERTON TALISMAN, handsome Cream male who won his final Certificate at Derby in January when Judge Miss Lelgarde Fraser wrote of him: "Massive, dense, silky long coat, fairly sound, soft shade, broad head, neat ears and large, round eyes of good colour." Talisman, who belongs to Mrs. L. Dyer, of Selly Park, Birmingham, should help substantially to raise the standard of a breed which is steadily growing in popularity. In 1951 we published the photograph of a litter of seven Blue Longhair kittens which he sired when just 12 months old.

MUSIC HAD CHARM

We had removed to our new home. The removal man had left so I undid my cats' basket and before I could lift them out, Toddy, my black-and-white tom, shot out, dashed upstairs into the bedroom and disappeared up the chimney.

He would not come down in response to my appeals, so I brought the other cat upstairs, an old tabby whom we had nicknamed Granny because of her age (14). They mewed at each other, but Toddy refused to budge, even when I wafted up the chimney the smell from a very precious tin of salmon.

Late that evening my husband arrived, and on being told of my troubles promptly had a brainwave. Toddy had a favourite piece of music, "White Christmas," so together we knelt by the fireplace and whistled the tune up the chimney. In less than two ticks Toddy was down and rolling about in sheer ecstasy on my new carpet.

Now he is dead and I cannot bear to hear the tune any more.

Mrs. Marion M. Pickford,
Poynton, Cheshire.

POWDER KILLS DUSKY PEARL

I am writing to tell you of the tragic death of my Siamese queen, Dusky Pearl, an account of whom appeared in the June, 1951, issue of OUR CATS. She was not just a cat but a dear and faithful friend. She died from ignorance on my part and I want to tell cat lovers and warn them about the following danger.

I had a tin of "Gammaxene and D.D.T. dusting powder for dogs." One was supposed to dust it into their coats and brush it out again to rid them of fleas, etc. There was no warning on the tin whatever, and I had no idea it was a poison, otherwise how could it be used to dust dogs? As this powder seemed to prevent black ants coming into the

house (and ants out here are large, fierce and formidable), I dusted it in small quantities on the front step.

My cat must have picked it up on her paws, and when she showed signs of being off-colour, I took her to the vet. He diagnosed slow cumulative Gammaxene poisoning. Everything possible was done for Dusky Pearl, but eventually she had to be put to sleep.

Dusky Pearl was of Prestwick strain and a lovely creature. I hope my letter will serve to warn your readers that poison of this kind can get on to the paws and so be conveyed to the mouth.

Mrs. E. T. Mehliiss
(President, Bulawayo Cat Club),
Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.

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.

LET'S TALK ABOUT SICKNESS

Can anyone tell me why illness among one's cats is unmentionable? To my mind it is ridiculous, because if notes could be compared regarding these visitations some good might result and hints obtained on the nursing of afflicted cats.

Sixteen of my cats have had cat 'flu and, thanks to a wonderful vet., all but two have recovered. I do not think anything could have saved my Gaywick Blue Boy although, like the others, he had injections of streptomycin. He simply lay down to die. He hated anything to go wrong and to feel ill was just too much for him.

What puzzled me greatly were the different symptoms among my cats. Four commenced with profuse salivation; it poured from them for 24 hours. Seven sneezed terrifically, one

sat with one eye closed for two days, some lost their appetites completely, others didn't. Some looked complete wrecks, others might not have been ill.

It would be most interesting to know how other cat owners have fared and of the treatment used. My cats have never responded to penicillin but streptomycin appears to have been beneficial.

Mrs. C. Coldham,
Tattingstone, near Ipswich.



EGYPTIAN MUMMIFIED CATS

At the last scientific meeting of the season held by the Zoological Society of London, a paper was read by Mr. T. Morrison-Scott, an official of the British Museum (Department of Natural History), on some observations of the mummified cats of ancient

Egypt. Two or three specimens of these cats were exhibited.

In a communication sent to me subsequently, Mr. Morrison-Scott says: "My paper was not concerned with tracing the origin of our modern domestic cat, but only with the limited object of comparing the Egyptian mummified animals with the small wild cat of N. Africa and with our modern cats. There is only one small wild cat in N. Africa (*Felis Libyca*, of which both *ornata* and *ocrea* are races), but there is a larger cat in N. Africa (*Felis Chaus*) and some of the mummified cats belonged without doubt to this species."

Unfortunately, there are no living examples in the Zoo at the moment of either *F. Chaus* or *F. ocreata*. But photographs in the library show the former to be a large animal with a long nose but distinctly round head, with striped tabby pattern only faintly showing and somewhat slanting eyes. The photograph of *F. ocreata* is probably a female. The animal appears small and compares favourably in proportion with a typical fireside tabby. —Cartwright Farmiloe, F.Z.S.

PRIZE-WINNING BREEDER'S TRIBUTE TO LACTOL



Photo shows prizewinning Siamese kittens, the property of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Terry, Camier's Cattery, Green Farm, Stebbing Green, nr. Chelmsford, Essex.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry have brought up these prize-winning Siamese kittens exclusively on LACTOL—and this year they came home from Olympia with First, Second and Third Prizes and two Highly Commended! "When weaned, our cats show remarkable health" says Mr. Terry. "We are great believers in Sherley's products."

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American Personality

JUDGE MABEL ERDMAN

MRS. MABEL ERDMAN, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, well-known judge in the Cat Fanciers' Federation, is probably best known as an authority and breeder of Red Tabbies. One of her Red Tabby males who has brought much credit to the Erdmoor Cattery is Thunderbolt. He has gone best Red Tabby so many times it is hard to keep track of him. He made some very fine wins in Canada as well as being selected All-America, which for a Red Tabby, I can assure you, is an outstanding achievement.

Judge Erdman is referred to throughout the Federation as "Erdie," and her popularity in some sections of the country is phenomenal. Her understanding heart welcomes novices who have problems. Judge Erdman does not brush them aside; she gives them sympathy and usually a solution.

When judging, her shows are off to an electrifying start and no high-flown terminology is indulged in while she is on the bench. The audience is continually surprised with her pithy, vivid word pictures of the cat she is judging. There is no wasted oratory, however; she thinks clearly and acts quickly. The owner will know and the audience will know just why that particular cat wins. Judge Erdman likes to speak extemporaneously and some of her impromptu speeches are larded with dry humour and pungent wit. She has a habit of monologuing to the cat she is judging and suddenly interrupts herself to call out some pertinent remark that will send her audience into gales of laughter.

No one is under the impression

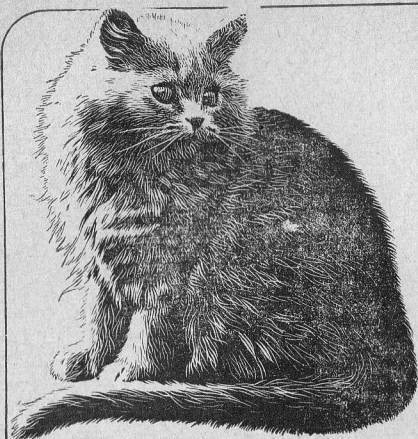


that "Erdie" is a softy. There is flint underneath the niceness of her. I have heard more than once that she is the most demanding as well as one of the strictest of judges in C.F.F. I know of no judge who can match her gift for smooth, energetic tact. When she has made a decision, that is the way it will stand.

One of her most salient characteristics is her commendable open-mindedness. There is nothing static or cramped about "Erdie." She is one judge who will explain to a breeder why he didn't win. Everyone considers her a beneficent influence in the Fancy.

Judge Erdman's liking for people, her spontaneity, her instinctive ability to understand the other person's point of view, makes her little short of a genius in personal relationship. She continually surprises people by her wide range of knowledge, not only of cats, but of breeders as well. "Erdie" has educated herself wisely on the standard of judging and to-day ranks in the top bracket among judges in the Cat Fanciers' Federation.

BILLIE BANCROFT



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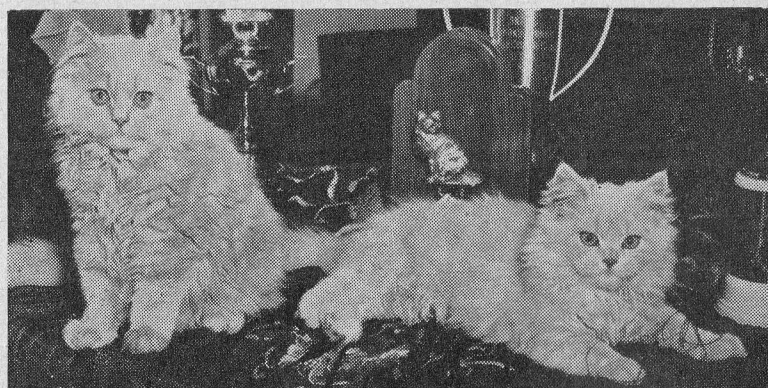


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Red Pointed Siamese

An interesting account of successful breeding experiments conducted by American fancier MRS. A. DE FILIPPO, with an introduction by our regular contributor on genetics, MR. A. C. JUDE.

THE breeding of exhibition small livestock, no matter in what form it may be, is always a fascinating occupation. Although the fancier's goal is the animal which will approximate to some given standard very closely, it is the process of producing which really captivates.

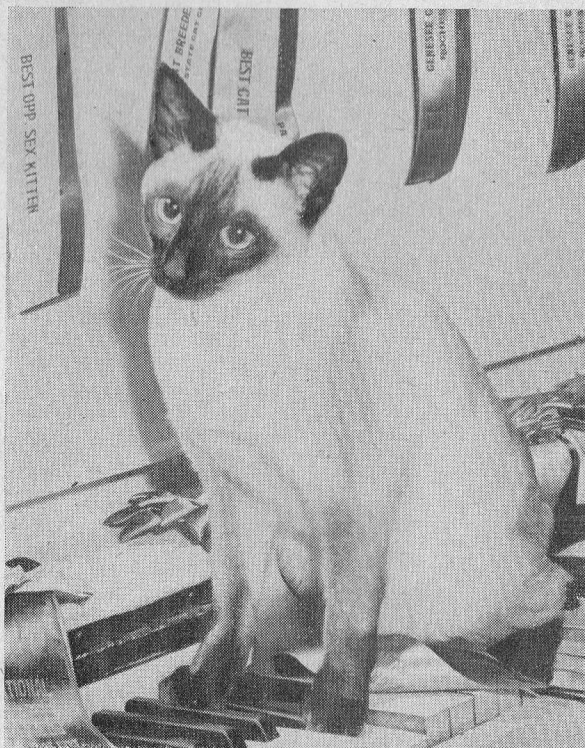
The absorbing interest starts with a study of pedigrees and the characteristics which were displayed or known to exist in the ancestry involved. This is followed by intensely interesting and vitally important decisions, which must be taken in order to suitably pair the breeding individuals. And finally, there is the period of keen anticipation which precedes the arrival of the youngsters who may possibly provide a coveted reward for those carefully calculated efforts. These thrills apply in all such breeding operations, and they never fail to excite. Yet, apart from the infinite pleasures of what may be termed "normal" breeding, there is an aspect of the process which offers even greater satisfaction. It is the producing, in a calculated way, an entirely fresh breed or some variation of an existing one.

As an instance of this in the Cat Fancy, we have the recent production in both this country and America of Red Pointed Siamese. One of my many American correspondents, Mrs. A. De Filippo, of Brookfield, Illinois, set out along the track of Red Point Siamese breeding,

right from the initial stages, and following these brief remarks of introduction she describes her experiences and makes comment on this new variety, which undoubtedly will, in course of time, be accepted as a colour variation of the Siamese breed.

There are two points I would like to make. The first is that in this particular colour breeding effort there is an added attraction due to sex-linkage of the colour yellow (red). And here I take the opportunity to answer a question put by several correspondents during the last few weeks: "Is it right to say that the pigment genes in cats are sex-linked?" Well, no, it isn't quite right, for only one of the three colours in cats is sex-linked—the yellow.

The second point is that in the breeding operations, Mrs. De Filippo produced a Shorthaired self Red of outstanding quality. It is a dark solid red with a plush-like coat with absolutely no trace of white or bars on body, legs or tail. When shown at Beresford Show it was awarded Best Domestic Shorthair and three points towards a championship. The judge remarked that she hadn't seen anything like it in 30 years. My suggestion here is that an attempt should be made to establish a strain of this type and colour from "Leontion," as for breeding Red Pointed Siamese the type and colour would be invaluable, especially with a view to the deepening of



This pensive little Siamese has "hit the high notes" with a vengeance in America. He is Double Champion **ASTRA'S MORRIS LINDEX**, bred by Ashtead (Surrey) breeder Mrs. M. W. Richardson and exported to Mrs. Agnes F. Rand, of Mineola, N.Y. Within a very short time after his arrival in America, Lindex rocketed to fame with a series of notable wins against strong opposition at six shows. He is very much a cat with a future and a credit to the English Fancy.

the points, which at the beginning were more or less certain to be light in shade.

And now for Mrs. A. De Filippo's description of Red Point breeding at her "Sundust Cattery":—

In 1947 I bred my Seal Point Siamese Bonnie Blue Eyes to a Red Persian stud of mixed-colour ancestry. At that time it was impossible to find a good Shorthaired Red self, hence the next best choice was to use this long-haired cat who was a nice deep "Irish Setter" shade. I figure that since long-hair is recessive to short, its introduction for just the first cross, and as a means to an end, would not be too detrimental to the experiment. By the time the Red Point stage would be reached, the coats would be as short as the Siamese standard calls for. Six kittens were born from this Red and Siamese mating, all short-coated, inclined to Siamese bone structure, but coloured after their mixed Persian heritage. There was one male Silver Tabby, two rusty Brown Tabbies (male and female), two Black males, and one interestingly marked Tortoiseshell. I placed all the kittens in good homes except Inca, the female Tortie, which I hoped would carry the Siamese pattern factor, and, of course, she had the gene for Red.

Tortie-pointed Siamese

When Inca was one year old I bred her to a Seal Pointed Siamese, Fuh-Che. Their five kittens looked much more Siamese in body type, and their coats were very short and smooth. This time I was very pleased to notice that one of the male kittens was gradually developing red points and that one of the females was a Tortie-pointed Siamese; that is, her points were equally developing mottled spots of orange and seal brown. The other kittens were three males—two Red Tabbies and a Black.

When these kittens were a few

weeks old, I had the misfortune and set-back in that they all became ill with a respiratory infection, and all died with the exception of the Red Pointed male, Thotmose, who lived to sire and grandsire several Red Point kittens.

Hoping to produce further Tortie-pointed females, I mated Inca to a Seal Pointed stud named Moxie—Emperor of Siam, a very nice-typed cat with very deep eye colour. I always give credit to Moxie when the deep-blue eye colour in my present Red Point Siamese is admired. In course of time three kittens were born to Inca, two Red Tabby males and a Tortie like herself. I found homes for the Tortie and one of the Tabbies and gave the other Red Tabby, Chinki Joe, to my mother to raise for me.

Six Best Kittens

Several months later, Inca was again mated to Moxie, and this time had six of her best kittens. Another Red Point male was born and named Rameses. He was a small cat of good Siamese type, had wonderful blue eyes, was gentle, affectionate and highly intellectual. There were also a handsome pair of Blacks and a Seal Pointed Siamese female kitten, Tang-Tze. She was later judged Best Siamese Female kitten at the Beresford Cat Show in Chicago. And last of the litter was another little Tortie-point.

About ten days after Inca's last litter was born, Bonnie Blue Eyes (Seal Pointed Siamese female already mentioned) gave birth to two kittens by her grandson Red Point Thotmose. Inca took over the added responsibility of raising her mother's babies as Bonnie was getting too old to have a substantial milk supply. These two kittens, both females, were Oona and Ifrengi. Oona has two flecks on one ear and Ifrengi is very decidedly Tortie-point. Both are

good Siamese type, small and dainty, and with good eye colour.

At about this time I began to notice that all the Red Points so far produced were males, and so when I next wrote Mr. Jude I asked for his comments and advice. He explained the sex-linkage for me and pointed out the difference in results which would arise from reciprocal crosses. He suggested that with my stock on hand I should mate the Red Point Thotmos back to his mother, Inca. This resulted in twin Seal Point male kittens and one very small Red Point female, Ting Khe. Unfortunately, she was delicate and died before she was six months old.

Blue Ribbon Winners

All kittens at Sundust Cattery that I could not use in the Red Point experiment I gave away, but kept and raised Bonnie's two female kittens, Oona and Ifrengi. When they reached maturity I bred both cats and a pure bred Siamese, Shan Wan, to the Red Tabby hybrid, Chinki Joe, whom my mother had raised for me. From two of these matings I got a Red Point male, Sundust Tutankhamen, out of Shan Wan, and a Red Point female, Sundust Isis, out of Ifrengi.

I have had the ancestry of these Red Points recorded in the American Cat Association, and they have been shown at Council Oakes Cat Show in South Bend, Indiana, November, 1951, and at Beresford Cat Show in Chicago, December, 1951, where they won blue ribbons, although the Red Point breed is not as yet recognised. This pair have now mated and their kittens should be born in early February. This mating should bring about all Red Pointed kittens in keeping with Mendel's law, which states that recessive bred to recessive produces recessive. So I hope soon to publish the definite results.

Time brings changes, and should bring improvements if the mating of

Red Point to Red Point is selected carefully. My Red Points have good wedge heads and eyes of desired almond aperture. The points are somewhat pale yet, and the body perhaps a little heavy for the Siamese standard of to-day. They are more like the Siamese pattern of ten years ago before they began breeding them to the preferred small, dainty type, and the points are pale as the early Blue Points were pale several years back.

I should like to mention that every Red Point I've had so far has had a very friendly disposition. They are highly intelligent and have good nervous stability. The hybrid strain appears to strengthen these qualities, and that alone is greatly in their favour.

Scope for Improvement

It is up to the two or three breeders of Red Points in England and America to carefully select good matings for their cats to produce Red Points that the Fancy will be proud to recognise. Red Points well bred and improved to the point so that they have complete red masks, paws and solid tails, minus all bars, and the type bred smaller, I believe, would be nearer to the ideal. I would suggest at least two generations of breeding Red Point to Red Point, and then breeding your finest Red Pointed cats to the best Seal Points available. This way, the points will be darkened and the type improved. I believe this can be done in the not-too-distant future. They should prove to be a very handsome addition to the Siamese family, with artistic complementary colouring of deep orange and blue on pale cream bodies.

FOOTNOTE.—Since the above was written, Mrs. De Filippo has informed me that the Red Point to Red Point mating (to which she refers) has produced six kittens, four males, two females—all Red Pointed.—A. C. Jude.

These were 1951-2 Champions

The following 35 cats attained Championship status during the Show Season which ended in January. Details are supplied by the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy. To become a Champion a cat must win its Open Class at three shows under different judges.

Name of Cat	Breed	Owner	Breeder
Albany Navyblue Eyes	White (M)	Mrs. Cook-Radmore	Owner
Bintang Suka Nati	Siamese B.P. (F)	Mrs. Davison	Owner
Barwell Bena	Red Tabby (M)	Mrs. Fawell	Owner
Bourneside Black Topsy	Black (F)	Mrs. Aitken	Owner
Blue Seagull	Siamese B.P. (M)	Mrs. Hindley	Miss Armstrong
Clown of Carne	Tortie and White (F)	Mrs. K. R. Williams	Mrs. J. M. Newton
Chadhurst Lavinia	Blue Cream	Mrs. Sheppard	Miss M. L. Rodda
Dylan of Allington	Blue (M)	Miss Langston	Owner
Don of Silverleigh	Silver Tabby (M)	Mrs. H. Jones	Miss B. V. Brasey
Foxburrow Flame	Chinchilla (F)	Miss Langston	Miss Burgess
Fanifold Kittiwink	Cream (F)	Mrs. Mayne	Owner
Henham Chloe	Siamese C.P. (F)	Miss V. Prentis	Mrs. Hole
Hendon Snow Maiden	Tortie and White (F)	Mrs. P. E. Chapman	Mrs. C. Fraser
Holmesdale Chocolate			
Soldier	Siamese C.P. (M)	Mr. Stirling-Webb	Mrs. Gunn
Kreeroo Sheba	Abyssinian (F)	Mrs. V. E. Major	Dr. Wildeboer
Kala Moonflower	Smoke (F)	Miss D. M. Collins	Owner
Killdown Jupiter	Siamese S.P. (M)	Mrs. Sayers	Mrs. Keene
Lotus Apollo	White (M)	Miss Sherlock	Mrs. Cattermole
Laurentide Ephtoo Sene	Blue Russian (F)	Mrs. Hargreaves	Owner
Merkland Adowa	Abyssinian (F)	Miss F. A. Bone	Lady Liverpool
Mockbridge Blue Moon	Blue British (F)	Mrs. Bentley	Mrs. Higson
Philimore Pandora	Blue (F)	Mrs. R. Brown	Mrs. Janke
Pekholm Pomona	Tortie (F)	Mrs. C. Tomlinson	Owner
Pinewood Brumas	White (M)	Master R. Parker	Mrs. Hackett
Roofspringer Melisande	Black (F)	Miss von Ullmann	Owner
Ryecroft Ranchi	Siamese S.P. (F)	Mrs. Nicholas	Owner
Scamperdale Blue Boy	Blue British (M)	Mrs. Higson	Owner
Sealeigh Sare	Siamese B.P. (F)	Mrs. Crimmen	Mrs. Carter
Sabukia Sweet William	Siamese S.P. (M)	Mrs. L. Parker	Mrs. H. Dadd
Thiepval Enchantress	Blue (F)	Mrs. Crickmore	Owner
Tollerton Talisman	Cream (M)	Mrs. L. Dyer	Mrs. Oakley
Taishun Jasmin	Abyssinian (F)	Mrs. E. Menezes	Owner
Trelystan Girasol	Brown Tabby (F)	Miss Cathcart	Owner
Thiepval Wanderer	Blue (M)	Mrs. S. S. Culley	Mrs. Crickmore
Vectensian Anaconda	Red Tabby (M)	Mrs. K. R. Williams	Miss P. Tucker

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TIBS *If you would like to have a copy of the TIBS CAT BOOK for reference, please write to Room O.C., Bob Martin Limited, Southport.*
KEEP CATS KITTENISH

Rich in Tooth & Claw

By C. F. S. HILL

TIGHTY, the cat, always had a good home. And when his mistress's will was published recently it revealed that Tightly had been left £1 a week for the rest of his life.

This may seem generous, but it is dwarfed by the bequest of a wealthy American woman who has just left 50,000 dollars in trust for her bull terrier Dusty. The trustees are to provide Dusty with porterhouse steaks, calves' liver and other delicacies, and to see that he has knitted pullovers to wear during the cold weather. The one condition of the will is that he must remain a bachelor.

But cats are often luckier than dogs in this respect and some remarkable legacies have been left to them. In 1935, a stray cat wandered into an Edinburgh nursing home and made friends with a patient named Miss Janet Bull. When Miss Bull died she remembered her feline friend with a gift of £500.

A North-country schoolmistress left her cat £1,200 on condition that it never had kittens. A Watford man left a fortune in stocks and shares to a tom cat named Jerry, in order that he might be "well cared for and never want."

When the late Miss Caroline Blanche Long's will was published recently it was discovered that she had left annuities of over £100 a year for the care of her nine cats.

This bequest, however, was put in the shade by the will of Miss Constance Aston, who in 1949 left the sum of £15,000 for

the establishment of a cats' clinic in the Isle of Wight.

In America, generous bequests to cats are even more numerous. It was a lucky day for Tommy Tucker, a five-year-old alley cat, when he strayed into the kitchen of the late Miss Baier, of New York. Under a trust fund of £1,000, it was the expressed wish of Miss Baier that Tommy was to be well cared for by Dr. Henry L. Heirsch, a well known veterinary surgeon, and was to receive at least two meals a day consisting of milk, cereals, liver, toast and sirloin.

A Californian tabby named Mitzi was even more fortunate. She was left £3,000 and a luxurious home staffed with trained servants.

"World's Richest Cat"

Then there was the case of the cat who inherited £1,200 and died penniless in a pets' hospital. It had lived so long that all the inheritance had been spent before it died!

The will of a Mr. Morton Shirks, published in 1947, has still to be surpassed as an example of inordinate affection for a cat. This wealthy Wisconsin railroad engineer left his entire fortune to his pet cat, Casey, as well as the services of a lawyer and two housekeepers. Hailed as the world's richest cat, Casey had the run of a 10-roomed house, plus the best of food and attendance. His benefactor's relatives were left to manage as best they could in lodgings.

But one day Casey, perhaps growing a little tired of all this luxury and desiring a change, took a stroll downtown and did not return. The dispossessed relatives took their grievance to court and, after three months, the judge declaring that Casey must be presumed dead, the relatives were allowed to inherit what was left.

Strangely enough, when dogs receive legacies, a court action nearly always follows. Some years ago, when a Mrs. Hattie A. Fletcher left £2,000 to her dog, a judge turned the money over to a residuary legatee who contested the will. When two red setters were left money the angry relatives contested the will in court and won the day. They proved that as the dogs' answers to counsel's questions were unintelligible the dogs had no defence, as court proceedings must be carried on in the English language.

In 1939, Flossie, a Baltimore lapdog, lost a legacy of £400 because it could not write! The money, which was contained in a registered letter, could not be handed over without a signature. And this, unfortunately, poor Flossie could not give.

Just as the P.D.S.A. Gateshead Dispensary was closing, two tired and very wet little boys appeared, one of whom produced from under his coat a tiny, emaciated kitten. They had found it lying in a pool of water at Felling, some two miles away, and rather than spend their few pennies on a bus ride they had walked through the pouring rain so that the money could be used for any medicine the kitten might require. Unfortunately, the kitten had to be put to sleep, but the boys, by their humane and thoughtful action, had saved it several hours of suffering.

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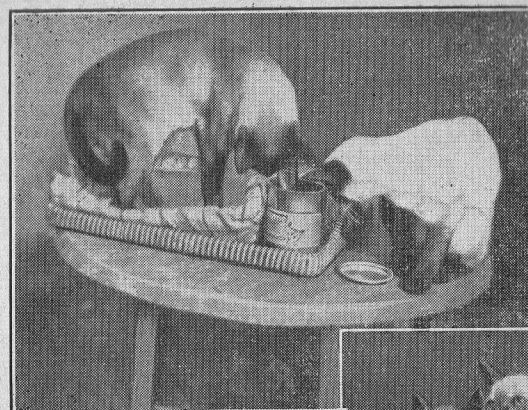
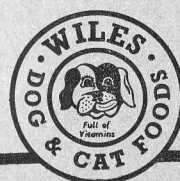
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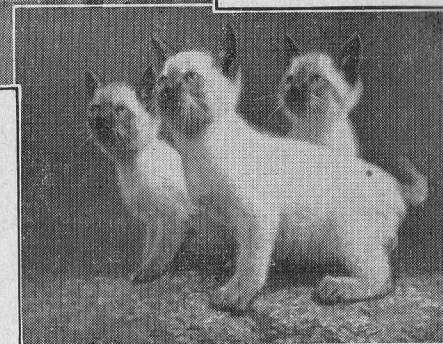
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Mrs. Joan Thompson—
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breeder and International judge—
will turn the pages of her diary to
reveal the most interesting entries
concerning personalities, both
human and feline.

OWING to the longer interval
since the last issue of OUR
CATS several items will have
to be omitted from my diary this
month, but I cannot leave out all
reference to the last Championship
Show of the season, the Southern
Counties Cat Club Ch. Show on
28th January. It proved a grand
finale to what must be the most
successful season our Cat Fancy has
ever known. Congratulations to
Mrs. K. R. Williams—and we must
include Mr. Williams, because no
doubt he contributed valuable clerical
help.

Over 300 exhibits made a brave
show and several of these cats and
kittens struggled valiantly for
honours in well-filled side classes
after facing strong competition in
their Open classes. Eight Russian
Blues was a great improvement and
the divided class was headed by Dr.
and Mrs. Waller's male, Dunloe
Gasha, and Mrs. Hargreaves's female,
Laurentide Ephtoo Sene. Congratu-
lations to Mrs. Brine on her Blue
male, Avernoll Knight Anthony,
winning the Blue male adult class
and to Miss Langston on Ch. Mair of

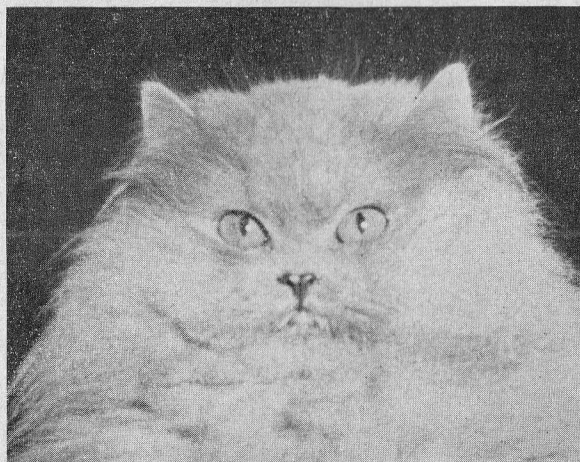
Allington winning yet another Chal-
lenge Certificate, and Best Longhair
in Show with her Ch. Flambeau of
Allington. Also to Mrs. Cyril Tom-
linson, who was awarded Best Long-
hair female with her Tortoiseshell,
Pekeholm Pomona. Best Shorthair
Adult was Mrs. K. R. Williams's Red
Tabby, Vectensian Anaconda.

Prophecies of a record number of
cats becoming full Champions because
we have had two extra Championship
Shows have not materialised. Our
system of allowing full Champions to
compete in Open classes prevents
this. Although on the whole I am in
favour of it, I think some limit
should be placed on the number of
Challenge Certificates a cat can com-
pete for. In Blues and Siamese, where
the competition and quality is so
strong it is hard lines that so many
good cats will never become Cham-
pions. In all the countries in which
I have judged, once a cat becomes a
Champion he or she can only com-
pete against other Champions. The
only Blue males to become Champions
this season are Mrs. Culley's Ch. Thiep-
val Wanderer and Miss Langston's Ch.
Dylan of Allington. Blue females,
Mrs. Crickmore's Ch. Thiepval En-
chantress and Mrs. Brown's Philla-
more Pandora; Siamese males, Mrs.
Linda Parker's Sabukia Sweet William
and Mrs. Sayer's Killdown Jupiter;
Siamese female, Mrs. Nicholas's Rye-
croft Ranchi. These represent a very
small percentage in proportion to the
number of cats exhibited, and some
had already won one or more Chal-
lenge Certificates, 1950-1951 season.

1st February. Delighted to meet Miss Kathleen Yorke and then by air to Haarlem, Holland. Stayed with Mrs. Polthe and found, like so many of her countrywomen, she spoke fluent English.

Next day I left for Amsterdam, admiring in transit the lovely cyclamens, azaleas, and growing flowers in the large windows of almost every home. Met by Mr. Hustinx and whisked off on an hour's run to Loosdrecht, there to meet his charming wife and two daughters and a delightful Chinchilla kitten, Bentveld Euphemia (bred by Miss Posthuma),

on the icy roads to Rotterdam. Arrived to find a large, well-lit hall with judging tables by windows which rose almost from the floor to ceiling. Mr. Braeckman from Ghent, judged all Shorthairs; Miss Yorke, Chinchillas, Smokes, Creams and Whites; myself, Blues, Blacks, Blue-Creams and Reds. Some very lovely cats were present and the progeny of Miss Posthuma's Blue male, Int. Ch. Southway Wizard, had a field day. They were exceptional in quality. The Blue male, Mme. Coget's Wasj'ka van Frisia State, and his litter sister, Laska van



LASKA VAN FRISIA STATE, Blue male bred by Mrs. E. G. Kroon and shown with success by Mme. Coget at the Rotterdam Show.

who looked lovely on the rich red carpet, a colour we do not usually associate with Chinchillas. I was intrigued to see her toilet by Mr. Hustinx. She just relaxed on her back down the length of his outstretched legs and closed her eyes with pleasure whilst he combed her tummy and lifted each paw to have them combed underneath; a pretty picture which I should like to capture.

Next morning, arising early, to find it cold and frosty, we started early

Frisia State (bred by Mrs. Kroon), are super Blues and the finishing touch was their glorious copper eyes. Their dam, Int. Ch. Farways Deidre, was bred in England by Mrs. Pepper before she went to live in New Zealand. Wasj'ka was Best Cat in Show. I learned afterwards the Challenge Certificate I awarded Laska was her third consecutive win, her previous two being given by our Miss Langston and Miss Yorke. She was destined to receive another under Mrs. Brunton in Brussels on 1st

March, and Wasj'ka to receive his third and final.

Several Siamese breeders have asked me during the last two or three years why Longhair judges are more consistent in their awards and I think it can all be summed up in the word "experience." The four judges mentioned have all had twenty-eight or more years' experience of breeding, stewarding and attending hundreds of Ch. Shows, and it certainly is an asset when it comes to judging. I am afraid we should not inspire much confidence if we totally reversed each other's placings when we had some of the same cats to judge. Not until we are handed our judging books on the morning of the show do we know which varieties we have been allotted, and only very rarely do we know the cats or their record as European shows are fewer and held at immense distances from each other.

Mme. Coget exhibited an exquisite Blue-Cream, Bentveld Migy, another cat to become a Champion on the day. Miss Posthuma's trio of Blue kittens, Bentveld Nepeta, Rosemary and Dulce, were a joy; two of them are destined for U.S.A. Best Kitten in Show was Dr. Doeksen's Smoke, Talpa v. D. Nyehorst, a lovely example of this difficult variety. Siamese were few in number. Europe remains a stronghold of Longhair cats. In Scandinavia only are they numerically well represented.

This show was very well organised by Miss Posthuma and, unlike the majority of shows abroad, was for one day only, closing at 6 p.m. In the evening to dinner with Mrs. Posthuma and her daughter, and what fun to relax and hear Mrs. Posthuma's merry tales and laughter. Next day a complete change, and with Mrs. Nurse, an English friend of Mrs. Polthes, to the Frans Hals Museum to enjoy his world-famous

paintings depicting life and characters in 16th century Holland.

14th February. A note from Mrs. Culley, Hon. Secretary of the L. and N.W.C.C.C., telling me nearly 650 attended the show in the Corn Exchange, Manchester, on 9th February. Best Exhibit in Show was Mrs. Culley's Ch. Thiepval Wanderer; Best Shorthair Cat, Mrs. Lamb's Seal Point Siamese, Pincop Simon; Best Kitten in Show, Mrs. Kirkus's Blue-Cream Suncroft Nefer-titi; Best Neuter, Mrs. Kirkus's Blue-Cream, Karulino Psyche.

Blue-Creams have had a remarkably successful season. In 1948, Mrs. Speirs's Woburn Pansy (bred by Miss Page) created history by being the first Blue-Cream kitten to be Best Longhair Kitten in Show at a Championship Show in this country. In 1951 Mrs. Stephenson's kitten, Ashdown Shadows, twice had this honour, followed by Suncroft Nefer-titi at the M.C.C.C. Ch. Show in October, and now Manchester. Several promising Cream kittens have been exhibited and I am optimistic enough to consider colour will gradually improve when competition becomes keener among the adults next season.

16th February. With Mr. and Mrs. Peter Waring to visit Mrs. Davies at Chalfont St. Peter. Her Cream male, Elmwood Cavalier (Challenge Certificate winner at the S.C.C.C. Ch. Show in January), and Gem, the Blue, are housed under ideal conditions for stud cats. Each has a well-built house lined with stout boarding, shelves and windows, and something which one rarely sees, and that is electric tubular heating, the latter so cosy for visiting queens in cold weather. The houses were not over-heated but just a pleasant temperature. Gem's run is as big as some suburban gardens; climbing roses will be planted at all the sup-

ports, so it will be attractive for humans and cats. Cavalier's is smaller but big enough for a nice gallop.

Mrs. McVady's lovely winning queen, Gaydene Candy Kisses, was on a visit to Gem and it will be interesting to see the progeny. Gem excels in pale coat of fine texture, and this winter it is very long, qualities he has passed on to his son, Premier Priory Adonis. Two Blue queens complete the cat family. A fine Boxer with four puppies two days old were fascinating, and we all fell in love with the black miniature poodle, Aubrey, the acme of intelligence.

Then home to Highgate with Mr. and Mrs. Waring. Like Mrs. Davies, they are real cat lovers and their family were elegantly disposed all over their warm lounge. Dusky Beauty looked down from a tall cupboard, keeping away from the others like most expectant mother cats. Mr. Waring is attending A.G.M.s and both are taking a great interest in the Cat Fancy, so I asked him to send me their story, so here it is:—

"My father was a kind working country vet.-surgeon who refused to keep any livestock which wasn't both beautiful and useful. My mother kept several cats but we children took very little interest in them beyond

helping her to groom them. They were Longhair Blues and some Shorthairs, which we've since discovered were Russian Blues.

"My interests were in the dairy cattle and the pigs, but out on a visit with my father in 1933 we called to see some sick dogs and came across an attractive odd-eyed White queen with a litter of White kittens. One of them had blue eyes. The queen was by Ch. Casino Luck and he was also sire of the kittens. Unfortunately, I could not have one as I went to live in Czechoslovakia and pets were out of the question. However, in 1938, whilst in England for a few days, I went to Croydon Cat Show and I got into conversation with the late Mr. Cyril Yeates and we were soon discussing breeding.

"Then came the war, which found me in the R.A.F., and in September at our Operational Bomber Station in East Anglia an honorary member of our crew was Ginger, a massive Shorthair Red Tabby. It isn't possible to describe my feelings for Ginger. He'd meet us in the mess in the early dawn after night ops., share the bacon and eggs and ride back to the billet on my shoulder. Nerves were a wee bit frayed but Ginger would purr me to sleep and fears of the night would vanish. Then came

the almost inevitable and I was lucky enough to be in hospital for almost a year, learning during this spell that Ginger had vanished. When I returned to the camp, within a few days he reappeared and stayed with me until I was posted to another squadron.

"Visiting a village dance one night I saw a neat little W.A.A.F. Being crippled, I couldn't ask her to dance. Fortunately her party left with ours and a little stray kitten decided to play Cupid. The W.A.A.F., like myself, couldn't resist a kitten, and we married shortly after being demobbed.

"We couldn't decide upon an anniversary present, but remembering Mr. Yeates, I wrote and asked him if he could find us a kitten; it didn't matter if it was pink or green, but it must be good type. That was how we came to have Joanna, and later, when Mr. Yeates passed away, Black Iris. Later, my health gave way and we had to leave the farm and come south, bringing only two cats, Grettas Dancing Starlight, the Shorthair, and Grettas Merry Twinkle.

"At the S.C.C.C. Show, 1951, we met Major Dugdale and Miss Webster, and they were so friendly we decided to breed seriously. Then Miss Yorke gave us a helping hand and we were learning quickly. At the moment we have Blacks, a Brown Tabby, a Tortie, Tortoise-and-White, a blue-eyed White, also two Shorthairs. There are three acres of garden here so plenty of space. Feeding is easy and we stick to times, and have found homes for over fifty little alley kittens this year. We exhibited at several provincial as well as London shows, and have had no illness; but I do agree we need a vaccine against infectious enteritis."

One thing I must congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Peter Waring on, and that is their enthusiasm and sporting acceptance of awards; winning or losing, they obviously enjoy all shows.

29th February. Pleasant journey by air to Brussels with Mrs. Brunton to judge the International Cat Show organised by the Société Royale Féline des Flandres on 1st and 2nd March. The President, Mme. Coget, and her Committee worked hard to ensure its success. Mme. Ravel, from Paris, was a tower of strength and spent both days doing clerical work and aiding with valuable advice.

Two lovely early spring days and excellent publicity given by television, radio and the press attracted over 2,000 adults and 400 children. So financially the Show was a great success, and it is hoped when all expenses are paid the Society will have a nice little nest-egg for future activities. The Best Exhibit was Mlle. Bonnardot's Blue-Cream, Int. Ch. Vivette de Montazah—a unanimous decision by Mrs. Brunton, Mr. Braeckman and myself. Best Longhair male was Mme. Coget's exceptionally lovely Blue, Wasj'ka van Frisia State, who is now a Champion. Best Shorthair Exhibit was Mme. Cocea's Raard Blue Revel, a Blue Point Siamese by our Mrs. Duncan Hindley's male, Ch. Blue Seagull and bred in England by Mrs. Macdonald. Best Neuter was a lovely blue-eyed White Longhair, Mme. Lebrun's Jupiter du Finistere.

The winner in the Champion Longhair male class was Mme. Doeksen's Smoke, Ch. Tarzan van de Nye horst, literally a cat of contrasts and a fine example of this variety. Best Kitten in Show, Mlle. Bonnardot's Cream Longhair Aikem de Montazah. Another outstanding exhibit was a White Orange-eyed male bred by Mme. Sarrazin, of Paris, and owned by Mme. Leterle. He had lovely head and type and a coat of exquisite texture, purity and length. This young cat was beautifully presented. After the show we were invited to Mme. Leterle's room, where he was waiting for his supper of lettuce

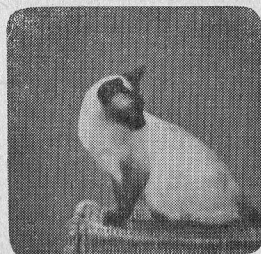
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During a lull on Sunday I had a very interesting talk with Dr. Doeksen, the eminent Danish geneticist. He was speaking about the persistence of tabby markings and how they strive to assert themselves. Most breeders have noticed the ghost markings in some newly born Blue Longhairs, a variety we regard as a real self, and they are one of the difficulties we encounter in breeding Creams, particularly on front paws and flanks. In Chinchillas it has taken many years to subdue the

markings and we still occasionally see them on heads and front paws. One interesting item applied to Siamese, the faintly ringed tail and slight pencillings on face we sometimes see in Blue and Chocolate Points may also be present in some Seal Points, but it is masked by the deeper seal colouring which is usually at its maximum density on tail, hind legs, ears and mask. However, we occasionally see faint tabby markings on flanks in other varieties. Self Whites are the only variety on which I have never noticed a trace of tabby markings.

Book Reviews

JAMES AND MACARTHUR. By Jenny Laird. (Secker & Warburg, Ltd. 10s. 6d.)

A novel about the private lives of suburban cats. Miss Laird translates the cats' methods of communication into English fitted for the intelligence of mere "domestics." James and Macarthur are brother cats who leave a comfortable home for several chapters of adventures, only to return older and much wiser. It is James's ill-regulated passion for the ladies that causes most of the trouble. The author will be recognised as the actress wife of John Fernald, the well-known theatrical producer. She has an eight-year-old daughter and two cats, Sabina and Elizabeth, who live in Regent's Park.

L. G. S.

YOUR SIAMESE CAT. By Hettie Gray Baker. (Published in New York by Farrar, Straus & Young, Inc.)

Miss Baker tells me she hopes to arrange for her book to be published also in England. It will be a fine thing for Siamese lovers in this country if the idea matures and, indeed, for cat lovers generally, as the book is a near perfect blue-print to the

problems and joys of living with a cat of any breed. Miss Baker wears with distinction the label of American Cat Lover No. 1, and this for a variety of very good reasons which we haven't room to explain here. In her book, so expertly illustrated by the line drawings and diagrams of Gladys Emerson Cook, she tells you how to choose, raise, train, show and breed your Siamese cat and how to live with this "extraordinary combination of bumptiousness, devotion and bossiness." The chapter on Odds and Ends has a special charm and I liked, too, the list of Siamese names so thoughtfully provided in the chapter headed Christening.

Miss Baker tells us that the Siamese people regard all cats as bringers of good luck and prosperity, emblems of good fortune and the attainment of wished-for objects or attributes. So it comes about that many of the names she gives were typical of this feeling in old Siam. Examples are: *Ratana*, gems; *Ya Chai*, sweetheart; *Chai-Lai*, beautiful; *Muan Cha*, moonlike; *Som Phon*, blessing; *Thai*, free; *Phet*, diamond; *Sawat*, lovable; *Yu-Phin*, beautiful girl; *Fa Ying*, celestial princess; *Thong Di*, good gold.



from The London Evening News

"SUCH a relief, Mr. Sparkplug. No tax on darling pussycats after all!"

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This amusing cartoon, reproduced by kind permission from Lee's popular "London Laughs" series in the London "Evening News," appeared in that newspaper after Budget Day. Perhaps we should explain for the benefit of some of our overseas readers that Lee found inspiration in the fact that whilst the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced a substantial increase in the price of petrol and oils, other possible sources of revenue—cats and bicycles, for example—are not to be exploited.

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AMERICAN NEWSLETTER No. 8

Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

NOW that the show season is practically over, the breeders are settling down to the anticipating excitement of new litters and most of the sincere, worthwhile breeders are working to "better the best" in their experiments. With some it is not an experiment, but the novice, of course, is not in this class. One novice breeder, this last season, had a registered nurse on hand, just in case she might be needed. My doctor (D.V.M.) told me the other day that fifty per cent. of his calls were from "expectant owners." He always bids them cheer up and tells them he has never lost a breeder yet!

The Cleveland, Ohio, show was the last mid-western, held this late winter. There must have been quite a bit of suspense regarding the selections for top honors. Looking over the results, it seems that the Solid Color and Siamese judge did not agree on very many points with the All-Breed judge, who was Miss Doris Hobbs, of Connecticut. There was a close decision between the Best in Show, which was given to Sugar Town Pie of Lowood, a Silver queen belonging to Mrs. Alfred Smith, Buffalo, New York, and Mrs. Lila Rippy's Van Dyke's Mr. Quisite-Me-Too, a Blue-eyed White male close to two years old. Mr. Quisite-Me-Too had a bad break of luck the night before the show. He escaped from his enclosure and went roaming. Consequently, he could not be placed before the judge in immaculate condition. It seems the Solid Color

judge did not count this against him, but Miss Hobbs, the All-Breed, definitely did consider it a fault. This was hard luck for Mrs. Rippy. The Cleveland Show was managed by Mrs. J. J. Small, a very capable lady and a judge in her own right.

Out in Illinois, a short distance from Chicago, lives a novice breeder by the name of Richard Heinold. He is going into Persians in a big way and his chief recreation at this writing is pedigrees and stud books. His latest purchase was an outstanding Blue Cream queen, named Turquoise Matrix.

Mrs. Joseph Marshall, down San Antonio, Texas way, is winning high honors with her Russian Blues. Mrs. Marshall is a Siamese breeder of high authority but has recently gone in for Persians.

A newspaper friend just back to the States from Havana, tells me of one of our well-known writers down there who owns a farm near Havana. I refer, of course, to Ernest Hemingway, a man who has always had a respect and high regard for cats. He has near sixty of them; they occupy the ground floor of the tower, which is devoted exclusively to them. On the top floor of the tower is Hemingway's office and study. A spiral stairway winds around the tower... the cats often climb upstairs for a visit... and there are times when Mrs. Hemingway is having her sun-bath on the tile roof when the visitors arrive. Not all of them

are allowed this liberty of coming upstairs. It is usually a reward for deportment. Special attention from either of the Hemingways is cause for much jealousy among the felines . . . there have been times when fisticuffs resulted, but the usual rule is good manners and they get along all right.

* * *

When Mr. Hemingway wants to reward them he sprinkles catnip on the tower floor, and there have been other times when each individual cat was presented with a B1 vitamin capsule. The Hemingways have lived in Cuba for nearly fifteen years and they have befriended every stray cat they have met. Hemingway calls them "katzes." When he introduces a new member to the "katzes" he watches it closely for a few days . . . or until it is accepted by the gang. The ground floor of the tower . . . is just for cats. There are special nooks and corners for mater-

nity purposes. There are great numbers of kittens. They are given away . . . all of them . . . no trouble at all. Most of his "katzes" have clouded ancestry . . . but that is no drawback. The romantic fact that these kittens once belonged to the Ernest Hemingway family is enough. Few people know Ernest Hemingway as a big game hunter. On the second floor of the tower is a large room filled to capacity with hides and heads from his African big game hunts. I am taking my Speed Graphic when I go to Cuba and I promise you some interesting pictures of Hemingway's large family.

* * *

The Penn State Cat Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, are already making plans for their next fall show, and if I'm anyways right, I predict a five point show. Already they have decided on their All-Breed judge, none other than their respected president, Mrs. Earl Nack.

CAT CLUB DE GENÈVE

The fifth International Championship Show was held in Geneva on 29th February, 1st and 2nd March under the expert direction of the President of the Club, M. Chamoin. Best in Show (selected from nine Championship winners) was Mme. Gruber's handsome Blue Male, Xato de Bo's Dore, bred by Mme. Fuchs. Reserve best was M. de Souze-Perne's A. Branquita, an attractive Siamese female.

Best Kitten was Mme. Bogard's Blue male, Azalouk du Mont-Joly, who repeated his success at the November show in Paris of the Club des Amis des Chats. Best Blue female was Yamile du Leman (sired by Senator of Allington), and the pick of the Blue female kittens was

Azambo du Mont-Joly, litter sister of the winning male.

Among Chinchillas, Mlle. Chamoin's Yedo de la Chesnaie led the males and the same exhibitor's Vert-jade de la Chesnaie was the best female. Other notable winners were Mme. Korniloff's Cream male Bentveld Cream Cracker and Mme. Decombaz's Blue Cream, Zamba de la Chesnaie. Among the Shorthair winners were the Siamese mentioned above, Mme. Rocher's lovely Russian Blues and a nice Brown Tabby, Riki, shown by Mme. du Pasquier.

My co-judges (writes Miss D. M. Collins) were Dr. Haase, of Belgium, and M. Rocher, of France. Owing to the lateness of the season, coats were shady and in some cases rather short. But I found type very good and eye colour excellent.



Tailpieces

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



THE Siamese Cat Society of South Africa is taking steps to put the registration of cats on a satisfactory basis. A Transvaal Register of Cats has therefore been opened and those who register their cats will be required to take out a cattery name as prefix or affix. The Society plans to own 160 of its own cages and to hold two shows each year in Johannesburg.

Miss M. S. Paton, of Greenock, has been elected President of the Scottish Cat Club in succession to the late Hon. Victoria Bruce. Miss Paton has for many years made a valuable contribution to the Fancy as a breeder of more than one variety. Mrs. F. M. Richardson continues in office as Hon. Secretary/Treasurer of the Club, whose last show was a financial success.

Miss Jane Hitchman, Chaddesden, Derby, writes to the "Sunday Express": I can never take a walk without being followed by at least one cat. Once I ended up with seven, ranging from a beautiful grey Persian to an alley tom. The more I abused them the more affectionate grew the regard of 14 green, gold and amber eyes.

A cutting from a Texan newspaper tells me that Inwood Chinky, young Siamese male exported by Mrs. A. S. McGregor after his wonderful wins at the Siamese Cat Club Show, continues on his all-conquering career. At the Houston Show in February he had a real clean-up among the

prizes for his new owner, Mrs. M. Porter Walley, of Austin, Texas, and won eight points out of ten required for a Championship out there.

Thanks to an alarm given by a little black kitten, a three-storey building in Birmingham containing £25,000 worth of furniture was saved from destruction by fire. Miss Joan Walker, who lives near the store, was awakened by the sound of the kitten scratching at her bedroom window. She went to the window and saw flames leaping from the roof of a smaller building near the store. "It was the promptness of the alarm which undoubtedly prevented a disastrous spread of fire," said a director of the firm. "That black cat certainly brought us luck today."

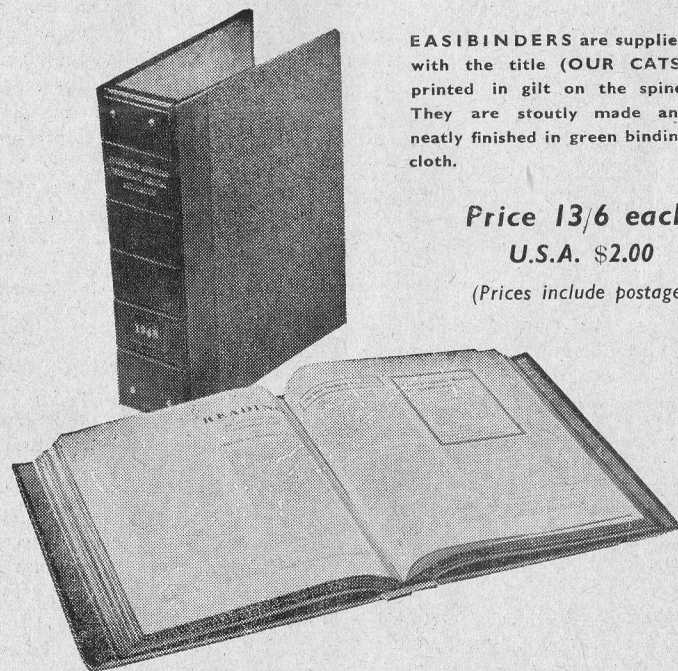
Fly-fishing near Abermule, Montgomeryshire (writes newspaper correspondent Tom Norton, of Llandrindod Wells), I saw a cat stealthily approach the shallow side of the stream, walk in to a depth of five or six inches, lift a flat stone with her paw, and pounce on a trout.

The pet cat of an elderly blind man living in Clapton saved his life by giving a fire warning. "Tibby," said 78-year-old Joseph Kline, "woke me up. I got out of bed and heard the crackling of flames. So I dressed as quickly as I could." When the firemen arrived they found Mr. Kline and his cat waiting to be led to safety.

A lorry and trailer from Bremen carrying fish were recently detained

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by East Zone frontier guards because a cat in the lorry was "not shown in the bill of lading."

When the captain and crew of a Greek steamer which ran aground off the Yorkshire coast abandoned ship, they unknowingly left aboard a stow-away. Someone remembered the ship's cat, and a boarding party, including an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A., went aboard. They found the cat had been drowned but heard scratching on a cabin door. Investigation led to the discovery of another cat who presumably boarded the vessel at Leith as a stowaway.

It is interesting to note that during 1951 the R.S.P.C.A. recorded 31,399 cases of complaints of cruelty to animals. Nine hundred and thirty-nine convictions were secured and 11,146 cautions administered.

Two thought-compelling examples of pet cats being lost in unusual circumstances are recorded in the News Letter of the Siamese Cat Society of South Africa. The first victim was Plush, an attractive Russian Blue neuter belonging to Miss Grace, who had won first prizes in his class at the 1950/51 shows. Plush was being taken by bus for a short stay at a boarding establishment and the conductor insisted that he should be left in his basket on the platform of the vehicle. Although the lid was securely fastened, some busybody must have forced it open during the journey because Plush escaped and was never seen again by Miss Grace. The second sad tale concerns Hollygrove Ambrose, the Siamese stud imported by Miss Vogts, of Cape Town. Ambrose wandered on to a farm estate, where he was caught, killed and eaten by one of the native labourers. His skin was found hidden in a hole in the ground.

The Rev. Robert Sampey, in his £5,573 will, left £25 to Mr. and Mrs.

Arthur Wilson "for taking care of my vicarage and my pet cat while I was in hospital." He was Vicar of Billingborough, near Sleaford.

A cat freed from a 3 ins. pipe in Derby ran off with the ring from the pipe still round its neck. At Harrow, Middlesex, Mr. A. Shepherd, a Post Office engineer, rescued a cat from a telegraph pole only to see it dash up a nearby tree as soon as he reached the ground. Once more he put on his climbing iron. This time puss elected to stay on the ground after he had been brought down from his elevated position.

A cat was described as "just a bag of bones" at Reading police court, where Frederick Cane, a labourer, was fined £1 and ordered to pay two guineas costs for causing it unnecessary suffering.

The News Sheet of the Siamese Cat Club is a slimmer shadow of its former self. It is yet another victim of rising production costs. Last year its twelve pages of expensive art paper and generous illustrations made the cost per copy nearly two shillings and Club members were supplied free of cost. Obviously this state of affairs couldn't last for ever, even with the richest of clubs. So sensibly the News Sheet is reduced this year to eight pages and members are asked to pay for the pleasure and the service.

A ginger cat, which had been marooned for probably two or three days on two bricks in a brick-lined water tank, 12 feet deep with two to three feet of water, in Warwick Way, Victoria, escaped with the help of an investigator of Our Dumb Friends' League. The official borrowed a ladder and succeeded in getting it into the tank. He climbed down to rescue the frightened cat, which suddenly sprang on the ladder, ran up it, and vanished.

MICKEY

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 7th 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. Use of Box No. costs 1/- extra.

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Miscellaneous

YOUNG BACHELOR (Schoolmaster) seeks Accommodation for himself and his two Siamese cats. Anything considered anywhere in England but Southern rural district preferred. Excellent references.—Write Box 31, OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9.

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Miscellaneous (continued)

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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:—National Anti-Vivisection Society, 92 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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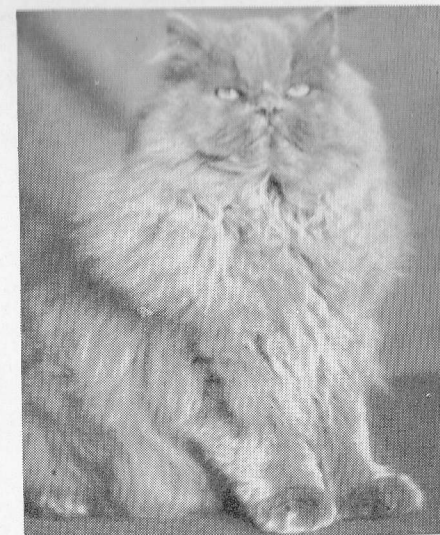
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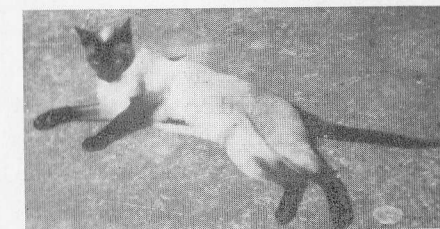
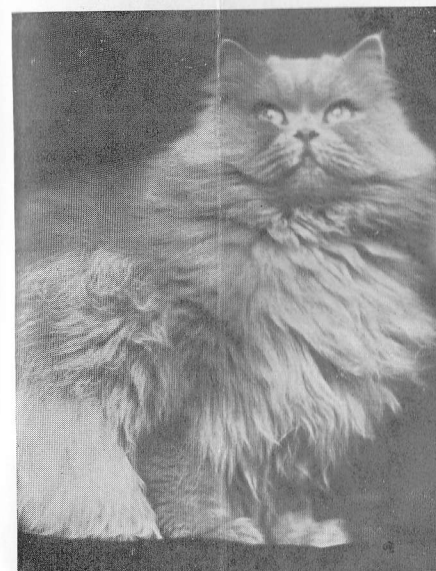
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PICTURE PAGE

Readers who are interested to submit photographs for inclusion in this feature are reminded that the prints (preferably glossy) should have sharp contrasts and need not be mounted. Selection by the Editor is final and photos cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for this purpose.



A lovely daughter of Champions, JEWEL OF DUNESK, belonging to Mrs. V. Pullen, of Sompston, Sussex, has been one of the season's most consistent winners among Blue Longhair kittens. Jewel was sired by Champion Baralan Boy Blue and her mother was Champion Southway Josephine.



PANGLEWOOD PERIWINKLE, 3-year-old Siamese female neuter, in contemplative mood. Known at home as "Sheba," Periwinkle (bred by Mrs. D. K. Barr) now belongs to Miss A. Chantrey, of Bourne-mouth West, who showed her at the S.W. Counties C.C. Show at Torquay in 1950, when she was voted Best Neuter.

CROFTLEY GORGEOUS, striking Blue Longhair daughter of Southway Nicholas. Her owner, Mrs. K. E. Fegan, of Exeter, is greatly concerned that Gorgeous will not breed. She has had one litter of seven kittens that were a fortnight premature and did not survive. Mrs. Fegan asks: Is there anything one can do apart from giving Vitamin E?