



**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*

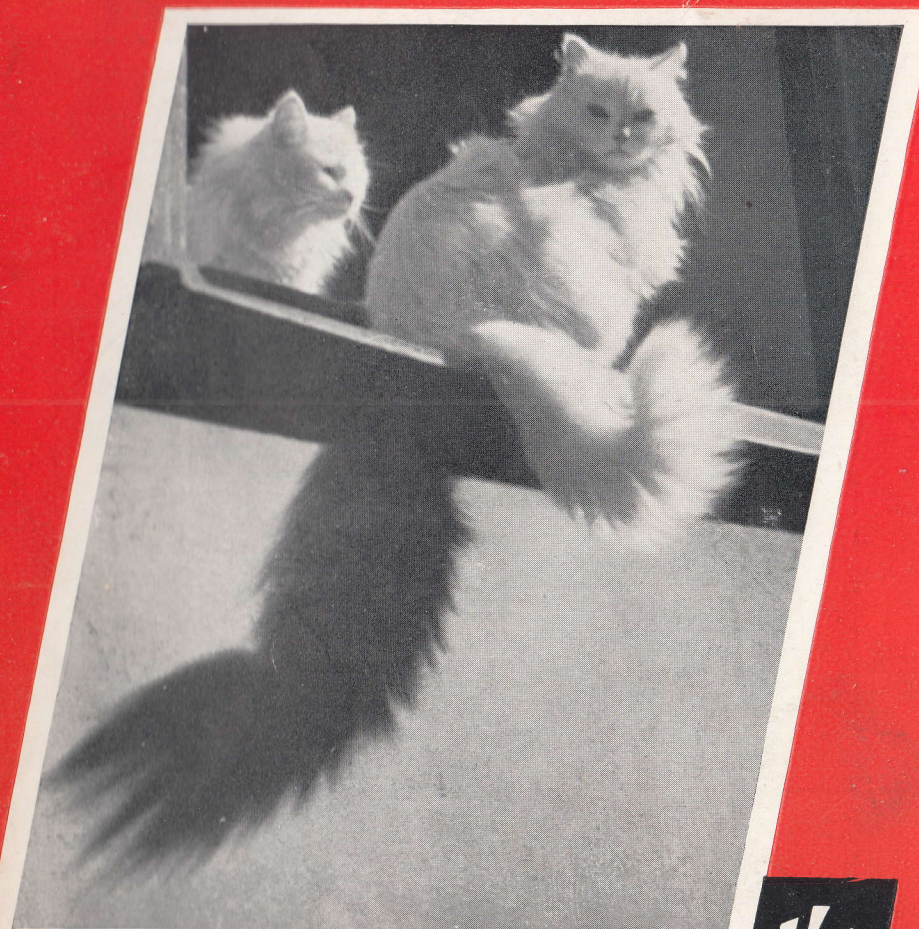


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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



1/6

The Spring sunshine is welcomed by
CHAMPION TUSSA and her son
CHAMPION TASSAV BIRKA,
lovely Blue-eyed Whites belonging
to the Swedish fancier Mrs. M.
Hjelde-Anderson, of Stockholm.

MAY 1952

Some Grand Pictures this Month!

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.

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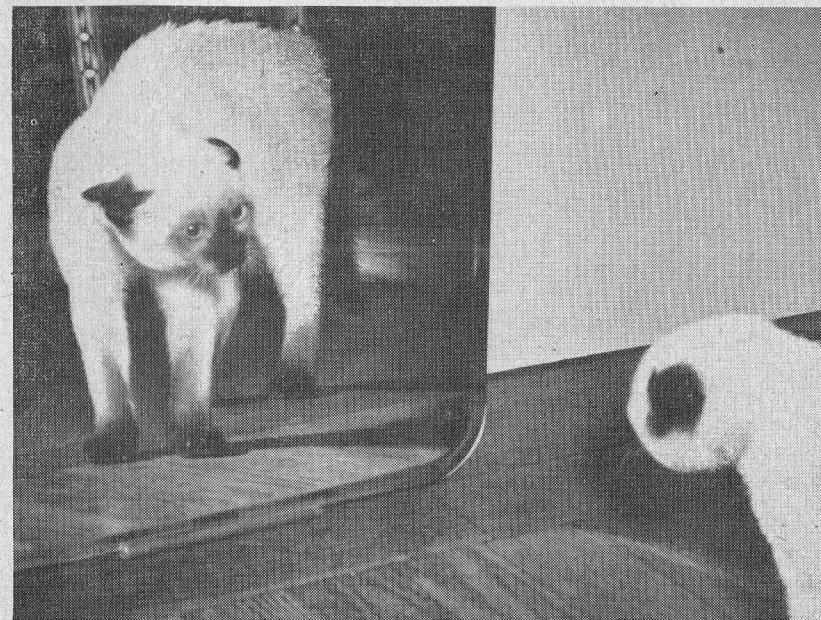
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American Associate Editor :

MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

THE MAGAZINE THAT COVERS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS



This is what happened when little EXOTIC BALLERINA suddenly saw her reflection in the mirror ! This amusing picture comes from Mrs. Ulla Magnusson, of Stockholm.

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CAT AND CROCUSES

IN the crocus-bed I saw her ;
Like a queen enthroned she sat.
Yellow crocuses shone round her—
Royal, illumined cat:

Orange eyes intensely lighted
By a vivid golden flame:
Fire of spring that burnt within her,
And in every flower the same.
World-surveying, world-contented,
Seated in her crocus-ring:
Cat and crocuses together
Basking in the fires of spring.

EVA MARTIN

OLD ENGLISH

THE catte is a beaste of uncertain heare and colour, for some catte is white, some rede, some black, some skewed and speckled in the fete and in the face and in the eares. And he is . . . in youth swyfte, plyante, and mery and lepeth and reseth (rusheth) on all thyng that is tofore him ; and is led by a strawe and playeth therwith. And is a right hevvy beast in age, and ful slepy, and lieth slily in wait for myce . . . and when he taketh a mous he playeth therwith, and eateth him after the play. . . . And he maketh a ruthefull noyse and gustful when one proffereth to fyghte with another.

BARTHOLOMEW GLANVIL

From "*De Rerum Natura*," trans. Trevisa 1398

Cats of Monte Carlo

IN the world-famous gardens facing the casino at Monte Carlo exists a small colony of cats. One might think that these creatures must be members of the feline aristocracy to have established their residence in this very centre of international plutocracy. Actually, this is far from being the case.

Originating probably from pets heartlessly abandoned in the gardens by departing residents, the little community barely maintains its numbers in spite of the prolific habits of the species. The majority of the cats are pure white and of pleasing appearance, sleek and healthy. But life is hard for them.

As with humans, the major problem is accommodation. The few nooks and crannies in the rockeries at the northern end of the gardens provide the only available housing for a family. This may be satisfactory in the summer, but autumn and winter bring torrential rain and cold winds. These may only last a day or two but are fatal to the young. Only the fittest and luckiest survive.

Pigeon on Menu ?

Then there is the problem of food. The only natural source apparent is the flock of portly and somnolent pigeons that share the gardens. Oblivious of the nearby "Tir aux Pigeons," these happy birds bask in the sun, strutting proudly among the flower beds. Pigeon probably figures largely on the feline menu!

But the little cat colony is not without human friends. Every

evening one may see a poor, aged couple arrive with a basket of scraps, undoubtedly collected from friends equally poor. Another elderly woman (Mlle. Marie Braun), who has fed the cats for 16 years with scraps collected from the hotels, has recently been awarded the certificate of the Société Protectrice des Animaux de Paris. And to-day I saw a lovely young English girl drive up in her car. Parting the foliage above a rockery she exposed a box, before which she placed milk and scraps. "There is a mother and kittens in there," she said. "I found them a few days ago wet and desolate, so I at once bought them this box. To-morrow I leave for Florence. I hate to abandon them." "I live quite near," I replied. "My daughter will look after them."

Friends Among Flowers

These cats receive no recognition from the garden authorities. In fact, they cannot be popular with the gardeners responsible for the upkeep of the intricate floral designs that feature this famous resort.

But somehow the colony carries on. There must be many cat lovers who are fortunate enough to visit Monte Carlo. Perhaps, after reading these few words of mine, they will enjoy a visit to this curious little community. They will find their friends among the flowers at the top of the gardens.

J. R. F.

A Nation of Animal Haters?

LAST year over 32,000 British citizens—one in every 1,600 of the population—were guilty of inflicting torture and suffering on defenceless animals.

That is a shocking fact. Whether it justifies the suggestion recently made in a Sunday newspaper that our claim to be a race of animal lovers has been torn to "pitiful shreds" is another matter. There is, as we shall hope to show, another side to the picture. . . .

It is obvious that something more must be done to stem this ghastly wave of sadism. But what? The punishments inflicted by the law have been singularly ineffective. If punishment is the answer to the problem it is often ridiculously inadequate. But is punishment the whole answer to it?

How many of those 32,000 instances of cruelty were due to ignorance and thoughtlessness rather than cold-blooded cruelty? How many of these brutal acts can be traced to the culprits' early upbringing, to loveless homes, to lack of discipline and training in the elementary principles of humanity and social conduct?

There are, no doubt, perverted natures in which a streak of cruelty is inherent and ineradicable. These are comparatively few and for them

punishment may be the only deterrent. Punish them. But do not let us leave it at that. Punishment prevents nothing. It comes too late.

Is not the real need for an intensification of humanitarian and ethical instruction for the young? By that we do not mean the inculcation of that woolly emotionalism that too often passes for humanitarianism but a greater insistence on ethical values and the sanctity of human and animal life.

But shocked as we must be by the figures and facts revealed, let us not lose our sense of proportion. For every one of those 32,000 cases of man's inhumanity to animals a dozen or more instances of man's humanity and love for them can be cited. Such cases are rarely sensational. They do not hit the headlines. But almost every day they can be found tucked away in some obscure corner of your newspaper.

Truly there may be little cause for complacency, but surely there is none for the wholesale denigration of a people over half a million of whom one in every hundred of the population—are active supporters of animal welfare organisations, giving selflessly of their time, energy and money. . . .

(Reprinted from "The Animals' Magazine," the official monthly journal of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.)

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. 23



"SO LONG, SAILOR! PLEASE BRING ME BACK A PARROT."

The cat's name is Paddy. He is a 19 months old Tabby and this is how he said Good-bye! to his sailor pal A/B Stanley Coe, of H.M.S. Submarines, as he was leaving for two years' service overseas. We have been able to reproduce this delightful picture through the kind co-operation of the sailor's sister, Mrs. O. C. Hunnable, of Mistley, Manningtree, Essex, and the Art Editor of the "News of the World."

Two Ladies of Leisure

By LISA GORDON SMITH

THE Fernald family are under the impression that among their possessions are a home in a quiet cul-de-sac overlooking Regent's Park and two cats.

The cats know that the opposite is the case and that they, Sabina and Elizabeth, are the true owners of this pleasant home, which their three "domestics" keep in order for them. These ladies, although they believe in treating domestics kindly, do not admit them to equal rights!

To we mere humans, Jenny Laird is a clever and charming actress; her husband, John Fernald, an actor-producer of note. But, to the cats in whose service they and their nine-year-old daughter Karen live, they are of "the servant class."

That Jenny Laird is not unaware of the true order of things she has shown in her cat novel, "James and

Macarthur," and it is doubtless because she "knows her place" that she is allowed to remain in the service of these autocratic ladies.

Their rules are few, but as inflexible as those of the Medes (they combine in despising the Persians!); they must have their food properly served in separate dishes. They expect rabbit frequently, for they share a passion for it, and they require hare on special occasions.

Six-year-old Elizabeth, named after the heroine of "And No Birds Sing," the play written by the two senior slaves, demands the right to sleep on their bed, while Sabina insists on sharing Karen's bed, as does, from time to time, a neighbouring ginger tom, whose eyes popped with longing when he first caught sight of Sabina as a kitten. This French-farce atmosphere is not lessened by the fact that all toms fall in love with Sabina, declares Jenny Laird;

so perhaps it is not surprising that Bina's first family—naturally, born on Karen's bed!—included kittens of varied colour. Happily, at the mature age of nearly two, Sabina has learned discretion.

Sabina is pure Siamese and fully aware of the fact, and the contempt she occasionally displays towards Liz, her beautifully marked tabby companion, is caused less by her inferior pedigree (for Elizabeth, too, has Siamese blood) than by the fact that Liz can never experience the joys of motherhood, a state which Bina regards as being highly exalted. This state should once more be *fait accompli* by her by the time this is in print (and this time the marriage was one of which her parents would have approved), so the usually amicable relations of the ladies will consequently be slightly strained. Liz, as becomes a "maiden aunt," is willing to do some baby-sitting, but has views on the upbringing of children. Bina, with spiked paw uplifted, does not hesitate to let her know what she thinks about "those who have never had any, but are always the first to give advice."

A Patient Photographer

Apart from this recurring *contre-temps*, and the constant desire of each to wash the other's face and of each to resent such familiarity, Bina and Liz are shining examples of the ability of two females to share a home without disaster.

But then, as they would both agree, faithful retainers make such a difference to a smooth-running home!

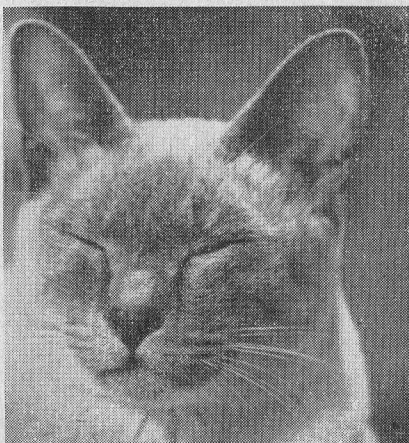
Jenny Laird and John Fernald do, it is true, insist on quite a lot of free time to devote to some extraordinarily unimportant activity called "the theatre," but the cats realise that domestics are not what they were and that one must move with the times. Fortunately, Karen is a devoted young slave and, as Bina's

purrs indicate, "so good with the children."

If there is one thing these aristocratic ladies dislike, it is people coming along with bright lights and black boxes and asking them to "look pleasant, please." Photographer Robin Adler discovered this when he spent a whole evening trying to get them to pose together for OUR CATS. No stealthy stalking and cajoling could persuade them to countenance this vulgar publicity, although they eventually allowed themselves to be taken, individually, by surprise. The results show Sabina preoccupied with dreams of kittens to come, but Elizabeth's expression, we fear, indicates "I don't know you, sir and madam, and what is more . . . !"

Cats (says "The Animal World") were often the victims of superstitious persecution due to their traditional association with witches. It was, for instance, held to be disastrous for a cat, or even a dog, to enter a room in which a dead body lay. To ensure that this did not happen it was not uncommon in medieval times to kill the household animals whenever a death occurred in the house.

The need to be careful not to leave sewing needles within the reach of animals has just been exemplified by the experience of the Chelsea Branch of Our Dumb Friends' League, to which two dog and two cat patients were brought in one day. In each case the needle had become fixed in the throat or tongue of the animal. All the patients had the obstruction successfully removed. Earlier this year there were two cases of kittens getting behind refrigerators which were not placed close to the wall. One was killed by the motor, and the other, which was severely scraped by the motor, is being nursed back to health at the Branch.

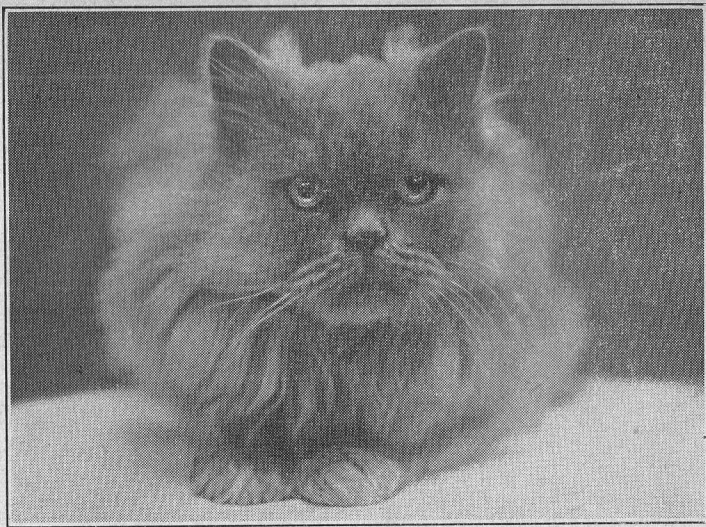


Sabina dreams of kittens to come.



Elizabeth registers contempt for publicity.

Robin Adler, F.R.S.A.



PRIORY VALENTINE

MRS. M. E. BEEDELL, of 243 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9, writes:—

"I thought you might like to see the photograph of my prize-winning Blue Persian, Priori Valentine. Valentine had a severe illness and, after a relapse, developed pleurisy. For weeks he would not eat, but I gave him Kit-zyme which I am sure brought him through. I gave the tablets to him by dropping them down as medicine and now he eats them himself.

I would also like to tell you about a beautiful alley cat belonging to someone I know. This cat, a young tom, recently got in a brawl over females and was bitten very close to the spinal cord. He couldn't use his hindquarters and refused all food. Kit-zyme was given crumbled up on a bit of tasty food, but when he had got the flavour, he ate the tablets one after the other. Now he is running about as usual."

KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO . . .

It is a natural Tonic and Conditioner—NOT a purgative



Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

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

If any difficulty in obtaining write to:
PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10

Some Misconceptions

By P. M. SODERBERG

THIS is not intended to be a tale of personal woe, although the idea for an article came to me as a consequence of the misfortunes of some of my own animals.

It is by no means unusual to find both cats and dogs living together in the same household, and that state of affairs has existed in my own home for more than twenty years. As one would expect, these animals not only live under the same roof, but at times even eat from the same dish. Closer proximity would be impossible.

About a month or so before Christmas my dogs developed hard pad, the most dreaded of all canine diseases. I knew from the start that tragedy was just round the corner. The fact that only one of my dogs died was something for which I was indeed thankful.

Transmittable Disease

But this is the point. Several friends in the Cat Fancy who wrote me understanding letters at the time expressed the hope that none of my cats would develop the same fell disease. Fortunately, I had no such fears, for I had been assured on the very best authority that cats cannot possibly develop hard pad. Even so, two cases in which this disease was said to have occurred in cats were quoted to me. I can still say that these cats were definitely not victims of hard pad, despite any similarity of symptoms.

From my own experience, extending over many years with small livestock and belonging to a number of families, it has been proved to me time after time that there are indeed few diseases which can be transmitted from one genus to another. There are some such diseases, but rarely are they to be met with in animals which are likely to be kept together as pets.

From time to time it is said that the common cold is passed from cat to dog and also from man to either of these animals, but never yet has this been brought home to me as a fact. Mine is indeed a large household and on any day in the year there are certain to be at least some individuals suffering from head colds, yet never once have I had a cat or a dog with this same complaint. Boys with typical colds often make a fuss of young kittens without any unfortunate results. Thus I must either be more lucky than I deserve or the risk of such infection is small indeed.

Ringworm

On the other hand, there are people—who ought to know better—who say definitely that the ringworm found in the cat is essentially different from that experienced in the dog. This is indeed a misconception, and you can rest assured that if your dogs develop ringworm you will have to take plenty of precautions if you are to keep it away from your cats, and the reverse also holds

true. There is more than one type of ringworm, but the microsporon variety which is most usually met with is no respecter of cats, dogs or even human beings. It is possible and even likely for all of you to have this unpleasant complaint at the same time. It is most easily cured in man, not too difficult in the dog; but when your cats are the unfortunate victims, the cure is often long. Even then one cannot be sure for many months that the complete cure has been achieved.

I do not think that cat lovers are necessarily more obtuse in their thinking than the rest of humanity; in fact, I know most of them to be full of sound sense, yet I am surprised at times by a firm belief which some of them hold that they have found the panacea for all the ills to which the cat is heir.

Penicillin no Cure-all

Penicillin has been the means of saving the lives of hundreds of thousands of animals of one sort and another, yet no one ought to think that it will cure every disease.

Infectious feline enteritis is a disease which the cat owner has reason to dread, and in this country at present we are handicapped by the fact that suitable vaccines to produce immunity are not readily available.

At least a dozen times last year I heard that this disease was cured by penicillin. When fanciers write to tell me of such miracles I have no heart to say what I know to be the truth, for to them the only thing that is of importance is that the cat has been saved.

Infectious enteritis is a virus disease and against such penicillin can do little or nothing. The fact that the cat has survived

can only be due to the fact that it has developed its own antibodies to fight the infection. This does not mean that penicillin has no value even in such cases, for a cat which masters the virus may still develop secondary complications. It is in dealing with some of these that penicillin is of value.

New Drugs

Medical and veterinary science are making progress, and during the past few years a number of so-called wonder drugs have been developed with the result that some diseases which were considered incurable have responded to treatment. But do not let names like aureomycin, chloromycetin and streptomycin dazzle you with their possibilities, for even those who know most about them are well aware of their limitations and possible dangers. I have seen fanciers' medicine chests which contained such drugs which these fanciers intended to use for feline diseases if need arose. Nothing could be more dangerous than this. When such drugs are used, the veterinary surgeon is the only person qualified to administer them.

Vivisection

Now, let me say at once that I have no intention of discussing this most controversial subject. Whether I am "for" or "against" is entirely my own affair, but there are misconceptions on the subject which need clearing up.

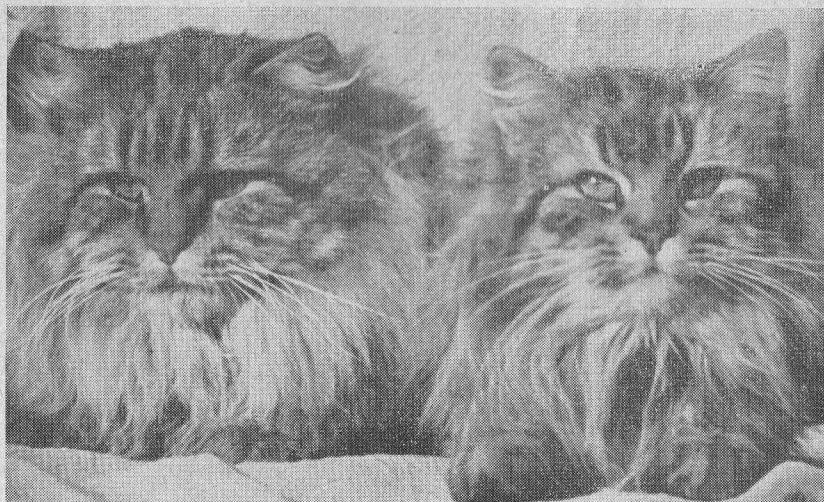
Many people get very hot under the collar whenever they hear of experiments in which animals are used as the subjects. They immediately express their objections to vivisection. It must be recognised, however, that animals can be far more use-

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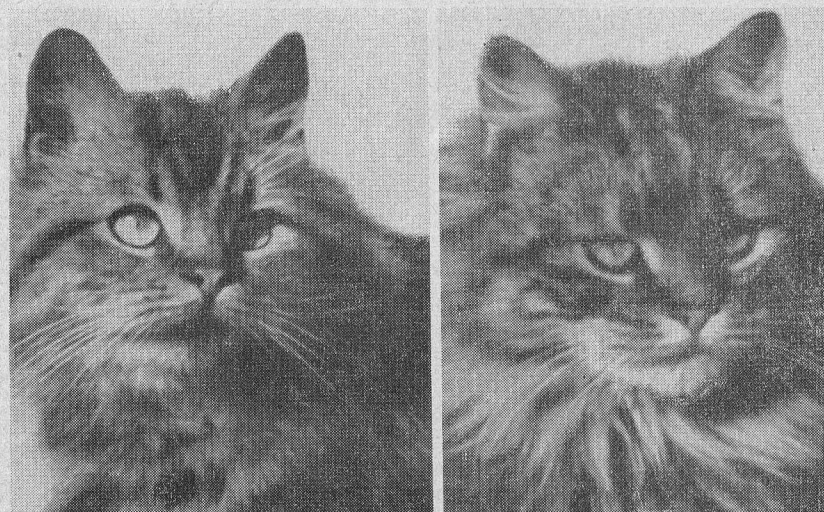


Although Mrs. John T. Ryan, of Texas, U.S.A., is a "prisoner" in a wheelchair, her spirit knows no bounds. People and cats make up her world and she manages to get more quiet fun out of life than when, as she puts it, "I was bouncing around." Her special pets are Foreign Shorthairs—Siamese, Abyssinians and Burmese—and recently she ventured out to show eight of her cats at the North Texas Cat Show in Dallas. This was quite a red-letter day for her. Mrs. Ryan admits to having two men in her life—a long-suffering husband and the mailman, who is in disfavour if he fails to bring any cat mail to 248 West Mayfield Blvd., San Antonio, Texas. That's the address of a courageous lady who would welcome letters from readers of OUR CATS Magazine.

A page for Tabbies . . .



This fine study of Brown Tabbies belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Jacobs comes to us from California. Leonine dignity is exemplified by the older cat on the left.



And here are two of our own best-known Brown Tabbies bred and owned by specialist Miss Cathcart, of Paignton, Devon. TRELYSTAN JASPER (left) was first and Champion at the Croydon and Torquay shows, 1950, and CHAMPION TRELYSTAN GIRASOL (right) was voted Best Exhibit at the Taunton Show of the South Western Counties Cat Club last September.

More Questions Answered

By ALBERT C. JUDE

IS it common with cats to have a false pregnancy? My queen had been calling for three or four weeks, and as we did not want a winter pedigree litter, decided to let her mate with our neighbour's pet male. She appeared to be in kitten as a result of the mating, and by the end of a month seemed definitely so. But after a further few days she became quite normal again.

It is a little difficult to give a direct answer because no reliable figures are available about this condition in cats. But from what information there is about actual cases, and because of more general facts regarding various animals, I would say it is hardly right to say false pregnancy in cats is common, and in the ordinary way I would not believe it to be more common in cats than in most other animals. I do feel, however, there is a distinct probability that with fancy cats a fair number of cases occur. My reason for this is because fatness and lack of exercise can be causes of the condition, or can partly account for it. It is likely that many fanciers are apt to be over-generous with the feeding of their cats, and loth for various reasons to allow enough free exercise. On the other hand, in a case of false pregnancy it may only be that a toning-up of the reproduction organs is necessary. The local vet. will advise and treat where indicated. Preparations are sold for the purpose, but I must stress that these should on no account be used except under professional advice.

Breeders of Siamese and some other breeds have found, I expect, that Siamese are more prone to breed during winter than most other breeds,

but even so, Siamese are less inclined to breed in winter than at other periods of the year. And I think all cats may be more inclined to false pregnancy at the end of the year than, say, during the spring and summer. The extended "call" is often on account of the reproductive organs being in a run-down condition, or at least not functioning properly for the time being. Again, some cats are more prone to the condition than others.

So what happens is that, whether pregnancy supervenes or not as a result of copulation during oestrus, the discharged follicle, after the egg has been extruded, closes up and becomes converted into a corpus luteum or "yellow-body," so called on account of a pigmented substance formed in it. This yellow-body persists in the ovary throughout pregnancy, but in the absence of pregnancy it only survives for a short period corresponding to the interval between the heats. Thus, in the presence of a fully developed luteum, heat does not occur; it is not until the corpus-luteum dating from the last oestrus has undergone a marked regression that a new heat period can normally supervene.

The question of false pregnancy does, of course, open up a wide field, for after all it is associated with sterility. And sterility and fertility are opposites between which there are varying degrees.

In round terms, sterility will mean failure to form embryos. And there is the association between sterility and the high probability that the few young born—meaning a small litter—will die of starvation within, say,

a couple of days or so after birth. In other words, there is connection between small size of litter and starvation of litter,* but it is also associated with the death of embryos late in gestation. It is a queen who has a dead embryo or embryos, and consequently a placenta still in position instead of being torn away, who fails to have a good supply of milk. Furthermore, it occurs only when death is fairly late in pregnancy, say the second half.

It is probable that one of the causes why animals fail to become pregnant is the non-occurrence of ovulation until some considerable time has elapsed after service. And it is interesting to note that when a farm animal comes into use very irregularly, or else is apparently always more or less on heat, as in the condition of nymphomania, it is extremely unlikely that artificial insemination will be followed by pregnancy.

B.P. Type and Colour

I would greatly appreciate your answering the following question. It is a matter of very definite divided opinion here in the United States, and various opinions have been advanced by both experienced and novice breeders, and the situation is somewhat confusing. It is this: "Is it more desirable to breed Blue Pointed Siamese to only Blue Pointed Siamese, rather than to, say, a Seal Pointed known to have Blue genes, or to a Seal Pointed which has, for instance, a half Blue Point background? Does one lose coat colour, and does the mating of the Seal and the Blue produce a muddy or grey coat?"

In dealing with your problem it is necessary to first of all consider type and colour separately. Afterwards, their interactions can be taken into account, and then one can decide what best to do when some definite objective is in mind.

From what you write it appears that your choice of Blue Point studs is limited, and I take it that this means that the number of B.P. Siamese in America is less than for Seal Points. That, I believe, is also the case here. You also say that the B.P. studs available to you are not so sound in type as your own S.P. Siamese male. This may mean that generally your S.P.s are better in type than the B.P.s. And that, too, I believe, in the main applies over here. In fact, I feel I am right in saying that, in keeping with some other Blue animals, we can take it that B.P.s will, as a rule, be rather inferior generally in type to S.P.s—which are virtually Blacks.

Bearing the above in mind, I can say that the cross would improve type for the B.P.s, if you have an outstandingly good typed S.P. available, but I would say that it is hardly likely that good type in B.P.s could generally equal the good type of the best of the S.P.s.

Now let us leave it at that for a moment and think of the matter of colour. In the long run, B.P.s would suffer in body-colour by the cross-mating, because we do expect by reason of blue-dilution better clear body colour in the B.P.s. Therefore, the cross is almost certain to take away at least some of that advantage.

(Concluded from page 10)

ful than humans for some experimental purposes, and many such uses have nothing to do with either pain or even discomfort and do not imply the use of the knife. Before anyone condemns a practice he should know the facts. The fact is that much of the work for which animals are used has nothing at all to do with vivisection, and thus the ethics of true vivisection are not in question in such experimental work.

Saintly Cat Lovers

By CHERRY CALVERT JONES

HOW interesting it is to note that from the earliest recorded period of history the cat has maintained his high place in human society. All sorts and conditions of men have honoured him, from the king to the beggar and from criminals up to the very saints themselves.

St. Gertrudis of Nivelles is said to be the patron saint of cats, but as she is also the patron of rats and mice, which used to run over the hem of her gown as she knelt in prayer, it is debatable if she ever had a cat at all. If she did, he must have been nearly as saintly as his mistress.

St. Philip Neri, who was the founder of the Roman Society of Sanctissime Trinité, for the care of the sick poor, had a dearly loved cat. Determined not to set his heart too firmly upon earthly things, he would leave her in his cell at St. Girolamo while he toiled in the disease-ridden slums of Rome. From thence he would send a disciple, armed with the key, to feed her and bring him back news of her progress.

When the messenger returned, St. Philip was quite unable to restrain his anxiety. Cardinals might be (and often were) present, but they were neglected as he asked eagerly: "Well, so you've been to see my dear cat? What nice dinner did you take her? Is she quite well and did she look happy and comfortable? Had she a good appetite?"

In John the Deacon's life of St. Gregory is told the story of a hermit who was so attached to his

cat that he spent much of his time petting it or carrying it about in his arms.

One night he prayed that he might know what place he would occupy in Heaven. He was answered in a dream that he would be in the same place as Pope Gregory. The imputation that he, who had voluntarily embraced poverty, was no better than a wealthy Pope, annoyed the hermit intensely.* The next night, however, he was visited by another dream; in which he was sternly reproved: "You share your sole riches (your cat) with nobody, but Gregory shares his great possessions with many."

This apparently quelled the hermit for we hear no more of him, but it is to be hoped that he went straight to the cat for sympathy.

The Breton lawyer saint, Ivo, has the cat for his symbol, but as this seems to have been symbolic of the lawyer toying catlike with his prey, one feels St. Ivo can hardly be numbered among the saintly cat-lovers. The claims of the Anglo-Saxon St. Wulstan are also dubious, being only that, at a time when all clergy wore their winter gowns lined with cat skin, St. Wulstan preferred lamb skin, which was highly commendable, but may have been for some other reason than a dislike for seeing pussies de-furred.

Naturally it is from Ireland that the story of St. Molings, the Bishop of Fern, comes. As the tale goes, he was the possessor of a dear cat and one day the old

gentleman and his pet were sitting in the sun outside the episcopal palace, which at that date probably consisted of a beehive-shaped hut of wattle, plastered with clay.

St. Molings was peacefully reading a ponderous tome, handwritten upon calf skin, the cat was snoozing, when a large, impertinent fly nose-dived on to the open page. As it rose a swallow skimmed out of the blue, gave one gulp, and the fly was gone; but before she could rise again the cat had pounced and stood, replete and complacent, looking up at her master for applause. But St. Molings was not pleased.

"Fie, Puss," he said reprovingly, for he had long deplored his pet's murderous and worldly tendencies.

The cat's face fell. She'd done

it again. Her feline instincts had got the better of her and master was cross. There was only one thing to do. She braced herself and gave a tremendous heave. The swallow lay palpitating on the ground and out of its beak, in a state of great perturbation, buzzed the fly. The cat averted her eyes and lay down again, comforted by St. Moling's word of praise, and the swallow and the fly left the scene of the incident as quickly as possible.

Now you don't have to believe this story, but when you consider the wonderful stories that everyone can and will tell of their cats, it is pleasant to think that a saintly old gentleman a thousand years ago would say excitedly to his visitors, just as saints and sinners do to-day, "You'll never believe what my pussy's done now!"

Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

PROBABLY the most important bit of news to-day in the American Fancy is the result of the Cat Fanciers' Association annual election of high brass. Marguerite Saxby-Mabie was returned to presidential authority by a large vote. Judge Mabie has proven herself in this last year as clever, tactful, diplomatic and competent. Her staff officers measure up to her high standard of efficiency. The Cat Fanciers' Association is the largest of its kind in America. At the last count there were 73 associate clubs operating under C.F.A. rules.

Little Elizabeth Ann Ames is living through an unusual experience. Elizabeth Ann owns a Cream Persian who likes to roam. He skidded through the hall doorway while the maid was cleaning and headed for a large mulberry tree in the corner of the yard. There was a ladder leaning against the tree, but Johnnie Dollar did not use the ladder—he streaked up the trunk of the tree and found a nice comfortable crotch to rest himself. Now Elizabeth Ann, who is something of a tomboy, so grandmere says, went up the ladder in no time flat. Johnnie Dollar started purring, evidently thinking they were going to have a nice time in the tree. Elizabeth Ann picked him up and started to back down. When she reached the ladder she missed her footing and fell. Never at any time did she relinquish her grip on Johnnie Dollar. He arrived on terra firma uninjured but Elizabeth

Ann suffered a broken leg. She was removed to a hospital in Newark, New Jersey, where brother Wallace was serving as intern. The leg was set and, of course, put in a cast. Mother and Dad brought Johnnie Dollar down to see her and were they surprised to see names written all over the casts! It had been autographed by two of the doctors and most of the nurses. Johnnie Dollar was left with Wallace . . . animals were not allowed in the hospital . . . but it was not long before Wallace had a whispered confab with the head nurse. Result: she was looking another way as he hurried through the hall with the carrier containing the big Cream. The reunion was sweet . . . soon the room was crowded . . . Johnnie Dollar was purring . . . there was another nurse wanted to add her name to the cast . . . but there was no room. Wallace suggested that he put Elizabeth Ann's other leg in a cast. There was a speculative gleam in little sister's eyes as she looked at mother for permission . . . there was no encouragement there. Turning to the doctor she murmured, "I don't think I'll get very good attention when I go home."

Mrs. Vivian Nord, of St. Paul, Minn., has decided to go in for Blue Creams. She is now a breeder of Silvers and Shaded Silvers as well as White Persians, but it seems she has lost her heart to the Blue Creams, as so many others have in the last year or two.

*Read
this
remarkable
testimonial
sent
to the
Press!*

EXPORTING KITTENS

I FEEL sure that the following information will be of interest to readers who export kittens to America.

Our Morris Lindex, which was silver cup winner at the recent Olympia show and which was subsequently sold to Miss Rand, of U.S.A., was within 24 hours of the landing taken to the New York cat show, where he won his first championship award and rosette. We think great credit should be given to Messrs. Spratt's, who must have looked after Lindex marvellously for him to have arrived in such good condition as to be able to win honours so soon after his journey.

M W RICHARDSON



**SPRATT'S
LIVESTOCK SHIPPING
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CHAMPION KALA PANDA, worthy representative of the lovely and all-too-rare Smokes. For some years judges have commented on his fine coat of lovely contrasts, black and silver, his good type and eye colour. When on the show bench Smokes can win up to 40 points for colour alone out of a total of 100 points. Panda, by Kala Pendragon ex Bluegrass Heather, belongs to Miss D. M. Collins, breeder and International judge, of Warfield, Berkshire.

Mrs. Chris Klinkhammer, State of Washington, Pacific Coast, entered her blue-eyed White Persian, Brooks Snow Bear, in the Inland Empire Cat Club, Spokane, Washington. All he did was walk off with the highest honors in the club . . . as Best Cat. I have several reports that this boy is really something to look at.

At the California Cat Club, Hollywood, the Best Cat in Show was Dixie-Land's Potentate of Azulita, a Blue male owned by Mrs. Walker J. Johnson. This boy comes from Revington stock. Judge Revington is noted for her White and Blue Persians and "Dixie-Land" is the tag-name that means quality. I have heard many judges and breeders say they could tell a "Dixie-Land" cat by looking at it, never having seen it before or even knowing the cat's name. There are a few other breeders who have the-stamp-of-type in their stock, meaning, to name a few . . . Hydon, Ohlin, Rudolph, Petta, Virginia Cobb, Hecht, Nack and Fiedler. There are others who are good . . . breeders that stand back of all they sell, who are authorities in their especial field.

Already plans are afoot for bigger and better shows this coming fall season. I think I have five invitations to garden parties and three bids to kitten matches, all to raise money for the coming shows. Quite a bit of speculation and anticipation exists regarding two English judges who will be invited over.

The novel Clement Richer has written quite recently is breath-taking in suspense. The plot is unusual and keeps you guessing. The jacket pictures the author and his Seal Point Siamese. The name of the book, "Ti-Coyo and His Shark."

Going into New York this week, I noticed seven bill-boards advertising

facial creams, tissues, paint, flower shops, thread, dress material, knitting yarn, combined with cats. Some seemed to be alley cats, two were White Persians, the rest Siamese. I'd say that the Siamese are the most popular when it comes to advertising . . . probably because they are so talkative and co-operative.

Just had a letter air mailed from Buffalo, written by Isabelle Smith, owner of that very wonderful Silver queen, Sugar Town Pie of Lowood. Judge Hobbs gave her Best in Show at the Lake Erie Cat Club. Mrs. Smith states that Sugar Town Pie has been rated Best All Eastern Silver Female . . . and that she is very grateful as well as very humble in her appreciation of the honors bestowed upon her baby. She signs her letter "Housewife and Katzen Mutter" . . . carefully explaining to me . . . that is German for "Cats' Mother." She states that Lowood Cattery is expecting ten litters this spring, eight of which will be Silvers. There is something about these Silver breeders. Just let 'em get the bit in their teeth . . . and they are off.

American Personality

MRS. MAX FIEDLER

LOUISE FIEDLER is a personality girl of rare and individualistic qualities. The Fiedler home is located on a small farm in suburban Philadelphia, State of Pennsylvania, about one hundred miles from New York City. They have a certified herd of Jersey cattle and numerous other animals as well as a special building for the Siamese Seal Points. This building consists of two storeys with oil heat as well as auxiliary electric heaters, thermostatically controlled, an electric refrigerator, plenty of hot water at all times, and in summer there are indi-

vidual outside cages off the ground. Mo-Ling is a cattery that is international in scope and it can be truly said it is a feline paradise for Seal Points. When Judge Fiedler is off to the shows, husband Max takes over the duties of those left behind and he is one husband that objects to any of the Mo-Ling tribe leaving home. (One husband that likes cats, bless him!)



Mrs. Fiedler with her Champion Mo-Ling Fury II.

Judge Fiedler is interested in all animals, but the Seal Point is her first love. The cat pictured with her is Ch. Mo-Ling Fury II, a lovable queen. Then there is her sire, Mo-Ling Wing Wu Tai and the outstanding Imp. Ch. Rycroft Sunya's Dream of Mo-Ling. Dream was imported from England in November, 1950,

and was bred by Mrs. Dorothy Nicholas, of Cheshire, England, who has done so well with her Ch. Southwood Sunya. Quite recently a distinguished new citizen came to Mo-Ling from the Vee Roi Cattery. At this time there are thirty-two Seal Points at the Fiedlers and probably there is a secret club where they voice their approval of Max and Louise in no uncertain terms. Can

you imagine thirty-two Seal Points talking at once! I'm betting the Vee Roi man is chairman!

Judge Fiedler is a well-established, logical judge, a bit on the austere side, perhaps, until you know her, and then you will find that she is humorous, reflective and practical. She has been up against some very

difficult decisions and is searchingly critical of the complexity of judging.

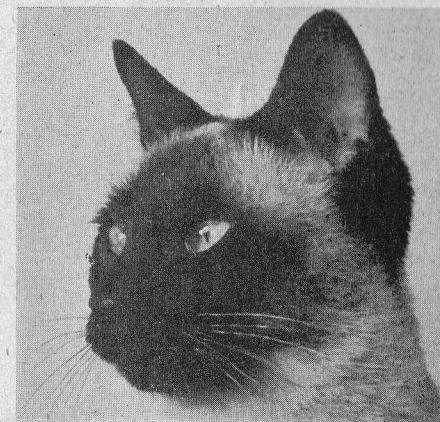
A novice teenager, entering her pet for the first time under Fiedler, described her as "four-square." This seems to be an accurate sample of what the breeders think of her. The Associations under which Judge Fiedler operates are the C.F.F. and the A.C.A. I have critically watched her judge under difficult conditions and I have found her a very shrewd, polished performer, who in her last twelve shows has distinguished herself in no small manner. No matter what your personal opinion is of Judge Fiedler, you will agree that she is a good judge in any show where she operates. No ribbons are changed; no high decisions are altered by arguments.

She is well known as a Siamese judge, but recently she has gone in for Longhair judging and her first show of a Specialty in Persians was the Solid Color, New Orleans, March, 1952. I have quite a few letters to the effect that she did an excellent

bit of work. One was from the most loquacious critic in the South. She must have been good to merit this breeder's praise!

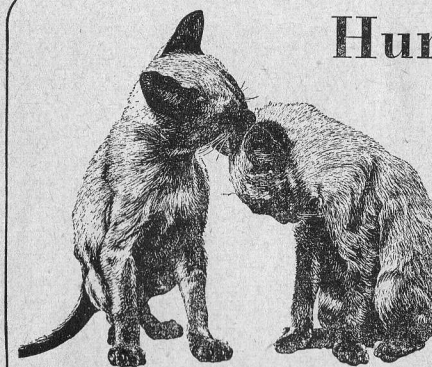
Her hobbies are collecting cat books and marked catalogues from cat shows.

BILLIE BANCROFT



A Schroede

MARTIAL MELISSA, alert Siamese queen, bred and owned by Miss N. M. Marshall, of Brockenhurst, Hants.



Hunting fleas?

The cleanly cat who unfortunately swallows a flea when performing his ablutions may easily become a victim of tapeworms—for fleas harbour the eggs of this troublesome internal parasite. Regular dusting with 'Lorexane' is the surest protection against fleas—and against tapeworms! Pleasantly perfumed and perfectly safe, it keeps the coat healthy and immaculate.

'Lorexane' DUSTING POWDER

(Contains gamma BHC)

Obtainable from your usual supplier or, in case of difficulty, write to Imperial Chemical (Pharmaceuticals) Ltd., Wilmslow, Manchester, a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

THE SAFE INSECTICIDE



Ph.B.42



Mrs. Waller at her Wimbledon home with a few of her furry friends—see story on opposite page.



And here are some of the Shorthair members of the wonderful Waller family of cats, all in tip-top condition.

Just Fancy

Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

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

16th March. To Wimbledon to visit Dr. and Mrs. Waller and their wonderful family of cats. My first introduction was to a trio of Abyssinian kittens by Croham Amhara and Taishun Penelope, tawny babies with colouring like lion cubs. Very attractive and interesting; they were in a large bedroom pleasantly warm with a radiator.

Then through another room to the maternity ward, empty at present, but how ideal for the purpose. A third of the room was wired in, and back to the window a smaller section was enclosed for the mother with boards at the base to exclude draughts and too much light. Along to another room, light and airy, to see Dunloe Nadeja and Vera, bred by Miss Rochford. In the garden three substantial cat houses lined inside with board and with tubular electric heating, which I noticed had an extra jacket of metal to prevent scorching. Even the thermostat was provided with a cover.

In one house with a crazy paved run Bonavia Shrimp, a pretty Chinchilla bred by Mrs. Turney, and a very nice Blue Pointed Siamese, Banchor Blue Pagliacci (bred by Mrs.

Macpherson) were sharing a house. I liked the crazy paved run and hurdles outside the wire netting to exclude cold winds. Ch. Dunloe Gasha has another house, but is also allowed upstairs to visit his two wives, Nadeja and Vera, and, unusual for a stud cat, he never sprays.

Croham Amhara lives* with Frensham Nefertiti, bred by the Hon. Secretary of the Abyssinian Cat Club, Mrs. Denham, a fine pair in lovely condition. All three houses had double entrances. Last, but not least, came the handsome neuters, such shiny coats and perfect condition, seven of them altogether. Sandy, the sire of five, is now himself a neuter.

I was completely captivated by Susie, the Longhair White with sandy markings, and her parlour trick. When asked to "Show your curly white tum," she rolled over for all to admire. The Brown Tabbies were delightful, one in particular having the rich sable colouring so lovely in this variety. It was a joy to see Mrs. Waller with them, and to note how equally her affection was bestowed on pedigreed and non-pedigreed. All have a certain amount of liberty in the garden and house and the neuters a garden chalet with a run in which to disport themselves when they are not in the house. An enjoyable afternoon spent with real cat lovers.

21st March. Good weather and a smooth flight to Gothenburg. Touched down at dusk skimming in

low over the sea to the airport a few hundred yards from the coast; red, white, blue and green lights gleaming on rocky promontories made it an enchanting landing. Just after we alighted heard the announcement over the inter-com: "Welcome to Sweden. Hope you have had a pleasant journey. The temperature is nine degrees below zero." Not so bad as it sounds when everywhere indoors in Sweden is cosy. A short wait and then off on the last hop to Stockholm, where I was met by Mrs. Hjelde-Anderson and Mr. Walter Rädell and whisked off to the Carlton Hotel. Everyone very busy preparing for the Show, so early to bed.

22nd and 23rd March. To Kings Hall, King Street, to the Ch. Show of the Swedish Cat Club. Huge cartoons of black cats outside the building was an excellent idea and helped to attract over 7,500 spectators. Like most European shows, the venue was in one of the most fashionable streets of the capital, equivalent to our Piccadilly or Regent Street. The hall was modern and, being underground, was lit by neon lighting. Pens were spacious, made of wood with wire netting fronts and tops. The doors were at the back, so my four stewards, Mrs. Hjelde-Anderson, Mrs. Ohlson, Mrs. Revholt and Miss Larsdotter, and myself, esconced ourselves at the back and it was convenient for taking peeps over the top to see cats in repose, always a help when decisions are close. Six policemen controlled the crowds and several times the doors were closed to prevent congestion. Entrance fee was 1 krona 50 öre, equivalent to two shillings in our money.

The Best Exhibit in Show was Mrs. Akerman's Tassita av Frej, a lovely Longhair White of very good type, deep blue eyes and a coat of exquisite purity, texture and quantity for the time of year. She was sired by the winning White male, Ch. Tass of

Birka, the latter bred by Mrs. Hjelde-Anderson from her Blue-eyed White queen Ch. Tussa.

British-bred exhibits and those bred in Sweden from British cats had a field day, and I was glad to see my fellow breeders had sent such good stock abroad. Best Shorthair Exhibit was Mrs. Magnusson's Seal Point Siamese, Sabukia Sinbad, by Lindale Simon Pie, bred by our Mrs. Dadd. Very close up was another lovely Siamese male, Yo Si av Amur, by Killdown Romeo, bred in Sweden and owned by Mrs. Lans. First and Ch. Seal Point Siamese female was Exotic Isabella, by Killdown Romeo ex Proud Minnie, bred in Sweden by Mrs. Magnusson and owned now by Mrs. Sjöström. Best Longhair Kitten was a Blue male, Gippeswyk Darby, by Malmory Son of Taff, bred by Miss Alexander, a well-grown kitten excelling in coat and type. Miss Larsdotter's Ronada Onaway, Best Blue Female Kitten, another gem by Southway Echo, bred by Mrs. Brice-Webb, I admired very much, but she had shed her coat, as she normally would at this time of year in England. Best Shorthair Kitten was Mrs. Magnusson's Seal Point Siamese female, Quantocks Gossamer, by Ch. Morris Tudor, chosen by her owner when she was over here in January. Another little stranger to me was an enchanting little sprite, Waldo Precious, a Seal Point Siamese by Morris Padishah. She excelled in type, colouring, and had a perfect whip tail very fine in bone. Best Blue Adult, Baralan Challenger, exhibited by Mrs. Tingwall and bred by Mrs. Henn, was looking well, and some of the winning Longhairs were by him, notably the Challenge Certificate winners in Cream males and Blue Cream females. In Cream females, Aviary Blossom, by Ch. Bayhorne Minton, was the winner; yet another British-bred exhibit was Mrs. Hjelde-Anderson's pretty Blue Cream kitten, Widdington Rosemary, who also

owned the lovely White in the Champion class, Ch. Tussa.

There were some nice Red Tabbies, a variety popular in Scandinavia. In Blacks, Mrs. Philip Ohlson had brought her male, Tikitavi of Knorre, by Bentveld Anthony, from Gothenburg, and I was pleased to hear he became a Champion at this Show.

Mrs. K. Olsen bred and owned the very handsome adult Ch. Certificate winners in Russian Blues. I was interested to see their dam, Anita of Finlandia, was bred by Fru Lis Langberg, of Copenhagen, who is well known to British breeders.

On each catalogue was a printed slip inviting the public to choose which exhibit they considered the best. When the votes were counted at the end of the Show the chosen one was my selection for Best in Show, the White Longhair Tassita av Freja, who was named Miss Stockholm, 1952.

A very interesting personality present was Mr. Bengt Danielson, famous for his part in the Kon-tiki Expedition. He exhibited two Shorthairs which he brought from Tahiti to Marseilles and thence to Sweden. All cats on the island are supposed to be descendants of the original pair left behind by Captain Cook in the 17th century. Snövit was a White with a really short coat but much closer lying than our Shorthairs. She was dainty but powerfully built and had a good head, but not so round as our Shorthairs. Her large eyes were a golden yellow and she looked very attractive as she sat in her pen draped with boldly patterned red and white material brought from her native birthplace. Her companion was her brother, Ophelix, with the same characteristics, but his colouring could best be described as a faintly marked Chinchillated Mackerel Silver Tabby. The typical ticking was most interesting on his short coat. Both were lovely and in perfect physical condition. They sat on woven mats which Mr. Danielson

told me the natives sleep on. When I observed they must be hard for humans, he replied: "Yes, but they start young."

24th March. Luncheon with Mrs. Karin Hast, Treasurer of the Swedish Cat Club, Mrs. Hald's Rohlf and Mrs. Judith Saether, from Norway. Later, Mrs. Hast took us for a very interesting drive to see the lovely city of Stockholm. I was surprised to see the river (about as wide as it is here at Westminster) frozen over, and the sea also where they met, and people, children and dogs disporting themselves on it. In the evening to Mrs. Magnusson's home to find a gathering of visitors from Scandinavia. Quantocks Gossamer and Waldo Precious were having high jinks among the guests. An Aberdeen terrier and two wirehaired terriers were tethered to a radiator with a long lead and were quite content because they could see all that was going on. Last, but not least, Mrs. Magnusson's daughter and five months old son completed a picture of youth and happiness.

31st March. Mrs. Fawell, of Norwich, the well-known breeder of Red Tabbies, writes:—

"We had the cats for our children, Anne and Roger, who are both truly animal lovers and will do anything for them and respect each cat's temperament. When I decided we would have a pedigree cat I went to my first cat show and immediately my eye was caught by a lovely Red Tabby, son of the late Mrs. Campbell Fraser's Ch. Hendon Sir Roderic. It was the colour which attracted me, but, of course, it is the Red which is the only cat with such vivid warm colouring.

"I managed to procure two daughters of Sir Roderic. These I have never shown; how they would hate it! One of these is Aurora, who has had many prize winning kittens.

Modern Research and Cat Health

How the work of biochemists and veterinary surgeons helps to make cats healthier

If the diet does not contain a sufficient supply of vitamins, together with what biochemists call 'trace elements,' then your cat can never be really fit and grow a lovely coat. A healthy bloodstream, good bone formation, sound digestion and nervous structure; all depend not only on the correct vitamins and mineral elements, but—what is critical—on their being present in scientifically balanced proportions. This is why 'Tibs' are so necessary for all cats and kittens.

HOW 'TIBS' CONDITION CATS

'Tibs' Cat Powders supplement the 'civilised' diet of domestic cats with vitamins and minerals which it may normally lack.

Every packet of 'Tibs' Cat Powders embodies the research of workers in the field of cat nutrition, and the 'Tibs' formula is scientifically balanced to provide minerals and vitamins which the cat needs in exactly the right proportions. Iron, copper and cobalt are present to provide fresh red blood cells and prevent anaemia; calcium and phosphorus

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



A corner of the Bob Martin laboratories where 'Tibs' Cat Powders are being discussed with visitors.

H.Q. OF CAT HEALTH

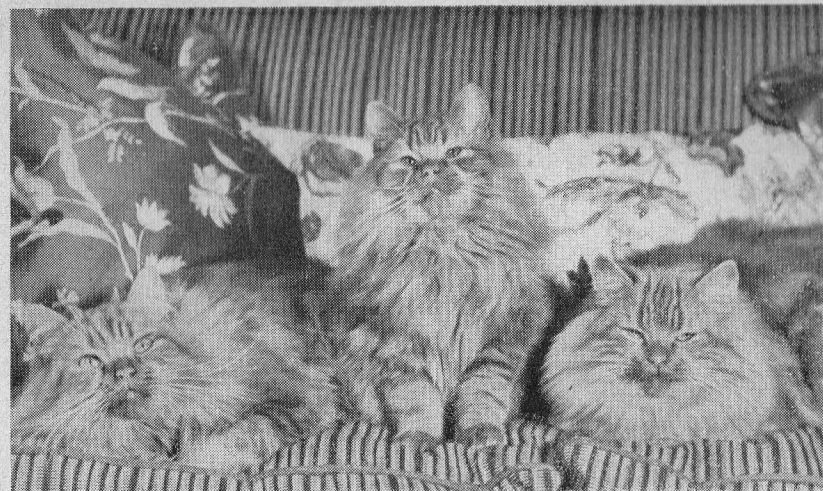
All 'Tibs' preparations are under constant analytical control in the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport. Veterinary surgeons and pharmacists who are welcome visitors, have expressed their admiration for the research and care that go into every 'Tibs' product.

Visits from the Cat Fancy to the Bob Martin laboratories and factory are cordially invited. Cat Club Secretaries who wish to organise parties should write to the Advertising Department for possible dates.

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



A trio of Mrs. Fawell's handsome Red Tabbies. BARWELL DERRY is on the left, REDYETTS BRAMBLE sits up in the centre position and BARWELL CAYENNE looks very comfortable on the right.

She has progeny in Switzerland and four in France, where they are happy and greatly loved. Barwell Dolo is now owned by Mme. de Bovet and won a Challenge Certificate first time shown last November at the Amis Des Chats Show in Paris. His two Tortie sisters also won in their class. Their sire is Miss Rodda's lovely Black, Ch. Chadhurst Sambo, who passes on his lovely type. My young stud, Barwell Derry, is also the same breeding. I am rather afraid I shall not be able to keep three studs. I also have Barwell Cayenne and the young male I bought from the late Hon. Victoria Bruce, Redyetts Bramble.

"Mme. Baron in Paris would like to have Cayenne, so I may let him go to her later. We have one Shorthair Red Tabby, Ch. Barwell Bena, who has always won so well at the shows. She was mated to the lovely Red Ch. Vectensian Anaconda and her kittens are almost due. Our ambition is to breed the perfect Red Tabby Longhair."

BOOK REVIEWS

CATS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM. By Amy Hogeboom. (Putnam & Co., Ltd.) 6s. 6d. (cloth), 6s. (paper).

This is a book for the youngsters and in particular those young hopefuls who love animals and like to sketch them. The author uses a system of geometric figures as the basis for drawing, thus the outline for a sitting kitten consists largely of a circle and an oval. Children will be fascinated by the photographs and diagrams, and any latent talent with pen, pencil or crayon will surely be encouraged by the simple directions given in this book.

'TI-PUSS. By Ella K. Maillart. (William Heinemann. 18s.)

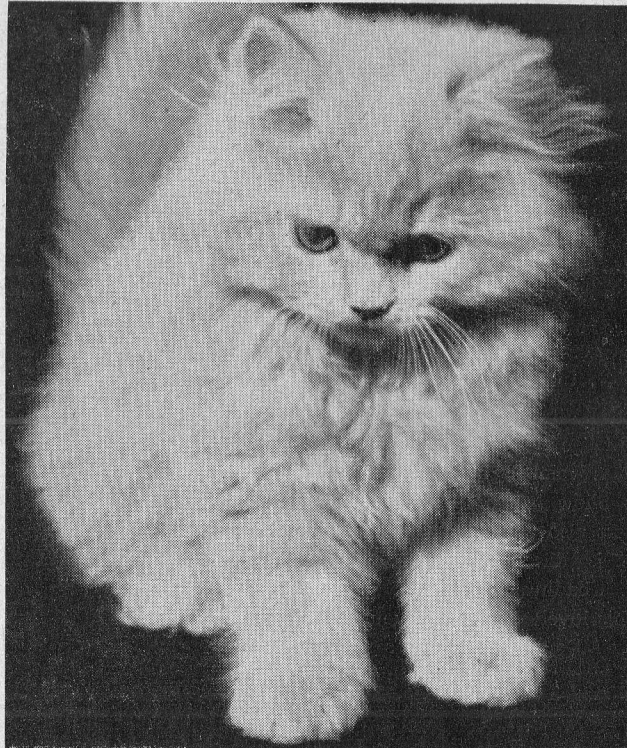
An unusual travel book written in vivid style by the well-known Swiss-born wanderer. This time she takes her readers from the sweltering heat of Southern India to Benares and the sacred waters of the Ganges. Then north again through the flowering jungle into the blizzards of the Tibetan border. Her friend and confidante is 'Ti-Puss, a half-wild tiger cat with whom she lived and travelled for three years. We echo Miss Maillart's warning that those who hope to read just another cat story should not open her book. It is vastly "different" and mightily entertaining.

There is no such thing as morality—it is not immoral for a tiger to eat the wolf, or the wolf the cat, or the cat the bird, and so on down—that is their business.—Mark Twain.

Care at Kitten Time

By EMILY DE HAAS

We welcome a new contributor this month. Mrs. de Haas, whose husband was a college professor at Harvard University for twenty years, graduated from a nurses' training school during World War One. Before moving to California four years ago she was Publicity Chairman of the Boston Cat Club. She now breeds Blues and Creams at her well-conducted cattery at Claremont and is well known as a writer on feline subjects throughout America. Mrs. de Haas writes: "The opinions expressed by me in this column are the results of my experience and, as I well know, are not the last word. However, we all have to learn."



A Cream male kitten bred by Mrs. Emily de Haas, who writes about the care of kittens in this issue.

It is with humility that I approach the task of writing on the care of cats for an English magazine. We here in the United States have long regarded the English cat breeders as "tops," as attested by the many fine imports we have had and are still getting. However, there are always new breeders and cat lovers, and to these we, who have the advantage of experience, should be willing to extend a helping hand by passing on the knowledge we have acquired at first hand over the years.

It is said of the cat that, more than almost any other animal among the domesticated varieties, it can survive adverse conditions and feeding, and adjust itself to living. It seeks and loves people and the habitations of people. When given care and affection it more than repays the giver. When given special care and food, the cat blossoms out into a thing of beauty and joy.

Pedigreed cats in this country are all inoculated against infectious enteritis (or pan-leucopenia as it is sometimes called) at about the age of three months, depending upon the practice of the particular veterinarian. This is a vaccine given in two doses and two weeks apart. If the kitten shows any suspicious symptoms before the age at which the vaccine is

given, a shot of serum is given. This serum gives immunity for only a period of about two weeks and must be followed by vaccine. It is the same serum that is used to combat the disease after it is once contracted. The kittens rarely have any reaction to the shots, possibly missing one meal. It is required of all cat associations that the cat be thus inoculated before entering in a show. Some breeders give an additional shot of serum preceding a show, but this is not generally practised. The medicine is not available to the public and must be obtained through and given by a veterinarian.

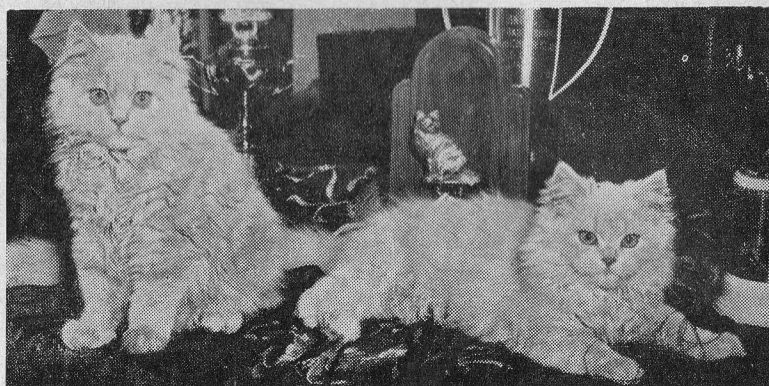
New litters are now arriving. The queen should be put in the small quarters in which the kittens are to be born well in advance, at least a week. It should be well protected and in shaded light as her instincts are to conceal the new babies from possible harm. She can be let out for exercise several times daily and then returned to the cage. If this is not done, the pain and fright of the first birth may cause her to run out, and the kittens may be deposited anywhere.

Although the birth itself is a mechanical thing, it is well to know just what happens. The kitten comes in a sack of membrane which may or may not be broken before birth. If broken, the clear fluid will

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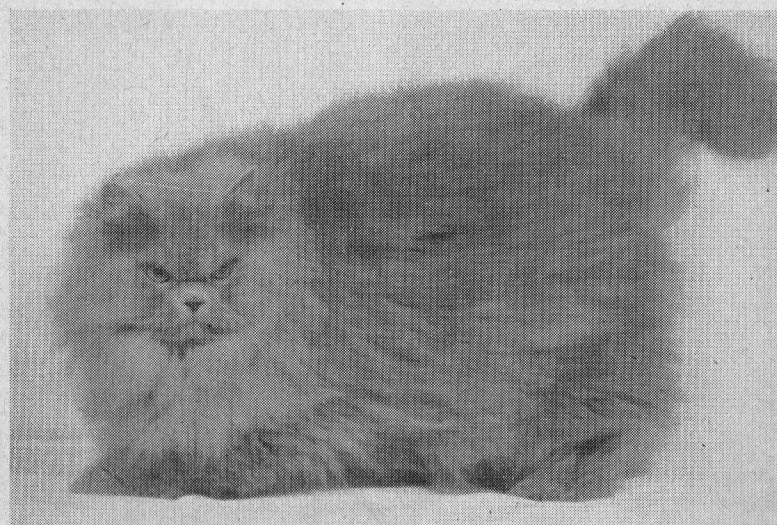
come out before the kitten. If not broken, the kitten will come in it, and if this is not opened immediately the kitten will smother. Scrub hands and dip in antiseptic solution, and be ready to sever this membrane by tearing it open. Sometimes the cat will do so herself, but she does not *always* do it in time. If the after-birth comes with the kitten, the cord may be cut with sterilised scissors soon after expulsion, leaving at least an inch near the body. If the after-birth does not come, it may be severed a few minutes after the kitten is expelled, but wait until the extra blood that is in the afterbirth has emptied out. Sometimes more than one kitten is attached to the same afterbirth. I never put any medication on the cord of the kitten as the mother takes care of it.

If a kitten comes tail first, the queen has a difficult time expelling the head as there is no leverage for her to push on. Gently take the body of the kitten and pull on it when the cat has contractions, as if

the head remains in too long the kitten will choke.

After the kittens are all born and dry, I feed them. I use a doll's nursing bottle and a mixture of half sterile water that has been boiled and half evaporated milk, or powdered milk can be used. This feeding is very useful as it permits careful inspection of the kittens and teaches them to suck. They will fight it at first and then suddenly take hold and pull. Weak kittens that are pushed away by the stronger are thus given a better start. I repeat this feeding at intervals of four hours until I am certain that the milk is in and the kittens are getting it.

Once the kittens are nursing and the queen is settled down everything will probably be all right until time to start feeding the kittens at four or five weeks of age. We will discuss this in the next issue. If the queen shows any symptoms of not feeling right, such as refusing food, it is *important* to take her to a veterinarian for a check immediately.



English-bred GRAND CHAMPION MYFANWY OF ALLINGTON (breeder, Miss E. Langston) is now one of America's best-known Blue Longhairs. Her show wins for her new owner, Mrs. Arvid J. Ohlin, of Westerly, Rhode Island, U.S.A., include Best Cat three times and Best Opposite and Best Champion once.



E. C. Bayliss

Mr. Brian Stirling-Webb, of Richmond, breeder, exhibitor, club official and judge, has long been a prominent figure in Siamese circles. The cat in the picture is his well-known Chocolate Pointed Siamese Champion HOLMESDALE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER (breeder, Mrs. Gunn), considered by many to be the best of his breed in the country. Mr. Stirling-Webb, who has judged in America, is interested in experimental breeding.



Tailpieces

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



THE Pet Animals Act, 1951—the Animals' Charter—came into force on 1st April. It should achieve much to put a stop to the abominable traffic in animal misery, particularly among kittens and puppies. Pet shops must now be licensed by local authorities and street trading in pets is forbidden. A dealer may not sell to children under 15 years of age. The Act was examined and explained by a legal expert in our November issue.

Chief Inspector Best, of the R.S.P.C.A., recently received an S.O.S. from a church organist—a cat was trapped somewhere inside the church organ! The Inspector managed to squeeze his way into the organ and locate the cat—a handsome ginger one—who came out at his call. I wonder if puss had been trying his hand at the Cat's Fugue, composed by Scarlatti in 1757!

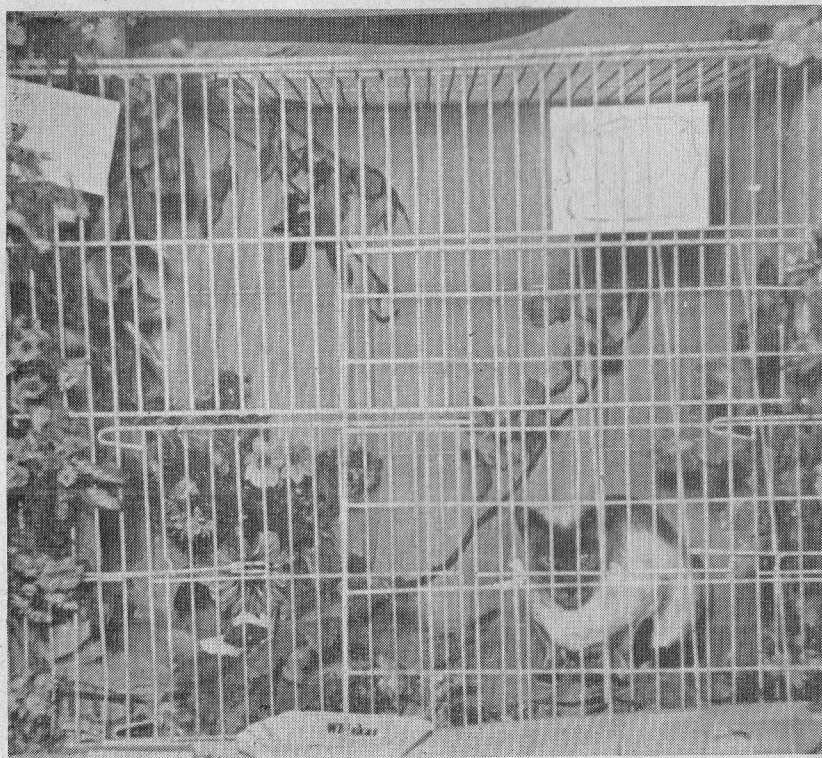
Animals numbering 222,251 were dealt with by Our Dumb Friends' League last year. These included 142,555 cats, 74,466 dogs, 2,882 birds, 513 horses, 251 rabbits and 1,584 others. The total represents an increase of about 6 per cent. over the previous year.

Mrs. A. E. Vize, our popular breeder of Longhairs and judge, has returned home from an interesting holiday cruise to South Africa. She travelled many thousands of miles and was kept very busy in the Union, visiting, judging and lecturing. Writing from "somewhere in the Mediter-

anean" on her return journey via the east coast, she reports a very interesting and enjoyable time in Johannesburg, where Dr. and Mrs. Stewart are towers of strength in the Fancy, the former being Chairman of the Rand Cat Club. A show of Longhairs was promoted by the Club and held in the lovely garden of the Stewarts. Mrs. Vize* judged and generally helped the exhibitors with advice on show preparation, etc. It was a novelty, she says, to be judging out in the open on a January day and a very hot one at that. The show season for South Africa is really April-September.

Addressing fanciers at the Atlantic Golden Jubilee Show, Mr. Charles E. Fletcher, President of the New York City Veterinary Medicine Society, said that perhaps the greatest advance over the past fifty years has been made in the realm of feline nutrition. The deficiency diseases which were accepted as the curse of breeding are now recognised and treated early enough so the patient may not go through life a victim of the lack of understanding of this important phase in medicine. Surgery among felines, he said, had made great advance in the last fifteen years.

Mayfair Mio, a large Seal Point Siamese, is a well-known character in the West End of London. He belongs to Miss Eileen Deste and there was great concern in Mayfair when Mio was missing for eleven days from his studio home in South Molton Street. Eventually he was found in a coal



Ludgate Garden Photographers

The decoration of cages, popular on the Continent, is not allowed at English championship one-day shows held under the rules and regulations of our Governing Council. Our picture was taken at last year's Crystal Cat Show at Olympia, when prizes were awarded on the second day for the best decorated cages. Mrs. John Spencer, of Woodford Green, Essex, showing her Blue Point Siamese, Raard Erle, won a first prize with this decorative scheme, which included a misty blue and mauve background with beech sprays, Michaelmas daisies, chrysanthemums and dahlias.

cellar, cold, hungry and terribly thin. King Haakon of Norway is reported to own a brother of Mio, another belongs to the Duchess of Leeds and Bebe Daniels has a sister. Another brother is the famous otter-hunting Siamese at Magdalen College, Oxford.

Master Brian R. Parker, of Cropston, Leicester, one of our youngest fanciers, has had a stroke of bad luck with the death of his Champion Pine-wood Brumas, a White who was first and Champion at six shows. Brumas died after an operation for gravel in the bladder.

Here are two timely reminders from a correspondent, a well-known breeder of Longhairs: (1) Don't forget that cats usually shed their coats freely at this time of the year and a daily grooming becomes more essential than ever. (2) If you suspect constipation in your cat, the only safe medicines to give except under expert supervision are medicinal paraffin or olive oil.

A dispute over the ownership of a cat at Southampton County Court was settled by Portia, a Scottie dog. Mr. Thomas Gardner said that the cat was his Kitty Wee and a Mrs. Florence Tester claimed it was her Leo. When Portia was brought into the court the cat welcomed her and friendly licks were exchanged. It

was thereupon decided the cat was Kitty Wee.

Belinda Wright, 23-year-old star of the Rambert Ballet, who has been chosen as the dancing partner of the famous Anton Dolin, is superstitious. The mascots in her dressing room always include a little white cat.

A lady out shopping in the main street of Whitley Bay, Northumberland, the other day, thought she was "seeing things" when a large grey tom cat strolled by with pearl buttons sewn on both of its ears. She immediately dashed after the cat and picked him up, and along with two other women they took him to the Whitley Bay Cat and Dog Home, where they insisted that the buttons be removed. They refused to leave the building until the job was done. Mr. Pearson, the owner of the Home, contacted the R.S.P.C.A. at Newcastle and was advised to take the animal to the local veterinary surgeon, Miss J. Pinkney. The vet. was annoyed to find that the pearl buttons had been taken off, for she had only sewn them on a few days previously to prevent the cat from getting cauliflower ears after an operation. Consequently, only an hour after having them taken off, poor puss had to submit patiently to having the buttons sewn on for the second time.

MICKEY

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Snippets

WE present below a few interesting odds and ends taken at random from the cat books which have appeared during the post-war years:—

Happily eye troubles are rare in cats. They can usually be cleared up in a few days by constant bathing in cold tea (without milk) or boracic crystals dissolved in milk and used as a lotion. An old-fashioned remedy which is very effective is camomile blossoms in half a pint of boiling water and letting it stand until cool. After bathing with camomile tea, the eyes should be dried and a little Golden Eye Ointment, purchased at any chemist's, smeared along the lids. (From Kit Wilson's "Cat Encyclopedia," published by Right Way Books.)

And her Peter discovered yet another thing about cats that he had never known before. There was involved not only the pain of having his tail pulled, but the humiliation. Never had he felt so small, ashamed, outraged and dishonoured. And all in front of Jennie. (From Paul Gallico's "The Abandoned," published in New York by Alfred A. Knopf.)

Cats go by shapes and positions, and show little interest in color, probably because they are largely color blind. That they are completely color blind is something which everyone "knows" about cats; the cat's-eye view of color—shades of intensity in a primarily monotone world—is frequently pictured in books on color blindness although, so far as we know, none of these pictures was ever painted by a cat. (From Frances and Richard Lockridge's "Cats and People," published in America by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Do not rush to the nearest pet shop and buy the first kitten you see.

Get in touch with a reliable breeder. . . . There are definite signs for which you should look, apart from its points, when buying a kitten: The nose should be moist. The ears should be clean. The eyes should be clear and alert, the mouth healthy and pink. A general appearance of lively health. (From Kathleen R. Williams's "Siamese Cat," published by F. B. Williams & Co.)

We have been interested to read the first annual report of the Bulawayo Cat Club and Shelter (President, Mrs. E. T. Mehliss). Good progress appears to be growing from small beginnings. A shelter for unwanted strays has been established and homes are often found for male kittens. But it is almost hopeless to place the females. The Club was founded in 1951 and, although originally planned for Siamese lovers, it now includes all cat lovers and breeds.

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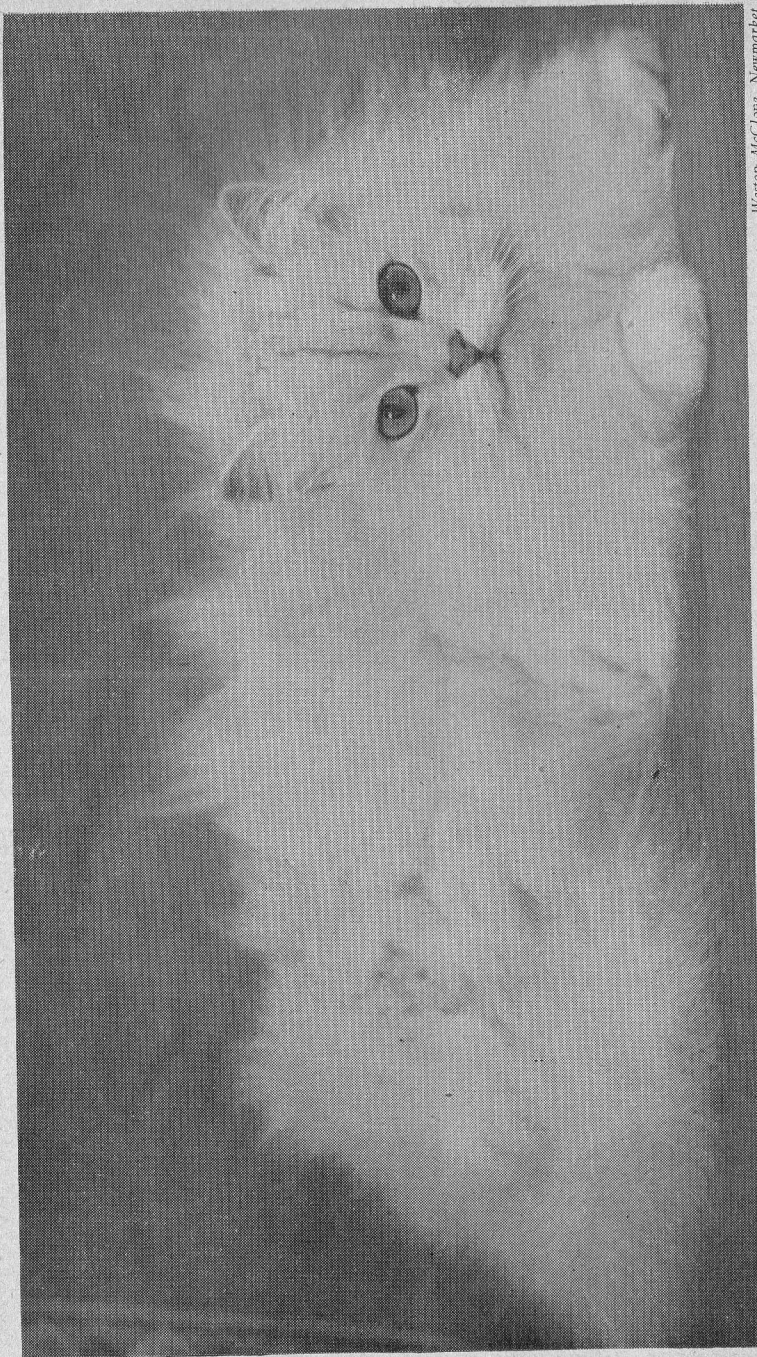
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LIGHT AS THISTLE DOWN !

Lovers of the ethereal Chinchilla variety will surely admire this photographic gem of THISTLE DOWN JUDY, bred by Miss Audrey Steer and purchased by Mrs. Edmondson, of Newmarket. They will also be interested to know that Judy (by Foxburrow Wendy ex Sarisbury Simba) is a granddaughter of the famous Chinchilla Champion Langherne Winsome, who will be celebrating her 14th birthday with Miss Steer this month. Sarisbury Simba, now in Holland, sired some grand kittens before he left the country. Miss E. Langston's Champion Flambeau of Allington is one of them.

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.

RED POINTED SIAMESE

May I congratulate you and your correspondent, Mrs. A. De Filippo, on the most interesting account of her Red Pointed Siamese breeding?

There is now a keen nucleus of Red Pointed breeders in this country and we all welcome eagerly every detail of information that comes to us on this fascinating subject. There are two important points arising from the article and Mr. Jude's comments on it which I and, I am sure, many other interested readers would be glad to have clarified.

It would be instructive if Mr. Jude would amplify his clear statement that only the "yellow" colour in cats is sex-linked; amplify it, that is, by reference to the actual breeding results on which, no doubt, the statement was based.

Following strictly from this is the second point. If we agree that "yellow" is sex-linked in cats, surely the Red Pointed male kitten that Mrs. De Filippo attributes to a pure-bred Seal Pointed Siamese dam by a hybrid Red Tabby male calls for some explanation?

Dr. N. Archer,
Greenford, Middlesex.

Mr. Jude replies : One cannot deal adequately with sex linkage in cats in the brief space allowed me here. Maybe at some future date there will be an opportunity to enlarge on the subject. Sex-linked inheritance is rare in mammals. In rodents, no case of sex-linkage has been recorded. My "clear" statement that in cats only one sex-linked gene is present—the "yellow"—is a true statement of fact. In 1912, Doncaster con-

cluded that "yellow" is sex-linked, and it is the accepted view. Bamber in 1927 gave a comprehensive review of previous literature on the "yellow" and the Tortoiseshell cat, normally a female heterozygous for "yellow."

Occasionally, black females are produced from matings of black female to "yellow" male, whereas normally the females should always be Tortie from the reciprocals of black by "yellow," and the males should be like the mother, disregarding, of course, dilution, tabby, etc. These anomalous blacks can be explained by an occasional break in the sex-linkage and similar happening can account for the occasional Tortie male.

PITY THE QUEEN

I was very interested to read the article "Pity the Stud Owner" in a recent issue. It should have read "Pity the Queen!" A stud owner who is asked to receive a cat in too small a travelling box should return the cat unmated and the queen owner blacklisted for good by all stud owners.

Molly Clarke,
Farnham, Surrey.

BEWARE OF DISINFECTANTS

The following incident may be a warning to others who keep cats or dogs.

A much-loved Blue Persian pet died suddenly. She was in perfect health and after coming in from the garden was sick and died shortly afterwards. The owners waited six months and then purchased another. When this, too, died in the same cir-

cumstances, a p.m. was held and it was found that death had been caused by poisoning. The cats had walked where disinfectant had been freely sprinkled round dustbins and drains and had afterwards licked their paws.

In these cases the disinfectant was a well known and much advertised brand. If pet owners would only realise how deadly all disinfectants are of this nature, containing carbolic or D.D.T., they would be more careful to ensure that none was used where animals could come in contact with it.

Mrs. Dulcie Benbow,
Ludlow, Salop.

LONG-SUFFERING HUSBAND

I read with great amusement of the Sussex housewife with the nine cats and forsaken husband.

May I put in a word for my own husband, whose unswerving loyalty and love have not altered one iota through the trials and troubles of fifteen years of me and my temper, my dogs, cats, birds, goldfish, goats, etc. He is not a great animal lover, but has sat up with whelping bitches, quietened whining puppies, been bitten by bad-tempered ones, remade fences, cleaned up "t' muck," and many hundreds of other things. Of course, the animals get blamed for our permanent state of poverty, but, bless him, he still loves me!

We now have our first Siamese kitten. We've been warned, but are going to start breeding. Will relations be strained at the first banshee wail? Oh, no, Mrs. Sussex!

Mrs. M. Stuart,
Cannon Hill, Birmingham.

NOTES ON SICKNESS

I agree wholeheartedly with Mrs. Coldham. Let us exchange notes on our cats' illnesses. So little is yet known about causes and treatment that such information should help not only owners but organisations like the

Animal Health Trust which are planning serious research into feline diseases.

I had an outbreak of f.i.e. recently among my six cats, which I have never experienced before though I have kept cats for twelve years. It was introduced by an 18-month-old Longhair neuter. He began one Thursday with the usual symptoms: slimy yellow vomit, lassitude and lack of appetite. I isolated him at once, gave Enterofagos, and called the vet. The next day a 10-month-old Shorthair tom went down and was put with the invalid. Both had slight temperatures, were given penicillin, and in two days had apparently recovered completely. The tom's spayed sister was sick once on the Sunday, but by Monday all the cats seemed normal and were taking their food as usual.

On Tuesday afternoon the tom suddenly brought up his entire lunch. Later that evening his sister was sick again, and they both continued very ill, vomiting every hour or so, and weakened rapidly, with the added complication of jaundice. The female died on the Friday morning, the tom 30 hours later. Everything possible was done for them. They were kept in a warm, darkened room, given sweetened water to drink, Enterofagos, and penicillin injections. The vet. admitted frankly that he had not much faith in penicillin for enteritis, but knew of no other possible remedy. I understand that abroad aureomycin has been used with success, but that it is not yet available in this country for general use.

To begin with, I gave all six cats daily doses of Enterofagos. The neuter who was first ill had no relapse and remained very well. Two more adult cats sickened and were treated immediately, but did not develop jaundice. One recovered in a few days, the other was off his food and kept in for about 10-12 days, and

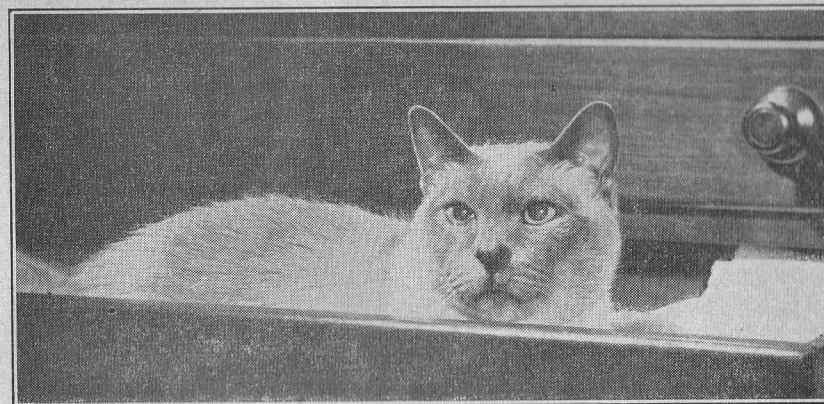


Photo by Walter Chandoha

MIKE

(English-born 13½ year old Blue-point Siamese, Mikado of Fleet)

MISS HETTIE GRAY BAKER of 350 West 57th Street, New York, 19, well-known in America for her devotion to cats and whose book 'Your Siamese Cat', is shortly to be published in Britain, writes:—

"I had seen Kit-zyme advertised often in the English cat magazines and, when a friend sent me a few tablets as a sample, I *knew* I had to lay in a supply because my cats were crazy about them."

Over here, we use a powder form of brewers' yeast, but it is not greeted with the enthusiasm your Kit-zyme tablets are. One shake of the bottle brings Mike running and Kaew, a Siamese Seal-point kitten, has to eat hers fast or Mike sticks his dear face right into hers and tries to nose her out!

The improvement the last few days in their appetites is really very noticeable and as there has been no change in their diet or habits, I can credit this to Kit-zyme and to Kit-zyme only!"

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was given M. and B. (but no Entero-fagos) instead of penicillin.

The five afflicted cats were all of the same alley stock. The sixth, who is over her quarantine, seems to have escaped the infection altogether. She is a daughter of Mrs. Bentley's Champion, Mockbridge Blue Moon, and was about seven months old when the epidemic began. I think this says a great deal for the pedigree British Blue, as all my "catty" friends predicted disaster for the youngest member of my clan.

But laboratory experiments seem to show that the f.i.e. virus may affect some cats and leave their close companions untouched. The sooner we learn more about this terribly distressing disease the better. I am sure that isolation and warmth are essential at the first sign of sickness and mopiness, and that treatment should continue so long as the cat is off his food, and that he should not be allowed out too soon even when he seems better and wants to go.

I have since been giving the four survivors a course of live yeast and they are all now in excellent health and spirits.

Miss Jean L. Pratt,
Egypt, Farnham Common, Bucks.

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.

HOW TO GIVE MEDICINE

It is very simple to give medicine to cats by the following method. *Avoid muffling*, which all cats hate and which only produces apprehension. Just grasp the animal by the back of the neck and lift the fore-paws about four inches from the ground. The cat can then only paw

the air with these. Allow the hind legs to remain on the ground. Then insert dropper behind the eye tooth at side of the mouth and it is all over before the cat realises it. If bubbles are blown, pinch its nose quickly and give a favourite titbit to remove taste. When possible, pills are best given disguised in a piece of meat or fish.

Mrs. Felicity Tschudi Broadwood,
Send, Surrey.

COLDS OR FLU?

I think it would be a great help if notes could be compared about illness. As for illness being unmentionable, I can only think that some people must be showing cats when they have illness at home; therefore it cannot be mentioned!

Our Siamese queen had a similar illness to that mentioned by Mrs. Coldham in her letter last month. The vet. put her on M. and B. tablets. She had four young kittens at the time (three weeks old). She allowed them to feed but would not wash them, etc. A week later the kittens all went down with the sickness. They sneezed and coughed and two of them had a very bad eye, which I had to bathe open each morning. I kept them warm with hot water bottles and they all recovered. I tried hard to give them some of the tablets, but they were too young. They had slight temperatures. Did they have just colds or was it flu?

Last September we bought a kitten which developed a cold. We sent for the vet., who gave her an injection of penicillin. About ten minutes after the injection she had a sort of fit and died. Was it shock or was it the penicillin?

I understand that some queens are very ill after being mated and some of them die, presumably from shock. Can anyone explain why this should be so?

Mrs. M. Smith,
Stoneygate, Leicester.

More Adventures at Lisbon

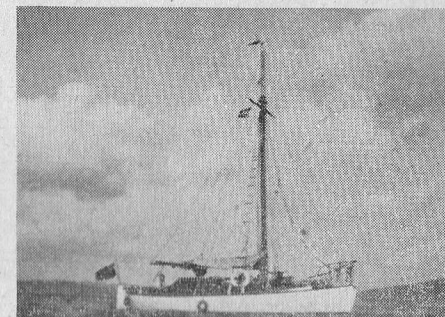
Bo'sun - Sailor Siamese

By DEE BLACKBURN (Skipper's Mate)

BO'SUN greeted the New Year with a hard and persistent cough which refused to yield to our treatment and caused us some concern. He didn't share this concern in the slightest degree, being as active and happy as ever except, when taken by a more than usually violent fit of coughing terminating in a sneeze, he would turn on me a look of surprised embarrassment for such vehement expression and dash off again to enjoy the hundred and one pleasures, new and old, with which each day is filled.

The cough continued, proving the futility of our treatment, and we cast about for a vet., but with so little success that we were growing desperate when a fairy godmother disguised as a friend of ours appeared. Her brother was the Professor of Veterinary Science in Lisbon and had a practice close to her home. She would make an appointment and her husband would pick us up and drive us there and then we must go to lunch with her. Just as easily as that it was arranged, and next day the trouble was diagnosed as acute bronchitis!

Bo'sun subjected himself to injections, doses of cough mixture and an inhalant like a soldier and accepted the daily prick of the needle with far less disfavour than the ride in the elevator which carried him up to the vet.'s surgery. So by degrees and largely through his own co-operation our little fellow lost his cough and came back to normal. The vet. said he was in wonderful condition and it



Bo'sun's home—the S.Y. "Mary Hillier."

was because of this that he responded to the treatment so well; that often-times bronchitis can lead to complications which become quite serious.

In spite of our attempts at studying the language, Bo'sun understands Portuguese better than we do. His interest in all things connected with fish and fishermen received its first real fillip when he discovered that the explosive and sibilant "psst" which used to send him scuttling the length of the ship didn't mean "scat," but "Come here, pussy"! When he first stood his ground (purely through indignation, I believe, at being thus addressed by uncouth-looking men in small boats) and ventured a few tentative steps in the direction of the "psst," he was rewarded with a handful of small fry by the passing fishermen from the recent catch.

Now, Bo'sun doesn't subscribe to the local idea that all fish is food. To him, cod's roe is a delicacy, but cod itself he will have none of. Prime salmon or sardines either fresh or

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Beckenham 6904

tinned he disdains. Mackerel fresh
from the sea leaves him unmoved,
but these little silver fish all alive
and dancing and jumping about the
deck were something different, and he
was prepared to prance and play and
gambol until eventually he carried
them off and dropped them on the
carpet at my feet in triumph. When
they were cooked he ate them with
such relish that George went search-
ing in the fo'c'sle for our own fishing
gear.

Soon our little fellow learned to
connect the small float bobbing in
the water and the rasping note of the
winch with the more professional
activities of the local fishermen. And
so it was that the hot and lazy days
found George on deck with bait and
rod and Bo'sun watching the float
with that intensity of concentration
with which his forebears regarded
their prey before the spring. When
the float dipped and the line was
hauled taut and a little shimmering
and wiggling carapau was jerked on
deck, great was his joy and loud his
praise of this grand new sport de-
signed for his entertainment and gas-
tronomical pleasure.

Fishing is Fun!

But when the hook appeared sans
bait, his look of surprise and scorn-
ful contempt were a little hard for
the tyro fisherman to bear. As hap-
pens in due course to even the worst
of fishermen, the float went away one
day with a run and the rod bent to a
much greater strain than ever before,
and soon a fish of noble proportions
was hauled over the side. But Bo'sun
had beat a hasty retreat behind the
cockpit, his enthusiasm quelled by
alarm and a notion that things were
getting a bit out of hand. It was
some time, his curiosity gaining the
upper hand, before he advanced
cautiously on our big deck bucket to
reconnoitre and discover if this mon-
ster had the same playful habits of
his favourite little silver fish.

Now it makes no difference whether
he is coiled up and sound asleep be-
low, eating his meal, or paying a
social call three ships away, the rasp
of the winch brings him bounding,
leaping and crying to join in the fun,
and if it should prove to be a fruit-
less cast he now accepts it with a
little of that philosophy which Isaac
Walton would have counselled.

It has been such fun to watch him
grow up and see his personality de-
velop. He keeps me amused for
hours on end. Like most cats, he
loves a game of hide-and-seek and
will play it as long as I can keep it
up, and we have many exciting
games of "tag" all around the deck.
When I tire of the sport he scrambles
to the cabin top and then up and
along the boom, where he taps me on
the head with his paw as I prepare to
go below after our fun.

Likes and Dislikes

He loves clean clothes just brought
in from the line and I have found
him curled up on them if I have had
to drop them hurriedly on the berth
for one reason or another. He just
can't understand why he is not
allowed to stay on them. Naturally,
I don't like to have him on the clean
clothes for obvious reasons, not least
because they might be damp.

His food is, and has always been,
a problem! With the exception of
Kit-E-Kat, which he will eat every
day, several times a day, he com-
pletely refuses to eat anything else
served twice in succession. He loves
raw eggs well beaten and, like a
child, requests the batter lickings
from the cake bowl. He likes nuts
and toffee candy, but his special
favourite is ice cream. Fresh milk he
wouldn't touch in England, prefer-
ring the tinned evaporated type.
But here in Lisbon goat milk is more
widely used, and this he seems to
like.

(To be continued)

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At Stud to approved queens:
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At Stud: **MAIZ - MOR - MARQUIS**
Best Shorthair Kitten at five 1950/51 Shows
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Kittens usually for sale

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All prizewinners and siring winners

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At Stud—**HILLCROSS SHENGSON** and
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Hillcross Stock have won over 300
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Championship honours last season, Sweet William
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and most successful studs. He sired Lindale
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among other winners. Bred by Mrs. H. Dadd,
Sweet William is owned by Mrs. L. Parker, of
Cropston, Leicester.

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Miscellaneous (continued)

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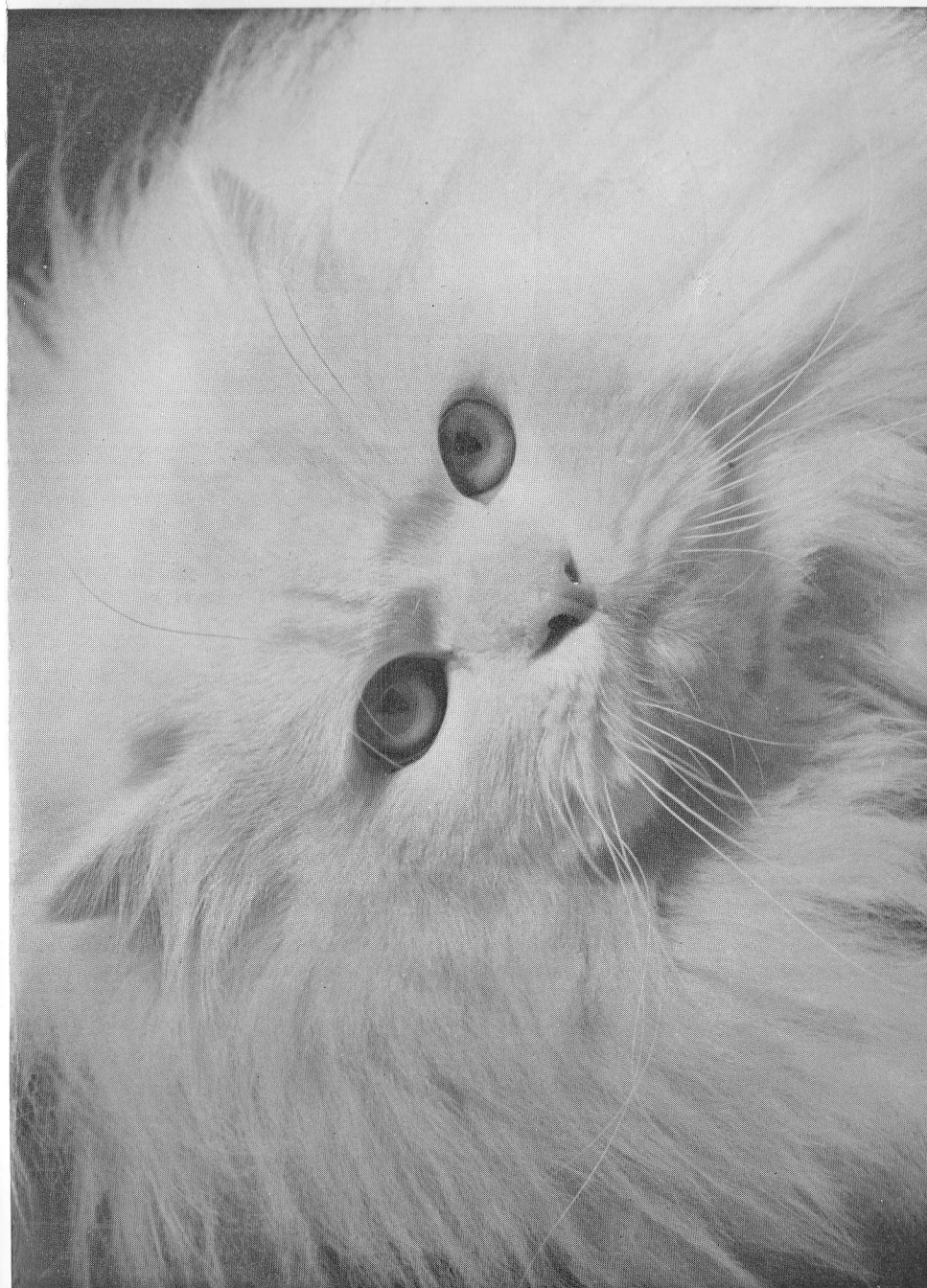
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