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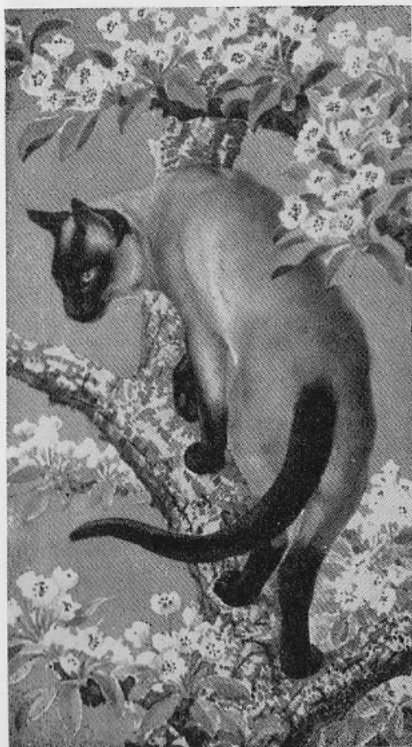
1973-74



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THE CAT LOVERS' JOURNAL

(Circulation 12,000)

The Cat Lovers' Journal is the YEAR BOOK OF THE BRITISH CAT WORLD.

1973 sees a change in format of the Journal, in that the Boarding Cattery section has been made into a new publication, CAT BOARDING 1973 (and annually). It is planned for this to appear in the Spring each year, whereas the Journal seems to get later and later owing to the difficulty of getting in the Show reports at the end of each Show season.

Introductory Offer. We are still pleased to send to all buyers of Pedigree Kittens a free introductory offer of a Journal, but would appreciate **10p** per copy for postage and packing. **Breeders**, please send us the names and addresses of your kitten buyers in BLOCK CAPITALS, but first please make sure that the buyers would like to receive a copy and are not already subscribers. The aim is to introduce your **new** customers to our services.

Trade Enquiries. Many of our lines are now available to Pet Shops, Cat Clubs and Charities. Please send for our Trade Price lists.

Stories, Poems, Articles and Photographs. Please send in material for inclusion in the Journal, if possible before Christmas each year or by March 1st latest, as it all takes so long to get to press and there is usually a mountain to read through!

OVERSEAS BUYERS. We are currently negotiating for the Journal to be on sale in New Zealand and Australia. For America, please send \$1 per copy to include postage.

ADVERTISING. The Cat Lovers' Journal is considered to be the best medium in the country in which to advertise **Breeder's Stock** and **Commercial Products** for or about Cats. Rates will be available for the following year early in January. Your enquiries would be welcome.

SUGGESTIONS. We are always open to suggestions for articles and comply wherever possible, although sometimes you pose some difficult ones for us. Please continue to send them in.

SHOW REPORTS. If you have a very successful cat on the Show bench at any particular Show, please write in and tell the Show reporters, who try to cover the whole scene but cannot always visit every Show during the season. If you have a good photograph of any cat or kitten who been Best in Show during the season we shall also be pleased to consider publishing it.

Cat Charities. We try to feature one or two Cat Charities in each issue. Please send us details of your favourite Cat Charity and we will give them a free write-up for the excellent work they are doing. As the Journal goes further and further afield, we do not confine our articles and stories to Great Britain. Last edition we featured a Cat Sanctuary on the Canals in Amsterdam. This edition we feature the New Look on page 7.

The Cat Lovers' Journal is published by **Cats' Accessories Limited**, 1 Newnham Street, Bedford MK40 3JR, England. Printed by **Reliance Printing Works**, Birmingham Street, Halesowen, Worcs.

FRONT COVER

Our Front Cover this year is a Seal Tabby-pointed Siamese, SUKIANGA CIPOLLINO, bred by Mrs. Joan Varcoe and owned by Miss Beatrice Moyse. His Sire was Oakay Boy and Dam Watermill Tiger Lily. He was the first Tabby-point Siamese to become a Premier. His temperament, says his owner, matches his lovely looks. "No-one could wish for a more adorable companion." He is known as "Chippy" to his friends and holds four challenge certificates. He has contested six times for Best in Show. Now he has retired from Show Business but occasionally appears on exhibition.

Photo: Hugh Smith

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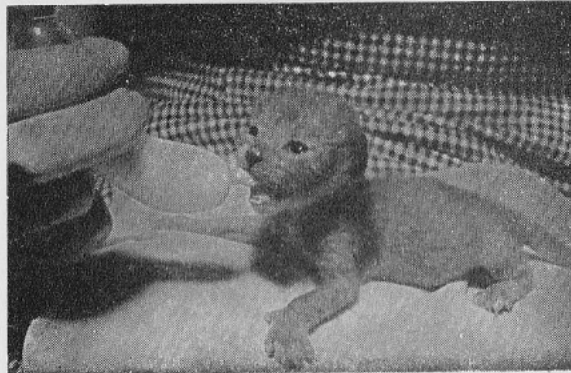
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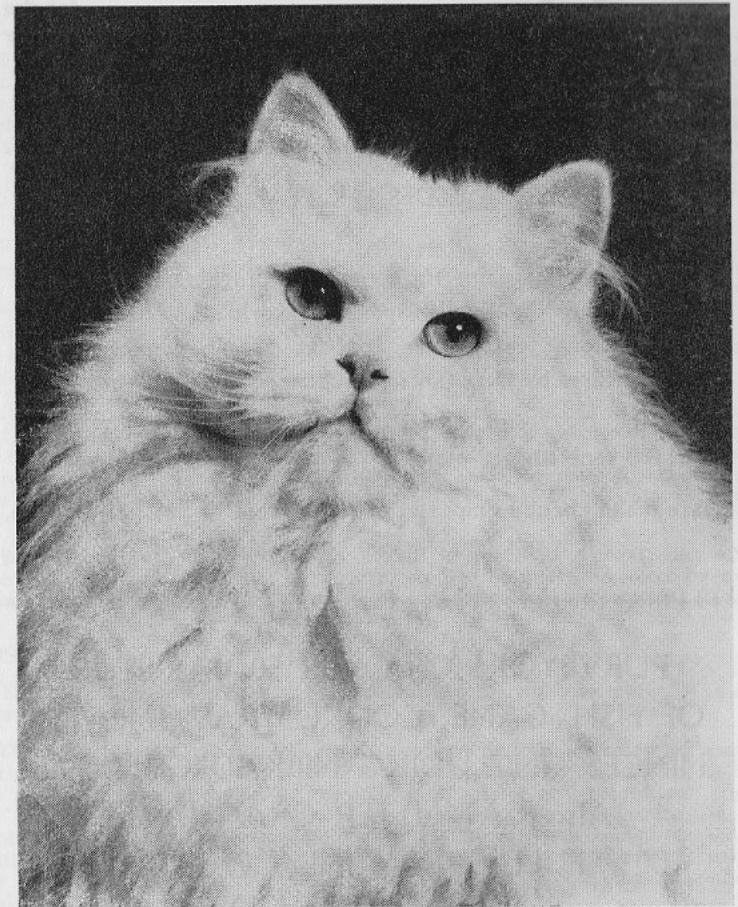


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MODEL CAT

by MIRIAM LION, Essex



Model Cat—Blue-eyed Premier

(Photograph by courtesy of Sally Anne Thompson, who lives in a London "mews".)

"Puss, I want to perpetuate you!" I said.

"Do you mean have me stuffed?"

"No, I want everyone to see you, in books, on cards, calendars and chocolate boxes, all over the world."

It makes me savage to see other cats pictured again and again while Puss misses out. He doesn't seem to care. He is content to relax, having gained his title; once you retire you've had it and I was full of schemes.

I wrote to a famous animal photographer, describing his matchless beauty, and had a reply saying that she was interested in Blue-eyed Whites.

On a hot summer day—last year's summer—we set out very early in the business rush. Puss doesn't mind train journeys.

Continued on page 64

CAT WORLD

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THE NEW LOOK, 1973

by DR. OLIPHANT F. JACKSON, Ph.D., M.R.C.V.S.

The members of the **Feline Advisory Bureau (F.A.B.)** know that there are many cat breeders and other cat lovers who look upon the F.A.B., and the **Central Fund for Feline Research (C.F.F.R.)** (which they sponsor) as research oriented. From its very name this must be so, searching into the cause of disease and finding new treatments is research. Unfortunately there are some who connect the very word 'research' with that emotive term 'vivisection'. I hope that our new project as discussed below will please everyone as being a form of research that they can all support.

First of all, let me tell you what happened in April this year. The committee asked me to organise the fund-raising. This I agreed to do providing there was an objective. We approached the Principal of the University of Bristol Veterinary School with a proposal that the F.A.B. should sponsor the work of a veterinary surgeon in the Clinical Department at Longford to advance the knowledge of Feline Medicine. This he agreed to and the post of a Feline Advisory Bureau Scholarship has been advertised.

It is too early to say what particular line the scholar will pursue, but it might be to set up an intensive care unit for cats with chronic illnesses, or to find the heritable factor that produces retinal atrophy or to investigate the causes of jaundice in our cats and then work out treatments for the different forms. These are just ideas to show that there are many clinical diseases needing research.

Whatever way this money is spent by Bristol University the results will be of benefit to the cat. The new treatments and techniques will soon be passed to veterinary surgeons in general practice and fewer cats will suffer.

VIVISECTION ?

The allegation has been made that the F.A.B. is pro-vivisection. The committee refute this allegation completely.

The modern interpretation of the word vivisection has come to embrace all experiments involving animals. Thus, to be completely anti-vivisectionist is to deny all the positive benefits of research to mankind and to the cat population. Without research there would be no panleucopaenia vaccine against infectious enteritis, the cause of crippling hypervitaminosis A would not be known, nor its cure, the nutritive requirement of the growing kitten to prevent juvenile feline osteodystrophy, or the prevention of recurrence in bladder stone disease would not be available to us.

The key word is suffering. The F.A.B. committee consider that there is a level of suffering beyond which we must never go in our quest for knowledge, no matter what the possible gain. The F.A.B. policy towards the research it sponsors is clear. Firstly, it must be primarily for the good of the cat as a species. Secondly, the degree of suffering caused by the experimentation should be no greater than that caused naturally by the disease or condition being investigated. Thirdly, they encourage where possible the use of alternatives to whole animal experiments, such as tissue culture, which has been particularly successful in the field of virology. It is hoped that these techniques will be applied increasingly to other fields of study.

We ask all **veterinary surgeons, cat breeders and caring cat owners** to support our policy and to support the scholarship financially.

Donations should be sent to the C.F.F.R., c/o Dr. O. F. Jackson, 8 Hunter Street, London, WC1N 1BP.

Green Shield Stamps please send to C.F.F.R., c/o Mrs. Durbin, 20 Etheldene Avenue, London, N.10.

FRUSTRATED MOTHERHOOD

THE DAY I FOUND A KITTEN

by PIXIE

My name is Pixie and I'm a big fluffy white and gold cat. Mistress says I'm a Turkish cat, and everyone says I am beautiful.

Mistress adopted me when my other owners went abroad, and although I was very sad at first, I soon settled in my new home. I'm really very happy. I have other cats for company, plenty of lovely food and lots of petting and affection.

But there's one thing I have always wanted—a kitten of my very own. Esmeralda, the farm cat who lives next door, has had lots, but I've never had one. True, I had one once to look after. That was Tandy, a little half-starved kitten who came to live with us. I was able to mother him, but he was so weak that Mistress had to help me. He got better and grew up into a beautiful cat, and still lives with us. But he's very independent now, and although we play together he won't let me wash his face or take care of him.

Well, the other day, after breakfast, I went for a walk. I went into our neighbour's yard. It's very interesting there. There are big birds who make clucking noises and peck at nothing, and a big animal which the children ride. I said "Good morning" to the friendly old dog, and was wandering around when suddenly I saw, in front of me, a kitten.

He was very tiny and quite alone. True, he was a strange looking kitten. His ears were very long, and he had hardly any tail, but he was white and fluffy like me and had such lovely pink eyes. Surely this was the kitten I wanted.

Quickly, I picked him up very gently and carried him home. I passed Mistress in the kitchen and hurried through into the bathroom. She doesn't like me to go there, my fur spoils the dark blue carpet. But it's a good place to hide. I carried in my little treasure, and there, in a corner behind a stool, I laid him down. I washed him and cuddled him and purred to him. He wasn't afraid and snuggled up close to me.

But my happiness did not last long. Mistress came in, calling me. "Pixie, where are you? What's wrong, are you hurt?" I wanted to tell her nothing was wrong I, was very happy. She picked me up and looked me over, then gave a little cry when she looked down at the white blob of fur on the floor.

She picked up the kitten and held it, looking at it closely, probably to see if it was hurt.

Then she looked at me, and I think she understood. But she shook her head and said, "No, Pixie, you can't keep it. Micky or Tandy would soon kill it. And it's not ours anyway."

She carried the little thing out of the house and away to where our neighbour was working in his garden. I followed her, sadly.

She handed him the kitten, and they both looked at me. He said something about it "escaping from the hutch" and carried it away.

Mistress picked me up and hugged me. She took me back to the house and gave me some liver, which, usually, I love. But I couldn't eat it. I was too miserable. She petted me and brushed and combed me, and I felt a little better.

But I mourned my lost kitten all day.

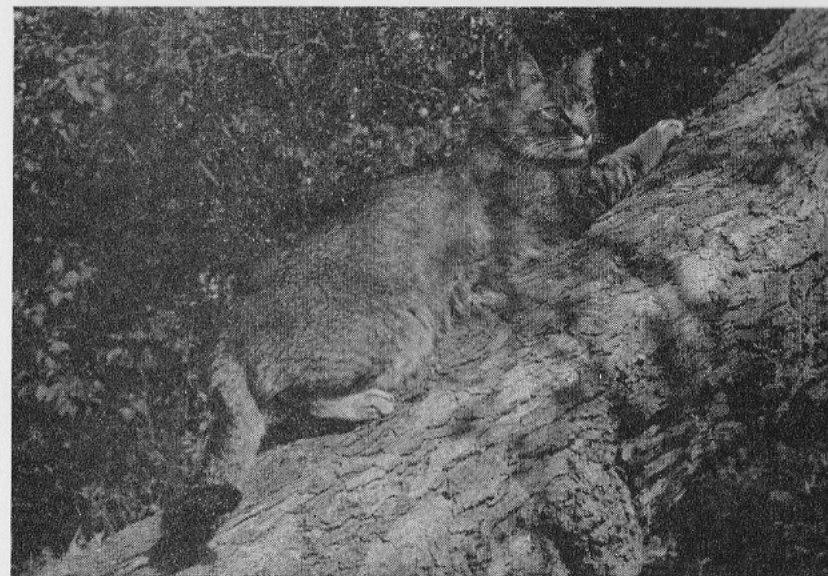
Maybe, one day, I'll find another one.

* * * * *

TAWNY

"Pretty kittens; free to good homes"

by JOYCE RUSHEN, Norwich



Tawny

We all know how genetics determine the hereditary factors affecting the biological development of the cat together with that of all living creatures; and what a complicated matter it is. Sometimes, too, in the absence of any specific breeding tactics, this distribution of genes tends to play strange tricks where the characteristic development of an individual cat is concerned.

With his unusual ancestry, deceptive appearance and certain traits that bespeak of the oriental in his blood, our cat, Tawny, comes within this category.

To begin with, he came to us through what is a common channel in country places . . . a notice seen pinned up in the local shop offering, "Pretty kittens; free to good homes".

As the first prospective customer on the scene I was given the choice of the litter. An opportunity that generally calls for a difficult decision for one to whom all kittens are wholly delightful. But one which was not so in this case, even though three really pretty long-coated tabby kittens, all of which ribboned would have done justice to a pictorial scene depicted on any chocolate box, gazed at me with appealing blue eyes. For in striking contrast, looking for all the world like a young rabbit with the misfortune to have fallen into a ditch, a willowy, bedraggled little creature appeared at that moment from outside and joined them.

With no hesitation at all I earmarked this one as **the one**. Remarking upon this contrast, the owner then informed me that the kittens were part Abyssinian with peculiar circumstances attached to their birth. Their mother, light in colour with muted tabby markings, was a half-bred Abyssinian and by strange coincidence the Rector, living just up the road, owned a splendid male cat that was also a half-bred Abyssinian and similarly marked. This cat was in the habit of paying court to his counterpart up the road at mating time. The outcome being that the progeny were always divided into two distinct types . . . that of long-haired tabbies and of a kind bearing a marked resemblance to the Abyssinian breed.

Continued on page 70

MY MAGIC CAT

by KATHERINE REEVE, Norfolk

I think my cat can work magic.

She's a big, fluffy, fairy-like creature. White with splashes of gold, a silky coat which never becomes tangled or matted, amber eyes and a plume of a tail. Her name is Pixie and I adopted her when her owners had to go abroad.

It all started as a joke, of course. I had had 'flu and was feeling depressed and miserable. It was winter—the slack time in my small cattery. The morning post had brought only bills.

Then a friend came to see me and cheer me up. Pixie sat with us, looking beautiful and wise as usual. I stroked her and called her my "fairy cat".

"Perhaps," said my friend, "if she's a fairy, she can work magic."

Entering into the spirit of the game, I said "Let's try. Pixie, will you grant me three wishes, please? Now, first, I wish I felt better. Second, well, some money would be very useful. Oh, and third, I wish my article to be accepted." I had just sent one off to a magazine.

My friend was ready with her wishes. "Some money, Pixie, please, some money."

She had had bills in her mail too, obviously, and I remembered that her life was not easy.

Next day, I felt better. "Getting over the 'flu," I thought—forgetting our game with Pixie.

But I remembered when the post arrived next day and brought a letter from Pixie's former owners, and a small cheque, a present to me, to help with her keep.

Another letter told me my article had been accepted and contained another cheque.

Then my friend told me she had had a small but welcome rebate—Pixie's magical powers seemed to work!

A year or so later, my friend was visiting me again. Among other things, of course we discussed rising costs, and I thought of the electricity bill I'd just received.

As we chatted, Pixie strolled in and sat quietly, lovely and inscrutable, as we petted her.

"Let's ask her to work some more magic," said my friend. "It seemed to work last time"—so we did.

Solemnly, we talked to her. Once again I asked for money. "£25, please, Pixie, can you manage that? It would be so useful. A nice little Premium Bond win, perhaps."

Pixie just looked wise and inscrutable still.

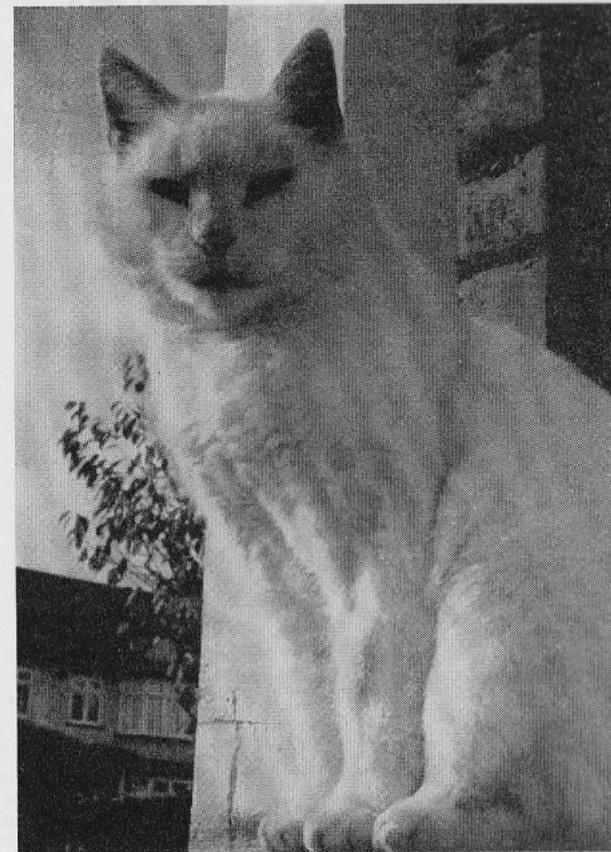
Next day I had a 'phone call—a lady wanted me to take her two cats for a long stay—several weeks. We discussed date of arrival and other details. Then she asked the cost. A quick calculation—I said £24.40. Yes, she would pay in advance, when she brought the cats.

I put down the 'phone, to find Pixie looking up at me, looking wise, as usual, and happy. Did her smile say, "Well, it's nearly £25, the best I could do."

* * * *

THE CAT THAT KNOWS

by MURIEL V. SEARLE, Kent



White Cat.

The cat that knows—better than all we humans.

Some people like us; some ignore us; a few openly dislike us. Human beings gradually form friendships or, sometimes, enmities with time and closer acquaintanceship.

Not cats. They know, the moment a person enters their presence, whether he loves, tolerates, hates or has an aversion to felines. Instantly and accurately.

The 14-year-old white cat owning the house in which I am her lodger has proved the point more than once. Master has always loved cats and to this one he has given fourteen years of devotion; kissing her for breaking the china, cuddling her for turning wallpaper into waste paper, calling her a little pet for digging up the garden. Master's brother, on the other hand, has never roused a purr in her furry body; the first time she met him the cat made instantly for the door, clawing and scratching madly to escape. Every time he visited afterwards she impersonated a spitting stoat in a trap if held in the same room with **that man**.

Continued on page 62

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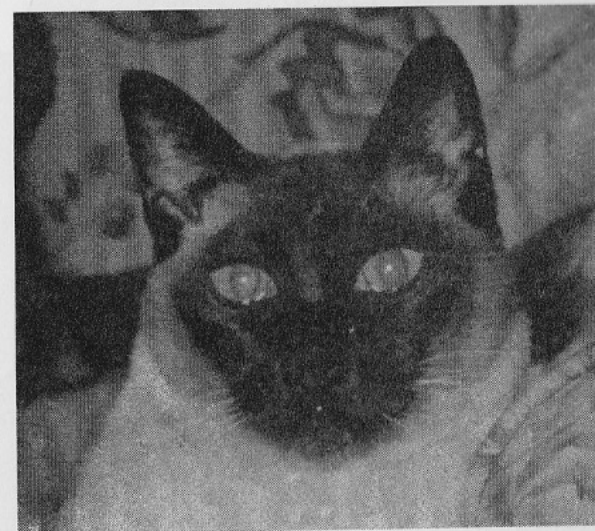
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TO PIPPY—A LOVING FRIEND

by JOYCE RYND, Surrey



Pippy at 18 years 4 months.

This little story is written just for all lovers of cats. There is no animal in the world who will give you so much devotion as a Siamese, or who demands so much attention in return.

Many years ago I bought my Pippy, just a tiny six-weeks-old kitten—white with seal points and bright blue eyes.

I proudly showed her to my husband, who gave her one look and remarked, "If you wanted a cat why didn't you buy a proper cat"! "Don't worry," I said, "you need not have anything to do with her. She is my cat," and for about a week he took no notice of her advances. However, one day I came into the sitting-room to find my six-foot husband sprawled on the floor with Pippy sitting beside him. "What are you doing?" I said. "Pippy wants her nut," he replied. "Well, here is her acorn"—answer. "She doesn't want her acorn. She wants her nut," and from that moment Pippy had a father as well as a mother and a very loving father, too. If she wanted the door open it was to him she approached, knowing that he would get up from whatever he was doing! I was the person to cuddle.

When she was about three years old we wanted to go to Switzerland for winter sports but we did not know what to do as we would never leave her in kennels. Then great friends offered to have her for the fortnight and I knew she would get loving care, but when we called to fetch her, our friends said, "Thank God you've come back. She has not eaten a thing. We've bought her chicken, sole and steak, but she just sits by the door all day, just listening for you." She had a nice sitting-room, with her bed by the warm radiator, but nothing was any good. She wanted her Mum and when I picked her up she put her paws round my neck like a baby and cried and purred all mixed up together, and my husband said, "Never again will we leave her," and we did not. She lived for nineteen years, playing right up to the end.

Continued on page 50

IN MEMORY OF KRISPIN

by DENNIS STONE, Derby

Sometimes out on the dusk of distance,
I think I hear you call,
And I'm half-way to a door
Before I know it isn't you at all.

It's just the ghost of memory,
That wanders through my mind,
Bumping on the bruises
That parting leaves behind.

Sometimes I thought you were all sound,
Roving calling in and out,
But I'd rather know your rebel yell
Than this silence all about.

The pleasures of the past leave bruises
That make it harder to forget,
And when I hear you call
I know they're far from over yet.

Then I almost call your name,
Yet holding it upon my breath,
Knowing in that final second,
In the silence there is only death.

Yet still I'm reaching for a door,
For I hear with such persistence,
Sometimes you calling out to me,
Somewhere amid the dusk of distance.

HAMISH THE HUNTER

by DENNIS STONE, Derby

Hamish comes home for the winter.
He leaves the meadows and wood,
And the ditch down by the hawthorn
Where the summer's hunting was good.

It's growing cold in the fields,
And a wind roves the countryside,
So Hamish comes home for the winter
To hunt dreams by the fireside.

There's a shield of ice on the pond,
And the fields are barren and bare,
So Hamish comes home for the winter
And sleeps in my favourite chair.

MILK FEVER or SPICA AND HER KITTENS

by A. E. ST. GEORGE, London



Two of Spica's Kittens

"Will you look after Spica and her offspring while I'm on holiday?" my friend asked. I agreed to do so. After all, I already have five cats and a litter of kittens in the house; another cat and a litter would hardly mean that much extra work—which goes to show how wrong one can be.

Shortly after the kittens were born Spica developed 'milk fever'. Her local vet came round to administer one injection of antibiotic and said that the cat would be alright. A week later the cat's unhappy owner took Spica back to the vet because the cat looked sick, wasn't eating and had lost weight. Mr. Vet administered another injection of antibiotic and gave Spica a clean bill of health. Half an hour later Spica and her litter were brought over to me for boarding.

I nearly burst into tears when I saw that cat—instinctively I knew she was dying. It put me in a difficult position for I could hardly ring up an unknown vet and have a row with him, he has letters after his name and I have only seven years intensive dealing with cats and no other qualifications at all. Nor could I usefully call my own vet, for the first thing she would have to know was what antibiotic had been used on Spica that morning and I couldn't tell her. Besides, Spica's vet had given a few pills for the animal and these might yet work, assuming we could buy time.

Continued on page 66



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BLUE-EYED WHITES IN THE U.S.A.

by MRS. JOHN B. RICH, Maryland

From the beginning, Blue-Eyed Whites (B.E.W.s) have been my passion. There's nothing quite like their contrast, if the eye colour is good. It goes without saying that they are always to be reckoned with at a show. And of course there was the challenge of avoiding deafness. I knew practically nothing when I started out, and soon found that little new material on Whites with any eye colour had been written since the early 1930s. Now I've learned a good deal that I'd like to share with other breeders and cat owners, as there seems to be perpetual interest in this colour. Much of the data contained in this article is applicable to the breeding of Colourpoint Persians (Himalayans), and to a lesser extent to Siamese and the other Siamese crosses.

Not Always Deaf

Most of the material in cat books has a dismally repetitive ring: B.E.W. cats are always deaf. I would say it would be more nearly correct to say that they are sometimes deaf. Moreover, many deaf Whites are odd-eyed (O.E.W.s) or copper-eyed (C.E.W.s). (Orange-Eyed Whites in U.K.) Opalescent blue eye colour is not caused by blue pigment, but rather by the absence of pigment in the anterior surface of the iris. This quality of the iris allows red and yellow wavelengths to be absorbed, while blue waves are reflected.

Our first breeding cats were non-deaf B.E.W.s. A male and two females, all with good eye colour. A number of B.E.W. kittens were produced, only one of which has been deaf. Later when breeding out to a C.E.W. female, two deaf B.E.W.s turned up. One of these was a female who had two litters of Whites before she was a year old. She may have been deaf, but there was nothing else wrong with her. The first litter was a mismatch with her non-deaf B.E.W. father. The kittens were of such good type that we repeated the breeding. Out of a total of nine B.E.W. kittens, only two could hear. Other breeders report similar results. It is probably reasonable to conclude therefore that when a deaf parent is involved, a disproportionate number of deaf kittens will be produced. When two non-deaf B.E.W.s are bred, however, deafness will turn up only very rarely.

Head Spotting

I believe there is a quasi-relationship between deafness and head spotting during the first year. But it is not as cut-and-dried as some would have it. I have questioned a number of other breeders, and apparently no one has ever had a deaf kitten with head spotting. However, spotless kittens can frequently hear. Usually the spotting means intact hearing (and vice versa), but apparently not always. I have been unable to discover a single well-documented case of a kitten that was head-smudged and also deaf.

I believe there is something else connected with head spotting, that is important from a breeding standpoint. Within any group of whites, the spotting usually indicates that a White is "carrying" another colour and can have both white and coloured kittens regardless of the mate's colour. When there is a complete absence of spotting during the first year (not even a black hair or two that shows up during bathing), the cat will then be genetically "pure" for white and will never have anything but white kittens no matter what colour it is bred to. When a breeder is faced with this situation and both coloured and white kittens are desired, it is necessary to keep and breed from one of the smudged second generation kittens. White x White results in some pures and some colour carriers as long as only one parent is pure. White x colour will never result in a pure.

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Dark head smudges between the ears occur commonly among white kittens. It is often difficult to convince a customer that one of these kittens will lose the smudge by adulthood. The spotting fades and returns every few weeks, but disappears for good by the age of one year. There are some kittens born without head spots, that will develop the characteristic smudge after a few weeks. These are perfectly normal smudged whites. Both smudged and non-smudged kittens are often found in the same litter. And there are varying degrees of smudging in every litter. Although it is rare, sometimes a kitten will have head smudges that are red or distinctly tabby, if these colours or patterns are prominent in the recent pedigree. But kittens with red or tabby in the background are just as apt to have the classic blue or black smudges. There are a very few white cats that appear to keep the smudges into old age. I say 'appear', because from the beginning these spots are much darker. This type of spotting is actually a part of the cat's colour pattern, not just a juvenile smudge. These cats are an extreme version of Bicolour or Particolour.

It is seldom necessary to breed White to White, although in the Angora, where White is now the only recognised colour, it would be nigh on impossible to avoid it. Some sensible sould in the U.S. are lobbying to have all colours recognised in this breed. This seems a wise move, in view of the fact that they came in all colours originally, and coloured kittens frequently turn up in litters born to Whites today.

There is no coat and eye colour that cannot be achieved by breeding White to some other colour or pattern. Perhaps this is why so little colour breeding of Whites has been done. In the Maine Coon, type is maintained and improved by colour breeding of Whites. In the Persian, Manx and other widely-bred cats, extensive White colour breeding is usually detrimental to quality. Breeding White to White traditionally lengthens everything; the nose, the ears, the face, the body and the tail. There is good reason to believe that as the nose is shortened, eye colour may be lost. But this can be overcome by selective breeding.

Any B.E.W. with less than smashing eye colour, regardless of its perfection otherwise, should be altered (neutered) or used in some other breeding programme. Deficient eye colour in a B.E.W. makes it automatically pet or breeding quality. Certainly enough washed-out blue eye colour turns up accidentally, without carelessly breeding more of it. This defect will be passed to almost all the descendants. Even non-white kittens will become carriers. Deep blue eyes turn up only rarely when faded blue-eyed animals are bred together. As with so many other elusive traits, good blue eye colour is recessive.

Although breeding B.E.W. to B.E.W. can improve eye colour to a breathtaking degree, there is always the chance of the recessive deafness cropping up once in a while. A good B.E.W. with near-perfect eye colour, when mated to a colour, frequently throws blue eyes to all the white kittens. The coloured cat must, of course, be carrying the blue eye colour. Otherwise, green or flecked and imperfect shades of copper may turn up.

It is said that colour-bred B.E.W.s eventually begin to produce smaller and smaller litters with each succeeding generation. But there's been little colour breeding of Whites all in all, so this may be hearsay. White litters commonly range from 3 to 6, with 4 being about average.

B.E.W. x C.E.W. can produce B.E.W.s, C.E.W.s, O.E.W.s, solids, patterns or tabbies, depending on what colours (if any) the Whites are carrying. Crossing with a deep copper-eyed cat of any coat colour generally weakens good blue eye colour, and results in the washed-out shade that is so often seen. Many Himalayans seem to have been spoiled in this manner. In our cattery, the best B.E.W.s have been out of a lemon-eyed White bred to a green-eyed Black Bicolor.

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MUSIC FOR FELINES

by A. E. ST. GEORGE, London



Fugue for White Paws.

In view of the fact that cats have quite a long history as pets, it is somewhat surprising that they are no better represented in music. Modern songs such as "I Taut I taw a Puddy Tat" or "We Are Siamese" are hardly complimentary to the feline world and even the music from "The Aristocats" film is more cartoon music than cat music, not that Disney was sympathetic to cats anyway. His sympathies were definitely on the side of Mickey Mouse!

But what of classical music? Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue" has a rather feline history. The story goes that the composer's cat was parading up the keyboard and it picked out the series of notes which became the theme of the music. At least one musicologist has argued that no cat could walk that carefully, but he's never heard my cats or kittens picking their way up the keyboard at three o'clock in the morning! That's a case of concerto for thirty-two paws! I think we'll give Scarlatti's cat the benefit of the doubt.

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B.E.W. bred to solid Blue is an excellent combination, resulting in Blues, O.E.W.s, B.E.W.s, C.E.W.s and whatever colours the parents may be carrying. Beautiful O.E.W.s of the alternate types are apt to turn up, too; i.e., one blue eye and one green eye, or one yellow-to-copper eye and one green eye. One breeder feels that an O.E.W. kitten of this mating, bred back to the B.E.W. parent or grandparent will produce superb B.E.W. kittens, most of which will have intact hearing. O.E.W. x O.E.W. produces many good non-deaf B.E.W.s also.

A geneticist states that it is perfectly possible to breed B.E.W. to B.E.W. and produce a C.E.W. kitten. Perhaps about as often as it's possible to produce a fertile male Tortoiseshell? After querying many breeders, I've been unable to uncover a single instance where this has happened. It is perfectly possible to produce solid colour or patterned kittens from two B.E.W.s though. These kits will have the appropriate yellow, green, gold or copper eyes; never blue. For instance, Black Bicolours with either green or gold eyes have commonly come out of our B.E.W. x B.E.W. matings.

I won't relate here the miseries of those hardworking and dedicated breeders who have patiently worked to get Blue-Eyed Blacks. Without a doubt, they will eventually succeed because these cats do turn up in mixed-breed populations from time to time. But it's been thus far a difficult uphill struggle for them. C.E.W. x C.E.W. can frequently result in a B.E.W. kitten. But because blue eye colour is recessive, it is uncommon for a B.E.W. x B.E.W. mating to result in a C.E.W. or O.E.W. I suppose someone will eventually be asked to explain why B.E.W.s bred together can have coloured kittens with coloured eyes, but not white kittens with coloured eyes. For the moment I pass on this one.

White Dominant

Solid colour cats cannot 'carry' White, as White in cats is dominant over almost every other colour. Therefore, two solids, tabbies of other patterned cats cannot have a white kitten unless it is an albino. However, should either parent have some degree of white spotting, be it a locket or full Bicolour markings, a white kitten of any eye colour can appear. I know the minute the ink dries on this page, someone will report that they have too gotten a white kitten from solid parents. I would strongly suspect in such an instance that at least one of the parents had an almost invisible spot of white somewhere, or that someone's crafty old white or partially-white stud had a few innings with the prized house-bound female. Perhaps quite unbeknownst to the owner.

In some cases, White is equally dominant with such patterns as Bicolour. Once in a while when bred together, they will simply cancel each other out, and a mostly-white kitten will appear with just a few spots on the head and along the spine and tail. This type of cat was mentioned previously, in the discussion of head smudging.

Albino

An albino is completely devoid of pigmentation anywhere on its body, and the eyes are pink from the tiny blood capillaries that can be seen inside the eye. Normal white cats are not afflicted with "a type of albinism". Different genetic determiners are involved in the two types of Whites, and albinos are no more apt to turn up in litters born to regular Whites than they are to a pair of tabbies, solids or colourpoints.

Breeding White to Black has produced some problems, and also some spectacular reverse Smokes. Breeding to Black was once believed to whiten the White, but there's no evidence that this is true today. I've read also that breeding to Red or Cream is said to impart a yellowish hue. But one of our best B.E.W.s is out of a O.E.W. x Cream mating. He has always been white as driven snow. After a bath anyway. It is certainly true that there are various shades of White, but you might have to see unrelated stock lined up on a show bench to detect the differences.

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Mr. Orange

MR. ORANGE, THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A THREE-LEGGED CAT

as dictated to ALICE DAWSON,
California, U.S.A.

In Front of My Magic Door,
Three-legged, battle-scarred, orange-white,
Thirteen years old, fourteen pounds. Day and night
I maintain territorial rights
At the threshold, by waiting for fights.

M.O.

Misty, the glamorous Siamese who lives with me, had her inquisitive ear close to the receiver as usual when this conversation took place. She gave me a full report later.

"This is Clarmar Hospital, Dr. Simison calling. Mr. Orange is in surgery. We can't set his leg because it was so badly shattered."

"What can be done?" my boss implored.

"We can 'put him to sleep.'"

"Not that."

"Because of his age, his chances are not good. But we can try amputating his left rear leg."

"Please go ahead."

A motor-cycle had gotten me, I think. The surgery cost \$150; but two weeks later I was chasing Misty; and, in general, I was back to my old routines.

I'm not sure where I was born or what happened to my family. Perhaps my first boss had to get rid of me because of her allergies. Maybe she was afraid the Humane Department would "put me to sleep" or let someone use me for an experiment. I guess she figured no one would want "alleyboy". So she dumped me in the Palos Verdes Estate area, probably hoping I could live on wild rabbits and birds, which were then plentiful in this rural community bounded on one side by a 150-foot cliff to the Pacific Ocean.

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9-Lives

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BLUE-EYED WHITES—continued from page 20

Some breeders use blueing in the rinse water when bathing a White before a show. Others swear by special shampoos for white dogs and cats. I've tried all these products, and find that nothing works quite so well as a mild lotion dishwashing detergent such as Lux.

Hides of white cats that are returned from commercial taxidermists' tanneries have fur of unbelievable whiteness. Perhaps the tanning solutions remove natural oils that soap or mild detergents cannot. One of these tanned hides held next to a recently bathed cat, will make the living animal's fur seem more the colour of whipping cream. Please, don't anyone try using one of these solutions on a live cat. They are not caustic, but the smell is perfectly ghastly.

Mature adult eye colour can be determined in white kittens at any time after the eyes open. It is not necessary to wait until they begin to change colour naturally. Shine a weak flashlight from across the room. The eyes that reflect iridescent green will be yellow, green, copper or gold. Check both eyes or you may be fooled when one kit turns out to be an O.E.W. Do not use a bright flashlight at close range.

Deafness

Relatively few people within the Fancy seem to understand the exact mechanism behind inherited deafness in white cats. The condition has nothing whatever to do with the parts of the middle ear with which most of us are familiar: the drum, anvil and hammer. And deafness is entirely unrelated, or at best no more than coincidental, to 'white on white spotting' over the ears. Nor is an O.E.W. especially likely to have hearing on the yellow-eyed side and be deaf on the blue-eyed side. The deafness is caused by total or partial agenesis of organs found deep in the inner ear. The proximity of eyes and ears is not a factor. The relationship between eye colour and deafness is determined along a slim microscopic thread of chromosomal material inside the reproductive cells. That is, within the ova and sperm.

In the normal internal ear or labyrinth, is an organ shaped like a snail shell, the cochlea. A special structure, the Organ of Corti, rests inside. This structure consists of supporting cells plus the important hair cells (so-called because of their numerous cilia) which project into the endolymph and around which sensory dendrites for the auditory branch of the 8th cranial nerve terminate. This is the pathway from the eardrum to the brain. These hairs are the final receptors of the vibrations that are picked by the drum, and amplified by the fluid endolymph into which the hairs project.

Postmortem examination (Necropsy) of deaf cats usually reveals visible degeneration or malformation of the Organ of Corti, spinal ganglion and Cochlear nuclei. There can be advanced atrophy of the Cochlea, atrophy of the lowest gyrus of the temporal lobe of the brain, degeneration of the macula sacculi and sometimes complete destruction of the Organ of Corti. There is frequently a slight atrophy and disappearance of nerve fibres and cells in the spinal ganglion. During dissection, the mid-ear and drum membrane are generally found to be normal. Frequently, however, no Organ of Corti can be found anywhere in the Cochlea. When the Organ is found, it is almost always imperfectly formed.

As mentioned earlier, deafness is by no means limited exclusively to the B.E.W. C.E.W.s and O.E.W.s are commonly deaf when parents or other ancestors are also deaf. There has even been one recorded instance many years ago of a deaf female having one blue eye and one pink eye.

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CAT 'FLU

by HILDA B. E. LUNN

Last night she walked alone with death,
Limp as a fallen flag.
I stroked her fur, so sadly stark,
A crumbled, small, black bag.

Then, with the dawn, she raised her head,
The amber eyes could see;
Slowly stretching stiffened limbs
She purred to life and me.

* * * *

BLUE-EYED WHITES—continued from page 23

One researcher reports a deaf cat that was also voiceless, although I've been unable to discover any cats today with this problem. It appears though, that there may be some families of B.E.W.s that are deaf during the first few weeks but regain hearing at about four months. Newborn kittens hear little or nothing anyway, as their ears are as tightly closed as their eyes for several days. Some geneticists feel there is a relationship between Organ of Corti development and eye opening in the young kitten. Perhaps this is so, as eye and ear opening occur almost simultaneously. The initial research into white coat, blue eyes and deafness in 1933 reports that as the iris of one kitten (believed previously to be deaf) began to darken at four months, the cat began to hear.

Deafness in white cats is not nearly the defect that might be imagined. It is not correct to call it 'lethal', as it does not cause serious health or reproductive problems with proper handling. It goes without saying, however, that it certainly would be lethal if anyone is foolish enough to let such a cat (or any cat) run loose outdoors. Deaf cats, never having heard, are not bothered by not hearing. They are, in fact, quite the most relaxed and placid pets I have ever known. And they are in some demand by people who have had them previously. Before I had experience with deafness I was inclined to think: "defective cat!" Now I much prefer them as pets. I do not deliberately breed them, but I prefer them all the same.

The advantages of having a deaf cat are many. They are often marvellous playmates for children because they are less timid. This is not to say that children should be allowed to maul and mistreat them. It is just that they are not initially as fearful of children as cats with hearing would be. Deaf cats do not require regular refresher courses in car riding either. Indeed, they seldom require any auto training at all, and will be perfect travellers as long as they live. They do not come running compulsively into the kitchen the minute a can opener is used. And they don't run upstairs to hide under the bed when the bed when the doorbell rings. You and your family will not step on them because they can feel and smell you coming almost as soon as another cat could hear you. They are utterly casual animals, that purr when you touch them and rarely stop. They won't come when you call, but how many cats ever did? They will, however, come from several rooms away when you thump or stamp on the floor. The deaf cat is much more apt to be with you all the time. You won't have to call it. They are people-oriented to the nth degree, and make much better pets than their cousins with perfect hearing.

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MY PET

by SUSAN ELDIN, London, aged 16



Cassie. Aged 7 months

A black and white bundle of nerves,
Under our feet she turns and swerves,
For hours she'll play with her ball
Daring to ignore my frantic call!
But, at Shows, sedate and calm she'll be,
Winning rosettes and a silver trophy.
Then home again and wild she'll become,
For it's supper-time—
A hungry cat who devours meat and game
And Cassie is her name!

Breeding with Deaf Females

Breeding with a deaf female may be, for most people, biting off more than they'd care to chew. We had our work cut out for us once, because a mother could not hear the crying of the hungry newborns, and therefore did not respond instinctively to feed and care for them during the first few hours. She did go to them later when she felt compelled to let them nurse for her own pleasure. And after that, she was the model mother.

But if you plan to breed a deaf female, you should be advised of this possibility and stand ready with a proper miniature 'Catac' feeding bottle. Feeding with an eye dropper is a tedious and dangerous practice. This method of rearing orphans has killed more baby bunnies and kittens than I'd care to think about. You will end up putting the milk into the lungs, thereby drowning the kitten slowly over a period of hours or days. A powdered cat-milk substitute should be used in the 'Catac' feeding bottle, or sometimes a wet-nurse can provide temporary care. Only occasionally do deaf mothers show disinterest during this initial period, but it is well to be prepared. Rarely, one hears of a deaf mother smothering a kitten accidentally or failing to rescue it from a cold corner of the nest until too late. It might be better to have a deaf female spayed.

Perhaps some deaf cats can hear extremely loud noises. There has also been some uneducated speculation that deaf cats are "not really deaf", because they responded with terror when a vibrating tuning fork was pressed against their skulls.

We once had a female who behaved in an unusual manner. She was under the car in a closed garage under our home when the horn was sounded. She simply flew through the door and up the stairs, with her ears laid back flat against her head. She sat and trembled on the landing for several minutes. Months later, she behaved in the same way when a toy cannon was fired in the kitchen. I suppose hundreds of deaf cats around the world will now be subjected to having cap pistols and the like shot off at close range.

How many times have we all seen judges, vets, and breeders snapping their fingers and whistling in vain, trying to determine if a white cat can hear. One may or may not get a response to whistling and finger-snapping, but the results will always be inconclusive. Usually you can tell which kittens are deaf after 4 or 5 weeks. The deaf ones demonstrate no fear whatever of the vacuum. The most reliable method of testing is to hold them in the air with one hand, with their back to a blender, electric drill or other noisy appliance. Turn it on suddenly behind them, making certain they're not touching a surface that would allow them to feel the vibration. If they claw your wrist trying to get away they can hear. Deaf kits up to 5 or 6 weeks may be slightly slower than their litter mates. After this, they may be vigorously assertive and can become minor discipline problems.

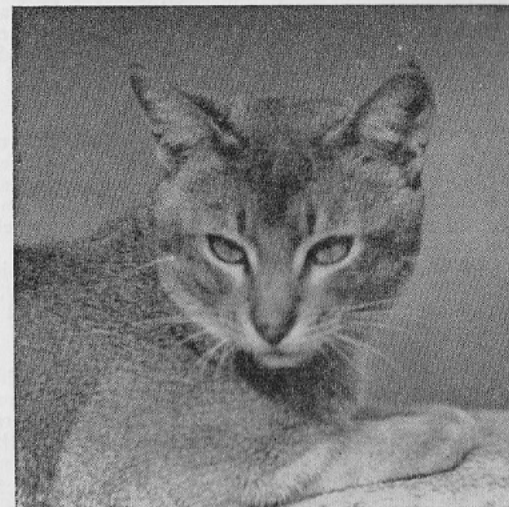
Although it is rare, some Whites have a distinct tabby 'W' or Jew's Harp marking on the forehead. This shows up quite clearly because of the difference in texture or length of the hairs, even though all the fur is pure white. It also appears that there may be a greater than usual number of natural neuters and spays among families of white cats where deafness occurs regularly. These are cats that are sexually deficient. Usually without testicles or ovaries. They show little or no interest in sex, and never reproduce.

Customers who purchase B.E.W. kittens seem driven by some compelling urge to give feminine names to their pets, regardless of sex. And breeders of B.E.W.s are forever hearing such comments as: "Oh, she's a male? You mean she's the father of all these kittens?" Yes, indeed.

* * * * *

THE ABYSSINIAN CAT

by HILARY M. SCATCHARD



Ch. Joctan Jaffa

Bred by Mr. & Mrs. McIntyre. Owned by Mr. & Mrs. Rose.
See pages 80 and 91

The cat probably has more legends and fantasies connected with it than any other animal and of all the 34 recognised breeds of the domesticated cat, none more so than the Abyssinian.

Legends abound as to its origins, though not as charming and delightful as those which surround the Siamese. Legend has it that the first Abyssinian cat seen in England was brought from Ethiopia by a Mrs. Barrett-Lennard, who was reported to have accompanied her husband on General Napier's expedition to Ethiopia. Even for the intrepid Victorian ladies this seems a little unlikely and, in fact, the Barrett-Lennard family can find no record that the Captain actually served in Ethiopia. As one of the two kittens supposedly brought back died almost immediately, it would be impossible for all the Abys. to be descended from the little survivor. Indeed, the drawing of the cat, Zula, said to be the girl in question, which appeared in Dr. Gordon Stables' book, published in 1874, does not resemble the present-day Aby, and in 1882, when the Abyssinian was first listed as a separate breed, Mr. Harrison Weir, who was a great authority on cats, insisted that it was a variety of tabby. In 1867 C. H. Ross, in 'The Book of Cats', stated "In Abyssinia, cats are so valuable that a marriageable girl who is likely to come in for a cat is looked upon as quite an heiress". So are myths perpetuated. Ethiopia in the main is populated by semi-nomadic tribes and their style of living is not of the level to which cats have become accustomed through the ages; several explorers and writers, among them Rosita Forbes, have said that they have never seen a domestic cat in Ethiopia.

Some years ago, when there was a Cat Exhibition in London, the late Mr. Sidney Denham, then chairman of the Abyssinian Cat Club, wrote to the Ethiopian Embassy who disclaimed all knowledge of cats in Ethiopia resembling our Abyssinians, and most zoologists and like experts are now of the opinion that we can discount the legends. Despite this stories still circulate and one year at Olympia a visitor told a breeder that he had just returned from Ethiopia and had seen many cats there identical with the Abys. at the Show

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Mozart was asked to write a piece to go in an opera by Benedict. He wrote a charming little duet between a mortal man and his wife who has been turned into a cat. Her lover can sing to her but she can only miaow in return. I've not come across a recording of this music but it has been performed in a concert of rare music. The opera is called 'The Philosopher's Stone' and has not been performed recently.

Then there's the 'Magic Flute', again by Mozart—there's no cat in the 'Magic Flute'—or is there? Papageno is always portrayed as something between a bird and a man but he was probably visualised as something rather different. "I am the bird catcher to the Queen of the Night" (i.e. the moon) he says, and adds that there are feathers about him because of this unlikely occupation. I have never seen a man who remotely resembled this description but eight cats in my kitchen are certainly bird catchers who move by night, enjoy the moonlight and there are, regrettably, feathers about all too frequently. It might be worth staging a production of the 'Magic Flute' with the sacred cat of Egypt cast in his proper role.

Considering the number of opera composers who insisted on having animals on stage, it's amazing that no one insisted on a mad scene between the leading lady and her cat! Meyerbeer had a pet goat in his opera 'Dinorah'. Humperdinck insisted on a flock of geese in "Köningskinder", but cats have been left alone. **Rossini** wrote a concert piece called "Comic Duet for Two Cats" and it's quite a difficult one to sing. Invariably the pianist is convulsed with laughter. The audience giggles throughout and to miaow seriously in tune can be quite a problem to a singer.

The only other opera composer who dealt with cats was **Ravel** in his short opera 'L'Enfant et les Sortilèges'. In the child's nightmare two cats appear very briefly to spit, hiss, miaow at each other and then slink off into the night. It's a very brief piece of music but it certainly is feline.

Ballet cats have fared rather better. Perhaps their best known music is the pas de deux between Puss in Boots and the White Cat in the ballet 'Sleeping Beauty'. This is a pleasant little divertissement which appears in the last act and has absolutely nothing to do with the main ballet, but invariably gets a lot of applause.

The Jean Francais ballet 'Demoiselles de la Nuit' is not widely known in this country, but it concerns a white cat who loves her owner so much that she is turned into a woman. Their happiness is short lived, for the lady is unable to resist the lure of a night on the rooftops and when her lover attempts to follow her, he falls to his death. The music which, apparently, has never been recorded for this country, is beautifully descriptive of the feline way of life.

And talking of dancing cats, one must mention **Leroy Anderson's** piece 'The Waltzing Cat', another piece with a decidedly feline tone about it.

One must mention also the cat who appears briefly in 'Peter and the Wolf', for the benefit of those without children who do not know this work (and I've had to listen to the record about a hundred times in the last month), the cat is represented by a clarinet. It appears first of all as a bird catcher, but later on it climbs up a tree to escape the wolf and it runs up that tree with incredible agility.

Probably all of us have had to sing nursery rhymes such as 'Ding Dong Bell' or 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat went into Space' and there are various settings available. Not so well known is **Aaron Copland's** piano piece 'Le Chat

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except that they were green; this, I fear, was a gentle leg pull, though, in fact, the slightly khaki colour of some Abys. does give a greenish tinge. But how strange that none of the zoologists and research teams and explorers have ever seen them!



Photo: Anne Cumbers

Abyseal Jade and Philos Cameo
Bred by Mrs. Bradbury. Bred by Mrs. Scatchard.

The **Abyssinian Cat Club** recently appointed an Honorary Research Secretary, Mr. Derek Trail, and it would appear that his researches confirm Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald's assertion that the Aby. is the brilliant result of highly specialised breeding by the British breeder. It is a fact that all Abyssinians trace their pedigrees back to this country.

More Likely Origin

To add to the legends I have a theory as to their origins which is no more far fetched—and it is based on the indisputable fact that genes are never lost.

It is generally accepted that the Egyptians were the first people to domesticate the cat, in order to protect their stores of grain and the wild species from which the Egyptian cat was derived was the caffre cat. Around 3,000 B.C. the cat became deified and was protected by the most stringent laws. A thousand years

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later the Chinese domesticated another species of cat, the main difference being that in the case of the caffre cat the pads are black with the colour extending up the back of the hind legs—which is a feature of the Abyssinian cat.

The first cats to arrive in Britain were brought by Roman soldiers who had pinched them from the Egyptians and remains of some of these cats have been found in Roman villas in Silchester and also in Dursley. The earliest written record dates from 936 A.D. when a law for the protection of cats was passed in Wales, but as the Romans had left Britain in 436 A.D. cats must have been here for at least 500 years.

We can assume that the cats brought by the Romans were of the same type as the ones depicted in the tombs of Egypt. In course of time they would adapt to the rigours of the climate, becoming more cobby and heavier in build, crossing also with other types brought by the Phoenician traders and with cats from the continent, who were an amalgam of domesticated cats from China, from Egypt and indigenous wild types. From time to time there would undoubtedly be a throw back to the long, lean oriental type of the Egyptian ancestor. If cats of this description are mated it is possible to set the type in three generations. I believe that, with the cats of ancient Egypt as an ideal, a small number of breeders selected cats as near to the "blue print" as possible and by judicious and careful breeding from these succeeded in fixing these characteristics and producing a most graceful, elegant and beautiful creature, almost identical with the ancient Egyptian—there is a mummified cat at the British Museum, over 2,000 years old, which could be a litter sister to mine.

The agouti coat is the basic colouring the majority of wild animals and is also the basic colouring of the tabby cat and ticked cats are found in tabby litters quite frequently.

One of the strongest arguments against this theory is the unique character of the Abyssinian, but this may be explained by the fact that they are all descended from a fairly small nucleus of Aby type cats who were owned by somewhat unusual people and it is undeniable that animals frequently reflect their owners!

Behaviour Patterns Inherited

In tracing pedigrees it is interesting to see how frequently research peters out in "pedigree unknown" or even "found on a farm". The small litters which Abys, normally have may well be a direct result of the original inbreeding which occurred and this again would concentrate certain characteristics. On occasion I have mentioned some extraordinary exploit of one of my cats to Miss Florence Bone who has bred Abys. for many years, and she has remembered a cat years ago who had the same peculiarity—when we check the pedigree, sure enough there will be the cat who behaved in exactly the same way. This is particularly noticeable with Houdini Mizzie's descendants. Without exception they are expert escapologists, whereas my two Stud cats who have not got her as an ancestress are singularly lacking in this art. My witch cat, Gemmie, squats on her haunches and washes both ears at once and usually one kitten in each of her litters does the same.

Characteristics

What matters from whence they come? They are, without doubt, one of the most delightful and fascinating members of a wonderful species, as anyone who shares their home with an Aby. will agree. As pets they are gentle and affectionate and very possessive. They have soft crooning voices will raise the roof with the force of her protestations of desire, but more frequently the queens are very secretive about such matters, which accounts for a remarkably large proportion of half Abys. which arrive. Abys. get on very well with dogs, especially very large dogs, and a kitten will usually boss the dog around in a very short space of time. They are remarkably swift in movement and curiously enough, around 10 p.m., they almost invariably seem to have a crazy fit and dash round the room hardly touching the furniture in the speed of their gyrations.

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My first two Abys. were bred by Mrs. Bradbury. Abyseal Jade was chosen for me as being the best in the litter and when I went to the Midlands to collect her the tiny one of the litter made a dead set for me and I could not have come away without her. She was, they said, too small and too dark and certainly not suitable for show. She grew into a dainty bone-boned cat with a remarkably wicked personality. Registered as Juli, she became Gemmie because she was such a little gem and also because no cupboard or door was proof against her. Her colour is cold but in sunshine she sometimes looks like burnished aluminium. Mated always to the same studs as her sister, she has produced excellent kittens, including several Best in Show winners and a Champion. The two girls normally have their kittens at the same time, lying in the same basket and sharing the nursing of the kittens. Now, with two daughters and one grand-daughter to carry on they have reached the end of their maternal duties and look forward to many years of unrestricted freedom. They are very fond of water and will jump into the bath to chase the water down the plughole or sit for hours dabbing at a dripping tap.

New Colours

As mentioned earlier, genes are never lost and so it happens from time to time that colours other than the usually ruddy brown ticked with black or dark brown, will appear. **Reds** were a fairly frequent occurrence but were not acceptable and were usually assumed to be the result of dual matings, the queen supposedly having made an assignation with the local ginger tom either before or after her visit to the Stud. As the basic colour genes are chocolate, black and white, it seems curious that the reos were so suspect, though they were generally rather heavier in type and more cobby than the usual Aby. Several years ago Mrs. Winsor wrote to Mrs. Menezes bewailing the difficulties of getting her queens to stud and Mrs. Menezes sent her a red boy to run with "the girls" until the travelling situation eased. Taishun Kephra sired many red Abys. and they were eventually recognised and granted a breed number, **23a**. Since then the colour has improved enormously, as may be seen in the lovely specimens which have been shown in recent years.

In 1968 Bernina Trixie (bred by Mrs. Threadingham and owned by Mrs. Stocks) produced one ruddy kitten and two **Blue** kittens to Champion Woodhouse Marmaduke. One of the Blue kittens, Fairlie Mehesso, eventually went to Mrs. Evelyn as a Stud as she wished to breed Blue Abys. and an application has now been made to the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy for a breed number. It is interesting to note that Bernina Trixie was sired by Champion Bernina Draconis, who was also grandsire of Champion Woodhouse Marmaduke. Champion Bernina Draconis had one red sibling and two blue siblings and he carries red, blue and cream genes. He sired my first two Abys.; Jade has had several red kittens; Gemmie, although she has averaged four kittens to Jade's one, has never had a red and probably carries blue. Blue kittens have turned up on occasions during the last thirty years, stemming from outcrosses made during the war; the kittens were always neutered and given away as pets, and the mating not used again as several breeders are of the opinion that the blue gene is responsible for the cold coat colour which spoils so many otherwise excellent Abys. It is only fair to add that the geneticist, Mr. Roy Robinson, discounts this theory.

Recently Mrs. Birts had one red and a cream kitten in two successive litters from two red Abys. and it is believed that this is the first time that a red mating has produced a **cream**. **Lilacs** have also turned up, but rarely, though, apparently, rather more frequently in America.

I have seen several of these "new" colours at shows, and there is no doubt that the ones of pure Abyssinian descent have all the charm and delightful characteristics of the usual Aby. And, besotted as I am with Abyssinians, I for one could ask for nothing more—unless it be a nice rich ruddy brown, ticked with black, each hair with three distinct bands of colour, no bars and a rich apricot tummy to harmonise with the main colour; with a dainty bone structure, with a head a medium wedge of heart-shaped proportions, with ears sharp and comparatively large, broad at the base and tufted at the tips; with large bright lustrous expressive eyes; with fairly long and tapering tail, broad at the base; with small feet, with black pads which colour extends up the back of the hind legs; with a short fine close gleaming coat. In short, the perfect Abyssinian.

ABOUT CATS AND GHOSTS

by ALMA HARRIS, Bedford

There are reports of ghost dogs, birds and horses, but I have rarely come across one of a ghost cat. The nearest thing to it is the claim that someone saw the spirit of a newly dead tiger, a particularly happy expression in its eyes, making its way along the road outside Regents Park Zoo late one night.

Be that as it may, the following strange tale is certainly true, and was told me by my mother some years ago. She was working at the time as a governess in London and was downstairs discussing the children's meals with cook in the kitchen. The mistress of the house had been called away early in the morning by an unexpected telephone call. No-one yet knew the reason for her absence.

As my mother and the cook stood talking, there appeared on the window sill the most enormous and magnificent ginger cat they had ever seen. It was miaowing urgently and scratching the pane to come in. Since it certainly wasn't a member of the household, the window remained firmly shut. My mother, a great cat lover, who knew all the cats in the district for miles around, had never seen it before.

Later on in the evening the mistress returned, tired from her journey and with very bad news. Her brother, who had been taken ill in the morning, had died that afternoon. He was a large-built man, his most distinctive feature being his marvellous thatch of bright red hair.

Incidentally, the cat was never seen again.

It is a well-known fact that animals appear to sense, and sometimes see, things which human beings do not.

A friend of mine came into her house after a morning's shopping to find the sickly sweet 'smell of death' pervading her kitchen. Rather shaken, she went to spend some time with a neighbour until her husband came home for lunch. On his arrival he gave her the news of her mother's death.

When she returned to the house with him she couldn't find her two beautiful cats anywhere. Eventually they were discovered in the bedroom hiding under the bed, their hair standing on end with fear.

One is always advised to pick a healthy kitten, one which shows some zest for life and a curiosity for what lies round the corner. That is all right as long as you can steel yourself against the weak, runny-eyed little specimen scrunched up by himself.

Unfortunately I couldn't. Tommy was part of a litter discovered in a warehouse tea-chest. I brought him home and had him treated by the vet., but he was never a sturdy cat.

His nervousness never left him, either. Once, when he was a full-grown cat, I watched him track a cockroach the full length of the hallway before losing interest in it. The beetle then suddenly turned and relentlessly retraced its steps. As the dark moving spot entered his field of vision, the cat leapt to its feet with an unmistakable yelp and disappeared into the garden as though the devil himself had materialised.

The only time he caught a mouse he ate it with such relish he brought it all back an hour later, and his attempts at bird-catching were always unsuccessful. I had a strong impression the birds used to laugh at him.

He was often unwell. All the extra vitamins hadn't quite made up for the early lack of nutrition and weak constitution. He was also accident-prone and among other things sustained a broken jaw as result of an encounter with a car, or a cow, or maybe a trap. We never found out.

A loving and constant companion to my mother, now that he has gone I would like to think he gets some pleasure 'on the other side'. Perhaps haunting the birds who used to find him so amusing?

* * * * *

MIRACLES DO HAPPEN

by IRIS M. BURGESS, Notts.



Joining the Coventry Cat League some years ago started off a series of unusual coincidences.

The league had been formed as a result of the large number of stray cats in the centre of the city, originally as an aftermath of the war, and subsequently aggravated by the demolition of their hideaways as rebuilding gathered pace. The membership fee was nominal in comparison to the good which the league was doing to alleviate the suffering of these homeless animals.

Our pet had been put to sleep some time previously and was being terribly missed, so I made application to the league with the request that if a tortoiseshell became available I would like to own it.

Having been brought up in a household which always included a cat, I had just about exhausted the range of different colours, with the exception of "torty". Imagine my delight when, having been told that these cats were

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rarely lost and not claimed, and that I might have to wait a long time to get my wish, within twenty-four hours I was informed that a little torty had been found, obviously lost. And so, just before Christmas, this half-starved, be-draggled bundle of fur joined the family.

With the festive season so close we tried to think of an appropriate name and eventually decided on Christobel, or "Christy" for short. As the months passed she grew into a beautiful cat, and the local "toms" began their early morning calls. On one occasion my husband opened the living-room curtains to find no less than seven ardent admirers sitting on the rockery wall. Needless to say, she managed to evade the elaborate precautions and was soon "in kitten".

The next few weeks were fully occupied with trying to find good homes for the expected arrivals, since the date she was due to produce was right in the middle of our holiday. With this in mind, I arranged for a married cousin to live at our house while we were away. With everything planned as far as possible, we set off to the Isle of Man, for my husband's ambition was to see the T.T. races. During our exploration of the Island several Manx cats were seen and it seemed in the order of things that our Christy should have one, from the questions the children, aged four and two, asked. However, I managed to assure them that the chances were nil. When I reached home at the end of the holiday, my first thought was for the cat, but she had not yet given birth.

This took place two days later, during which she insisted that I sit with her. There were two black, one red-and-white, and two black-and-white. I was a little disappointed that there had been no "torty" but they were all healthy so the feeling soon passed.

Then, one day soon after the kittens had emerged from the cupboard under the stairs, we noticed that one of the black-and-white ones was completely tailless. Surely, in view of where we had spent our holiday, this was a miracle. The other cats went to good homes, but we could not bear to part with "little manxy". The girls dubbed it "Daddy's cat", so John was allowed to pick a suitable name. His T.T. hero at that time was Max Deubel, so he chose Max for the kitten. The girls were delighted with the kitten, even more so as it seemed that Mother had been proved wrong, but I felt certain that it was just a deformed cat. However, a friend who had some knowledge of cats, examined him with his round rear end, thick coat and "hoppity" walk and was quite certain that he was a true Manx.

When he was three the family moved to Leicestershire, and two years later to Nottingham, and within another year to Lincolnshire, where at the age of eight he developed cat 'flu and despite all my efforts to save him, died.

This blow was followed only some three weeks later when his mother was poisoned, and she too died. All our love and affection was now being heaped onto "Smokey", yet another stray we had acquired.

Almost twelve months to the day since losing "Maxie" I spotted an advertisement in "Fur and Feather" (since my interests had broadened to include cavies and rabbits) which announced, "Manx cats for sale".

I 'phoned, and another miracle happened. The first cat the owner offered was a dark "torty" female. I felt she was meant for us, but delayed collecting her as another move, to Nottinghamshire, was imminent. At this point I should perhaps mention that even though Maxie was Daddy's cat, as with most of our other pets, I did all the feeding and nursing as required, since John professes no great love for animals. With this in mind, it came as quite a surprise, while packing, to find among some papers this "poem". During our courting days, while in the R.A.F., John had sent several lovely poems which I still have, but I never thought for a moment that this experience would affect him so deeply as to commit his thoughts to paper. Letter writing is something he usually leaves to me.

The "moving day" has come and gone, as this is typed, and John will go to collect Marigold this week-end. Time is dragging, for we are most impatient to turn full circle and offer a home to another Manx.

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The Beginning

Fate is fickle, fate is kind,
Life goes on, and new life is begun
And Mona, Mistress of all mystery,
Works her devious charms across the world.
How else but by some ancient magic could produce
Amongst a litter of just ordinary kits,
One, destined for a special place within my heart.
A little Manx. A little cat called Max.
I chose his name. It suited him
To share with Deubel, Champion of the Isle.
An ancestry obscure, but in my eyes
No less a champion, and no less a king.

. . . and the End

Fate is fickle, fate's unkind,
Life goes on, and life begun must end.
And even Mona's magic cannot stay
The endless, onward, ceaseless march of Time.
The years have passed, and blood is stirred
To capture once again that magic dawn.
But times have changed, and no more is the chance
To pay respect to Mona and her Isle.
And now my cat, my little Max is dead,
His little cry, as lonely as the gulls'
That circle round the Isle, is stilled.
His awkward walk, leaving a trail across the dew-soaked grass,
Can only be repeated in my memory's eye.
He went away to die. I brought him back
To bury him beneath the trees he loved to climb.
And as I laid him to his rest, the flakes of snow,
With red-hot tears mingled on the grass.
And so that he would know I loved him,
And never would forget the life we'd shared,
I buried him with all my prized mementoes
And laid them in between his outstretched paws.
Fate is fickle, fate is kind,
And aching hearts are comforted by time.
For though a life is ended, life continues,
And Death will come in time and take us all.

* * * * *

INSTINCT OR INTELLIGENCE

by KATHLEEN MASON, Cheshire

For fifteen years I regarded a cat as a cat. I owned one then, as much as one could own a wild, undomesticated creature born in a factory in the heart of industry. She was as tough as leather and only showed emotion through the very odd purr and, more often, displayed disapproval through a jolly good bite on the leg. Her independence was never in dispute and from tiny, fluffy kitten to tatty, old lady she doggedly retained the same aloof attitude to both my husband and me. However, after suffering us in the same home for fifteen years, she died from kidney failure and, in spite of her lack of affection, she was sadly missed.

It was just a fortnight after her death that our beautifully **Bunny** came. She was a **British Blue** with a typical sulky expression; she was fat, coy, quiet, affectionate and five months old, so it takes little imagination to guess how she was petted and adored. Her apple-round face and teddy bear eyes were irresistible and within a week she was thoroughly pampered and she knew it. Very quickly, it became obvious to her that if she refused tinned meat for a meal she was offered good steak or fish which kept her already rotund figure in nicely rounded proportions. It took just about a month for the routine of the house to adapt itself to her wishes, including the people residing in it.

Some eighteen months and a litter later, Father Christmas brought **Fifi** to live and she was a most welcome gift to the household from **Siam**. We had thought quite a lot about how our foreign visitor would fit in and decided she would be much more difficult than a British cat. Nevertheless her welcome was a collective and sincere one and she responded to it immediately.

I had been apprehensive concerning her introduction to **Bunny**, but instead of the expected scene, **Bunny** put her head into the stranger's basket and began to wash her as she would one of her own kittens. **Fifi** recognised her new step-mother instantly and they have retained the same relationship to this day. They accept everything together, food, basket, grooming, cat shows (with a great expression of doom), and they even shared litters. It never ceased to amuse visitors to walk in and find a grown Seal-point and six three-day-old **Blue** kittens in a basket in the kitchen. It is also just as bizarre to see **Mother Bunny** baby-sitting five all-white Siamese.

In spite of this terrific togetherness (sometimes sickening to us humans when they want to go one way and we want to go the other), it has amazed me to find out just how different these two members of the family are, but the fact which strikes me most forcibly is how much one animal knew and how much one animal learned.

When **Bunny** arrived she was scared stiff of banging doors, worried about the sound of bacon frying in a pan, scared by the vacuum cleaner and paralysed with fear by the washer—in fact, all man-made contraptions which she did not know or understand upset her terribly. She was timid about the fire, shy with visitors and it took a great deal of patience on our part to allay her suspicions concerning these things. She was always acutely aware of dangers which might befall her.

On the other hand, **Fifi** was thoroughly humanised. She loved the fire, could open a door, played footsie with the **Ewbank** and was fascinated by the washer. She would watch clothes rotate with great interest as we would watch television and she was also the most gregarious cat I have ever known. Not only did she welcome visitors and recognise them as a source of extra affection, but if she felt lonely would visit feline, not-so-well-bred companions in the district. She loves and trusts everybody with the exception of next door's dog.

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WITCH CAT

A

bright

time and

motion study

expert checked

my witch mistress

at her work one night.

Before (to his distress)

she turned him into a bat,

he gave as his opinion that

two were doing a job one could

do and that her black cat or she

could easily be more purr-puss-fully

employed. She took his advice, (feeling we

were overstaffed) making herself redundant.



As a waitress in a coffee bar in **Taling** she

finds that the tips are proving more abundant

than in this job. But to me she left this hat,

a book of spells, a manual on flying by night,

some cat food, her broomstick, and the time-and-motion-study bat.

If this darned hat wasn't so big I could manage her job all right.



BARBARA SANDERS, Cambridge.

However, Bunny could always catch mice and birds. She loved the garden and knew every plant, as well as how to climb and descend trees with safety. She also knew how to behave in kitten and would produce a litter purring consistently throughout the whole process. We never had to worry about her welfare, she was capable of seeing to that herself.

Fifi, however, proved just the opposite. She did not chase field mice until taught to do so by Bunny (and then she did it with the greatest enthusiasm for weeks on end). She still cannot catch birds (thank goodness), because when Bunny takes her out for a lesson she breaks the ambush too quickly, using all the stealth of a bull elephant on the rampage. Even now she will use her litter tray and not the garden, and when she had her kittens the house was in a state of uproar until they arrived and then she would not leave them for a couple of days even to eat or drink. She had to eat in her basket and her litter tray was placed alongside.

Without any doubt whatsoever, Fifi's worst efforts are in the tree-climbing field. This is a praeceie she does not go in for generally, except when the aforementioned offending dog appears on the scene. She can always manage to climb the tree, but steadfastly refuses to come down. To date my husband has rescued her on numerous occasions from trees in the garden, not small ones but the very tall poplars which she climbs in the dark. This entails my having to hold the ladder and, as I cannot stand heights, the sight of my husband up there swaying in the wind, trying to unhinge a croaking Siamese, causes me to tremble uncontrollably. The ladder, husband and eventually cat all shake together (through me) and they descend. She is usually very pleased with her rescuer and looks up adoringly at him with crossed eyes while I take to my bed feeling thoroughly neurotic and exhausted. On one of these occasions it resulted in a call to our local Fire Brigade and even their ladder was not tall enough. The men were kind enough to saw off the top of the tree where Fifi was lodged with her favourite kitten and bring them down that way—still clinging madly to the top of the sycamore. That little adventure cost us a substantial subscription to the Firemen's Benevolent Society. We felt it was the least we could do.

In the ensuing years, the two cats have learned a good deal from each other. Bunny taught Fifi cat life, although she simply cannot kill anything, I'm pleased to say. She brings live mice into the house and it is not unusual to see her sitting under a lamp in the hall doing her "Tom and Jerry" act. We always have to take the mouse outside and place it, unharmed, under the big hedge where it can hide.

Fifi has at last got it home to Bunny that you just push the cat door both ways to go in and out. Bunny would persist in trying to push and pull as with a house door. Mind you, it took Fifi three days to unravel this mystery and Bunny three years. We could not believe our luck when she finally made it.

After a great deal of thought I wonder if one was born with instinct and one with intelligence. Bunny has always known how to look after herself cat-wise. She should wash, hunt, produce and care for babies, in fact she had all the requirements needed for a good cat life, but showed immense reluctance to deal with manufactured appliances. Fifi is still defenceless, a freely mixing pacifist (full of feline flower power) who soon learned to open doors and use a litter tray. She quickly gathered that easy chairs were to sit on and beds were to sleep in, she also recognised the benefits of central heating and electric blankets, but when things get down to an animal level she soon seeks me out for assistance (if she isn't up a tree).

* * * *

THREE WISE CATS

by HENRY PRICE, Herefordshire

One day up in London,
I happened to meet
A smart young cat
As I walked down the street.
"Puss, Puss, Puss," I called her
And straight away she,
With tail like a steeple
Came running to me.
She rubbed my leg; I smoothed her coat,
And a cockneyfied purr I heard in her throat.
With these salutations, as one would expect,
We parted on terms of mutual respect.

Much later, in Paris,
On the Rue de la Paix,
I saw a sleek tabby
Coming my way.
"Puss, Puss, Puss," I called her
And straight away she,
With tail like a flagstaff,
Came running to me.
I tickled her whiskers; I smoothed her fur
And she answered me with a Frenchified purr.
Our meeting then ended on gay boulevard
By going our ways with mutual regard.

Then visiting Wales
In grim castle keep
I saw an old she-cat
Waking from sleep.
"Puss, Puss, Puss," I called her,
And straight away she,
With tail like a pylon,
Came running to me.
Her coat was all matted and rough as a burr
But she welcomed my stroke with a Celtic purr;
And having so greeted this venerable dame,
We parted on terms of mutual acclaim.

This tale holds a mystery, I think you'll agree,
Of how I met these puss-cats three.
All of them heard and acknowledged my call—
The English, the Welsh, and even the Gaul.
Do all cats speak English? There lies a doubt!
But cats know exactly what they're about;
So shall we just say that every cat knows
Those who are friendly and those who are foes

* * * *

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BOOK REVIEW



CAT MANNERS AND MYSTERIES

Those of us interested in the psychological side of life have wanted a book for a long time about **Cat Behaviour**. At last we have such a book. **Cat Manners and Mysteries** by **Nina Epton**, published by **Michael Joseph**, August, 1973, is a collection from people all over the world relating in their own words the extraordinary things their cats have done. A pattern emerges about cat behaviour. Neuters are seen to be very paternal, sitting with kittens whilst the mother is out, teaching them to play and fight and hunt. Can cats count?

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TO YOU

There's a little cat that's waiting
In the shadows by the gate—
How long has he been waiting?
And how long must he wait?

He's never known a kindness,
And too frightened to come near;
He aches with cold and hunger,
His heart is full of fear.

To you—of all earth's millions—
God chose that he should come
For food and milk and kindness—
His heaven—in your home.

—MARYGOLD.

INHOSPITABILITY

The hotel cat is pert and prim,
Keen of eye and fleet of limb.

As the guests arrive to stay
She turns her haughty head away
And shows disdain to everyone
For she belongs to all and none.

But when, at last, the guests depart
Her enigmatic smile will start.

HILDA B. E. LUNN.

THE SATISFIED CUSTOMER

"Puss," I said on returning home, "do you know where I have been today?"

"You have been gone too long," said Puss, lifting his nose into the air. He finds it hard to speak to me at all if I have been out more than an hour or two. I had been gone all day today; Bedford is one hundred miles from here but I simply had to make the journey—just once!

"I've been to a shop which exists simply to cater for the needs of creatures like you," I said.

"Purrrrrhaps you have," he said, becoming interested.

"I bought you some new show equipment. A lovely white woollen blanket—you know how cold those show halls are!—a white litter tray, water bowl and feeding dish, so that the judges won't know it's you."

"Hmph!" said Puss. "some hopes!" Puss is a rather famous Stud Cat who prides himself on everyone knowing who he is, when he is on the show bench.

"I've brought you some new food to try, free samples."

"I'm quite happy on my rabbit and chicken, fresh steak and raw fish, thank you," said an ungrateful Puss.

"Well, I thought this Black Spider might please you, at least." I tentatively pushed the black furry monster towards him.

"I see plenty of spiders out here in my run," began Puss, but at the same time he caught sight of it and put out a paw to the spider, which jumped into the air.

"Hello," said Puss, "this is more interesting," and dabbled at it again.

This time it seemed to cling to him and he all but shouted for help until he managed to disengage himself, sending the spider to the top of his wired-in run, where it got hooked into a piece of Russian Vine.

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BOOK REVIEW—Continued from page 41

One cat could who, when three of her litter of five were removed and drowned, was found the next morning with her two remaining kittens and three tiny bunnies in her basket! Cats also know when one of their kittens is not right or worth bringing up. There is a story about one cat who dropped her kitten down the toilet, so that it drowned. It was too noisy in her opinion compared with the others and she clearly thought it should be disposed of. Then there was a cat who, knowing there was nothing for dinner, went out and brought back a pigeon for the owner to cook! The stories go on and on, giving us a very clear picture of how intelligent and psychic cats are. I liked the war-time cat who went on bomber raids with its master as his mascot. She went on every trip except the last—the one when the bomber crashed and all were killed. Did she really know? Perhaps one will never know for sure why cats behave as they do in all manner of circumstances, but in the meantime any true cat lover will be fascinated by this wealth of information and entertainment on the subject. A must for any Cat Lover's bookshelf.

"Well, gracious me," said Puss, "the thing's alive. This will be great fun." He forgot all about me just then and began to work out how he could stalk the spider up there on the ceiling.

I went to the kitchen to prepare his dinner. Puss is a great one for his food. I'll just put a small piece of that new stuff on his plate at the side of his steak to see if he will eat it. Steak is becoming so expensive.

Just then the telephone rang. It was a call for "Puss", or rather, it was the owner of a queen who was calling and who wanted to bring her darling to spend a few days with Puss in his palatial Stud House. I said that I thought he would be charmed as he was free at the moment. When would she be arriving?

"Tonight," she said, "without fail. I've no idea what time but we cannot possibly wait until morning as 'Queenie' is kicking up such a fuss. We have been 'phoning all day," she added.

Queenie was a favourite of Puss's, so I assured the lady that it would be alright any time until midnight.

"I hope you have a heated bed for my poor darling," she added as an after-thought. "It is still so cold, although it is supposed to be Spring."

"Of course," I declared proudly, forgetting to add that I had only just bought one that day at Cats' Accessories. What would we all do without that shop, I wondered. Where else could you find everything a cats needs all under one roof. I had bought Pedigree forms for the new kittens, some stuff in a bottle to do their ears, and a wonderful tiny feeding bottle, mother cat size, to get them off mother's milk and on to other things before they could lap. This would be a great help with my latest litter because quite suddenly the mother cat's milk appeared to be drying up. This foster feeding bottle would be invaluable.

The kittens had been fast asleep when I had come home from Bedford but they were soon clamouring for food as I had disturbed them. They nestled up to "Sally", the mother cat, trying to suckle and she was washing them from top to toe. Quite clearly they were not getting enough to eat as they were still noisy. I had taken one at a time and fed them with the new bottle. Suddenly each one replete had stopped sucking, been put back to the mother cat and gone straight to sleep again. What a marvellous invention and a joy to see my family of kittens happy once again in their mother's arms. A litter I had despaired of before my visit to Bedford today was now going to be alright.

I had bought balls on elastic and little furry mice for when they were a little bit older. I thought it would save the postage later on, although they do send things by post all over the country and abroad too. It is the only shop in Europe devoted entirely to the needs of Cat and Cat Lovers. Probably the only one in the world. They have all the equipment cats need for breeding and showing and all kinds of Fancy goods for the Cat Lover.

There were cups and saucers with cats on. Keys, scarves and handkerchieves. All the books on cats that were in print and dozens of toys for cats and kittens. They also publish a magazine called "The Cat Lover's Journal", which is a mine of information. There is a list of Cat Breeders and Cats at Stud. "Puss" is in there, of course. Also a list of Cat Shows all over the country, so that anyone who has never been to a Cat Show can go and see all our pedigree cats, when there is one in their district. It is a marvellous reference book. On top of this, there are lots of articles, stories and poems to keep the Cat Lovers delighted for hours. All for only 30p (plus 10p post and packing).

"I had better go and give 'Puss' his dinner now. He will be hungry after a cold day outside," I thought. When I got to the Stud House I wondered what

Continued on page 45

on earth had happened. "What a commotion. It sounds as though a free for all is going on. Has one of the local cats found its way in through the wire at last?"

I opened the escape run to find "Puss" leaping four times his normal height, then rushing round in a circle. "Whatever is going on in here 'Puss'?" I enquired in some trepidation.

"Oh, hello Ma," said "Puss", "having a marvellous time with that spider fellow. Capital Chap and all that! Phew! I'm worn out. Where's my dinner?"

"Here it is 'Puss'," I said, "lovely steak."

"Purr," said "Puss," "Purrfectly gorgeous," and tucked in.

I waited while he ate, looking lovingly at his lovely coat. He liked a good wash and brush up after dinner. He couldn't bear to look dishevelled for long. Soon he had finished, with the exception of the new sample, pushed firmly to one side. He climbed on to my lap for his nightly grooming, purring and butting softly against me.

"Good news," I said, "Queenie is coming to stay."

"Oh Boy!" He suddenly became more cat, less human.

"When?"

"Tonight," I said, "before midnight."

"You might have told me," he wailed. "I've worn myself out now on that spider chap—Oh, and by the way, next time you go to Bedford you'd better bring me another one. I think I've killed him!"

I smiled.

I used the new rubber bristle brush, which has been specially invented to remove all the dead hair from the coat, at the same time massaging the skin. "Puss" loved it.

"Do that again," he said, "I feel much better for a good massage."

"It stops you getting fur ball too," "Puss", and gives you a lovely glossy coat."

After a great deal of fussing and cuddling I left him to contemplate his future amours, whilst I made ready the Queen's quarters. A brand new blanket, in pastel yellow, in her heated bed. A water bowl and feeding dish to match. She will look smart.

Back in the house, my youngest queen began to call. Only nine months old.

"Not yet, Chou-Chou," I said gently. "You're still too young."

"Werrow," said Chou-Chou, "werrow, werrow," and she flattened herself on the floor, pretending to be a dachshund, then rolled her head sideways and forwards all round the room.

"Werrow, werrow," she moaned an octave lower.

"I have a lovely new elastic harness here, Chou-Chou," I said.

"We'll go once round the garden together, to make a change."

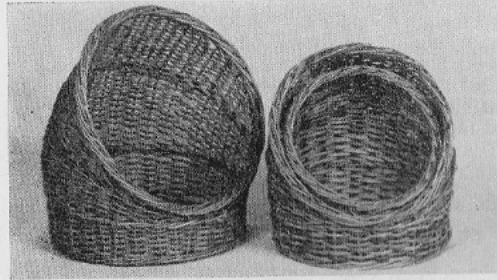
She let me put it on her, but went rigid at the same time. How sweet they look in these colourful little harnesses, so soft to their silky fur, not hard like leather.

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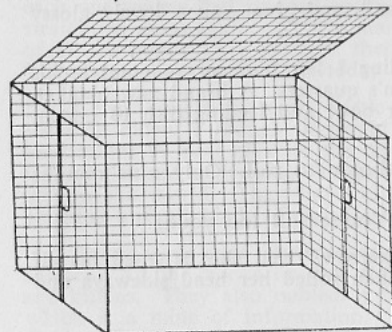
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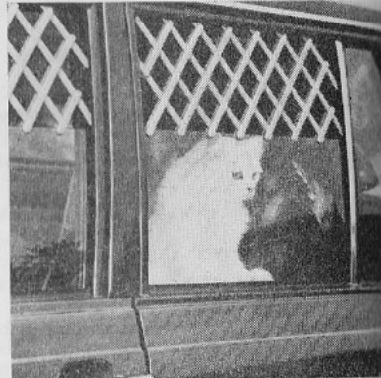


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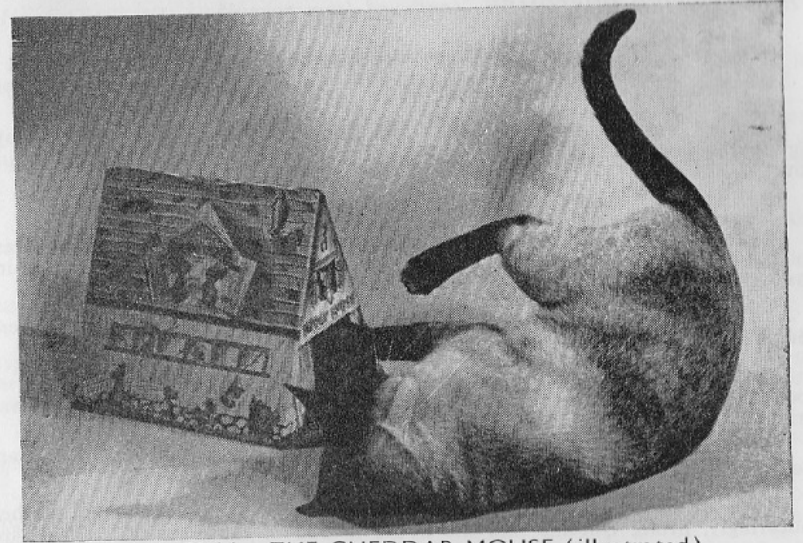


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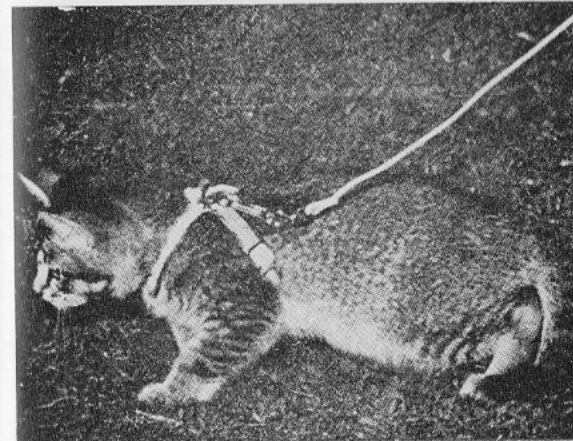


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We went into the garden and she hied down to "Puss's" pen at full tilt.

"Too young," she cried, "you just let me in there!"

"Puss" was intrigued. "Weren't you that gawky little kitten I saw playing on the lawn not long ago? My, what a change. You look almost feline now."

"Hiss! Spit!" said Chou-Chou in self defence.

"Like your mother said—you're too young," said "Puss", losing interest and sauntering off towards his house. Then he turned and looked at her again. She was demurely rubbing at the wire between them.

"I must say you look rather pretty in that new red harness. And that scent you are wearing is almost exciting!"

Back in the house, the doorbell rang. This will be Queenie, I thought. I opened the door to much yowelling and purring. She knew where she was alright.

"Puss is waiting for you, Queenie," I began, "and how are you, Mrs. Hargreaves?"

"We are distracted with this creature," complained Queenie's human mother endearingly, lifting Queenie into the house in one of those plastic coated wire travellers which I had been admiring earlier in the day. They really set off a cat to full advantage, yet are easy to disinfect between shows or visits to a Stud Cat.

"We were going to miss this call to give her a rest," continued Mrs. Hargreaves, "but really she has driven us mad, so we have given in—much to her delight, I might add. She knew the minute we put the traveller out that it was not to go to another Cat Show. As soon as I opened the lid, she was in, without giving me time to arrange her blanket."

"She's very fond of Puss," I said, "and she certainly is one of his favourite wives."

"It was love at first sight if you remember. They took to each other at once," said Mrs. Hargreaves.

"Not like most of his wives," I replied, "who spit and yowl at him to begin with, until he rolls in front of their pen for some hours, telling them how beautiful they are. Then they deign to let him make love to them—immediately showing him who is boss again afterwards. Most cats like to play hard to get."

"Not like my brazen little hussy here," said Mrs. Hargreaves.

"Wow werrow row," said Queenie in complete agreement.

"Let's take her down the garden, then," I suggested. "I am glad she is in such a sensible container. You wouldn't believe the number of cats that come here without a basket, despite all I say about it beforehand. Still, I always have a Pak-a-Pet cardboard container ready to pop them into for their trip to the Stud House. Some queens get quite violent when they first smell Tom Cat and would take off across the garden at great speed and get lost, if they were not properly contained. Maiden queens, especially, can get quite hysterical. Their owners think they are so sweet and charming at home, especially when calling, that they can bring them in their arms."

"Puss" came expectantly to the end of his run when he heard our voices.

"Hello, Queenie," he purred. "Great to see you again."

"Hi there, Puss. It took such a lot of yowelling to purreduce them to let me come to you tonight. Completely without feeling, some of these humans."

"What a pretty Queen's Pen," said Mrs. Hargreaves. "With their beds next to each other but with the wire between them, it looks like twin beds. I'm so glad she has her own run, too. I always think it is a shame to lock them up at the time they most want to run about."

She undid the wire basket and Queenie jumped out, running towards the wire, rubbing noses with her future husband, quite at home.

"What's that you've got there?" said Queenie. "I came out in such a rush I forgot to eat my dinner! It smells good, too."

She put a long paw through the wire and pulled Puss's plate towards her. Expertly she manoeuvred the free sample out of the dish, along the floor and through the wire. "Yum, that's good," she said, licking her lips, "got any more?"

"Well, I'm glad somebody appreciates it. I'll get you some more, Queenie, before you go to bed," I promised.

"I suggest we leave them now. Come in and have a cup of coffee before you go, Mrs. Hargreaves, and I can show you all the other things I bought today."

We looked back at "Puss" and "Queenie" from half-way down the garden. They were rubbing and rolling and cooing at each other.

"I'll probably mate them tonight," I thought.

I made coffee and offered some of my home-made cake.

"Have you ever been to Cats' Accessories at Bedford?" I enquired.

"No. I never seem to have the time. But I order regularly by post. They have an excellent Mail Order Catalogue, although I believe if you go there you can buy Cat Litter much cheaper and lots of other things that are not even in the price list."

"Yes, I bought a lovely little clock shaped like a cat with eyes that moved this way and that with the pendulum every second. It was for my little girl's birthday. I suppose they did not have enough of them to put them in the catalogue. One thing I needed was a Kitten Pen. I simply could not face another litter all over the floor of the kitchen. This one is 3ft. x 2ft. x 2ft. high and you can pop the kittens in when you want to confine them to one end, if you are cooking, for instance. They had them in gilt wire or white plastic coated. I bought the white one because I thought it would not rust later on in the garden. I could put them out for fresh air on a nice day without losing them. You have to take care on really hot days not to leave them out in the boiling sun with no shade. They love the sun but must be able to get out of it when they want to.

"I also bought a marvellous scratching post. A tall one on a strong base covered with carpet. The idea is that when they start climbing the furniture, you remove them firmly and hang them on the post. You do this several times and they get the message, preferring the scratching post, which is cleverly called a CAT-A-LOG. If you hang a toy from the top bar, this encourages them to us it for play as kittens. Then when they grow up they continue their good habits, passing them on by example to their kittens. No more shredded furniture thank goodness!"

"You sound as though you have had an expensive day," remarked Mrs Hargreaves.

"Worth every penny," I replied.

Suddenly Sally, the mother cat, came up to my feet. She had a kitten in her mouth, which she dropped in front of me.

We stared in amazement, whilst Sally went back to the basket and picked up another kitten with her teeth.

"Put those kittens back at once, Sally," I yelled firmly, but she brought the second one and put it with the first. Then looked up at me pleadingly. The kittens were squeaking.

"They will get cold there, Sally. Keep them all together in your nice warm basket," I suggested. "Listen, they have started to cry already!"

And then I understood. Sally knew they were hungry. She also knew she had no milk. She wanted me to feed them. She didn't exactly work it out like that. She just knew instinctively that last time I picked them up, they stopped crying and then cuddled up to her and went to sleep. She wanted me, the purveyor of all good things in her life, to perform the miracle again.

"Alright, Sally," I said, "I'll go and mix the bottle", and I picked up the two tiny kittens and put them, back in the basket. Sally climbed in with them.

"You will have to excuse me, Mrs. Hargreaves," I said. "As you can see, I have work to be done."

"Well, I must be getting back home, although I would love to stay and see the kittens fed. I shall have to send for one of those bottles for Queenie. She has always had plenty of milk but you never know."

"The lady at Cats' Accessories told me that people are always ringing up at the last minute because the Queen has been run over or something and the kittens are starving. Breeders should always keep one in the cupboard just in case. By the time the post can get a bottle to you, it could be too late."

"Well, I'll just say goodnight. You'll let me know about Queenie, won't you? Just ring up when she is ready and I will come and fetch her. I'll see myself to the door, as I know you are busy. Thank you for the coffee. Good-night."

When the last kitten was fed and put back with Sally, it was after midnight. The contented sound of them all sleeping and Sally purring was the reward for all the hard work.

I picked up my Cat Lover's Journal and crept up to bed.

It had been a long day.

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PIPPY—continued from page 13

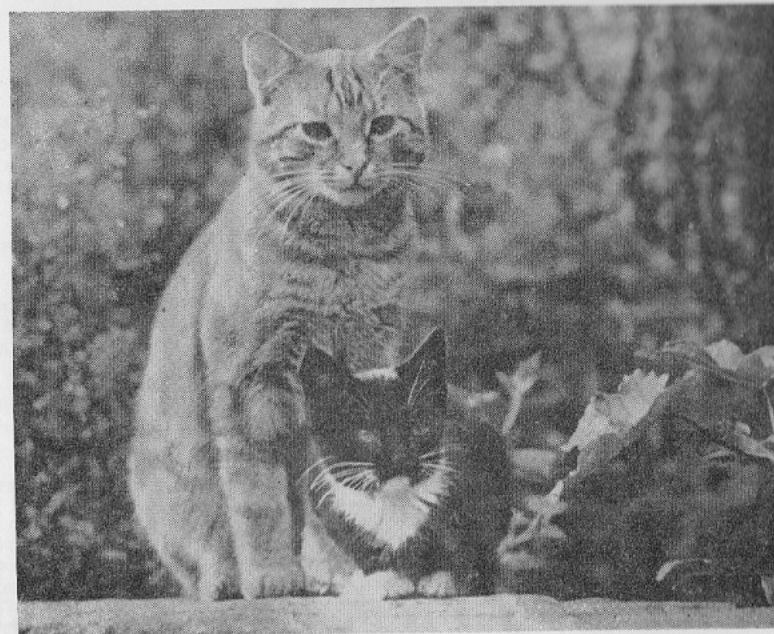
Then she went off her food and the vet said, "Don't let her go to pieces after all the happy years" and the day came when I knew I must say Goodbye. I phoned the vet for some sleeping pills and I gave them to her myself and cuddled her up in my arms by the fire. She purred peacefully and her purring got quieter and quieter and she gave a little sigh and went to the next world. I feel sure that one of the first things to greet me when my time comes will be Pippy.

To everyone who reads this I say **never, never** buy a Siamese Cat unless you are prepared to give it great love and to put up with all its demands, but if you do it will reward you a hundred times, especially if you are lonely.

* * * *

SERAPHINE AND GINGER BILLY

by HAZEL ATTWOOD, Leeds



Seraphine and Ginger Billy

Old Ginger Billy could never be more than an uncle to the legion of kittens on the farm, being a neuter. We had laboured under the happy delusion that if we neutered our tom cat, the females on the farm would cease to produce. We had reckoned without Buzz from the waterworks house, Hoppy from High Royds up the road, and No-name from the gamekeeper's cottage, who all visited with dedicated loyalty. Our females being mature matrons with few remaining kitten-bearing years ahead of them we decided against surgery and fought a losing battle of trying to find homes for multi-coloured kittens. Seraphine was such a kitten.

She was small and dainty with a white bib and socks and black everywhere else. When she was a month old her mother was killed by a speeding car. She left sadness at her death, and three small orphans too tiny to fend for themselves. Drown them—was the popular suggestion, but we could never bring ourselves to drown kittens. It's cruel—however young. They had to go to the vet, or the R.S.P.C.A. and that meant a journey to town. So—we hand-reared them till one day we found the two little male kittens contentedly suckling along with a rather meagre litter of two produced by Topsy, one of our other cats. For some reason best known to herself Topsy would not tolerate Seraphine maybe she only liked boys, I don't know. She would spit and lash out at the poor babe, driving her away when she tried to creep into the family meal-time. Perhaps it was the injustice of the situation that awoke the protective instinct in Ginger Billy. From that time he took over the care of Seraphine, being her protector, tutor in the skills of washing and, later, hunting. When he curled up to sleep by the fire or out on the stone wall in the sunshine, there was, invariably, a small black scrap curled up alongside, or between his front legs. He had always been a gentle old cat. He was even more so now and little Seraphine grew at last, in no small part due to the love and care that old tom bestowed on her.

Continued on page 54

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SIAMESE ADDICTION

by MARIAN E. DAVIE

It all began because Isaac was lost.

Isaac was a beautiful, sleek, black male whose mother was a black Persian and whose father was a most lovely Seal-pointed Siamese. Isaac was huge, handsome, lovable, passionately affectionate and exceptionally intelligent. He was lost for almost five months, due to his escape from boarding kennels whilst we were on holiday and we had given up all hope of every seeing him again.

We were so unhappy during his absence that we decided now was the time to have a Siamese.

Seal-point Blue Champagne, alias Simon (as we couldn't bring ourselves to call "Blue Champagne" or "Champers" over the garden wall) came as a Christmas present for our daughter and was an exquisite kitten who immediately captured the hearts of all.

Isaac, meanwhile, had been living wild and just before Christmas decided that he had better get himself found again before food supplies got too thin in the winter.

He attached himself to a gentleman by following him to the 'Local' and waiting outside until he came out again, then followed him home.

The gentleman took him along to the kennels in the village, which happened to be the ones from whence Isaac had escaped in the summer and the lady thought she recognised him and phoned us. We were overjoyed at his return and he continued his old habits just as if he had never been away. Then came Simon and was duly introduced to Isaac, who sniffed at him disdainfully and stalked off on his usual evening hunting expedition. Simon hadn't a clue when it came to hunting or catching the odd field mouse which came in from the cold. Isaac was very patient with him and told him what to do but Simon didn't seem to get the hang of it at all, so Isaac would go out and catch some ill-fated animal or bird and bring it home and throw it down in front of Simon, telling him that that was how it was done.

When the next mouse came indoors, Isaac watched Simon's efforts and then casually got up, caught the mouse himself and gave it to Simon with a most pitying expression on his face, telling him he would never learn if he didn't try more than that and almost stamped out by himself, leaving Simon to his own pursuits—he didn't want a tiresome child spoiling his sport.

If a mouse came into the house when Simon was about, it was easier to shut Simon in another room and catch the mouse oneself. He made such a fuss telling everybody there was a **mouse** there and he would catch it for us, that the mouse got away every time or secreted itself in a place from which we could not winkle it out, with Simon rushing up and down outside its hiding place, yelling at the top of his voice for it to come out and fight. As soon as Isaac gave him a mouse, and after he realised it wasn't going to eat him, Simon would race about shouting that he'd caught a mouse and what a lovely time he was having playing tag with it and we must come and see how high he could throw it. We rescued many a poor mouse and after a suitable rest period in an old bird cage (carefully guarded by Simon) on top of the Aga, released it into the fields again.

Came the sad, sad day when Isaac didn't come in for his breakfast as usual. We hunted high and low, assisted by Simon, who seemed to know we must find Isaac, but we didn't find him. Two or three weeks afterwards we moved away from the house and left messages all round in case Isaac appeared. He was found some time afterwards, close to the house, under some old wood where he had died before he could reach us—poisoned.

Continued on page 54

ENIGMA

by E. A. ST. GEORGE, London

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been
With your tail erect and your eyes so green?
It's great to sleep on my bed all day,
But night has fallen, so whither away?

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where do you go
With your sleek black coat and your paws of snow?
Whiskers long and your ears pricked high,
Do you lap from the stars in the bowl of the sky?

Pussy cat, pussy cat, why do you roam?
You've food and love and a nice warm home.
Do you dance with the ghosts of dead cats from the past?
Do you speak in the dark with the cat goddess Bast?
Do you chat with the toad, the owl and the snail?
Do you chase through the starlight the mouse comet's tail?
Do you dream in the garden that silence is here?
Do you practise on broomsticks when Hallows is near?
Do you gather in councils to speak good and ill?
Do you stealthily pad and, more stealthily, kill?

Pussy cat, pussy cat, what do you do?
One night I shall slip through the cat door with you.
I'll follow your paws and your moonlit eyes bright.
I'll come with you, puss, where you go in the night.

* * * *

SIAMESE ADDICTION—continued from page 53

Simon comforted us and it was another sad day when he went away with his mistress. The house was unbearable without his welcoming shout and bound onto our shoulders when he heard us come home and so—Suki came. Suki is a seal-point queen—not a very beautiful lady but a most wonderful mother and producer of gorgeous kittens. Her fame has spread and her progeny prosper and produce in their turn.

We now have 13 Siamese pussies running round the place, each one adorable, adored and adoring.

We can't imagine the house without them and when a kitten goes to a new home those left behind become so quiet for a time. It seems unbelievable that they should miss one of their number among so many.

Maybe they are addicts, too!

* * * *

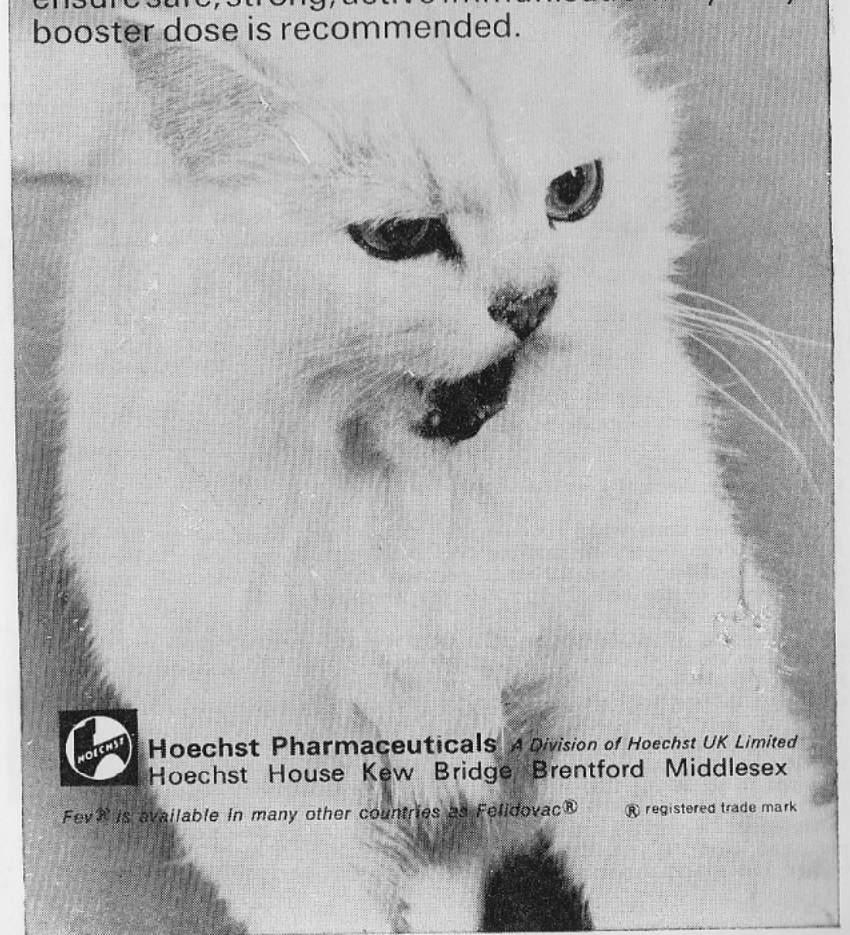
SERAPHINE AND GINGER BILLY—continued from page 51

They remained friends those two, even when Seraphine was adult and went off and sought a mate and had kittens of her own. Always, in between the bouts of child-raising, she came back to him and when he died, at the ripe old age of sixteen, it was Seraphine who stood disconsolately by the tawny gold body stretched out comfortably as though he slept in the barn hay, and washed the still-warm face and mewed a little, and mourned the passing of a friend.

* * * *

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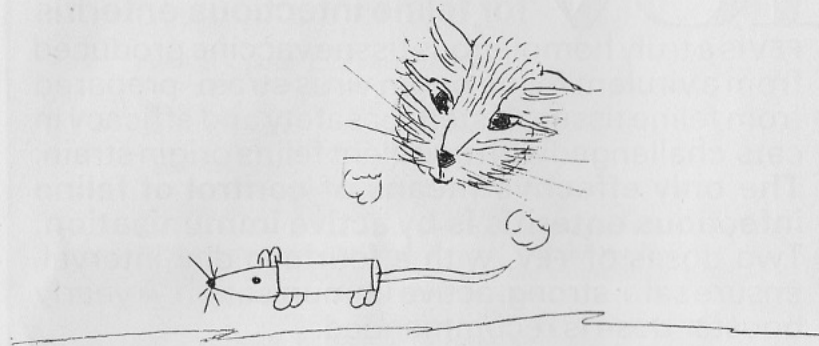


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A ROCKET MOUSE FOR A SPACE AGE CAT

by DOREEN BEANLAND, Winchester



THE ROCKET MOUSE !!

When I was a child one of my uncles objected to my cousin and myself playing with cats. He considered that throwing a ping-pong ball, dangling string or making a paper wand for the cats to play with, was teasing the animals and therefore unkind.

Looking back, several cats and many years later, I can not agree with him (always providing that the play is reasonable and the cat obviously enjoying it). Our own cats love a game and any new toy is seized upon with enthusiasm.

Our Silver Tabby (a particularly playful breed) has a felt mouse which he brings to me each morning when I go to the kitchen to make our early morning tea. The mouse has then to be thrown up the stairs to the landing with Tiger rushing madly after it. The toy is then retrieved and laid at my feet for a repeat performance.

There are times when I would gladly forgo this ritual, but the little fellow's face, with drooping mouth and big eyes gazing appealingly, soon has me trotting dutifully backwards and forwards between the kitchen and hall, until I am finally saved by the bell—in this case the whistling kettle!

Of course, a cat has to be in a playful mood and not have more pressing matters on its mind. Any misguided person who mistimes the play will soon be put in his place by a solemn gaze which says quite plainly: "You're proper daft!" as the cat watches the antics of its would-be playmate.

My currently popular design for a cat toy which can be made with the simplest of materials is 'Rocket Mouse'. Herewith the materials and instructions required to make the toy.

Materials: 1 cork, 1 small bell, oddments of felt in two colours (mine were pink and blue), a few strands of wool and cotton. Catnip may be added if wished but I find this can make the pet over-excited.

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CAT BOARDING 1973

AND ANNUALLY

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Contents

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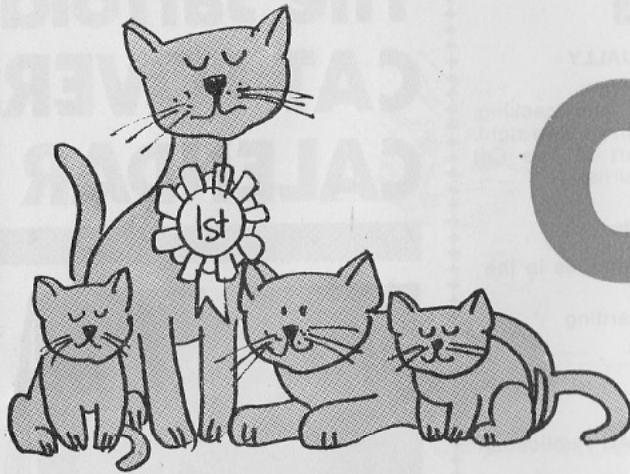
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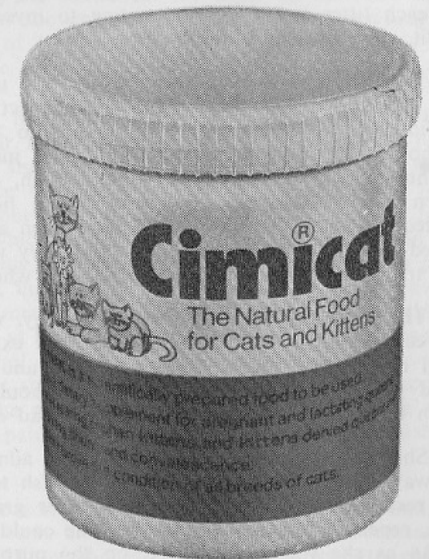
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“ SHE'LL EAT ANYTHING ”

by KATHLEEN MASON, Cheshire

What can those words mean?

When I have addressed them to a prospective buyer, it has been with pride. Largely because, for the first time in my life, I have done battle with felines and won—there was a time when I would have been too timid to attempt it. What brought the subject up was advice from the vet. when he was injecting five podgy kittens of eleven weeks old. After remarking on their cherub tummies, I explained that they had been weaned on Cow & Gate to which was added some Farex. Later they had progressed to cooked rabbit, chicken, cod steaks (so that bones wouldn't get stuck in their throats), and then on to scraped, chopped and cubed raw steak mixed with liver. At the time I remember complaining that my hands were like sandpaper and my pocket contained a hole which their mother could have walked through.

After taking a deep breath and recovering his composure, I received a lecture on feeding this type of renned food to animals. He stated that, of course, it was necessary up to six or seven weeks, but after that I should begin to break them in with proprietary foods. Sensibly, he added that for all I knew some dear old lady may buy one of my kittens and she would not be able to go out to work to support it in the manner to which it was accustomed. His logic eventually pierced through and I, knowing that economics have never been my strong point, especially as far as the cats were concerned, decided to take his advice. At this stage of my short breeding career I was losing about £25 on each litter and I kept repeating to myself that some people even made a profit, even though I didn't know any!

With my cats I have always found the underhand approach to be best. To put food down on their plates and expect them to eat it is one thing; to forbid them to have it, so that it has to be stolen, is another. The second method is far more successful and this is just how the change-over took place in those critical four weeks. Sure enough, since then one or two cases have arisen where extremely good and loving homes were offered, but cash was limited. In these circumstances I have been able to recommend several kinds of tinned food and the kittens have done very well. They do, of course, have the odd treat when it is chicken day for the whole family.

The foregoing explains the reason why, when exactly the same words were uttered to me, naively I was pleased that extra expenditure was not necessary, but I now realise that I gave the words, and their true meaning, little thought. Mind you, knowing what I do now, I should have made allowances, my new kitten being Siamese. Until that time I had only owned British cats.

She certainly caused a diversion when admitted to the household by working her way from one side of her feeding dish to the other with the action, noise and results of a four-stroke mower over grass and then, turning to the next plate, repeating the process. Before she could find a third dish we had an anticlimax as she was sick. There, on the purple carpet by the front door. The following week saw her repeat this process a few times, always in front of visitors or in conspicuous places, like the settee, but gradually she became more selective in her choice of food and not so greedy. She had wide tastes, most certainly, but she used a bit of oriental discretion and just ate what she fancied.

Her first craze covered carnations, catmint and long grass and then live flies, moths and spiders—in fact, anything moving and less than the size of a sixpence. From these titbits she progressed to mice, which were killed and left outside the back door by our British cat. Now this is a big step in a Siamese life, bearing in mind that they are not noted for their valour, and mine certainly wasn't. She had to be sure they were dead and small, not Mother nor Father Mouse but all (and I repeat ALL), the baby mice at the rate of one daily. This ritual took place at breakfast time and, too late to extricate the corpse, she would eat it, in our full view, outside the kitchen window. I was just about to resign myself to the fact that I would never have a strong stomach when foggy November came and that scotched her little lot for the time being. Winter, I must admit, was a reprieve. Every day I would find her wrapped around the asbestos flue on top of the boiler complaining loudly that if she moved an inch she would freeze to death. During this first cold snap we had to feed her up there, but she soon realised that the rest of the house was heated, too, and then the trouble really started.

If I had but deliberated on the subject, it would have been obvious that her catty mind had been working all those days on the boiler. She had it all thought out and she executed her plan beautifully—when she began to mount the “ hunt and feed ” technique indoors. Most of the poking took place in drawers, cupboards, wardrobes, the linen box, book case and, her most favourite place, the bureau. whenever I opened a drawer or a door she would appear as if from nowhere. in the bureau she caught and ate sweet papers (the sweets bought for visiting children ruined), chocolate buttons, which she just licked so that they had to be thrown away, and she also took delight in cornering stationery and Christmas cards which she chewed at the edge. In the linen box she nibbled blankets, in the drawers she chewed sweaters and by invading a wardrobe she could take on a pair of lambswool slippers that were unable to hit back. They never stood a chance.

On hunting patrol she regularly has to cross dressing-table territory. This is a very intricate manoeuvre in our house and one which spoon-shaped feet adapt to. She can squeeze into the smallest space so that when I open a pot of moisturising cream she can pounce with her dark velvet paw and cover her face. This is a complete waste of money and though I keep telling her she has no wrinkles she mutters something which sounds ominously like “ Prevention is better than cure ”. You may think this is pretty petty on my part. As girls go, what is there in a lick of face cream, but the real crunch came in the fight over the false eyelashes. I had one glued meticulously in place and she ate the other. This to me was definitely not funny, at least until I looked in the mirror, then I recalled that they cost in the region of £1 for a pair and my sense of humour quickly faded. Because I made what she considered to be an unladylike scene over this incident she has repeated the performance twice, both times taking me by surprise. These guerilla tactics paid off—I no longer use false eyelashes except for very special occasions.

Perhaps this information will be some guide to feline food fancies and, I beg of you, when purchasing your next kitten, to take the breeder's remarks seriously if you want a quiet life. If, on the other hand, you wish to enjoy your cat's antics, be prepared for an appetite which ranges from paperbacks to pram covers and fishcakes to false eyelashes. Do, however, ask the breeder what “ anything ” covers—it could mean next door's dog.

* * * *

Continued on page 61

LORD BLESS THIS FLAT

Lord, bless this flat—
Though "flat's" a word
Has little sound of poetry!
Yet, Lord, I pray Thee, bless this flat—
It's Home to me and my dear cat.

—MARYGOLD.

* * * *

THE CAT THAT KNOWS—continued from page 11

It was not until ten years after the first meeting that the same uncle, dropping in with Christmas greetings, admitted he did not like cats. Missis had known him for forty years, Master since they were babies together, myself since infancy, but none of us had realised his aversion. How did the cat know in one moment what the visitor's own brother had not discovered in a lifetime?

Next morning his student son arrived, with Boxing Day wishes. As he walked up the path our pet flung herself at him, winding deliriously round his trouser legs and using his socks for scratching posts. The love-in continued with her jumping on his shoulder to butt her nose into his ear, attempting to crawl between chin and collar. Did he mind a suit looking like something rolled in a sackful of cat fur? Of course not; he loved cats, he said. How did that animal sense that the son of a man who felt no feline affinity was different; that he liked cats?

Enemy territory for our pet was for twelve years a house on the next block. Though she had twisted other neighbours round her white paws, that one household remained anti-cat, owned by a character who persistently mouthed uncouth noises at sight of her. Getting the message, she boycotted the premises permanently.

It was a complete surprise when he sold up and left within a fortnight, to be succeeded by a couple who arrived with a vanload of furniture, several helpful friends, and a white cat, who installed herself on the porch watching the move. Hours later it dawned on us: it was **our** cat, taking over for the first time in her life a house she had always avoided. Next day she was there again, draped across the porch or peering through the windows at the activity. For a fortnight she was ours only at mealtimes and bedtime, when somebody must self-consciously creep into the new neighbours' garden to grab her. Eventually, Master felt compelled to apologise. "Oh, we wondered whose cat it was," the young man said. "Mind? No, of course we don't mind." How did she know that her lifelong enemy was gone, replaced by strangers who at least tolerated cats?

The same month a north country relative arrived unexpectedly, a lady who had never set foot in the house in that cat's lifetime. As she stepped into the hall the little creature reached out, stretching her paws like a baby to be fussed, purring like a dynamo, chirruping and cooing. Needless to say the caller admitted to adoring moggies, though we who had known her for years did not know whether she did or not.

Mysterious, all writers call the cat. This little white lady is no exception, knowing humans' attitude towards herself better than all her family. It would take a whole conference of psychologists and a computer to discover what a cat knows within seconds, thanks to the uncanny computer that is a feline's instinct.

* * * *



Ch. Valentine Massacre of De Richelieu
Maine Coon Cat, U.S.A.

* * * *

ROCKET MOUSE—continued from page 59

Instructions: Cut an oblong of blue felt to fit the cork and stitch in place around it. Cut two small circles, in blue, to fit the end of the cork. Cut a narrow strip of pink felt for the tail and stitch one end to the centre of one small circle. Make a slit in the centre of the other circle and pull the tail through until the two circles are close together. The circles are then stitched in place at the rear end of the mouse. Cut a larger circle in blue felt, slit to the centre and shape into a cone to fit the head end of the mouse, cutting off any unwanted material. Cover the bell with an oddment of material and place it inside the head before stitching firmly in place. Cut two small triangles in pink, fold and stitch in place for ears. Cut two narrow strips of pink felt to stitch underneath the body and to protrude on either side for the feet. Overstitch the tip of the nose in black cotton or wool. Embroider eyes, or stitch small oddments of felt on either side of the head, taking the thread through the face to pinch it in slightly. Run a few strands of wool or cotton through the nose for whiskers.

Look out, Cats! Here comes Rocket Mouse!

* * * *

We arrived at the studio in good time, were welcomed and conducted to the Powder Room. I took this literally and powdered and re-groomed Puss vigorously and we were then introduced to Sally.

It was a case of Love at First Sight. She fell for his famous eyes, he adored her Mews and a petting session ensued.

"You're the most affectionate cat I've shot!" she said.

"I bet you say that to all the cats," smirked Puss, shedding talcum over the blue-draped dais. Interested in the intricacies of the apparatus and the flashes, he was an ideal model. Patient and obedient he posed against different coloured backgrounds while I urged him on. There was a pause only when I wiped his frill, damp from licking Sally. It was a most interesting session, and trial tests showed excellent results.

I was sorry when it was time to go, I don't know about Puss. I hurried him back home as he will not eat out and I hadn't fed him.

Two hours later, watered and pilcharded, he shared the settee with me, snuggling into his corner but with his head ostentatiously averted. It was certainly warm and we were both exhausted.

I drifted.

"What is our next move?" I asked Puss.

He drew back, his kind sapphire eyes cold.

"Just nothing!" he said decisively.

"Don't you want to be really famous?"

"I'm fed-up, Missus. We've gone to Shows, which I don't mind, and I'm a Premier. I talk to the Press, I've been on Esperanto Covers, I appear for Charities; I'll be in the Top Twenty Cats, I expect. Just be satisfied."

"I thought you liked it."

"I don't like you when you get ambitious, it's corrupting. I'm not a Status Symbol, a Sex Symbol, a stupid dog or a child. I'm King Cat, out of the nostrils of a lion and if I don't shew my claws I have them."

"We have a beautiful friendship, Puss."

"We won't have if you exploit me. I have companionship in place of freedom, but I'm no fool cat."

I opened my eyes. Puss wakened, too. I noticed he looked peaky, his eyes were bleak and his thick whiskers drooped.

I ruffled his ears, hugged him, and held out my hand.

He is a very remarkable animal and as he slid his thick paw into it his nose became bright pink, his whiskers curled.

"Shake, Pal!" I said.

* * * *

SPRING HAS SPRUNG

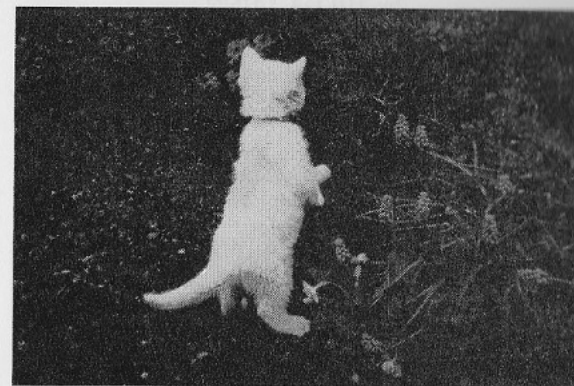


Photo: Mrs. Margaret John

* * * *

BLACK CAT

by JOHN RACKHAM, London

Black cats fascinate me . . .
Can you see
That one stretched out on the lawn?

Oh! Exotic feline creature
Cast by Nature
Into the whirlpool of Life,
The incessant strife
Of this mad world.
Hurled
Into the fire
Of a relentless desire
By Mankind,
A reason for Life to find.

But Death is Man's reply!
To die
On some far-flung battlefield.
To yield
To some politician's frantic scream . . .
But you just laze in the sun and dream

Lucky cat,
Growing fat . . .
You can well afford to yawn,
Lying there upon the lawn!

THOUGHTS FROM A STRAY

by HILDA LUNN

Will she be there when I call?
Sometimes I come in vain
And sit for hours with folded paws,
Even in the rain.

It's not that I have other things
To do but wait, and yet
I often feel unhappy
In case she should forget.

For many years I've called each day
With hunger, thirst and hope.
She is the only friend I have
Who gives me strength to cope.

Although I've always lived alone
And sleep beneath the sky,
I need to know that someone cares
If I should live or die.

* * * *

SPICA—continued from page 15

Spica's owners went off on holiday and, as no feeding instructions had been given, I proceeded by rule of thumb. A plastic syringe without a needle was my main feeding tool. Every couple of hours I fed Spica with water, milk, yolk of egg, glucose, and meat juice. I carried her to the litter tray for she was too weak to walk. I cleaned the dribbles from her lovely black coat because a sick cat must never be allowed to feel a mess, it's bad for morale. I gave her the tablets as prescribed—never forget to give a cat its tablets and don't double the dose next time! Looking after a sick cat is hard work and you might as well know this before you start it.

Time and again I went in to talk to Spica. Cats, of course, are fussy, they won't talk to everyone. It is possible to have an almost telepathic relationship with felines but not every human being can do this. The most highly qualified vet who cannot communicate with cats will never make a good cat's vet—he won't sense what's wrong. Such a vet may be skillful in operating, good at diagnosing and painless with the needle. Spica wouldn't tell her vet a thing but she told me a lot.

Spica would watch me as I fed her kittens, even if she couldn't do anything for them. On balance it seemed a good idea to leave them in a box in the same room—being deserted by her owners, sick to death and minus kittens all at the same time would hardly encourage her to live. Fortunately I had a crate of evaporated milk and a kitten feeding bottle is an essential part of my household equipment. If you are feeding kittens like this, have a damp cloth ready to wipe each kitten down as soon as you've finished the job: Evaporated milk is very useful, but a long-haired kitten can get hopelessly matted with the stuff and you shouldn't really bath them until they're about sixteen days old. If you do have to bath kittens, don't make the water too hot, use a mild shampoo, keep well clear of appealing blue eyes, have loads of towels ready, and make sure the kittens are kept warm when you've finished drying them.

Continued on page 68

THE OWL AND THE CAT

by HENRY PRICE, Wales

When Mother Nature made us all,
She rarely got confused;
But when she came to owls and cats
She must have been bemused.

An owl's so like a pussy cat;
A cat's so like an owl;
So could owl half a mammal be,
And a cat in part a fowl?

Both of them have staring eyes;
To each it is delight
To sleep away the hours of day,
And prowl about at night.

The owl has claws and so's the cat,
And tho' the owl can fly,
The cat could, too, there is no doubt,
If she would only try.

The owl lives in a barn or tree;
The cat prefers a house;
Yet each derives the greatest joy
From hunting down a mouse.

Both were endowed with dignity,
And if tradition rule,
The owl has lots of wisdom;
But no cat is a fool.

So as I've seen a cat in tree,
And owl beneath a roof,
That cat's part owl and owl part cat
Claims a modicum of proof.

One day, perhaps, I'll live to see
A furry, feathery freak—
An owl with fur upon its back
Or a pussy with a beak.

* * * *

GRANNIE'S THOUGHTS

by CATHERINE GEE, Somerset

A happy birthday it's been for me,
With family calling and friends to tea.
But Oh! the peace now they have gone;

So quiet the house
You could hear a mouse
As the cat runs through once more;

I pick up a book, relax in a chair,
And softly murmur, "Dear silent one",
As green eyes stare.

CATALOGUE

by HILDA B. E. LUNN

The cloud-soft touch of velvet
Is a cat.
Sensitive awareness
Is a cat.
Fidelity in loving
Is a cat.
The light of my existence
Is a cat.

* * * *

SPICA—continued from page 66

Twenty-four hours after her arrival, Spica looked slightly better. Just possibly we could win, but I still had doubts. All my cat books agree that milk fever has to be seen by the vet every day. On the other hand research is always going on and new discoveries in medicine aren't only made for humans. There was always a possibility that the treatment had improved and on the Saturday night Spica actually walked a few yards on her own. I sat and chatted to her for a while and gave her a pill. She saw me start to feed her kittens. She walked very stiffly over to the box and peered down at five little balls of fluff. She purred as though to say 'Look after them for me'. Then she staggered across the room and lay down to die in the darkest corner she could find.

So we dug another feline grave in our garden. As I picked up the pathetic little corpse, I swear I heard a purr, although there wasn't another cat in the room—I looked around to make quite sure of that fact. In one of my conversations with Spica, I had promised her a collar with topaz jewels to wear if she got well, but this was a Sunday morning so I had to improvise a collar of ribbon decorated with an Egyptian scarab instead—some future archaeologist will have his work cut out for him when he digs up the remains of 20th Century Ealing! I carried her out into the rain, even more depressed by the fact that I would have to break the news to her owners. There was absolutely no consolation in knowing that those owners were long time friends of mine and would not blame me for their animal's death.

The topaz collar was a prize at the Kensington Show in memory of a cat who made a place in my heart, even if she didn't belong to me. I had also promised Spica a silver bowl—I took that to Olympia where pets can compete for it every year. Spica's friends and owners passed the hat around and collected a useful little sum of money which went towards veterinary research, so perhaps other young queens can be saved from this particular form of death.

All five of the kittens survived. Every member of my family helped to feed and play with the new orphans. True, they arrived as a box of furry black things, but they left us as young cats. In the two weeks they were with us, they all climbed out of the box and went exploring. They got into everything, and we had to walk like skaters to avoid treading on them. They climbed my legs and ruined two pairs of slacks. They stamped on my face at five in the morning to inform me that it was feeding time. They made their nest on my pillow when it was night.

One of the kittens resembles a long-haired powder puff—when his owners take him to his first cat show, he will upstage every other prima donna in the place. Truthfully, I have a bet on with his owner that the first pet cat class judge to look at that cat will want to know why it isn't in with the rest of the pedigree Persians. Then there was Gunsmoke, who was the hungriest kitten I've ever met and Startail, who I nearly kept for myself. All of these kittens will become beloved household pets, playful and loving, affectionate and very beautiful.

They're quite a family right now. Their mother can afford a ghostly purr.

* * * *

CAT AT EASE

by ROSEMARY BAZLEY, Kidderminster

My old cat lies in the rockery,
Belly-pillowed on warm clumps of favourite mint;
Spring daffodils and primula surround her,
Their yellow matching the somnolescent glint
Of her chink-blinking eyes;

Her intermittent purr
Tuned to the hum of questing bees around her
Sampling first yields of their honey prize.
Now and again a monitory ear flicks
And turns to the bickering sparrows' cheep and cry;
Or her sensitive whiskers twitch
To a sudden seductive scent;

But for the most part
Time slips unheeded by
In transparencies of unnumbered hours
Magnificently misspent;
Where the afternoon is the quintessence of flowers,
A fulfilment of primordial desires,
And deep content.

* * * *

MR. ORANGE—continued from page 21

From early cathood I managed to eke out a living roaming over a large territory. I never learned any silly pussycat games, but Misty shows off by cross-divan leaping, springing to book cases near the ceiling, chasing any and all moving things whether eatable or not, opening cupboards with touch latches, turning on a light switch, modelling for Christmas cards and family-memory snapshots, and waking up the boss and hovering around her when she is ill. Hum! Sometimes I watch; other times I just sleep through her performances.

It was a rainy winter night in 1965 when Misty's boss became mine too. "Hi!" I said the first time I followed Misty through the original cat door. I was a homeless five-year-old and three times as large as the dainty Siamese. My first desire was to add her to my harem. She wasn't objecting, but her boss took her away and locked her up. Next time I saw Misty she had lost a certain scent.

My boss is a push-over for cats, dogs, and other creatures. Nevertheless that first night she ended up in the emergency hospital and I was wanted by the Humane Department. I had nearly bitten through her right arm when she accidentally brushed against me while opening up some delicacy for poor, wet me. For three weeks I was under observation for rabies. Then my boss bailed me out.

I'm still in great shape—about 14 pounds of orange and white tiger! Of course, I did lose that leg last year; and many of my teeth are out, so it helps not to have to hunt any more. Misty caught a mouse for me once, but generally I eat raw liver, a variety of canned food, plus an occasional tidbit from the table.

Much of my time is still spent roaming. Sometimes I let "her" brush me. I also fight off would-be freeloaders who try to come through the Magic Door. Once in a while it's nice to relax on the assorted pillows in front of the sunken fireplace or on the blue velvet chair or the TV. I KNOW I have it made!

To enjoy you nine lives my advice is, "Get your boss to call a DMV for any emergency". Remember, **God made us cats so men could pet tigers.** So they should always take good care of us.

* * * *

CAT'S CRADLE

by ROSEMARY BAZLEY, Kidderminster

In days we now regard as prehistoric,
When Earth enjoyed a calm long since gone by,
Before the brightest brains went electronic,
Or Man controlled the spaces of the sky,
Grimalkin's ancestors employed their wits
Creating crafty cradles for their kits.

With cunning claw, and feline erudition,
They solved the complications of the thing,
By constant changing to a new position
The intricacies of the twisted string,
Ensuring, from all families to come,
Of gratitude at least a modicum.

Who were those cats, whose sole memorial lingers
In testing Man's manipulative fingers?

* * * *

TAWNY—continued from page 9

I carried the venturesome little chap I had chosen away with me, having learned that he had just been the loser in a skirmish with the farm geese, which accounted for his ruffled looks. His spirited ways captivated my husband as rarely before had we owned such a bold mischievous kitten. He was christened "Tawny". A name which suited him somehow. Even though a friend's small daughter did insult his dignity one day by calling him a nice little "bunny"!

But kittens do not remain kittens for long. He soon grew into a fine cat, displaying the distinctive features of a pure-bred Abyssinian. His soft, luxuriant fur darkened and took on the grey colour ticked with black appearance not unlike that of a Belgian hare, with a streak of black running the full length of his back, tapering to the tip of his tail.

His ears, though not quite so large as those of a Siamese, developed similar points of a rich brownish shade. Likewise his traits fell into the category of those accorded to a cat of oriental breed. From his habit of following one on walks, to draping himself around my neck and shoulders like an elegant fur stole, to his lively curiosity and sweet, friendly disposition that so endears him to us.

As yet the Abyssinian breed is not so popular in the country as that of other foreign breeds. But for all I know it may be common place for breeders of Abyssinian cats, in the course of tactics employed in hereditary genetics, to encounter situations like that relating to "Tawny" . . . a kitten to all intents a pure-bred deriving from parents of an equal half-bred Abyssinian breed. The exception being that in this instance the outcome came about by sheer coincidence within the confines of a small country village.

With this in mind I am sometimes tempted to enter "Tawny" in our next local cat show in the "any other variety" in the short-haired class, just for the fun of observing the Judge's reaction when confronted with a lordly Abyssinian!

* * * *

NAMING THE CAT

by DENNIS STONE, Derby

It's not an easy task, the problem's still the same,
When every time we own a cat we have to find a name.

Not for us the simple names like Sooty. Spot or Sue,
We've got to find a special one, something ultra-new.

A time consuming topic from breakfast to the pillow,
Sifting, sorting names like Wakefield, Flynn or Willow.

It's not the one that suits us, we're very sure of that,
It's got to be a fitting name that only suits the cat.

It's time for thinking seriously, a time for thinking hard,
And for every special name there'll be hundreds we'll disregard.

So it's not an easy task, the problem's quite a strain,
For now we have three kittens and here we go again, again, again.

* * * *

MUSIC FOR FELINES—continued from page 28

et la Souris'. Regardless of the title, the cat in question was probably Tom and his bête noir Jerrv. The music is an orchestrated mouse hunt, only Mr. Copland does something that M.G.M. would never permit. Tom eats that confounded mouse in the end and about time, too!

Apparently few people today are familiar with the piano solo "Kitten on the Keys" by **Zez Confrey**. Actually this particular kitten is definitely a sophisticated and a very syncopated one at that. The music is hardly feline but it's an amusing novelty piece all the same.

Gilbert and Sullivan fans are perpetually quoting the couplet from 'H.M.S. Pinafore':—

Goodness me, what was that?
Silent be, it was the cat!

But for those who don't know 'Pinafore', the cat in question was not a four-legged creature—it was the one with nine tails that was making suspicious noises in the background.

It would be unfair to conclude this survey without mentioning **Alan Rawsthorne's** music for T. S. Elliott's 'Practical Cats'. The suite consists of an overture and six of the poems set to music. Though none of the music is particularly feline in sound, 'The Song of the Jellicles' is a joy to hear and the record might make an unusual present for a cat lover.

* * * *

THE CAT FANCY

Chairman of the Governing Council:
DR. IVOR RALEIGH

Vice-Chairman:
DR. GROOM

Treasurer:
MR. R. LOVEYS

Secretary:
MRS. DAVIS,
Dovefields, Petworth Road, Witley, Surrey.
Tel.: Ex Directory.

CHANGES IN REGISTRATION AND TRANSFER PROCEDURE
Registration of Cats and Kittens. All initial applications and monies should be sent to:—

The Receptor G.C.C.F.
R. A. LOVEYS,
28 Brendon Road,
Watchet, Somerset, TA23 0AX.
Tel.: Watchet 395

who will then pass the application to the appropriate registrar. One for Long-Hairs, one for Short-Hairs and three for Siamese. The Registrars will then send to the Breeder the Registration Certificates and applications for Transfer forms.

Transfer of Cats and Kittens. The procedure for obtaining a Transfer certificate is the same.

Registrations:	Without a Prefix	80p
	With a prefix	60p
	Litter of 3 or over with a prefix	55p
		70p
Transfers	£1.00
Issue of new certificate	£1.00
Correction of certificate:							
	If owner's fault	£1.00
	If Registrar's fault and amended within 28 days	Free
	If Registrar's fault and not amended within 28 days	£1.00

Pedigree Forms from Cats Accessories Limited, 1 Newnham Street, Bedford, England. 13p per 10 (p. & p. 6p per 10, 8p 20, 12p 30).

The following publications and services are available from the G.C.C.F. Secretary, Mrs. Davis, as above:—

Prefixes:	Single Ownership	£5.00
	Joint Ownership	£9.00
Annual List of Cats at Stud	25p
Constitution	20p
Stud Book XV	£1.30
Standard of Points	20p
Show List	10p
List of Clubs and Secretaries	10p
Judges' Lists	10p

CAT SHOW DATES

1973-74 SEASON

Please verify 1974 dates nearer the Show

September 8th—CHAMPIONSHIP

HERTFORDSHIRE & MIDDLESEX CAT CLUB, Alexandra Palace, London N.22
Show Managers: Mrs. and Mrs. J. Shewbridge, "Tamruat", 12 Park Lane, Puckeridge, Herts.

September 22nd—CHAMPIONSHIP

NORTHERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB, Newcastle-upon-Tyne area.
Show Manager: Details from Secretary, Mrs. N. Hill, Clifton House, 28 Station Road, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. NE12 9NQ.

September 22nd—CHAMPIONSHIP

SOUTH WESTERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB. To be advised.
Show Manager: Details from Secretary, Mrs. M. Robinson, Bernina, Ashton, Nr. Exeter, Devon.

October 6th—CHAMPIONSHIP

YORKSHIRE COUNTY CAT CLUB, To be arranged.
Show Manager: Details from Secretary, Mrs. M. G. Baxter, 117 Spencer Place, Leeds 7.

October 6th—CHAMPIONSHIP

SIAMSE CAT CLUB, Seymour Hall.
Show Manager: Mrs. M. Durnill, Ass. S. M., Mrs. K. Burgess, The Garth, High Lane, Haslemere, Surrey.

October 10th—CHAMPIONSHIP

LONGHAIRD CAT CLUB, Chelsea Old Town Hall, Chelsea, London S.W. 3.
Show Manager: Mrs. B. Barron, 54 Sweetcroft Lane, Hillingdon, Middx.

October 27th—CHAMPIONSHIP

EDINBURGH & EAST OF SCOTLAND CAT CLUB, The Music Pavilion, Pittencrieff Park, Dunfermline, Fife, Scotland.

October 27th—CHAMPIONSHIP

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES CAT CLUB, To be arranged.
Show Managers: Mrs. M. J. Groom, 4 Orchard Lea, Naunton Beauchamp, Pershore, Worcs. and Mrs. M. Lavalette, 32 New Road, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

November 10th—CHAMPIONSHIP

BLUE PERSIAN CAT SOCIETY, Chenil Galleries, Chelsea (Old) Town Hall, London S.W.3.
Show Manager: Mrs. M. Crickmore, 156 The Avenue, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

November 10th—CHAMPIONSHIP

WEST OF ENGLAND AND SOUTH WALES CAT SOCIETY, Winter Gardens, Malvern.
Show Managers: Mrs. Olive and Mrs. Roberts, Rose Cottage, 209 Park Lane, Frampton Cotterell, Nr. Bristol.

December 1st—CHAMPIONSHIP

NATIONAL CAT CLUB, Olympia.
Show Manager: Mrs. G. Pond, F.Z.S., Barbeches, Buchan Hill, Crawley, Sussex.

December 15th—CHAMPIONSHIP

PRESTON CAT CLUB, Blackpool, Lancs.
Show Managers: Mr. and Mrs. F. Wolstenholme, Tinypaws Cottage, Mill Lane, Elswick, Nr. Preston, Lancs.

1974

January 5th—CHAMPIONSHIP

CHESHIRE AREA CAT CLUB, Civic Hall, Ellesmere Port.
Secretary: Mrs. K. B. Benn, The Glen, Knutsford Old Road, Stockton Heath, Warrington.

- January 26th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
SIAMESE CAT SOCIETY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, Reading Town Hall.
Show Manager: Details from Secretary, Mr. K. J. Stanley, Welbeck, Oakside Way, Shinfield, Berks.
- February 2nd—CHAMPIONSHIP**
SCOTTISH CAT CLUB, McLellan Galleries, Glasgow.
Show Manager: Miss N. Cousins, 17 Glenburn Avenue, Cambuslang, Glasgow G72 7AP.
- February 16th CHAMPIONSHIP**
SUFFOLK & NORFOLK CAT CLUB, St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich.
Show Manager: Details from Secretary, Mrs. P. Copple, 16 Columbia Close, Kesgrave, Ipswich, Suffolk.
- February 23rd—CHAMPIONSHIP**
COVENTRY & LEICESTER CAT CLUB, Show Manager: Mrs. P. Redwood, 93 Carisbrook Road, Leicester.
- March 2nd—CHAMPIONSHIP**
WESSEX CAT CLUB, Town Hall, Bournemouth.
Show Manager: Mrs. B. Chapman, Karnak, Mannington, Wimborne, Dorset.
- March 9th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
LANCASHIRE CAT CLUB, The Sports Centre, Silverwell Street, Bolton.
Show Manager: Miss A. Rickson, 67 School Lane, Didsbury, Manchester 20.
- March 16th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB, Royal Horticultural, Society's New Hall.
Secretary: Mrs. B. Barron, 54 Sweetcroft Lane, Hillingdon, Middx.
- March 16th—SANCTION**
SURREY & SUSSEX CAT ASSOCIATION, The Assembly Hall, Worthing, Sussex.
Show Managers: Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Burgess, 31 Balcaskie Road, Eltham London SE9 1HQ.
- March 23rd—CHAMPIONSHIP**
NOR' EAST OF SCOTLAND CAT CLUB. To be arranged.
Show Managers: Mrs. A. Carter, Dalbarrach Cottage, Cullerlie, Skene, Aberdeenshire, and Mr. D. Riddell, Dovelcia, 42 Deeside Gardens, Mannofield, Aberdeen.
- March 30th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
SHORTHAired CAT SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND MANX CLUB INC. The Race Course Grandstand, Doncaster.
Show Managers: Dr. and Mrs. W. Groom, N'giris, 4 Orchard Lea, Naunton Beauchamp, Nr. Pershore, Worcs.
- April 6th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
NORTHERN SIAMESE CAT SOCIETY, Sun Pavilion, Valley Gardens, Harrogate.
Show Managers: Mr. and Mrs. I. A. H. Macalister, Dunsmore Gardens, Clifton, Ryeby, Warks. Ascs. S.M. Mrs. D. Metcalfe, Miss McCollm.
- April 6th—EXEMPTION**
CAPITAL LONGHAIR CAT ASSOCIATION, Nottingham.
Show Managers: Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, 5 Willow Crescent, Halton, Leeds LS15 0ED.
- April 20th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE & DERBYSHIRE CAT CLUB, Granby Halls, Leicester.
Show Manager: Mrs. I. Gee, 10 Ryeholme Close, East Leake, Nr. Loughborough, Leics.
- April 27th CHAMPIONSHIP**
BEDFORD AND DISTRICT CAT CLUB, The Queensway Hall, Dunstable, Beds.
Show Managers: Mr. J. A. Shewbridge, Tamruat, 12 Park Lane, Puckeridge, Ware, Herts. and Mr. M. J. Warde, Smithy Cottage, Yelden, Bedford.
- April 27th—CHAMPIONSHIP**
SIAMESE CAT SOCIETY OF SCOTLAND, The Marray Hall, Dundee.
Show Manager: Mrs. V. Alexander, The Grange, Fowlis Wester, Crieff.

PEDIGREE Short-Haired CAT BREED NUMBERS

Long-Haired Cats

- 1 Black
 - 2 White (Blue Eyes)
 - 2a White (Orange Eyes)
 - 2b White (Odd Eyed)
 - 3 Blue
 - 4 Red Self
 - 5 Cream
 - 6 Smoke
 - 7 Silver Tabby
 - 8 Brown Tabby
 - 9 Red Tabby
 - 10 Chinchilla
 - 11 Tortoiseshell
 - 12 Tortie and White
 - 12a Bi-Coloured
 - 13 Blue Cream
 - 13a Any Other Colour
 - 13b Colourpoint
 - 13c Birman
 - 13d Turkish
- † Champagne in U.S.A.
- * For registration and breeding purposes only.
No show classes.
- 14 White (Blue Eyes)
 - 14a White (Orange Eyes)
 - 14b Odd-Eyed White
 - 15 Black
 - 16 Blue (British)
 - 16a Blue (Russian)
 - 17 Cream
 - 18 Silver Tabby
 - 19 Red Tabby
 - 20 Brown Tabby
 - 21 Tortoiseshell
 - 22 Tortie and White
 - 23 Abyssinian
 - 23a Red Abyssinian
 - 24 Seal-pointed Siamese
 - 24a Blue-pointed Siamese
 - 24b Chocolate-pointed Siamese
 - 24c Lilac-pointed Siamese
 - 25 Manx
 - 25a Stumpies*
 - 25b Tailed Manx*
 - 26 Any Other Variety
 - 27 Brown Burmese
 - 27a Blue Burmese
 - 27b Chocolate Burmese†
 - 27c Lilac Burmese
 - 27d Red Burmese
 - 27e Tortie Burmese
 - 27f Cream Burmese
 - 27g Blue Cream Burmese
 - 28 Blue Cream
 - 29 Havana
 - 30 Spotted
 - 31 Bi-Coloured
 - 32 Tabby-point Siamese
 - 32a Red-point Siamese
 - 32b Tortie-point Siamese
 - 32c A.O.C. Siamese
 - 33 Cornish Rex
 - 33a Devon Rex

BREEDERS' REGISTER

LONG-HAIRED (Breed Nos. 1—13d)

ALMONDHILL—Breed Nos. 4, 5, 6, 11, 13, 13a.

Mrs. K. O. EMSLIE, 25 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3AE.
Tel.: 031-332 7151.

AMBUR—Breed No. 13c.

Mrs. J. WHITELAW, 44 Cathkin Road, Langside, Glasgow, G42 9UH.
Tel.: 041-632 0555.

ARBAYBI—Breed No. 13c.

Mrs. JEAN PARK, 13 Eastmere Road, Wigston
Magna, Leicester.
Tel.: Leicester 884889.



ANNJEN—Breed No. 3.

Miss A. HEMMINGS, Hemjoy Kennels, Pound Lane, Hurst, Reading, Berks.
Tel.: Twyford 340766.

ARCHSUE—Breed Nos. 3, 5, 13.

Mrs. S. McGARRY, 3 Tirlmont Road, South Croydon, Surrey.
Tel.: 01-688 7032.

ARIANE—Breed No. 3.

Dr. & Mrs. G. O. PERCIVAL, 6 Glenwood Avenue,
Bassett, Southampton.
Tel.: Southampton 67185.



ARLILS—Breed Nos. 1, 2a, 2b, 3, 5, 11.

Mesdames D. WHITE & L. EVANS, Three Gables, Hospital Lane, Ravens-
moor, Nantwich, Cheshire, CW5 8PW.
Tel.: Nantwich 64271.

AZTEC—Breed Nos. 5, 11, 9, 13b.

Mrs. S. G. MACHIN, 38 Priest Avenue, Wokingham, Berks.
Tel.: West Forest 4382.

BALTHAZAR—Breed No. 10.

Mrs. CHRISTINE PHILBRICK, 42 Westcoombe Avenue, West Wimbledon,
London, SW20. Tel.: 01-946 5718.

BARWELL—Breed Nos. 5, 13.

Mrs. PHYLLIS FAWELL, Broomfield Corner, Broomfield Park, Sunning-
dale, Ascot, Berkshire. Tel.: Ascot 20654.

BELCODA—Breed Nos. 10, 13b.

Messrs. JOHN B. WHEADON & KEITH W. KLEIN, 25 St. Marychurch
Road, Torquay, Devon, TQ1 3JF.
Tel.: Torquay (0803) 28997.

BELIZZA—Breed Nos. 1, 2a, 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 13.

MARGARET HILL-HARTLEY, 97 Heol Isaf, Radyr, Nr. Cardiff.
Tel.: Cardiff 842 472.



BIANCA—Breed Nos. 1, 3, 6. Parti-Colours and Cameos.

Mrs. S. WHYTE, Mill Farm, Tinwell, Stamford, Lincs.
PE9 3UD.
Tel.: Stamford 2002.

BLOOMFIELD—Breed Nos. 5, 13.

Mr. & Mrs. B. WILSON, 35 Wickham Road, Studley, Warwickshire.
Tel.: Studley 3407.

BOURNESIDE—Breed Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5, 13.

Mrs. E. G. AITKEN, Bourneside, Kingswood Lane, Hindhead, Surrey.
Tel.: Hindhead 5833 (042-873 5833).

BRIZLEE—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.

Mrs. MAY TREVITT, 368 Grimsby Road, Cleethorpes, Lincs., DN35 8AH.
Tel.: Cleethorpes 62063.

BRUTON—Breed Nos. 1, 2, 3, 9, 11, 12, 12a.

Mrs. N. ROSELL, Fig Tree Cottage, Lovel Road,
Winkfield, Windsor, Berks., SL4 2EU.
Tel.: Winkfield Row 4547.

CAMBER—Breed Nos. 2a, 3.

Mrs. E. M. DENTON, 89 Denmark Hill, London, SE5 8AA.
Tel.: 01-703 4838.

CANELLA—Breed Nos. 2a, 13, 5.

Mrs. B. CANNON, 34 Queen Anne's Grove, Bush Hill Park, Enfield,
Middlesex. Tel.: 360 3516.

CIRRUS—Breed No. 10.

Mrs. MARION LIPP, 12a Monsom Lane, Repton, Derbyshire.
Tel.: Repton 3480.

CLICQUOT—Breed No. 10.

Miss V. SANDERS, "White Lodge", 85 Main Road, Hockley, Essex.
Tel.: Hockley 4987.

DEARING—Breed No. 13c.

Mrs. E. READING, The Gables, Irchester Road, Rushden, Northants.
Tel.: Rushden 4976.

DEEBANK—Breed Nos. 1, 2, 2a, 3, 5, 11, 13.

Miss M. F. BULL, Elm Cottage, Thornton Hough, Wirral, Cheshire.
Tel.: 051-336 4814.

DONBANK—Breed Nos. 2, 2a, 3.

Mrs. F. M. ASHTON, 148 Oakland Road, Sheffield 6, Yorkshire.
Tel.: Sheffield 349698.

DUNTIBLAE—Breed Nos. 5, 13, 3, 24.

Mrs. DIANA COCHRANE, Duntiblae Kennels, Alderminster, Stratford-on-
Avon. Tel.: Alderminster 237.

EXUMA—Breed Nos. 2, 2a, 2b, 3, 5, 13.

D. J. DEXTER, "Jimmie's", 9 Farm Close, Elmer Sands, Nr. Bognor
Regis, Sussex. Tel.: Middleton-on-Sea 2879.

FELLKITS—Breed Nos. 10, 13b.

MARILYN WOODEND, The Nook, Ninebanks, Whitfield, Hexham,
Northumberland. Tel.: Whitfield 239.

FINCHFIELD—Breed Nos. 2a, 5, 13.

Mrs. BRENDA BARRETT, 38 Stanley Road, Hillmorton, Rugby, Warwick-
shire. Tel.: Rugby 75664.

HELENSBROOK—Breed Nos. 5, 12a.

Miss M. N. TOSSWILL, Sandy Corner, Ogdens North, Fordingbridge,
Hants., SP6 2QD. Tel.: Fordingbridge 52169.

HEPHZIBAH—Breed Nos. 2, 13c.

Mrs. MARGARET JOHN, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold,
Nr. Godalming, Surrey.
Tel.: Wormley3198.



HOLMCROFT—Breed No. 2a.

Mrs. D. BEBBINGTON, Holmcroft, 62 Brocton Road, Milford, Nr. Stafford.
Tel.: Stafford 63296.

JEMARI—Breed No. 10.

Mrs. ROSEMARY GOWDY, Summer's Lodge, Sum-
merleys Road, Princes Risborough, Bucks.
Tel.: Princes Risborough 5787.



LECREME—Breed Nos. 3, 13.

Mrs. MARGERY BISHOP, 46 Westover Road, High Wycombe, Bucks.,
HP13 5HX. Tel.: High Wycombe 25908 (Code 0494).

MANDARIN—Breed No. 13b.

Mrs. D. THOMSON, Wannerton Farm, Blakedown, Nr. Kidderminster,
Worcs. Tel.: Blakedown 322.

- MINABEL—Breed No. 3.
Mrs. C. F. SPOONER, 2 Golton Cottages, Fornham All Saints, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Tel.: Culford 535.
- NINEVEH—Breed Nos. 2a, 2, 3, 13.
Mrs. E. H. DURBIN, 20 Etheldene Avenue, London, N10; and 32 Fortescue Road, Preston, Paignton, Devon. Tel.: 01-444 9672.
- NORTHALA—Breed Nos. 2a, 6, 7.
Mrs. LESLEY PERKINS, 284 Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 5AW. Tel.: 01-845 5452.
- PADDOCKS—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.
Mrs. M. PEARSON, The Paddocks, 14 Parish Hill, Bournheath, Nr. Bromsgrove, Worcs., B61 9JQ. Tel.: Bromsgrove 72766.
- OF PENSFORD—Breed Nos. 3, 15, 13.
Mrs. JOAN THOMPSON, 130 Wickham Way, Beckenham, Kent. Tel.: 01-658 6904.
- PELOTTE—Breed No. 13b.
Mrs. M. C. HOOVER, The Old Rectory, Swell, Nr. Fivehead, Taunton, Somerset. Tel.: Curryrivel 305.
- PRAHA—Breed Nos. 13c, 4.
Mrs. E. FISHER, 47 Marlborough Mansions, Cannon Hill, London, NW6 1JS. Tel.: 01-435 0760.
- ROBHURST—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.
Mrs. M. ORPIN, Great Robhurst Farm, Woodchurch, Ashford, Kent, TN26 3TB. Tel.: Woodchurch 394.
- SHALFLEET—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.
Miss M. ASTON, Shalfleet, Ropley, Nr. Alresford, Hants. Tel.: Ropley 2305. See page —.
- SHALIMAR—Breed Nos. 1, 6, 10, 13b.
Dr & Mrs. K. W. BENTLEY, 111 Wolfreton Lane, Willerby, Hull, HU10 6PS. Tel.: 0482 652414.
- SHEANS—Breed Nos. 5, 10, 13.
Mrs. E. M. DARBY, The Chestnuts, 48 Norah Lane, Mid-Higham, Rochester, Kent. Tel.: Shorne 2322.
- SHEPHERDSHILL—Breed No. 10.
Mr. & Mrs. VOLTAIRE, The Pussytel, Clophill, Beds. Tel.: Silsoe 60606.
- SHIVA—Breed Nos. 3, 5, 13.
Mrs. BRENDA SHERRATT, 71 Dunvegan Road, Eltham, SE9. Tel.: 01-850 6747.
- SILCRESTA—Breed No. 10.
Mrs. G. HAYWARD, 123 Broomwood Road, London, SW11 6JU. Tel.: 01-228 7366.
- SMOKEYHILL—Breed Nos. 10, 13b, 13c.
Miss R. E. BROWN, The Annexe, Castle Lea, Crete Road West, Folkestone, CT18 7AA, Kent. Tel.: Hawkinge 2462.
- SOLAR—Breed Nos. 3, 4, 5, 11, 12a, 13.
Mrs. F. M. LANE, Fernlea, Westbeams Road, Sway, Lymington, Hants., SO4 0AE.
- SOLENTO—Breed Nos. 13b (i), 13a (Shell Cameos).
Mrs. V. M. C. CROYSBILL, Cheese House, Britford, Salisbury, Wilts. SP5 4DY. Tel.: Salisbury 6593.
- STARBOURNE—Breed Nos. 6, 7.
Mrs. D. H. LIGHT, 10 Persley Road, Northbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Tel.: Northbourne 2461.
- STARGENT—Breed Nos. 3, 2a.
Mrs. JOAN HURFORD-VEAZEY, Doddington Vicarage, Nr. Sittingbourne, Kent, ME9 0BD. Tel.: Doddington (Kent) 265.
- STERLING—Breed Nos. 5, 13, 3.
Mr. T. G. & Mrs. G. R. CAMPION, "Bridgend", 117 Mansfield Road, Selston, Notts., NG16 6BD. Tel.: Ripley (Derbys.) 810429.



- SUNNYVALE—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.
Mrs. JEAN JEWELL, 50 Malvern Road, Gillingham, Kent, ME7 4BB. Tel.: Medway 53581.
- TANDLE—Breed Nos. 13, 5.
DOROTHY SALE, 1 Spaw Cottage, Mill Lane, Royton, Lancashire. Tel.: 061-633 2479.
- THRIFTWOOD—Breed Nos. 2a, 3, 5, 13.
Mrs. DIANA GIBBS, Upper Bentley Farm, Redditch, Wores. Tel.: Redditch 62885.
- TOPPATOU—Breed Nos. 12, 12a, 8, 4.
Mrs. DORIS POPE, Pound House, Denden Green, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Tel.: Chevington 398 (01-235 8385; 01-723 6364).
- TRELANE—Breed Nos. 1, 2a, 3, 5, 6, 9, 11, 12, 12a, 13a (Cameo).
Miss JOYCE ZEAL JONES, Tree Cottage, Atherington, Nr. UMBERLEIGH, North Devon.
- TRYMCOTE—Breed Nos. 1, 3, 6, 10 and 13a.
Mrs. PAMELA FARIS, 15 Briarwood, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Tel.: Bristol 621712.
- WELLANDIA—Breed Nos. 13b, 10.
PAMELA DAWSON-TASKER, Wellandia Cattery, The Old Vicarage, Harringworth, Nr. Corby, Northants. Tel.: Morcott 216.
- WOBURN—Breed Nos. 3, 5, 13.
Miss CONSTANCE PAGE, Woburn Lodge, 92a Gammons Lane, Watford, Herts. Tel.: 23895.
- WOODLO—Breed Nos. 2, 2a, 2b, 3, 5, 10.
Mrs. L. JEFFRIES, 25 Burnett Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warks. Tel.: 021-353 2264.

BRITISH SHORT-HAIRED

Breed Nos. 14-22, 28, 30 and 31

- BARBISTE—Breed Nos. 18, 30.
Mrs. P. L. B. LODGE, Lake House, Dormans Park, Nr. East Grinstead, Sussex. Tel.: Dormans Park 500.
- BROADWEIR—Breed Nos. 15, 16, 17, 28.
Mrs. JOY FOSTER, Farnsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull Warwickshire. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438.
- BROOKLAM—Breed Nos. 14, 14a, 14b, 15, 16, 21.
Mrs. V. C. FULLBROOK, 74 Church Road, Tovil, Maidstone, Kent. Tel.: Maidstone 52924.
- DELLSWOOD—Breed Nos. 14, 14a, 14b, 16.
Mrs. CLAIRE BETTS, Treetops, Dells Common, Stokenchurch, High Wycombe, Bucks. Tel.: High Wycombe 881629.
- MANANA—Breed Nos. 15, 16.
Mrs. M. MADDOCKS, Manana, Marldon, Nr. Paignton, S. Devon. Tel.: Paignton (0803) 59150.
- PRAETORIAN—Breed Nos. 15, 16, 17, 21, 28.
DOREEN PEAK, Monarch House, City Road, Chester, Cheshire. Tel.: Chester 24790.
- SCARLETINA—Breed Nos. 14, 14a, 14b, 31.
Mrs. K. C. HYDE, 12 Northmoor Road, Oxford OX2 6UP. Tel.: Oxford 55154.
- SHERADA—Breed Nos. 18, 20, 30.
Mr. & Mrs. M. J. WARDE, Smithy Cottage, Yelden, Bedford, MK44 1AW. Tel.: Rushden 55752.
- STARBOURNE—Breed Nos. 18, 30.
Mrs. D. H. LIGHT, 10 Persley Road, Northbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Tel.: Northbourne 2461.
- WESTWAYS—Breed Nos. 15, 16, 17, 21, 28.
Mrs. ANNETTE WEST, "Westways", 80 York Avenue, Wolverhampton, Staffs., WV3 9BU. Tel.: 0902 25613.



RUSSIAN BLUE

Breed No. 16a

- ANDERIDA—Breed No. 16a.
Mrs. SHEILAH GARNETT, 104 Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorkshire.
Tel.: Ilkley 4970.
- ARCTIC—Breed No. 16a.
Mrs. FRANCES MACLEOD, 70 William Street, New Marston, Oxford,
OX3 0ER.
- BROADWEIR—Breed No. 16a.
Mrs. JOY FOSTER, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull,
Warwicks. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438.
- DELOS—Breed No. 16a.
Mr. & Mrs. J. R. HARPUM, Woodcote, 58 Shurdington Road, Cheltenham,
Glos. Tel.: 0242-56118.
- PUSHKIN—Breed No. 16a.
Mrs. C. M. LE ROY-LEWIS, Bramlands, Woodmancote, Henfield, Sussex.
Tel.: Henfield 3611.
- SINI—Breed No. 16a.
Mrs. IRIS CARPENTER, Woodcot, 165 Island Wall, Whitstable, Kent, CT5
1EE. Tel.: Whitstable 3065.


ABYSSINIAN

Breed Nos. 23, 23a

- ABBOTSBROOK—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Miss J. CHAMPNEYS, Trees, Abbotsbrook, Bourne End, Bucks.
Tel.: Bourne End 21776.
- BEAUMANOR—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Miss M. E. LANT, 261 Forest Road, Loughborough, Leics., LE11 3HT
- BERNINA—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mrs. D. R. THREADINGHAM, Bernina, The Birches, Bramhope, Leeds,
LS16 9DN. Tel.: 671078.
- DEARING—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mrs. ENA READING, The Gables, Rushden, Northants
Tel.: Rushden 4976.
- DOBHRAN—Breed No. 23.
Mrs. PATRICIA D. LAMB, 41 Blendon Drive, Bexley, Kent.
Tel.: 01-304 1288.
- JOCTAN—Breed No. 23. (See page 27.)
Mr. A. D. MACINTYRE, Gascott Court House, Church Lane, Neston,
Wirral, Cheshire. Tel.: 051-336 3222.
- JOYOUS—Breed No. 23.
Mrs. J. E. EVERITT, Haresfield, 75 Monastery Drive, Solihull, Warwick-
shire. Tel.: 021-706 2161.
- MICKOO—Breed No. 23.
Mrs. M. M. M. LLOYD, Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton, Banbury,
Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266.
- PHILOS—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mrs. HILARY SCATCHARD, Court Cottage, Yarnscombe, Barnstaple,
Devon. Tel.: High Bickington 212.
- SEAWIND—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
ANTHONY G. ROSE, Tree Gates, 55 Paradise Lane, Freshfield, Formby,
Lancashire. Tel.: Formby 76268.
- TAISHUN—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mrs. EDITH MENEZES, "Hammerfield", Plummers Plain, Horsham,
Sussex. Tel.: Handcross 483.
- QUILTY—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mrs. M. D. NELSON, Tyre Hill Cottage, Hanley Swan, Worcester, WR8
0EQ. Tel.: Hanley Swan 302.
- ROCKLO—Breed No. 23.
Mrs. I. LOVEYS, 28 Brendon Road, Watchet, TA23 0AX, Somerset.
Tel.: Watchet 395.
- SHERADA—Breed Nos. 23, 23a.
Mr. & Mrs. M. J. WARDE, Smithy Cottage, Yelden, Bedford, MK44
1AW. Tel.: Rushden (09334) 55752.

SIAMESE

Breed Nos. 24's, 32's

- AMABILIS—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. PEARL VALERIE ANDERSON, 99 Kingshill Drive, Kenton, Harrow,
Middlesex, HAR 8QQ. Tel.: 907 5939.
- ANNELIDA—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. A. E. ASHFORD, Annelida, Roundwell, Bearsted, Maidstone, Kent,
ME14 4HN. Tel.: Maidstone 37050.
- BAYARD—Breed Nos. 24, 32.
Mrs. L. STRUNIN, 44 Beaulieu Avenue, Sydenham, SE26 6PP.
Tel.: 01-778 0272.
- BOWERSCROFT—Breed Nos. all 24's and 32's.
Miss E. M. J. JAMESON, Bowerscroft, Ullswater Road, Thundersley, Ben-
fleet, SS7 3JB, Essex. Tel.: South Benfleet 3186.
- BERNINA—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32.
Mrs. D. THREADINGHAM, The Birches, Bramhope, Leeds, LS16 9DN,
Tel.: Leeds 671078.
- BRYMAR—Breed Nos. 24a, 24b, 24c.
BRYAN & MARDIA SAXBY, 11 Moorhouse Caravan Park, Hallen, Bristol,
BS10 7RU. Tel.: Bristol 621538.
- BURDACH—Breed Nos. 24, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. V. GANE, Cats' Corner, Church Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Warks.
Tel.: Shipston-on-Stour 61057.
- CHINGANU—Breed Nos. 24, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. KATHLEEN N. RYDER, "Trenton", Forest Road, Cuddington,
Northwich, Cheshire, CW8 2ED. Tel.: Sandiway 883266.
- CHOTOMIO—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Captain D. J. LOWDEN, The Old Vicarage, Ravensden, Bedford.
Tel.: Bedford 771262.
- CHURCHWOOD—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. EDITH EDEN, 7 Hylands Mews, Dorking Road, Epsom, Surrey; and
at 47 Military Road, Rye, Sussex. Tel.: Epsom 24144.
- 
- COERULEA—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. AUDREY F. WRIGHT, Broadoaks, Main Road,
Great Leighs, Chelmsford, Essex. Tel.: Great Leighs 262.
- DARLING—Breed Nos. 24, 24b, 24c, 32, 32a, 32b, 32c.
Mrs. I. M. GEORGE, 19 Larchfield Street, Darlington, Co. Durham, DL3
7TF. Tel.: Darlington 66630 (STD 0325) (Evenings and week-ends).
- DENNISDOWN—Breed Nos. 24, 24a.
Miss P. BOUGHTON, Dennis Down Kennels & Cattery, Hittisleigh, Exeter,
EX6 6LH, Devon. Tel.: Whiddon Down 291.
- DOBHRAN—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. PATRICIA D. LAMB, 1 Blendon Drive, Bexley, Kent.
Tel.: 01-304 1288.
- EDELWEISS—Breed Nos. 24, 24a.
JOAN E. HILL, Langlev Hall Farm, Oxleys Road, Sutton Coldfield, War-
wickshire, B75 7HP. Tel.: 021-351 1510.
- FURZEHOLT—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. S. D. TUCKER, Jersev Lodge, Ibsley Drove, Ibsley, Nr. Ringwood,
Hants. Tel.: Fordingbridge 52001.
- HADEN—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. RUBY N. PLANT, High Haden Farm, Glatton, Huntingdon, PE17
5RX. Tel.: Sawtry 321.
- HILLCROSS—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. E. TOWE, 298 Ditchling Road, Brighton, BN1 6JG.
Tel.: Brighton 505165.
- JASLIS—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. JUNE SELWYN, 6 Weybridge, Woodside, Nr. Madeley, Telford,
Shropshire. Tel.: Telford 586999.

KAHMTAL—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. INGRID L. JOLLY, 5 Worthing Road, Littlehampton, Sussex.
Tel.: Littlehampton 5412.

KARIBUR—Breed Nos. 24, 24b.
Mr. & Mrs. R. A. BURGESS, 31 Balcaskie Road, Eltham, London, SE9
1HQ. Tel.: 01-950 5191.

KATRINE—Breed Nos. 24, 24b.
Miss KATHLEEN E. TILBY, "Katrine", 67 Slough Lane, Kingsbury,
London, NW9 8YB. Tel.: 01-204 7805.

KEYMARSHE—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b.
Miss M. J. MARRIOTT, Risewood, Debdale Lane, Keyworth, Nottingham,
NG12 5HZ. Tel.: Plumtree 3311.

KITTYHAWK—Breed Nos. 24c, also 24, 24a, 24b.
MALCOLM BROHIER, Catspaw, The Causeway, Carlton, Bedford, MK43
7LT. Tel.: Harrold 655 (or 01-405 6004 days).

LOHTEYN—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32a, 32b, 32c.
Mrs. LEO P. HEATH, 26 Lavters Close, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckingham-
shire. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 84967.

LYMEKILNS—Breed Nos. 24's and 32s.
Mr. & Mrs. A. C. SAUNDERS, Lymekilns House, East Kilbride, Glasgow,
G74 1PX. Tel.: East Kilbride 20088.

MAYFIELDS—Breed No. 24.
Mr. & Mrs. K. I. DESSAUER, 18 Mayfields, Wembley Park, Middlesex.
Tel.: 01-908 0745.

MARRONDON—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32, 32a, 32b, 32c.
Mrs. M. E. DAVIE, 3 King's Road, Doncaster, Yorkshire, DN1 2LU.
Tel.: Doncaster 61607.

MICKOO—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32, 32a, 32b.
Mrs. M. M. M. LLOYD, "Stoneleigh", Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton,
Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266.

MISSELFORD—Breed Nos. 24a, 24c.
Mrs. THETIS RENDALL, Sedge Copse, Burley, Ringwood, Hants, BH24
4DD. Tel.: Burley 2360.

NOMIS—Breed Nos. 24b, 24c.
Mrs. B. J. LAMBERT, "Trebmal", 50 Oldhill, Dunstable, Beds.
Tel.: Dunstable 68290.

NORTHALA—Breed Nos. 24, 24b, 24c, 32.
Mrs. LESLEY PERKINS, 284 Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5
5AW. Tel.: 01-845 5452.

PATALOU—Breed No. 32.
Mrs. PAT MILDON, 44 Hockley Road, Basildon, Essex.
Tel.: Basildon 25143.

FENYRALLT—Breed Nos. 24, 24c.
Mr. V. V. ATHAVALE, Penyrallt Mansion, Pentrecwrt, Nr. Llandyssul,
Cardiganshire.

PLUBELLSHA—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. CATHERINE BALL, Salala, Popes Lane, Totton, Southampton, Hants
Tel.: Totton 2032.

QUINTRAL—Breed Numbers 24, 24a, 24b, 24c and 32a.
Mrs. L. ABBEY, Allington Cottage, Horseshoe Hill, Burnham, Bucks.
Tel.: Burnham (Bucks.) 4988.

REDLEAF—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. ANNETTE WILSON, "Redleaf", Christ Church Road, Crouch End,
London, N8. Tel.: 01-340 0118.

RUSHCROFT—Breed No. 24.
Councillor Mrs. HILARY R. BENNETT, J.P., 88 Duchess Street, Shaw,
Nr. Oldham, Lancs.

RUSTIQUES—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. H. BOGGIS, "Rustics", Mount Pleasant, Reydon, Southwold, Suffolk.
Tel.: Southwold 3565.

SAENG-DAO—Breed Nos. 24, 24a.
Mrs. ANNA SIMPSON HODGMAN, "Melrose", 381 Watnall Road,
Hucknall, Nottinghamshire NG15 6EP. Tel.: Hucknall 2419.

SAKHI—Breed No. 24,
HERMIONE AUSTIN, 118 Crouch Hill, London, N.8.
Tel.: 348 1853.

SANGSHEE—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. PATRICIA ATKINSON, 12b Cotham Road, Redland, Bristol, BS6
6DR. Tel.: 34069.

SARWING—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. LEONIE HOUSEGO, 92 Abbeville Road, Clapham, London, SW4,
Tel.: 01-720 1030.

SCIMITAR—Breed Nos. 24, 24b.
Mrs. ENID K. GREGORY, 22 Melbourne Gardens, Chadwell Heath,
Romford, Essex. Tel.: 01-599 6076 and 01-822 3508 (11 a.m.—6 p.m.,
weekdays only).

SEADOG—Breed No. 24.
BETTY and GEORGE BEACH, 67 Dudley Road, Sedgley, Nr. Dudley,
Worcs. Tel.: Sedgley 2057.

SEAWIND—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
ANTHONY G. ROSE, Three Gates, 55 Paradise Lane, Freshfield, Formby,
Lancashire. Tel.: Formby 76268.

SHAMAZAR—Breed Nos. 24, 24a.
Mrs. A. M. PARKINS, Sillens, Blandford Road, Coombe Bissett, Salisbury,
Wiltshire. Tel.: Coombe Bissett 357.

SHARLOI—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 32, 32a, 32b, 32c.
Mrs. J. M. HAGGARD, 23 Chesterfield Road, Clay Cross, Chesterfield,
Derbys. Tel.: Chesterfield 862547.

SHAWLOCK—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
QUEENIE H. SHAW, 183 Hamstead Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 20
Tel.: 021-554 0540.

SHIVA—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32a, 32b.
Mrs. BRENDA SHERRATT, 71 Dunvegan Road, Eltham., SE9.
Tel.: 01-850 6747.

SILSILA—Breed Nos. 24a, 24b, 24c, 32, 32b.
Mrs. C. BOWYER, The Tinderbox Kennels, Sleaford Road, Coddington,
Newark, Nottingham. Tel.: Felton Claypole 325.

SIRTAKI—Breed No. 24.
Mrs. JOAN V. DEMETRIOU, 20 Maynard Road, Walthamstow, London,
E17 9JG. Tel.: 01-521 2568.

SUNFAIR—Breed Nos. 24, 24b, 32.
Miss JOAN PRESSEY, 185 Wilton Road, Southampton, SO1 5HY.
Tel.: 0703 773308.

SYLBA—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 32, 32a, 32b, 32c.
Mrs. P. M. CRITCHLEY, Park Cottage, Barton Park Farm, Barton-under-
Needwood, Nr. Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire. Tel.: Barton-under-Need-
wood 3113.

THAIRANO—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24c.
Mrs. ROSEMARY BENNETT, Shortwood, 38 Sylvana
Close, Vina Lane, Hillingdon, Middlesex.
Tel.: Uxbridge 52897.

THISTLEMUIR—Breed Nos. 24, 24c, 32.
Mrs. GILLIAN TANNER, Happy Stay Boarding Kennels and Cattery,
Colston Road, Buckfastleigh, Devon. Tel.: 3308.

TIBAAN—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c, 32.
Mrs. J. E. GREENACRE, St. Madoc, Llanmadoc, Gower, Swansea.
Glamorgan. Tel.: Llangennith (Gower) 220.

TIJHA—Breed Nos. 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. J. N. HOPPER, "Timbers", 7 Cator Road, Sydenham, SE26 5DT.
Tel.: 01-778 8138.



- TILEBARN**—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. J. A. WILLIAMS, Tile Barn Farm, Isfield, Uckfield, Sussex.
Tel.: Isfield 354.
- TORLASH**—Breed Nos. 24a, 24b, 24c, 32.
Mrs. A. SHORTLAND, 10 St. Mark's Close, Rushden, Northants.
Tel.: Rushden 56564.
- WAVERLEY**—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24b, 24c.
Mrs. M. I. HAYNES, Vale Corner, Frensham Vale, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey, GU10 3HN. Tel.: Frensham 2460.
- WHITEHAUGH**—Breed Nos. 24, 24a, 24c.
Mrs. H. CHALLONER, Ivy Cottage, Cottesmore, Oakham, Rutland, LE15 7DH. Tel.: Cottesmore 317.

A.O.V.

Breed No. 26

- ABBOTSBROOK**—Breed No. 26 (Korat).
Mrs. P. M. CHAMPNEYS, Trees, Abbotsbrook, Bourne End, Bucks.
Tel.: Bourne End 21776.
- ANDERIDA**—Breed No. 26 (Foreign Lilac).
Mrs. SHEILAH GARNETT, 104 Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorks.
Tel.: Ilkley 4970.
- ARDARA**—Breed No. 26 (Foreign White).
Mrs. LYDIA D. ORR, Roman House, Grange Terrace, Bo'ness, EH51 9DS.
Tel.: Bo'ness 2455.
- LYMEKILNS**—Breed No. 26 (Korat).
Mr. & Mrs. A. C. SAUNDERS, Lymekilns House, East Kilbride, Glasgow.
G74 1PX. Tel.: East Kilbride 20088.

BURMESE

Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g

- ALLOS**—Breed No. 27.
Miss B. HAIG, Shellingford House, Nr. Faringdon, Berkshire.
Stanford-in-the-Vale 211.
- ARBAYBI**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b.
Mrs. JEAN PARK, 13 Eastmere Road, Wigston Magna, Leicester.
Tel.: Leicester 884889.
- BELCANTO**—Breed Nos 27 and 27 carrying 27a and 27b.
Miss MOIRA MACK, "Belcanto", 69 Riverview Grove, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick, London, W.4. Tel.: 01-994 3485.
- BERDOMA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. BERYL A. COX, Vine Lodge, High Road, Fobbing, Nr. Stanford-le-Hope, Essex. Tel.: Stanford-le-Hope 2030.
- BERNINA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. D. THREADINGHAM, The Birches, Bramhope, Leeds, LS16 9DN.
Tel.: Leeds 671078.
- BORONGA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. PAT IMPSON, Ickburgh, Thetford, Norfolk.
Tel.: Mundford 293.
- BOWERSCROFT**—Breed Nos. 27's.
Miss E. M. J. JAMESON, Bowerscroft, Ullswater Road, Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex. Tel.: South Benfleet 3186.
- BRAESIDE**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. H. HEWITT, The Braes, 160 Hermitage Road, Woking, Surrey, GU21 1XH. Tel.: 048-67 4225.
- BURDACH**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. V. GANE, Cats' Corner, Church Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Warks.
Tel.: Shipston-on-Stour 61057.
- CIO-SAN**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27e.
Dr. MARGARET REDMILL, 22 Chapel Street, Milborne St. Andrew, Blandford, Dorset. Tel.: Milborne St. Andrew 262.
- DELOS**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27f, 27g.
Mr. & Mrs. J. R. HARPUM, Woodcote, 58 Shurdington Road, Cheltenham, Glos. Tel.: 0242 56118.

- DINHAM**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c.
Mrs. MAUREEN LAURENT, Dinham House, Burtons Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks., HP8 4BA. Tel.: Little Chalfont 3546 (STD 02404 3546)
- DOBHRAN**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. PATRICIA D. LAMB, 41 Blendon Drive, Bexley, Kent.
Tel.: 01-304 1288.
- HONEYPOT**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c.
Mrs. P. A. LLOYD, "Southover", Park View Road, Woldingham, Surrey, CR3 7DL. Tel.: Woldingham 2165 (STD 088385 2165).
- INYA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Miss P. J. C. WATSON, 24 Mossdale Grove, Hutton Gate, Guisborough, Yorks. Tel.: Guisborough 3373 and Nottingham 860630.
- JAVENO**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. JOAN AVERY, 11 Eton Avenue, North Finchley, London, N12 0BD.
Tel.: 01-445 9811.
- KUPRO**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. JOYCE DELL, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex.
Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394.
- LYDEARD**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27f, 27g.
A. F. PIKE, Iona House, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton, Somerset.
Tel.: Bishops Lydeard 515.
- MELANIN**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mr. & Mrs. W. JAMES, 19 Aspull Common, Leigh, Lancs.
Tel.: Leigh 6006.
- MIBUYA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c.
Mrs. JOAN E. PAGE, The Orchards, Readers Lane, Iden, Nr. Rye, Sussex.
Tel.: Iden 378.
- MONTANHA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c.
Mrs. JOAN OSBORNE, 80 Dennetts Road, New Cross, London, S.E.14.
Tel.: 01-639 9375.
- NURIKY**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. MARCELLE MANNING, 16 Castle Close, Roch, Haverfordwest, Pembro. Tel.: Camrose 430.
- PARADIMA**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. JOYCE SEVILLE, 4 Coppelia Road, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.
Tel.: 01-852 2604.
- PROCUL**—Breed No. 27.
Mrs. E. VOGT CHAPMAN, "Fobbys", St. Lucian's Lane, Wallingford, Berks. Tel.: Wallingford 3320.
- PUSSINBOOTS**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. R. M. POCOCK, 20 The Landway, Kemsing, Sevenoaks, Kent, TN15 6TG. Tel.: Sevenoaks (STD 0732) 61032.

- RAMREE**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27b, 27c, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mr. & Mrs. M. W. CALDICOTT, "Flat A", Abingdon Court, 37 Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W8.
Tel.: 01-937 3106 (evenings only).



- ROCKLO**—Breed No. 27.
Mrs. I. LOVEYS, "Rocklo", 28 Brendon Road, Watchet, Somerset, TA23 0AX. Tel.: Watchet 395.
- SILVERSEAL**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
MONICA THAKE, 18 Humphrey Burton's Road, Coventry, CV3 6HX.
Tel.: Coventry 25311.
- STIVECAI**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a, 27d, 27e, 27f, 27g.
Mrs. SHELAGH CRAFER, Lodge Farm, Stiffkey, Wells, Norfolk.
Tel.: Bingham 242.
- SUKARI**—Breed Nos. 27, 27a.
Mrs. DORIS R. BRUCE, 112 Beattyville Gardens, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex. Tel.: 01-550 0561.
- TANTABIN**—Breed No. 27.
Mrs. B. STAPLETON, 8 Tennyson Road, Bedford.
Tel.: 62378.

HAVANA

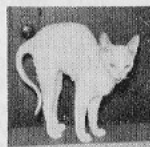
Breed No. 29

- DEARING—Breed No. 29.
Mrs. ENA READING, The Gables, Inchester Road, Rushden, Northants.
Tel.: Rushden 4976.
- SIAVANA—Breed No. 29.
Mr. & Mrs. W. S. CLAYTON, 16 Lockhart Close, Stipers Hill, Dunstable,
Beds. Tel.: Dunstable 66987.
- THISTLEMUIR—Breed No. 29.
Mrs. GILLIAN TANNER, Happy Stay Boarding Kennels & Cattery, Col-
ston Road, Buckfastleigh, Devon. Tel.: 3308.
- TORLASH—Breed No. 29.
Mrs. A. SHORTLAND, 10 St. Mark's Close, Rushden, Northants.
Tel.: Rushden 56564.

REX

Breeds 33, 33a

- ADWALTON—Breed No. 33a.
Mrs. JOAN CARTWRIGHT, "Adwalton", Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury
Salop. Tel.: Montford Bridge 251.
- ANNELIDA—Breed Nos. 33, 33a.
Mrs. A. E. ASHFORD, Annelida, Roundwell, Bearsted, Maidstone, Kent,
ME14 4HN. Tel.: Maidstone 37050.
- BERILLEON—Breed No. 33a.
Mrs. BERYL LYON, 8 Godwin Close, Grovehurst, Sittingbourne, Kent.
Tel.: Sittingbourne 3157.
- BURDACH—Breed No. 33.
Mrs. V. GANE, Cats' Corner, Church Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Warks.
Tel.: Shipston-on-Stour 61057.
- DESIDERATA—Breed No. 33.
Miss FIONAGH ASHFORD, Fassiopeia, Sandy Lane, Bearsted, Nr. Maid-
stone, Kent, ME14 4HN. Tel.: Maidstone 37050.
- HEPHZIBAH—Breed No. 33.
Mrs. MARGARET JOHN, Hollyhurst,
Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming Surrey
Tel.: Wormley 3198.
- LOHTEYN—Breed No. 33 and Cornish Si-Rex.
Mrs. LEO P. HEATH, 26 Layters Close, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckingham-
shire. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 84967.
- MICKOO—Breed Nos. 33, 33a.
Mrs. M. M. M. LLOYD, "Stoneleigh", Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton,
Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266.
- SANDOVAL—Breed No. 33a.
Miss SANDRA BIRCH, 11b Sackville Road, Hove, Sussex, BN3 3WA.
- SENTY-TWIX—Breed No. 33.
Mrs. NANCY HARDY, 2 Cliff Terrace, Budleigh
Salterton, Devon, EX9 6JY.
Tel.: Budleigh Salterton 2884.
- SILSILA—Breed No. 33a.
Mrs. C. BOWYER, The Tinderbox Kennels, Sleaford Road, Coddington,
Newark, Nottingham. Tel.: Fenton Claypole 325.
- SHIVA—Breed No. 33a.
Mrs. BRENDA SHERRATT, 71 Dunvegan Road, Eltham, SE9.
Tel.: 01-850 6747.
- WATERMILL—Breed No. 33.
ANN CODRINGTON, Bourne Cottage, High Halden, Ashford, Kent.
Tel.: High Halden 275.
- ZUREIQA—Breed No. 33.
Mrs. R. W. HAMILTON, Haskers, Old Hall Lane, Westleton, Saxmund-
ham, Suffolk, IP17 3AP. Tel.: Westleton 376.



STUD CAT REGISTER

This is NOT the official Stud List of the G.C.C.F.

Breed No. 1—BLACK PERSIAN AT STUD

- PETRAVIAN MR. BUMBLE (1). Owner: Margaret Hill-Hartley, 97 Heol Isaf,
Radyr, Nr. Cardiff. Tel.: Cardiff 842472. Fee: £8.50

Breed No. 2—WHITE PERSIAN (Blue Eyes) AT STUD

- CH. CHARMINA ZIRCON TOO (2). Owner: Mrs. E. G. Aitken, "Bourne-
side", Kingswood Lane, Hindhead, Surrey. Tel.: Hindhead 5833. Fee: £8.00
- CH. DONBANK MERLIN (2). Owner: Mrs. E. G. Aitken, "Bournside",
Kingswood Lane, Hindhead, Surrey. Tel.: Hindhead 5833. Fee: £8.50

Breed No. 2a.—WHITE PERSIAN (Orange Eyes) AT STUD

- EVENDINE ALBERT (2a). Owner: Mrs. M. Hill, "Merryhills", Newtown
Road, Awbridge, Romsey, Hants., SO5 0GG. Tel.: Lockerley 40477.
Fee: £6.50
- CH. JAYDEES CLASSIC (2a). Owner: Dorothy Sale, 1 Spaw Cottage, Mill
Lane, Royton, Lancashire. Tel.: 061-633 2479. Fee: £10.00

Breed No. 2b—WHITE PERSIAN (Odd Eyes) AT STUD

- NANTOMS NOVEL FELLA (2b). Owner: Mrs. L. Jeffries, 25 Burnett Road,
Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warks. Tel.: 021-353 2264. Fee: £8.50

Breed No. 3—BLUE PERSIAN AT STUD

- ANNJEN JOHN C (3). Owner: Miss A. Hemmings, Hemjoy Kennels, Pound
Lane, Hurst, Reading, Berks. Tel.: Twyford 340766. Fee: By arrangement
- AVANDA BLUE STAR (3). Owner: Mrs. R. S. Patrick, 102 Abingdon Road,
Didcot, Berks., OX11 9BW. Tel.: Didcot 2053. Fee: £7.00
- BLYTH BAMBA (3). Owner: Miss M. Aston, "Shalfeet", Ropley, Nr. Alres-
ford, Hants. Tel.: Ropley 2305. Fee: £8.40
- CH. EXUMA BLUE ALLADIN (3). Owner: D. J. Dexter, "Jimmie's", 9
Farm Close, Elmer Sands, Nr. Bognor Regis, Sussex. Tel.: 024-369 2879.
Fee: £10.00
- CH. PEELA CEASAR (3). Owner: Mrs. C. F. Spooner, 2 Golton Cottages,
Fornham All Saints, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Tel.: Culford 535.
Fee: By arrangement
- STARGENTIAN SPITFIRE (3). Owner: Mrs. Joan Hurford-Veazey, Dodding-
ton Vicarage, Nr. Sittingbourne, Kent, ME9 0BD. Tel.: Doddington (Kent)
265. Fee: £7.50
- CH. WOBURN BLUE BEAUTY (3). Owner: Miss Constance Page, Woburn
Lodge, 92a Gammons Lane, Watford, Herts. Tel.: 23895.

Breed No. 4—RED SELF PERSIAN AT STUD

- CH. RED RANALD (4). Owner: Mrs. K. O. Emslie, 25
Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3AE. Tel.: 031-332
7151. Fee: £8.40



Breed No. 5—CREAM PERSIAN AT STUD

- BARWELL HERMES** (5). Owner: Mrs. K. O. Emslie, 25 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3AE. Tel.: 031-332 7151. Fee: £6.30
- CH. CHARMINA RUFUS** (5). Owner: Miss M. N. Tosswill, Sandy Corner, Ogdens North, Fordingbridge, SD6 2QD, Hants. Tel.: Fordingbridge 52169. Fee: £8.50
- EXUMA LUNAR LIGHT** (5). Owner: D. J. Dexter, "Jimmie's", 9 Farm Close, Elmer Sands, Nr. Bognor Regis, Sussex. Tel.: 024-369 2879. Fee: £8.50
- EXUMA SUPER IMP** (5). Owner: Mrs. E. G. Aitken, Bourneside, Kingswood Lane, Hindhead, Surrey. Tel.: Hindhead 5833. Fee: £8.00
- HARDENDALE ORLEAN** (5). Owner: Mrs. Jean Jewell, 50 Malvern Road, Gillingham, Kent, ME7 4BB. Tel.: Medway 53581. Fee: £8.50
- HONEYMIST CREAM TOPPER** (5). Owner: Mrs. L. Jeffries, 25 Burnett Road, Streetly, Sutton Coldfield, Warks. Tel.: 021-353 2264. Fee: By arrangement
- MANESSA TWEEDLEDUM** (5). Owner: Mrs. Diana Cochrane, Duntiblae Kennels, Alderminster, Stratford-on-Avon. Tel.: Alderminster 237. Fee: £7.00
- CH. WILDFELL NORTHERN LIGHT** (5). Owners: Mr. T. G. & Mrs. G. R. Campion, Bridgend, 117 Mansfield Road, Selston, Notts., NG16 6BD. Tel.: Ripley (Derbys.) 810429. Fee: By arrangement
- WILDFELL SPOTLIGHT** (5). Owner: Mrs. E. M. Darby, "The Chestnuts", 48 Norah Lane, Mid-Higham, Rochester, Kent. Tel.: Shorne 2322. Fee: £8.00

Breed No. 6—SMOKE PERSIAN AT STUD

- CH. RUNROBIN POPPIN** (6). Owner: Mrs. K. O. Emslie, 25 Buckingham Terrace, Edinburgh, EH4 3AE. Tel.: 031-332 7151. Fee: £8.40
- CH. SONATA MAESTRO** (6). Owner: Mrs. S. Whyte, Mill Farm, Tinwell, Stamford, Lincs, PE9 3UD. Tel.: Stamford 2002. Fee: £10.50

Breed No. 7—SILVER TABBY PERSIAN AT STUD

- CH. KARNAK MAILOC** (7). Owner: Mrs. D. H. Light, 10 Persley Road, Northbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Tel.: Northbourne 2461. Fee: £5.00
- NORTHALA MERRY MONARCH** (7) (2 C.C.s). Owner: Mrs. Lesley Perkins, 284 Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 5AW. Tel.: 01-845 5452. Fee: £5.25
- WILMAR WILLINGTON** (7) (1 C.C.). Owner: Mrs. Lesley Perkins, 284 Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 5AW. Tel.: 01-845 5452. Fee: £5.25

Breed No. 10—CHINCHILLA AT STUD

- BARNHILL SNOWDADDY** (10). Mrs. G. Hayward, 123 Broomwood Road, London, SW11 6JU. Tel.: 01-228 7366. Fee: £10.50

- CH. BONAVIA ROBERTO** (10). Owner: Mrs. Christine Philbrick, 42 Westcoombe Avenue, West Wimbledon, London, S.W.20. Tel.: 01-946 5718. Fee: £15.75



- CLICQUOT SILVER SOLOMON** (10). Owner: Miss V. Sanders, "White Lodge", 85 Main Road, Hockley, Essex. Tel.: Hockley 4987. Fee: £12.60
- CH. DULCIMO ALEXANDER** (10). Owner: Mrs. E. M. Darby, "The Chestnuts", 48 Norah Lane, Mid-Higham, Rochester, Kent. Tel.: Shorne 2322. Fee: £10.00
- CH. PASHA SHEBA SPOTLIGHT** (10). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. Voltaire, The Pussytel, Clophill, Beds. Tel.: Silsoe 60606. Fee: On application
- CH. PEGASUS D'ARTAGNAN** (10). Owner: Mrs. E. M. Darby, "The Chestnuts", 48 Norah Lane, Mid-Higham, Rochester, Kent. Tel.: Shorne 2322. Fee: £10.00
- SILVERMIST SULTAN** (10). Owner: Mrs. P. Dawson Tasker, The Old Vicarage, Harringworth, Nr. Corby, Northants. Tel.: Morcott 216. Fee: £12.50

Breed No. 12a—BI-COLOURED AT STUD

- CH. TOPPATOU NIMBUS** (12a) (also for 12). Owner: Mrs. D. M. Pope, Pound House, Depden Green, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. Tel.: Chevington 398; 01-235 8385; 01-723 6364. Fee: £7.50

Breed No. 13a—SHELL CAMEO AT STUD

- TRELANE RASPUTIN** (13a). Owner: Mrs. V. M. C. Croysdill, Cheese House, Britford, Salisbury, Wilts., SP5 4DY. Tel.: Salisbury 6593. Fee: £7.00



Breed No. 13b—COLOURPOINT AT STUD

- BAYTOR TOM-TOM** (13b ii) (1 C.C.). Owner: Miss R. E. Brown, The Annexe, Castle Lea, Crete Road West, Folkestone, CT18 7AA, Kent. Tel.: Hawkinge 2462. Fee: £7.00
- COPPLESTONE CHESDEE** (13b). Owner: Pamela Dawson Tasker, Wellandia Cattery, The Old Vicarage, Harringworth, Nr. Corby, Northants. Tel.: Morcott 216. Fee: £6.50
- HAISING SWEET WILLIAM** (13b) (1 C.C.). Owner: Mrs. D. M. Ford, 61 Napier Road, Gillingham, Kent, ME7 4HD. Tel.: Medway 53216. Fee: £7.00
- MERRYMORN SAMSON** (13b). Owner: Mrs. R. S. Patrick, 102 Abingdon Road, Didcot, Berks., OX11 9BW. Tel.: Didcot (Berks.) 2053. Fee: £7.00
- MINGCHIU MARU** (13b). Owner: Marilyn Woodend, The Nook, Ninebanks, Whitfield, Hexham, Northumberland. Tel.: Whitfield 239. Fee: By arrangement
- CH. MINGCHIU TOBY** (13b). Owner: Mrs. M. C. Hoover, The Old Rectory, Swell, Nr. Fivehead, Taunton, Somerset. Tel.: Curryrivel 305. Fee: £8.50

- SOLENTA BARABBAS** (13b) (i) (1 C.C.). **BOB**. Owner: Mrs. V. M. C. Croysdill, Cheese House, Britford, Salisbury, Wilts., SP5 4DY. Tel.: Salisbury 6593. Fee: £9.00



- MANDARIN KABAKA** (13b) (i) (2 C.C.s). Owner: Mrs. D. Thomson, Wannerton Farm, Blakedown, Nr. Kidderminster, Worcs. Tel.: Blakedown 322. Fee: £8.50

Breed No. 13c—BIRMAN AT STUD

- AMBUR TAO BLEU** (13c). Owner: Mrs. J. Whitelaw, 44 Cathkin Road, Langside, Glasgow, G42 9UH. Tel.: 041-632 0555. Fee: By arrangement
- Cragland Shan** (13c). Owner: Mrs. Margaret John, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Wormley 3198. Fee: £10.00
- CH. PRAHA MICHEL** (13c) (8 C.C.s). Owner: Mrs. E. Fisher, 47 Marlborough Mansions, Cannon Hill, London, NW6 1JS. Tel.: 01-435 0760. Fee: By arrangement
- PRAHA NEPSENI** (13c). Owner: Mrs. E. Fisher, 47 Marlborough Mansions, Cannon Hill, London, NW6 1JS. Tel.: 01-435 0760. Fee: By arrangement

- CH. PRAHA SIK-KIM** (13c). Owner: Mrs. E. Fisher, 47 Marlborough Mansions, Cannon Hill, London, NW6 1JS. Tel.: 01-435 0760. Fee: By arrangement



- SAHRA JUPITER** (13c). Owner: Mrs. Margaret John, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Wormley 3198. Fee: £10.00



SHAMINKA SIMBA (13c). Owner: Mrs. Margaret John, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Wormley 3198. Fee: £10.00



CH. SOLOMON VON ASSINDIA (13c). Owner: Miss R. E. Brown, The Annexe, Castle Lea, Crete Road West, Folkestone, CA18 7AA, Kent. Tel.: Hawkinge 2462. Fee: £10.50

Breed No. 14a.—WHITE S.H. (Orange Eyes) AT STUD

SCARLET GEM (14a). Mrs. K. C. Hyde, 12 Northmoor Road, Oxford, OX2 6UP. Tel.: Oxford 55154. Fee: £1.00

Breed No. 15—BLACK S.H. AT STUD

CH. JEZREEL MARMADUKE (15). Owner: Mrs. Joy Foster, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull, Warwickshire. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 05646) 2438. Fee: £8.40

JEZREEL MONTY (15). Owner: Mrs. V. C. Fullbrook, 74 Church Road, Tovil, Maidstone, Kent. Tel.: Maidstone 52924. Fee: £5.00

CH. MANANA PRINCE CHARMING (15). Owner: Mrs. M. Maddocks, Manana, Marlton, Nr. Paignton, South Devon. Tel.: Paignton (0803) 59150. Fee: £6.30

CH. PRAETORIAN ADAMANTIS (15). Owner: Doreen Peak, Monarch House, City Road, Chester, Cheshire. Tel.: Chester 24790. Fee: £8.50 incl.

CH. PRAETORIAN IMPERATOR (15). Owner: Doreen Peak, Monarch House, City Road, Chester, Cheshire. Tel.: Chester 24790. Fee: £8.50 incl.

CH. WESTWAYS BLACK PRINCE (15). Owner: Mrs. Annette West, "Westways", 80 York Avenue, Wolverhampton, Staffs., WV3 9BU. Tel.: 0902 25613. Fee: £5.00

Breed No. 16—BRITISH BLUE AT STUD

CH. BRYNBUBOO MAXIMILLIAN (16). Owner: Mrs. Joy Foster, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull, Warwickshire. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438. Fee: £8.40

MANANA TANTAMOUNT (16). Owner: Mrs. M. Maddocks, Manana, Marlton, Nr. Paignton, South Devon. Tel.: Paignton (0803) 59150. Fee: £6.30

Breed No. 16a—RUSSIAN BLUE AT STUD

BROADWEIR TRETCHIKOFF (16a). Owner: Mrs. Joy Foster, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull, Warwicks. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438. Fee: £7.35

CH. HENGIST BITOCHKI (16a). Owner: Mrs. Joy Foster, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull, Warwicks. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438. Fee: £8.40

CH. HENGIST SASCHA (16a). Owner: Mrs. Sheilah Garnett, 104 Skipton Road, Ilkley, Yorkshire. Tel.: Ilkley 4970. Fee: £5.50

SYLPHIDES KATERINOVICH (16a). Owner: Mrs. Frances MacLeod, 70 William Street, New Marston, Oxford, OX30 0ER. Fee: £8.00

Breed No. 17—CREAM S.H. AT STUD

CH. JEZREEL CYRUS (17). Owner: Mrs. Joy Foster, Earlsbrook, Wood End, Tanworth-in-Arden, Solihull, Warwicks. Tel.: Earlswood (STD 056 46) 2438. Fee: £8.40

Breed No. 18—SILVER TABBY SHORT-HAIR AT STUD

CH. CULVERDEN EDWARD (18). Owner: Mrs. P. L. B. Lodge, Lake House, Dormans Park, Nr. East Grinstead, Sussex. Tel.: Dormans Park 500. Fee: £6.00

MARIMOGLET SILVER LINE (18). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Gale, 204 Gosport Road, Fareham, Hampshire. Fee: £5.00

CH. PERRINGTON SILVER ACE (18). Owner: Mrs. D. H. Light, 10 Persley Road, Northbourne, Bournemouth, Hants. Tel.: Northbourne 2461. Fee: £5.00

Breed Nos. 23 and 23a—ABYSSINIAN AT STUD

CH. ALBYN JAGA (23a). Owner: Anthony G. Rose, Three Gates, 55 Paradise Lane, Freshfield, Formby, Lancashire. Tel.: Formby 76268. Fee: £6.30

BARENTO RED RUDY (23a). Owner: Mrs. J. Haigh, 13 Lynton Road, South Harrow, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-422 6535. Fee: £5.00

CH. CONTENTED BUBASTIS (23). Owner: Mrs. H. M. Scatchard, Court Cottage, Yarnscombe, Barnstaple, Devon. Tel.: High Bickington 212.

CONTENTED HARVEST MOON (23). Owner: Mrs. I. Loveys, 28 Brendon Road, Watchet, Somerset, TA23 0AX. Tel.: Watchet 395. Fee: £6.50

DEARING DATSMA-BOY (23). Owner: Mrs. E. Reading, The Gables, Rushden. Tel.: Rushden 4976. Fee: £5.00

CH. DUAMUTEF (23a). Owner: Mrs. H. M. Scatchard, Court Cottage, Yarnscombe, Barnstaple, Devon. Tel.: High Bickington 212.

CH. JOCTAN JAFFA (23). Owner: Anthony G. Rose, Three Gates, 55 Paradise Lane, Freshfield, Formby, Lancashire. Tel.: Formby 76268. Fee: £6.30

(See illustration page 27.)

JOYOUS APOLLO (23). Owner: Mrs. M. D. Nelson, Tyre Hill Cottage, Hanley Swan, Worcester, WR8 0EQ. Tel.: Hanley Swan 302. Fee: £5.50

ORION ATLAS (23) (1 C.C.). Owner: Mrs. I. Loveys, "Rocklo", 28 Brendon Road, Watchet, Somerset, TA23 0AX. Tel.: Watchet 395. Fee: £6.50

CH. RUMSAM (23). Owner: Mrs. H. M. Scatchard, Court Cottage, Yarnscombe, Barnstaple, Devon. Tel.: High Bickington 212.

VADER ROSTOV (23a). Owner: E. Menezes, Hammerfield, Plummers Plain, Horsham, Sussex. Tel.: Handcross 483.

CH. YAISHUN LEO (23a). Owner: E. Menezes, Hammerfield, Plummers Plain, Horsham, Sussex. Tel.: Handcross 483.

Breed No. 24—SEAL-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

ALEXIS LOMBARD BOI (24). Owner: Mrs. P. V. Anderson, 99 Kingshill Drive, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex, HAR 8QQ. Tel.: 907 5939. Fee: £6.00

CHARINGWORTH TWIDDLE DEE (24). Owner: Mrs. M. M. M. Lloyd, Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton, Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266. Fee: £5.25

CHINWAG (24). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Gale, 204 Gosport Road, Fareham, Hampshire. Fee: £5.00

CHENFO MINOU (24). Owner: Mrs. S. Heathorn, 107 Woodmancote, Dursley, Glos. Fee: £5.50

CORWIN KINCAID (24). Owners: Mrs. U. Gibbard and Mrs. P. D. Gibbard, Wantage House, Vicarage Lane, Wing, Nr. Leighton Buzzard, Beds. Tel.: Wing 669. Fee: £5.25

CRANDELL PLAYBOY (24). Owner: D. J. Lowden, The Old Vicarage, Ravensden, Bedford. Tel.: Bedford 771262. Fee: £4.00

EDELWEISS NIMBUS (24). Owner: Joan E. Hill, Langley Hall Farm, Oxleys Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, B75 7HP. Tel.: 021-351 1510. Fee: £5.50

GAY GALLIARD (24). Owner: Miss Philippa Simmons, Summerdale, Ersham Road, Hailsham, Sussex. Tel.: Hailsham 840054. Fee: £5.00

HADEN TAISHAN (24). Owner: Mrs. Ruby N. Plant, High Haden Farm, Glatton, Huntingdon, PE17 5RX. Tel.: Sawtry 321. Fee: £5.50

CH. KAHMTAL SETIS (24). Owner: Mrs. I. L. Jolly, 5 Worthing Road, Littlehampton, Sussex. Tel.: Littlehampton 5412. Fee: £6.50

KATRINE JADE CHINAMAN (24). Owner: Miss K. E. Tilby, "Katrine", 67 Slough Lane, Kingsbury, London, NW9 8YB. Tel.: 01-204 7805. Fee: £7.35

KAYMENH TOBIT (24). Owner: Mrs. P. D. Gibbard, Wantage House, Vicarage Lane, Wing, Nr. Leighton Buzzard, Beds. Tel.: Wing 669. Fee: £5.25

KILLDOWN AVENGER (24). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Burgess, 31 Balcaskie Road, Eltham, London, SE9 1HQ. Tel.: 01-850 5191. Fee: £6.00

KILLDOWN JASON (24). Owner: Mrs. J. Haigh, 13 Lynton Road, South Harrow, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-422 6535. Fee: £6.00

MAYFIELDS HASSAN (24). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. K. J. Dessauer, 18 Mayfields, Wembley Park, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-908 0745. Fee: £7.35

CH. MAYFIELDS HERMES (24). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. K. J. Dessauer, 18 Mayfields, Wembley Park, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-908 0745. Fee: £7.35

- NASYLA SHINING STAR** (24). Owner: Mrs. Gillian Tanner, Happy Stay Boarding Kennels and Cattery, Colston Road, Buckfastleigh, Devon. Tel.: Buckfastleigh 3308. Fee: By arrangement
- ROUNDWAY VALLOTA** (24). Owner: Mrs. E. F. Blackwell, 87 Cadogan Gardens, S. Woodford, London, E18. Tel.: 01-989 9610. Tel.: £5.00
- ROUNDWAY VISCARIA** (24). Owner: H. Austin, 118 Crouch Hill, London, N.8. Tel.: 348 1853. Fee: £6.50
- CHAMPION SHIMBU** (24). Owner: Mrs. Enid K. Gregory, 22 Melbourne Gardens, Chadwell Heath, Romford, Essex. Tel.: 01-599 6076 and 01-822 3508 (11 a.m. to 6 p.m. weekdays only). Fee: £7.00
- SEADOG AJAX** (24). Owners: Betty & George Beach, "Seadog Siamese", 67 Dudley Road, Sedgley, Nr. Dudley, Worcs. Tel.: Sedgley 2057. Fee: £5.50
- TITAYA MYSTIC PRINCE** (24). Owner: Miss K. E. Tilby, "Katrine", 67 Slough Lane, Kingsbury, London, NW9 8YB. Tel.: 01-204 7805. Fee: £7.35
- TRISMOOR TAHAY** (24). Owner: Mrs. S. D. Tucker, Jersey Lodge, Ibsley Drive, Ibsley, Nr. Ringwood, Hants. Tel.: Fordingbridge 52001. Fee: £6.00

Breed No. 24a—BLUE-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

- CH. BRU-BUR YOGI** (24a). Owner: Mrs. S. Floyd, 53 Ladywell Road, Lewisham, London, S.E.13. Tel.: 01-690 1911. Fee: £6.50
- CHIKI BLUE PELLEAS** (24a). Owner: Mrs. D. M. Metcalfe, Pengarth Cottage, Cowthorpe, Wetherby, Yorkshire. Tel.: Tockwith 289. Fee: £6.50
- HONORWOOD FAUST** (24a). Owner: Mrs. S. Heathorn, 107 Woodmancote, Dursley, Glos. Fee: £5.50
- LAULU ARISTOTLE** (24a). Owner: Mrs. M. I. Haynes, Waverley Siamese, Vale Corner, Frensham Vale, Lower Bourne, Farnham, Surrey, GU10 3HN. Tel.: Frensham 2460. Fee: £6.00
- MAYTIME BLUE PERRI** (24a). Owner: Joan E. Hill, Langley Hall Farm, Oxleys Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, B75 7HP. Tel.: 021-351 1510. Fee: £6.00
- MICKOO KOOSAY** (24a). Owner: Mrs. M. M. Lloyd, Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton, Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266. Fee: £5.25
- CH. QUINTRAL MOONSILVER** (24a). Owner: Mrs. L. Abbey, Allington Cottage, Horseshoe Hill, Burnham, Bucks. Tel.: Burnham (Bucks.) 4988. Fee: £7.25
- SHAMAZAR SAMOVAR** (24a). Owner: Mrs. A. M. Parkins, Sillens, Blandford Road, Coombe Bissett, Salisbury, Wilts. Tel.: Coombe Bissett 357. Fee: £5.00
- THAIRANO IVAN** (24a) (2 C.C.s). Owner: Mrs. J. A. Williams, Tile Barn Farm, Isfield, Uckfield, Sussex. Tel.: Isfield 354. Fee: £6.30
- WHITEHAUGH BLUE FLAME** (24a). Owner: Mrs. H. Challoner, Ivy Cottage, Cottesmore, Oakham, Rutland, LE15 7DH. Tel.: Cottesmore 317. Fee: £5.50

Breed No. 24b—CHOCOLATE-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

- DEAR DOMINIC** (24b). Owner: Mrs. M. E. Davie, 3 King's Road, Doncaster, Yorkshire, DN1 2LU. Tel.: Doncaster 61607. Fee: £7.50
- HADEN MAH-JONG** (24b). Owner: Mrs. Ruby N. Plant, High Haden Farm, Glatton, Huntingdon, PE17 5RX. Fee: £5.50
- KARIBUR KOMADO** (24b). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. R. A. Burgess, 31 Balcaskie Road, Eltham, London, SE9 1HQ. Tel.: 01-850 5191. Fee: £6.00
- CH. PHYSALIS CHOCOLATE FUDGE** (24b). Owner: Mrs. V. Barlow, Four Winds, Halifax Road, Hove Edge, Brighouse, Yorks. Tel.: Brighouse 5200. Fee: £6.30

- CH. RITOMILDA NIKKY** (24b). Owner: Mr. J. Cook, 149 Burton Road, Derby, DE3 6AB. Tel.: Derby 46452. Fee: £6.00 plus carriage
- CH. ROUNDWAY OSMANTHUS** (24b). Owner: Mrs. J. E. Greenacre, St. Madoc, Llanmadoc, Gower, Swansea, Glamorgan. Tel.: Llangennith (Gower) 220. Fee: £7.00
- SELIAS CHOCOLATE KO KO** (24b). Owner: Mrs. E. E. Moss, 17 Hadrian's Walk, Alcester, Warwickshire, B49 5HD. Tel.: 078-971 3166. Fee: £6.50
- WHITEHAUGH SANDY LANE** (24b). Owner: Mrs. P. Luff, 42 Station Road, Long Sutton, Nr. Spalding, Lincolnshire. Tel.: Long Sutton (Lincs.) 362191. Fee: £5.00

Breed No. 24c—LILAC-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

- KARENZA COSMONAUT** (24c). Owner: Mrs. V. Barlow, Four Winds, Halifax Road, Hove Edge, Brighouse, Yorks. Tel.: Brighouse 5200. Fee: £5.25
- PAPAYA DUMBO** (24c). Owner: Mrs. Leonie Housego, 92 Abbeville Road, Clapham, London, S.W.4. Tel.: 01-720 1030. Fee: £5.50
- PHYSALIS LILAC MELODY** (24c). Owner: Mrs. V. Barlow, Four Winds, Halifax Road, Hove Edge, Brighouse, Yorks. Tel.: Brighouse 5200. Fee: £5.75
- CH. QUINTRAL PIRATA** (24c). Owner: Mrs. L. Abbey, Allington Cottage, Horseshoe Hill, Burnham, Bucks. Tel.: Burnham (Bucks.) 4988. Fee: £7.25
- SAMSARA PARMA** (24c). Owner: Mrs. E. E. Moss, 17 Hadrian's Walk, Alcester, Warwickshire, B49 5HD. Tel.: 078-971 3166. Fee: £6.50
- THAIRANO DANDYLION** (24c). Owner: Mrs. Rosemary Bennett, Shortwood, 38 Sylvana Close, Vine Lane, Hillingdon, Middlesex. Tel.: Uxbridge 52897. Fee: £6.50
- CH. TIBAAN FOETIOUS** (24c). Owner: Mrs. Lesley Perkins, 284 Church Road, Northolt, Middlesex, UB5 5AW. Tel.: 01-845 5452. Fee: £6.50

Breed No. 32—TABBY-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

- MARRONDON TORA** (32). Owner: Mrs. M. E. Davie, 3 King's Road, Doncaster, Yorkshire, DN1 2LU. Tel.: Doncaster 61607. Fee: £7.50
- STONEYCLOUD SAND PINE** (32). Owner: Mrs. J. Haigh, 13 Lynton Road, South Harrow, Middlesex. Tel.: 01-422 6535. Fee: £6.00

Breed No. 32a—RED-POINT SIAMESE AT STUD

- CONTENTED NOY KHING** (32a). Owner: Miss Jameson, Bowerscroft, Ullswater Road, Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex, SS7 3JB. Tel.: S. Ben, 3186. Fee: £5.50
- CH. ELBARAKA TROPHIMUS** (32a). Owner: Mrs. P. M. Critchley, Park Cottage, Barton Park Farm, Barton-under-Needwood, Nr. Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire. Tel.: Barton-under-Needwood 3113. Fee: £6.30
- EMBEE KLET-THAUNG** (32a). Owner: Mrs. M. E. Davie, 3 King's Road, Doncaster, Yorkshire, DN1 2LU. Tel.: Doncaster 61607. Fee: £7.50
- CH. PITAPAT FIRECREST** (32a). Owner: Mrs. J. M. Haggard, 23 Chesterfield Road, Clay Cross, Chesterfield, Derbys. Tel.: Chesterfield 862547. Fee: £7.50
- MICKOO SIMON** (32a). Owner: Mrs. M. M. M. Lloyd, "Stoneleigh", Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton, Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266. Fee: £6.30
- SHARLROI FIORELLO** (32a). Owner: Mrs. M. E. Davie, 3 King's Road, Doncaster, Yorkshire, DN1 2LU. Tel.: Doncaster 61607. Fee: £7.50

Breed No. 26—A.O.V. AT STUD

- ARDARA TOM TOM** (26, Foreign White). Owner: Mrs. L. D. Orr, Roman House, Grange Terrace, Bo'ness, EH51 9DS. Tel.: Bo'ness 2455. Fee: By arrangement
- BURDACH NAATIFFE** (26, Foreign Lilac). Owner: Mrs. V. Gane, Cats' Corner, Church Street, Shipston-on-Stour, Warks. Tel.: Shipston-on-Stour 61057. Fee: £6.50
- WATERMILL NEW PENNY** (33 x 14, White Hybrid Rex). Owner: Mrs. Margaret John, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Wormley 3198. Fee: £5.00

Breed No. 27—BROWN BURMESE AT STUD



ARBOREAL SITTA (27). Owner: Miss Moira Mack, "Belcanto", 69 Riverview Grove, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick, W.4. Tel.: 01-994 3485. Fee: £8.50

- BELCANTO DON PASQUALE** (27, carrying Blue and Chocolate). Owner: Miss Moira Mack, "Belcanto", 69 Riverview Grove, Strand-on-the-Green, Chiswick, London, W.4. Tel.: 01-994 3485. Fee: £12.50
- CH. BERNINA APOLLO** (27). Owner: Mrs. S. J. Hogg, West Wharmley Farm, Hexham, Northumberland, NE46 2PL. Fee: £7.00
- CH. BUSKINS CHIN-CAU** (27, carries Blue). Owner: Mrs. P. A. Lloyd "Southover", Park View Road, Woldingham, Surrey, CR3 7DL. Tel.: Woldingham 2165. Fee: £7.00
- DEBRA JASPER** (27). Owner: Mrs. E. F. Blackwell, 87 Cadogan Gardens, South Woodford, London, E18 1LY. Tel.: 01-989 9610. Fee: £5.25
- CH. DINHAM GEORGE** (27). Owner: Mrs. Maureen Laurent, Dinham House, Burtons Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks. Tel.: Little Chalfont (02404) 3546. Fee: £7.50
- KERNOW KYLE** (27, carrying Blue, Chocolate). Owner: Mrs. Joan E. Page, The Orchards, Readers Lane, Iden, Nr. Rye, Sussex. Tel.: Iden 378. Fee: £6.30 Brown and Blue, £8.40 Chocolate
- KEVITOR BROWN MERIMAC** (27). Owner: Mrs. E. Vogt Chapman, "Fobbins", St. Lucian's Lane, Wallingford, Berks. Tel.: Wallingford 3320. Fee: £7.00
- KUPRO BRONZE BOY** (27). Owner: Mrs. M. D. Burton, 17 High Street, Gt. Shelford, Cambridge, CB2 5EH. Tel.: Shelford (022 04) 3221. Fee: £6.00
- KUPRO BROWN CHICO** (27). Owner: Mrs. Marcelle Manning, 16 Castle Close, Roch, Haverfordwest, Pems. Tel.: Camrose 430. Fee: £5.25
- LINLINKYE SHOSHONE** (27). Owner: A. F. Pike, Iona House, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton, Somerset. Tel.: Bishops Lydeard 515. Fee: £5.00
- MELANIN BIMBO** (27). Owner: Mrs. Joyce Dell, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0ET. Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394. Fee: £5.25
- MELANIN LORENZO** (27f). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. W. James, 19 Aspull Common, Leigh, Lancs. Tel.: Leigh 6006. Fee: £8.50
- SIRELI YONOVAN** (27). Owners: Mrs. J. Davis & Miss P. Watson, Woodhouselea, Polton Road, Lasswade, Midlothian. Tel.: Lasswade 2314. Fee: £6.00

Breed No. 27b—BLUE BURMESE AT STUD

- CH. BAHKTA PILOT** (27a). Owner: Miss Jameson, Bowerscroft, Ullswater Rd., Thundersley, Benfleet, Essex, SS7 3JB. Tel.: S. Benfleet 3186. Fee: £6.50
- CRAGLAND TOOLA** (27a). Owner: Mrs. B. N. Keller, Dale Farmhouse, Maidwell, Northampton, NN6 9JE. Tel.: Maidwell 205. Fee: £5.00
- CH. KUPRO BLUE ONEGIN** (27a). Owner: Mrs. Joyce Dell, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0ET. Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394. Fee: £6.50

- KUPRO BLUE PERRY** (27a). Owner: Mrs. Marcelle Manning, 16 Castle Close, Roch, Haverfordwest, Pems. Tel.: Camrose 430. Fee: £5.25
- CH. LYDEARD BLUE JUAN** (27a). Owner: A. F. Pike, Iona House, Bishops Lydeard, Taunton, Somerset. Tel.: Bishops Lydeard 515. Fee: £5.25
- MONTANHA BLUE SHADOW** (27a). Owner: Mrs. Joan Osborne, 80 Dennetts Road, New Cross, London, SE14. Tel.: 01-639 9375. Fee: £6.50

Breed No. 27d—RED BURMESE AT STUD

- KUPRO RED REMUS** (27d). Owner: Mrs. Joyce Dell, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0ET. Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394. Fee: £6.00

Breed No. 27f—CREAM BURMESE AT STUD

- KUPRO CREAM AMIGO** (27f). Owner: Mrs. Joyce Dell, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0ET. Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394. Fee: £8.50
- KUPRO CREAM RAMA** (27f). Owner: Mrs. Joyce Dell, Sai-Wen, London Road, Wickford, Essex, SS12 0ET. Tel.: Wickford (03744) 5394. Fee: £8.50

Breed No. 29—HAVANA AT STUD

- SOLITAIRE WUKI** (29). (Later this year.) Owner: Mrs. Gillian Tanner, Happy Stay Boarding Kennels & Cattery, Colston Road, Buckfastleigh, Devon. Tel.: Buckfastleigh 3308. Fee: By arrangement
- CH. SOUTHVIEW DUAKYLIN** (29). Owners: Mr. & Mrs. W. S. Clayton, 16 Lockhart Close, Stipers Hill, Dunstable, Beds. Tel.: Dunstable 66987. Fee: By arrangement

Breed No. 33—CORNISH REX AT STUD

- ELAN FIDELIO** (33). Owner: Mrs. Pam Collins, Myrtle Cottage, Holywell Lane, Wellington, Somerset, TA21 0EJ. Tel.: Greenham 672624. Fee: By arrangement
- LOHTEYN KAT MANDU** (33) (White). Owner: Mrs. Leo P. Heath, 26, Layters Close, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 84967. Fee: £10.00
- LOHTEYN MERLIMAU PEGOH** (33) (Blue-Point Si-Rex). Owner: Mrs. Leo P. Heath, 26, Layters Close, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 84967. Fee: £10, or by arrangement
- LOHTEYN SI-RED** (33) (Red-Point Si-Rex). Owner: Mrs. Leo P. Heath, 26, Layters Close, Chalfont St. Peter, Buckinghamshire. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 84967. Fee: £10 or by arrangement
- CH. MASAMBULA** (33). Owner: Mrs. Margaret John, Hollyhurst, Chiddingfold, Nr. Godalming, Surrey. Tel.: Wormley 3198. Fee: £8.00
- SENTY-TWIX CRISPARIS** (33). Owner: Mrs. R. W. Hamilton, Haskers, Old Hall Lane, Westleton, Saxmundham, Suffolk, IP17 3AP. Tel.: Westleton 371. Fee: £6.30



Breed No. 33a—DEVON REX AT STUD

- SAHREEN SNOW WONDER** (33a). Owner: Mrs. M. M. Lloyd, Cats' Holiday Hotel, Kings Sutton, Banbury, Oxon. Tel.: Kings Sutton 266. Fee £8.40
- CH SAHARAM PINNOCHIO** (33a). Owner: Mrs. C. Bowyer, The Tinderbox Kennels, Sleaford Road, Coddington, Newark, Nottingham. Tel.: Fenton Claypole 325. Fee: £7.50

ON THE MAT

by ROSEMARY BAZLEY, Kidderminster

Today I chided my old cat,
"Get off my new hand-woven mat,
It cost me time and much expense,
When will you learn some common sense!"

He looked at me with haughty eye
Before he deigned to make reply.
And then, "Good sir," he said, "I am
A citizen from proud Siam,
And there we only prize the best,
The finest, and the loveliest;
Your mat is cold, and thin, and bare.
A wretched job I must declare;
And furthermore it is, I grieve
To say, but common tabby weave."

My cheeks they burned, my shame was deep:
My cat turned round and went to sleep.

* * * *

LOVING BETSY

by HILDA B. E. LUNN

Betsy has a loving soul,
Yes—soul is what I said,
For who are we to say a cat
Has no soul in her head?

With dignity she leads her life,
Gentle as a dove.
Her furry face with artless grace
Warms my heart with love.

But when two loving souls must part
Who can mend one broken heart?

* * * *

PEACEFUL PAWS

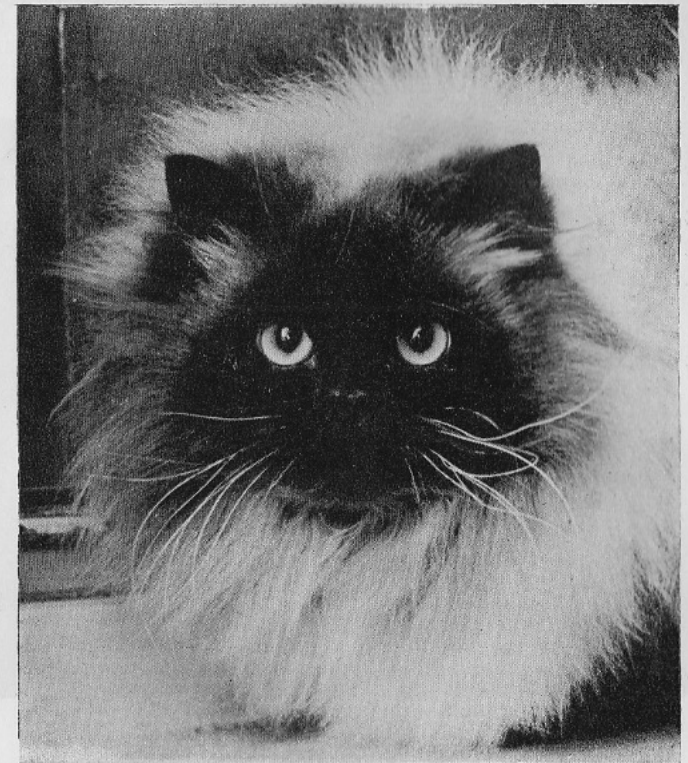
by HILDA B. E. LUNN

This is the hour for rest and peaceful paws,
When cats are safely home from evening prowls,
And late night snacks with milk in special saucers
Are being served by many loving hands.

Until the cats are counted in their beds
Anxious owners cannot sleep in peace;
But once all fur is smoothed down for the night
This is the hour for rest and peaceful paws.

SHOW REPORTS,

1972-73 SEASON



Champion Merryn Ptolemy

Photograph by Anne Cumbers

Long-Hairs JOAN THOMPSON

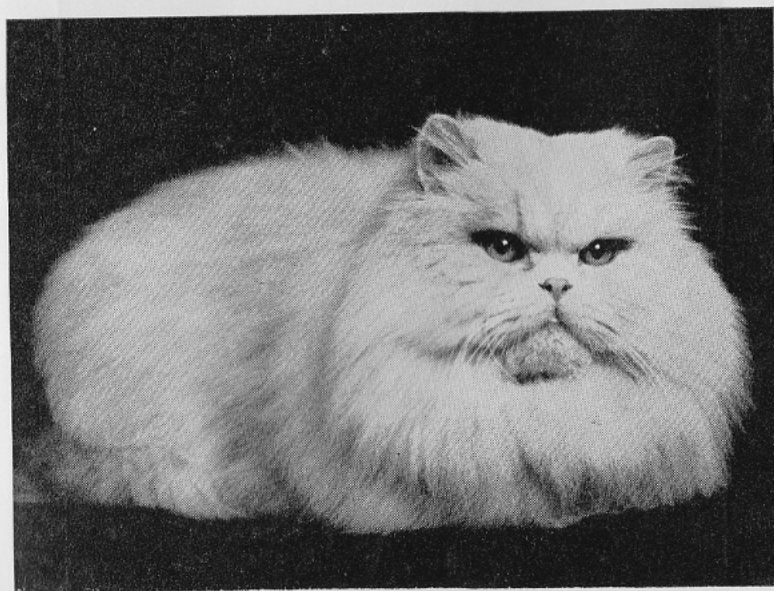
Short-Hairs ELIZABETH TOWE

OLYMPIA, 1972

The 76th Championship Show of the National Cat Club on November 25th, 1972, attracted an entry of 486 Long-Hair Exhibits, which included eleven litters of Kittens and twenty-four celebrities in decorated pens.

The Colourpoint breeders were well represented in this section with eighteen adults, some of whom were Champions, and competing for Premier Certificates were several handsome Neuters.

Siamese made an attractive and interesting array with 322 exhibits for lovers of this popular breed. Seal-pointed adults outnumbered other variations in points with sixteen adult males judged by Miss Rickson and nineteen females judged by Mrs. Lentaigne.



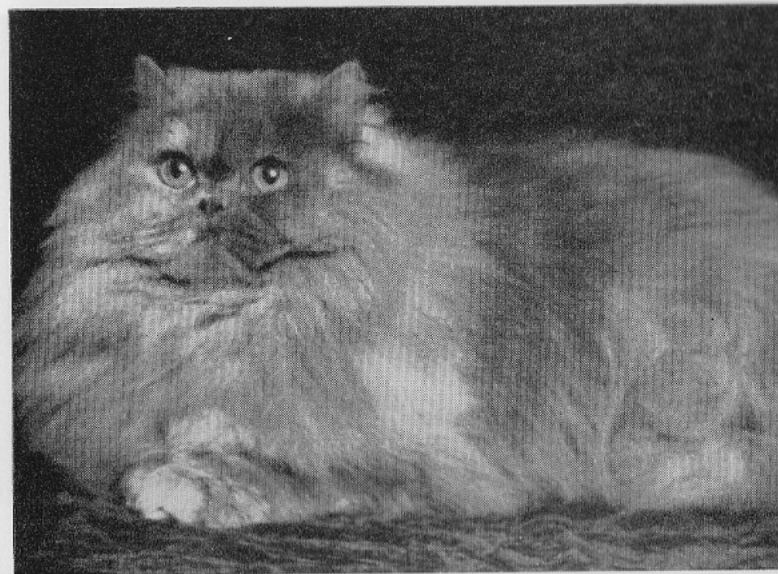
Champion Blythly Onward, Cream Male

Fifteen S.P. Neuters competed for Premier Certificates and twenty-two with other colour-points. Six neutered Siamese kittens were in a class by themselves.

British and Foreign Short-Hairs numbered 434 with the largest entry in Brown, also Blue Burmese. Approximately 125 cats and kittens and twenty-one Neuters.

Publicity for this world-famous Championship Show was given excellent pre-Show coverage on B.B.C. Television in the "Blue Peter" programme with emphasis on the Pet Section for non-pedigree cats and kittens, which attracted 450 exhibits.

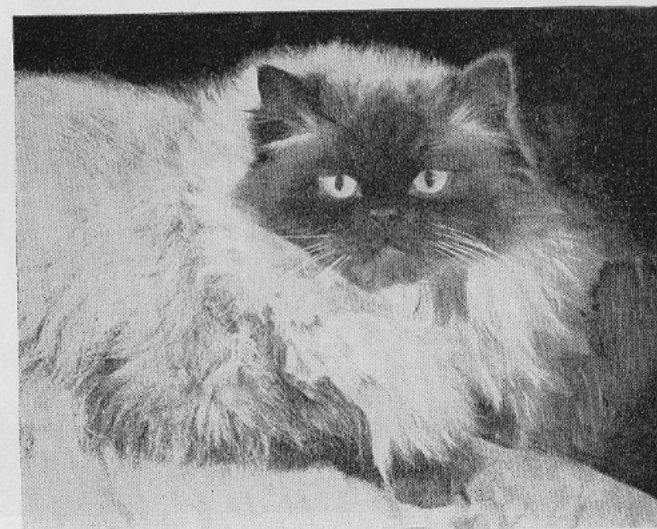
The National Cat Club Committee have decided to limit the Pets to 300 this December and they will be accommodated in the Gallery, which has excellent facilities at Olympia.



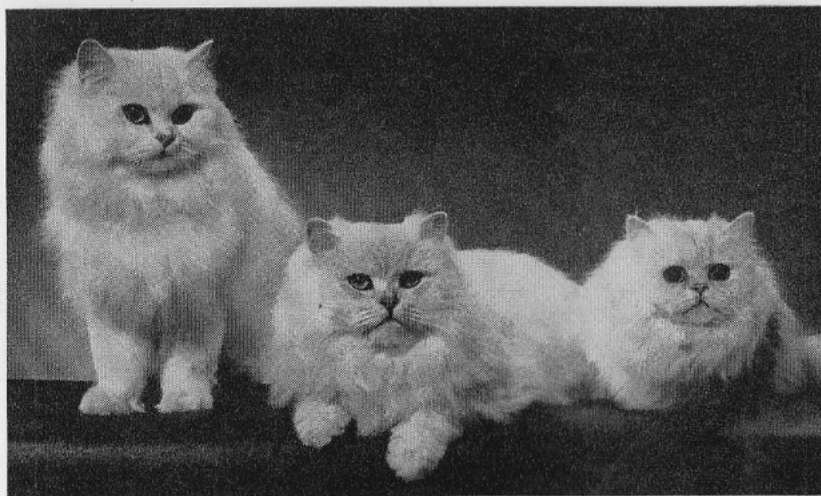
Champion Blyth Pollyanna, Blue-Cream

Best of Breed will again prevail over Best in Show in the pedigree section. Surely this is the fairest assessment when hundreds of exhibits are involved.

Mrs. Grace Pond will again be over-all organiser for this mammoth Championship Show, with four assistants to cope with the anticipated enormous entry for December 1st, 1973, at Olympia, London.



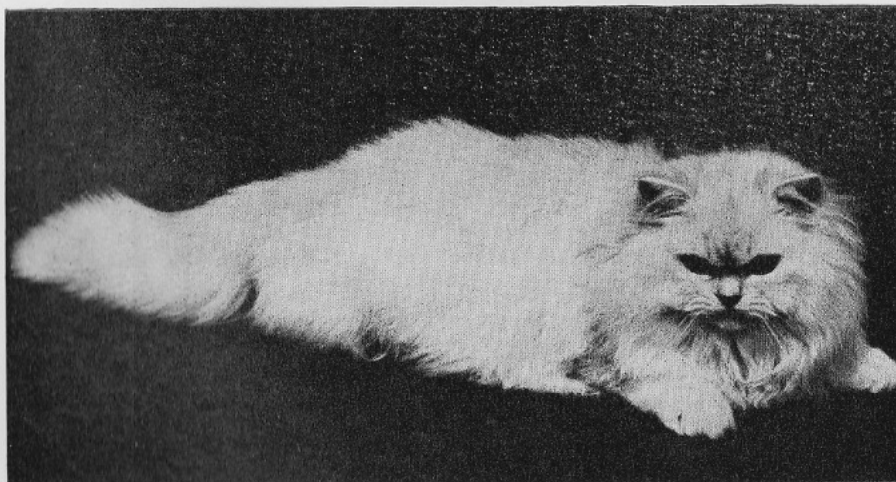
Photograph by Dr. J. P. Harding
Champion Mingchiu Nina, a fine Seal-pointed Colourpoint



Chinchillas
Ch. Cliquot Perfecta, Cliquot Silver Solomon and Ch. Silvergem Abigail

LONG-HAIRED SHOW

Support for the Long-Haired Specialist Clubs has been a welcome feature in recent years and on October 11th, 1972, breeders had the pleasure of Mrs. B. Barron and Mrs. Grace Pond organising the first Sanction Show confined to the many lovely Long-Haired varieties on behalf of "The Long-Haired Cat Club", under G.C.C.F. rules, at Chelsea Old Town Hall in London. Various clubs supported it generously by putting on classes and a total of 157 Special Prizes were offered by them and Long-Hair breeders.



Silvermist Ballerino, Chinchilla
Best Kitten in Show at the first ever all L.H. Show in Great Britain, October, 1972

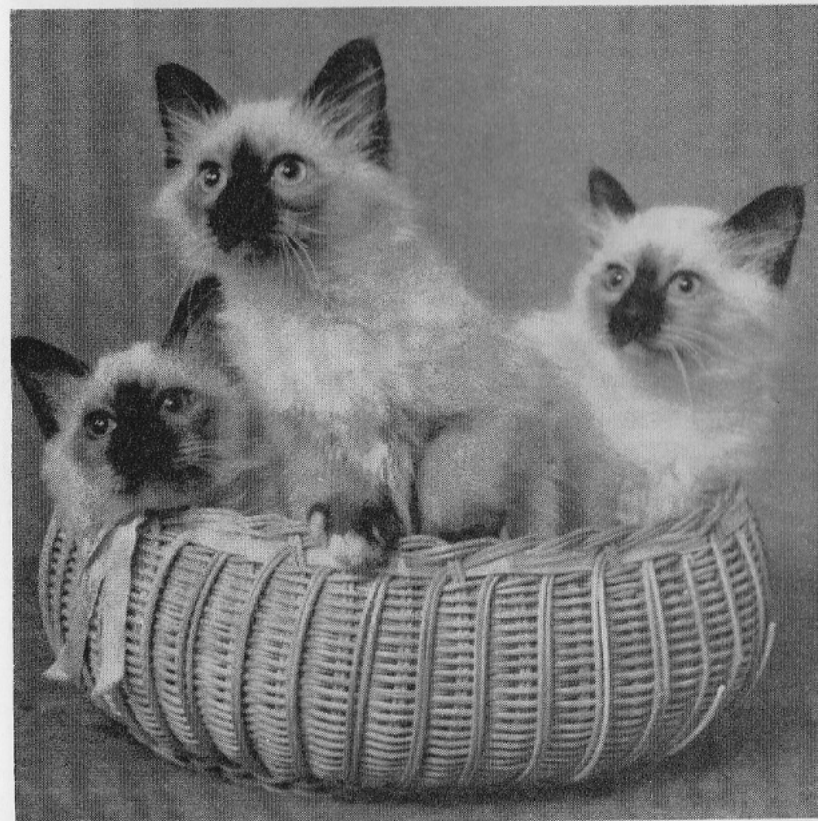
Owing to the success of the Show the G.C.C.F. have granted Championship status to the next one, on **October 10th, 1973**, at the same venue with the same two excellent Show Managers. As the first Show was an historic occasion for L.H. breeders I am quoting Best in Show.

Best Exhibit: Mr. Wickham-Ruffell's **Chinchilla** male kitten, **Silvermist Ballerino**.

Best Cat: Mrs. Newsome's **Cream** male, **Norvician Fantastic**.

Best Neuter: Mrs. Kalis's **White** male, **Premier Mystral Sir Echo**.

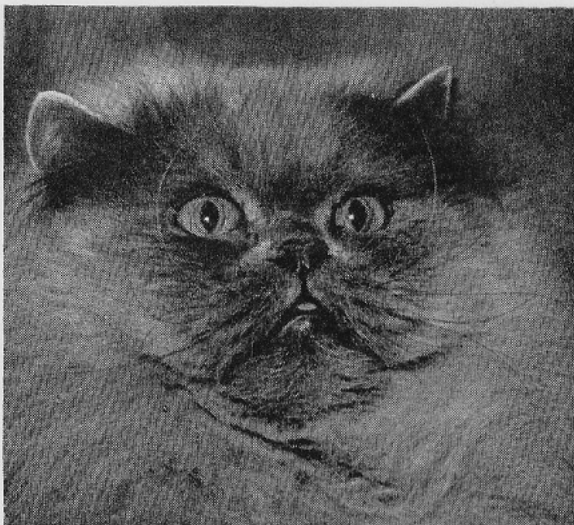
At the Annual General Meeting of the Club at the Eccleston Hotel, London, on May 12th, the Chairman, Mr. de Ferry, announced that membership had nearly reached 300.



Arbabi Birmans

COLOURPOINTS

Appreciation for the success of **The Colourpoint Society of Great Britain** is due to the enterprise of its founder and Chairman, **Mrs. S. M. Harding** and **her world-famous Mingchius**, and to the work entailed in publishing the very attractive Bulletin. Number 1 in November, 1972. Number 2 in May, 1973. They are a mine of information to Colourpoint breeders and of interest to all L.H. breeders. Detailed diagrams of the desired type and ear placement appear in each issue.



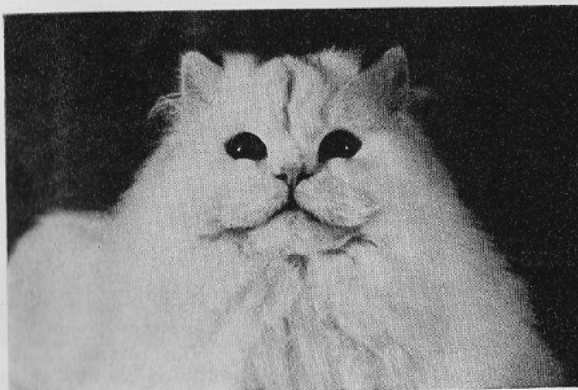
By permission of Anne Cumbers

Ch. Gaydene Robin, Blue Male,
Sire of Best Exhibit, Best Neuter and Best Kitten,
B.P.C.S. Ch. Show, 1972.

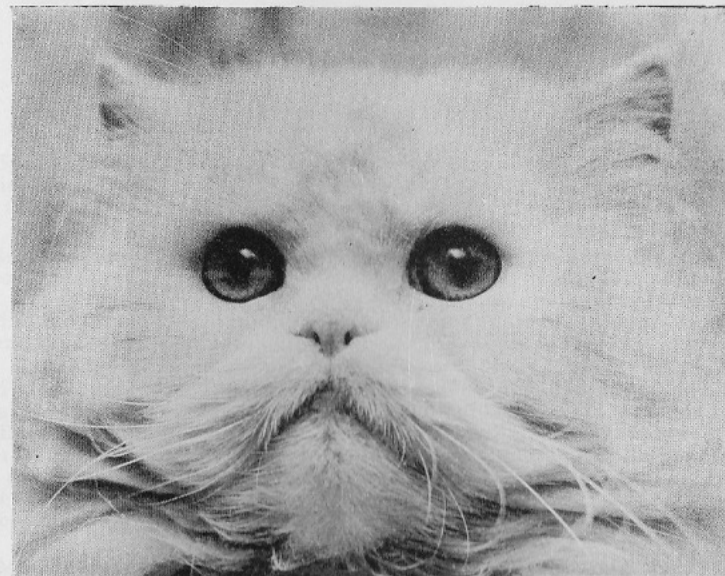
Four pages give names and addresses of members and one page lists sixteen owners of Stud Cats in the November issue. Since then, several have joined the Society and at the A.G.M. the Chairman announced they now number approximately 125.

The article in May issue by **Dr. K. W. Bentley** entitled "**The Price of Liberty**" contains a warning for breeders to be aware of enquiries for kittens which may emanate from dealers who will re-sell them at enormous profit to contacts in Chicago, Damascus, Athens, Buenos Ayres or Yokohama.

When I judged in New York in 1950 and spent over two months in the U.S.A. visiting cat breeders, I imagined I would see many cats kept under ideal conditions. Although this was so in some cases, I was shocked to see cats



Finchfield Michael, O.E. White Male

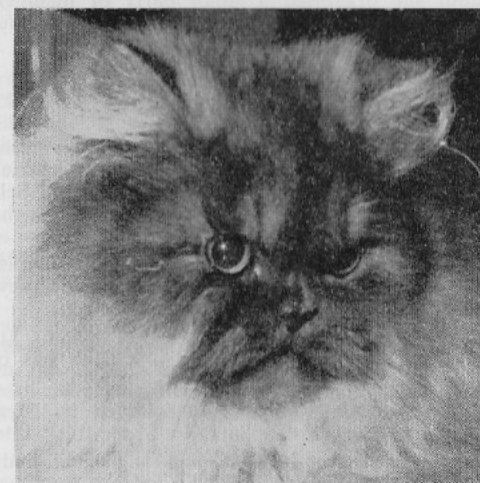


White Male Champion Camber Valient (2A)

confined to the equivalent of a double show pen with no facilities for outside runs. Cats are not gregarious and an absolute necessity for them are very large runs if they cannot live the ideal life as house pets with liberty in the garden.

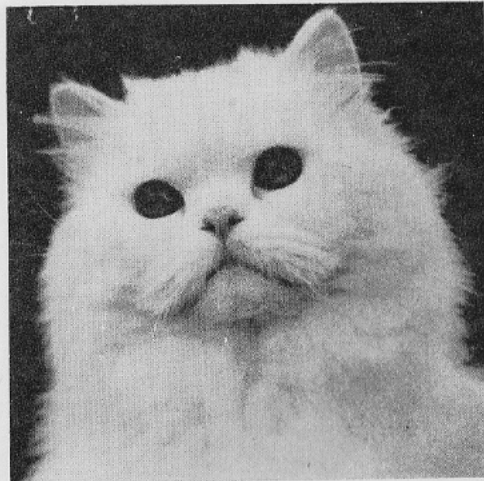
The Annual General Meeting of the Society in London on April 7th was very interesting and it was gratifying to hear that it has acquired 125 members in its first year.

The Hon. Secretary is Mrs. S. A. White.



**Smoke Male,
now in
West Germany**

Int. Ch. Hardendale Petrouska



Finchfield Michael,
White Orange-Eyed

WHITE PERSIANS

Prosperity and progress is the keynote of Long-Hair cat affairs nowadays. The latest society to be granted affiliation to the G.C.C.F. after being in existence the necessary three years and having over 100 members is "The White Persian Cat Society". Founded by its Chairman, Mrs. E. H. Durbin, well known for her White Persians with the "Nineveh" prefix. Like the majority of successful White breeders, she has used Blue Persian occasionally to accentuate type, notably Delilah of Dunesk, a daughter of Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous, who became the mother of U.S.A. Grand and Quadruple Champion Nineveh Snow Elf and other notable winners. Mrs. Durbin has visited the U.S.A., where she was guest of honour at their White Persian Society Show and presented a trophy.

On October 20th she organised a small party of members to attend the Cat Club de Paris Championship Show in Paris and Mrs. Newsome gives an account of this in number one "Newsletter" of the Club.

Mrs. Durbin is a generous organiser of social affairs which benefit members and which have given it a sound financial basis. She also gave a New Year's Party at her home in London, when a jolly time was had by all.

Another new Long-Hair Club teeming with enthusiastic members is "The North of Britain Long-Hair Cat Club", founded by Mrs. Hoyle, a very successful breeder of Champion Blacks, Smokes, Creams and a Red Self of lovely type, Ch. Hardendale Fire Cracker. She also breeds Cameos which so far are not eligible for Championship status in this country.

This Club, founded in 1971, hopes to apply for permission to hold a Sanction Show in the 1974-75 season, but in the meantime they plan an outing to the Cat Club de Paris Championship Show in October.

The Conference at the Royal Baths Assembly Rooms at Harrogate was attended by 97 persons and last but not least, the Club has over £300 in the bank account.

The Capital Long-Hair Cat Association, founded by Mrs. M. Bishop, is now affiliated and expects to organise a Sanction Show this winter or late spring.

In addition to all the above activity, the six long-established Specialist Clubs are flourishing and they deserve much credit for all they have done in the past and hope to do in the future.

LONG-HAIRED CATS AND KITTENS ON SHOW 1972-73

Space allocated to a report of the winning **Long-Hairs** will only permit mention of some of the most outstanding Exhibits and their owners who have won at major Championship Shows.

In **Orange-eyed Whites**, Ch. **Dolmeg Topples** has an exceptional record with six consecutive Challenge Certificates under six Judges in his first season as an adult and **Best L.H. Adult** at the S.C.C.C. in London in March. He was sired by Mrs. Silverman's White Male Ch. **Camber Valiant** and his mother is **Dolmeg Trident**.

Topples was bred by Mrs. Dollimore and is owned by Mrs. McCarthy. She also bred one of the loveliest young **Blue** adults we have seen this season, Ch. **Dolmeg Armand**, now owned by Mrs. Hough. He is by a male of Mrs. Hall's breeding, **Alcund Jasper**, and **Avril of Pensford**. Mrs. Dollimore also bred the **Blue-Cream Ch. Dolmeg Stardust** and a Cream male excelling in type and eyes, **Dolmeg Sola**. Mrs. Silverman bred orange-eyed Ch. **Helma Isabella** and blue-eyed Ch. **Helma Patrice**.

Mrs. Barbara Plews, of the "Tewhit" prefix, has bred some major Champions in Whites, Creams and Blue-Creams; she has two **Orange-eyed Whites** at stud, Ch. **Tewhit Tricosa** and Ch. **Tewhit Topper**, also a Cream, Ch. **Tewhit Telstar** and **Tewhit Tarquin**, and she owns Ch. **Leemor Christopher**, a Cream male with an international reputation for the quality of his progeny.

Miss Marjorie Bull, well known for quality cats, especially her **Black Persians**. Among other Champions her Black male Ch. **Deebank Mascot** has sired her own Ch. **Deebank Magnus**, which excels in type, and Mrs. Hoyle's Ch. **Deebank Marquis**, Mrs. Tappe's Ch. **Deebank Cassius**, Mrs. Shephard's Ch. **Deebank Gay Cavalier**, who has sired this owner's Black female, Ch. **Willowglen Gaiety Girl** by a Tortoiseshell of her own breeding, Ch. **Willowglen Sunflower**.

Mrs. Carole Ashurst has had much success in Blues with Ch. **Cargeos Pop-pinjay**, Ch. **Cargeos Soliloquy**, Ch. **Cargeos Lyrical Lad** and in Blue-Creams with **Cargeos Miss Goodytwoshoes** and many other winners since she started breeding cats.

Mr. and Mrs. Gore are recent breeders and they were delighted when their **Blue female Foxavon Mandy** became a Champion and **Best of Breed at Olympia** in November, following her **Best Exhibit in Show** at the **Blue Persian Cat Society Championship Show**. She is by Mrs. Newsome's male Ch. **Gaydene Robin** and **Colette of Pensford**.

Mrs. Howes continues on her winning way with her "**Honeymist**" Creams and **Blue-Creams**. Ch. **Honeymist Cream Ricardo**, three times **Best in Show**, is by Mrs. King's successful male Ch. **Startops Sans Souci**, himself a winner of six Challenge Certificates.

Dr. and Mrs. Percival have had a successful season with their **Blue** kittens **Ariane Lindsey**, **Best Blue Kitten at Olympia**, and his litter sister, **Ariane Victoria Plum**. They own the dam, **Mezeto Chantelle**, who later became a Champion. Last but not least, Mrs. M. Bishop's **Blue** male Ch. **Lecreme Arcturus** was awarded his sixth Championship at the S.C.C.C. Championship Show in March.

The competition in **Chinchillas** has had a substantial increase in the last few years. The progeny of Mrs. Turney's world-famous "**Bonavias**" continue to dominate this lovely variety.

Miss Sanders' exquisite female **Ch. Silvergem Abigail** was awarded high honours whenever she has appeared. She is by **Allerton Pearl Fisher** and Mrs. Scoones' **Pash Sheba Snowfire**; she is the mother of Mrs. Marfleet's successful male kitten **Clicquot Courvoisier, Best of Breed** in January. Another winner on the day for Miss Sanders' stock was **Clicquot Silver Solomon**, awarded Ch. in his adult class, the winning adult female being Miss Rolls' **Pasha Sheba Savoir-faire** by **Pasha Sheba Souvenir**.

At the **Wessex Cat Club Ch. Show** in March, Mrs. Harrison's **Chinchilla** male **Classic Conqueror** became a Champion and was **Best Exhibit in Show**, and her **Jemari Anna Maria** also completed her Championship. Both are by Mrs. Philbrick's male **Ch. Bonavia Roberto**, who sired her **Ch. Balthazar Minouska** and many winners for Mrs. Philbrick and other breeders. She also owns **Ch. Jemari Fair Lady**, bred by Mrs. Gowdy and sired by **Ch. Bonavia Flute**.

Mrs. Hoyle's **Smokes** have recorded some outstanding wins in England and overseas and her **Hardendale Looby Loo** is a lovely kitten; she also bred her mother, **Ch. Hardendale Zara**, and the latter's sire, **Ch. Hardendale Nicholas**. Mrs. Roden's **Sonata Chirchillas** and **Smokes** have recorded many major wins in several countries.

Other successful breeders are Mrs. E. Fisher, with her **Birmans** and she intends to breed **Red Selves** by acquiring **Willowglen Friponne**, by **Ch. Willowglen Rouge** from her breeder, Mrs. Shepard, who has had a successful season with her **Reds, Blacks** and **Tortoiseshells**.

Mrs. Absalom's **Brown Tabbies** are a welcome team to this handsome variety. She is President of the Tabby Cat Club and working with another enthusiast for **Tabbies**, Mr. Ralph Chapman. Miss Tosswill breeds the **Helensbrook Red Persians** and owns Red Self **Ch. Charmina Rufus**, winner of eight Championship Certificates, and she bred **Ch. Helensbrook Cornflake**. Mrs. Critchlow owns and bred **Ch. Joyda Hardrada**, another welcome addition to the **Red Selves**, which have so improved in type the last few years.

Mrs. Fawell's **Barwell Creams** and **Blue-Creams** excel in quality and her **Barwell** cats and kittens have recorded some outstanding wins in England and overseas, notably **Barwell Caria**, **Blue-Cream**, **Barwell Cleon Cream**, Oregon, U.S.A., **Barwell Linden** in Holland.

Her lovely pale cream queen **Ch. Tewhit Taffeta** was bred by Mrs. Plews and she is already a mother of winners.

JOAN THOMPSON.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN SHORT-HAIR SHOW REPORTS



Kalos Castor, Brown Burmese

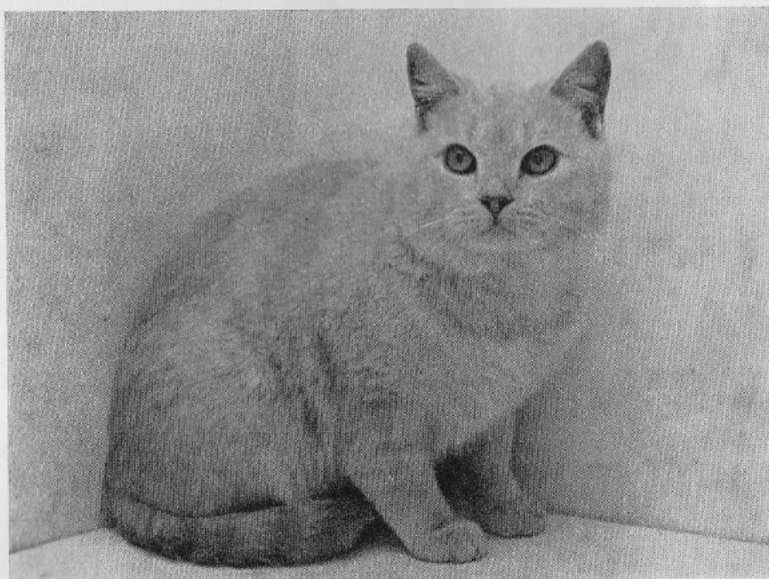
Photo: A. Hance

SHORT-HAIRED CATS AND KITTENS ON SHOW, 1972-1973

Usually I name a cat who has been outstanding for the Show year. I feel at rather a loss this year as there have been several very good cats to be seen this season, especially in the North and Midlands. Outstanding are Mrs. Peak's **Praetorian Blacks** from Cheshire. **Champions Imperator, Minerva**, and a good kitten **Eversoris**, coming along. Mrs. Foster's **Broadweir Magic Moment**, Mrs. Maddocks' **Ch. Manana Prince Charming** and **Cinderella**, **Champions Sweethope Penny Black** and **Magician**, bred by Mrs. Stewart.

In Edinburgh, Mrs. Stringer (a new exhibitor) showed some good type **O.E. and B.E. White** cats and kittens, Mrs. G. Evans exhibited **Ch. Selena Victoria**, a good B.E. Mr. Butcher has a good B.E. Male called **Finn MacCool**. **Ch. Dellswood Saint** has been represented by a good type White daughter, **Ch. Dellswood Mistletoe**, in the South.

Blue British have been good although not in great numbers. Mrs. Foster's **Ch. Brynbuboo Maxmillan** is as good-looking as ever. **Lowenhaus Blue Solitaire**, **Boraventura Mollie**, **Pensylva Patrician Perle**, **Littlewickers Regalia** and **Manana Sonny Boy** have won their Open Classes this season.



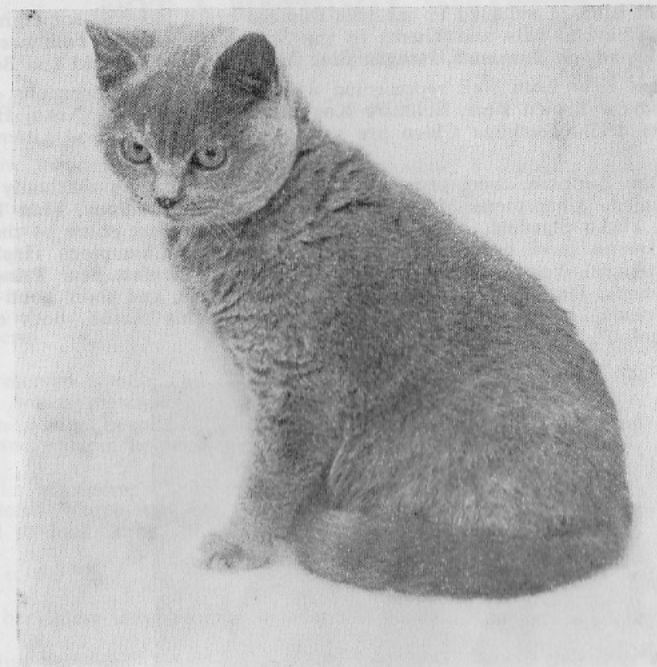
Ch. Jezreel Cyrus, British Cream

Very few **Creams** to be seen. Mrs. Richards' Female **Ch. Pensylva Starlyte** and **Westways Champagne Charlie** is a good male kitten bred by Mrs. West.

A great improvement is seen in **Blue Creams**. Again there are very few, like the **Creams**; type and eye colour is excellent. I liked Mrs. Foster's **Champions Dawnglow, Misty Morn** and **Twilight** and Mr. Winder's **Peerless Brocade**. Coats are paler with colours more mingled and less patches than we have seen for some time.

Many **Silver Tabbies** shown too much brown on their faces and feet. Among the best for colour and type I liked Mrs. Light's **Ch. Perrington Silver Ace**, Mrs. Watts' **Sireli Silver Charm** and **Zeta**, Mr. Warde's **Sherada Silver Deiniol**, Mrs. Rose's **Elston Candida**. There are also a few good kittens.

Mrs. Menezes has bred an outstanding **Silver Spotted** female, **Taishun Jennie**, who became a full Champion by the end of the season; her colour



**British Blue Cream,
Broadweir Parfait**

and coat pattern is excellent. Only a few **Red Tabbies**, but all very good. Miss Hardman's **Ch. Peerless Firebird** and **Ch. Peerless Fireglow**, bred by Mr. Winder. Mr. & Mrs. Maddicks' **Bellfield Red Empress** and **Admiral** are of beautiful type and colour.

Brown Tabbies are good with **Ch. Brynbuboo Brown Peter**, **Zephyr Erectus** and **Achilles**, **Champions Sherada Nutbrown Maid** and **Sherada Nutbrown Maid**, also two good **Brown Spotted**s, **Zephyr Achilles** and **Jiminy Jennyandots**.

Good **Tortoiseshell** and **Tortie-and-Whites** are **Peerless Patchwork**, **Bellfield Tortella**, **Pathfinders Ch. Rachel Rene** and **Brownie**, etc.; the **Pathfinder** cats bred by Miss Woodfield always represent the **Bi-Colours** also!

It was good to see a few more **Manx** this season. Mrs. Hellman's **Tashmetum** and **Rosenthal Yvonne**, Mr. Butcher's **Flicky Unman**, Mrs. Butcher's **Brightwell's Persephone**, Mr. Jordan's **Ch. Mona's Mr. Sandman** and **Mona's Amber Light**; Mr. Flanagan's **Grenaby Bright Spark** and **Alinda**, plus several good kittens make an interesting comeback.

A.O.V. Classes are always interesting. **Self Lavenders**, **Foreign Whites** and **Smokes** may soon be recognised as separate breeds. We hope to see the latest additions to our Fancy, the "**Korats**" from the United States, where the breed is considered to be very exclusive. A few have been on exhibition—we hope to see more during the next season.

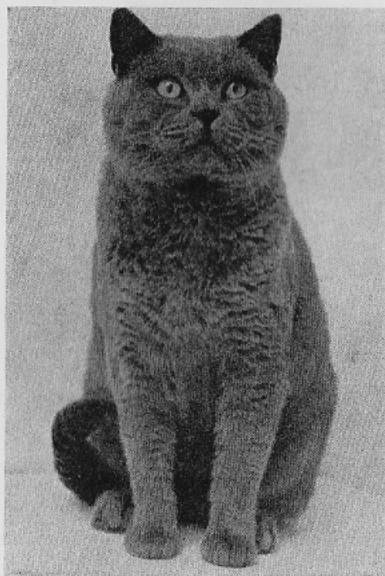
Abyssinians, both **Normal** and **Red**, continue to be good. Miss Scatchard's Male **Duamatef** became a full Champion, with **Taralynd**, **Duamutef**, **Nenophila Meadowlark**, **Madrigal Red Rover** and **Yuri Contented Harvest Moon (Lovey's)**, **Shybu Tammany Ch. Bernina Red Lance**, etc.

There are so many **Brown**, **Blue** and other colour **Burmese** I can name only a few which have done well this season, **Kalos Castor**, **Linlinkye Sioux**, **Ch. Bernina Apollo** and **Annabella**, **Ch. Kevitor Brown Belladonna**, **Sleekline Sheba**, **Ch. Hillcross Minthame**, **Cragland Silver Shadow**, **Chantelle Blue Bella** and many promising kittens.

Russian Blue. I am glad to say that this old breed has had something of a revival with several cats and kittens in the Shows, **Ch. Arctic Tumaneeve** and **Mimulus**, **Broadweir Tamaroff**, **Hengist Blue Moon**, **Deecat Atasuki** and **Belinska**.

Havanas have been well represented with their wistful expressions: **Champions Dandycat Brown Bear**, **Solitaire Koahamanu** and **Maneki Neko**, **Harislau Little Otter** and **Sweethope Chico** are very good and some good kittens have been bred.

Like the Burmese, there are so many **Rex** in the Shows that only a few can be named. **Champions Masambula**, **Patshill Black Oedipus**, **Elan Fidelio**, **Patti Puss**, **Pikko Stardust**, **Annelida Fervent Frenchman** are some of the good **Cornish**. **Devon** have been shown in good numbers, **Champions Hephaestus Argos**, **Marisarni Voodoo**, **Sayonara Lilac Frosting**, **Sirafen Seal Prince** and **Chocolate Suzy**, **Dezna Sugar Plum**, **Berilleon Kuan-Yin**, and some good kittens of both breeds. I have seen two odd-eyed Whites this season, both eyes of excellent colour.



Ch. Brynbuboo Maximilian.
British Blue

Champion of Champions continue to be good and many of the older favourites are to be seen: **Champions Elan Ali Baba**, **Burnt Toast**, **Peerless Fire-oid**, **Dellswood Saint**, **Jennymay Fingal**, **Jamali Lung Chao**.

Neuters are fabulous of all breeds and many are **Premiers**: **Brynbuboo Tom Bombadil**, **Lohteyn Golden Boy**, **Sweethope Magician**, **Elan Big Fella**, **Bastet Blue Rose** and a lovely new exhibit, **Mr. Harlow's Brown Burmese**, **Sha Bea**, and so many more of equal merit.

I have seen some good **Siamese**. Those I remember are **Champions Hargill Raindrop**, **Chalmi Blue Laddie**, **Kaloki Pharaoh**, **Dezna Cometes**, **Sislinki Top-sun**, **Pi-den Flavia**, **Solitaire Kanaka**, **Kayou Lenord**, **Darling Dream Angus**, **Hona Hidden Gold**, **Gaylor Piccolo**, **Blue Champayne**, **Quintral Pettifleur** and **Casmen Livia**. These cats cover all the breed colours; I think they are a great improvement on some of last season's exhibits and, of course, there are some marvellous **Siamese Neuters**, **Pr. Redleaf Tien**, **Pr. Karbur Cordova**, **Pr. Saturn Sebastian**, **Pr. Shybu Spyridon**, **Pr. Elmtree Snoec**, etc.

ELIZABETH TOWE.

NOT A NATIONAL DISASTER

by MYRA C. KALIS, Essex

"Remember the Judge is the Judge," said my husband when I entered the Animal Show Business.

How wonderful to be in Supreme Command, I thought, and was all the more excited when I received a 'phone call, inviting me to judge Domesticats at the National Cat Show. Having run a cattery I felt I could choose healthy, friendly and well-groomed animals.

Having seen a steward savaged, I had an anti-tet. booster and put plaster and disinfectant in my new white overall. Drenched in scent, I arrived early at the Show. Let's be honest, I was the first to reach the top gallery after the organisers.

I reserved a table and collected my regalia. Wearing the scarlet and white rosette, which matched my scarlet slacks, I decided to think myself into my position. I must be pleasant, unhurried, decided, not too long winded, kindly but aloof, and not put up with any old nonsense.

After a moment's brief authority I was besieged with requests. Where were the toilets? Where were the cages? Where was the Cat Litter to be found? I decided to look forbidding.

That did it.

A breathless lady inquired if I was the Show Manager.

"Just judging," I said carelessly, with a throwaway line that was rather clever considering my not insignificant chest had expanded further. "Can I help you?"

"I need a pin for my entrance ticket," I was told.

I withdrew a huge one from the belt of my slacks and handed it over.

"Is it alright to speak to you," she asked gratefully.

"Yes, Judging has not yet commenced."

I was a standing target. What time do you start? What time will you finish? What points are you looking for?

I remembered that it was twelve years since I had entered my first Domestic Kitten, which won, and had a sneaking sympathy. There is nothing like a Best in Show at your first attempt and the Judge is still my friend.

George arrived and my worries ceased. He must be one of the best stewards ever—he handled the sixty-odd cats easily and I enjoyed myself. Surging crowds were everywhere, the lights were dim which necessitated an extra look at dark cats, and the children never left me alone.

Dignified, poised, with a humorous quirk, I fooled no one. I was approachable. Difficult not to be with peering anxious faces trying to sum up your opinions.

The cats were delightful. I have read about Classes in which all deserved first prizes. I was too true. Glossy, cute or majestic, it rested on personal preference. I fought my phobia on white cats (I wonder what it denotes?) and with George's approbation chose an elderly marmalade ex-male, a tiny blue, and a young female with torty tabby markings on a snowy coat.

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The last had about a dozen owners, but Mum had groomed her: she was sleek, heavy without fat, and glorious golden eyes.

"Please, miss, do you like our cat?"

"You mustn't speak to Judges."

"But, Miss, you look as if you like her!" (I had said to George "What a beauty!" and he agreed.)

"Go away or I can't see the others," I commanded.

We went for coffee. I asked a girl if we might sit down. She had a bovine stare.

"I got here first," she said.

Things were different when I was young, I like to think.

We had one argument when I told a woman to give her thirsty tabby a drink.

"It said on the schedule I mustn't."

"Get it one quickly, it's panting."

"I haven't got a water bowl."

"Buy one at a stall," I said.

After George pinned up the final result I looked round to see if I agreed with myself. The multi-owned girl was wearing her rosette round her neck and I was greeted with shouts of "We knew you liked it." More Cat Fanciers in the making and a gorgeous animal.

Retaining my overall, I waited with George for lunch. It was fun queueing with the big names, learning as much as possible, joining in tentatively, and admiring the stamina and willpower required.

I joined my sister, guarding my lad, and received the accolade.

"Very odd," she said. "A pleasant woman said to me 'There's a lovely lady judging domestics up top. I asked the name and she showed me yours on the catalogue. She said you were a First Class Judge'."

"What was the cat?"

"A blue kitten, and you made it First at its first Show. You know your stuff," she said.

Which goes to prove you can always make one friend in a difficult field.

* * * * *

CAT "TAILS"

by IDA M. BARRETT, Sheffield



Sacha

You will recall that in a previous edition of "Cat Lovers' Journal" my story was a tale of woe. Our beloved cat Candy had died. Well, to fill the great yawning chasm of grief we adopted a pretty kitten which I named Gigi. (I'm partial to fancy French handles, as you will soon observe.)

Gigi was a glamorous young feline with gorgeous topaz eyes and a disdainful air. This was understandable for she was born in the top drawer, as they say. Her early environment had been one of grandiose style. Actually, she first saw the light of day from a genuine historical old hall. And when you have been raised to three months old amid antique trappings dating back to the seventeenth century, it is slightly excusable when you look down your tiny little nose at those less fortunate. For that is exactly what Gigi did.

From the minute we collected her, she sat in the cat basket with "superior" written all over her smug little face. To be uprooted from the only mode of life she was accustomed to and driven without her consent to a suburban detached villa was below her dignity, she must have been thinking.

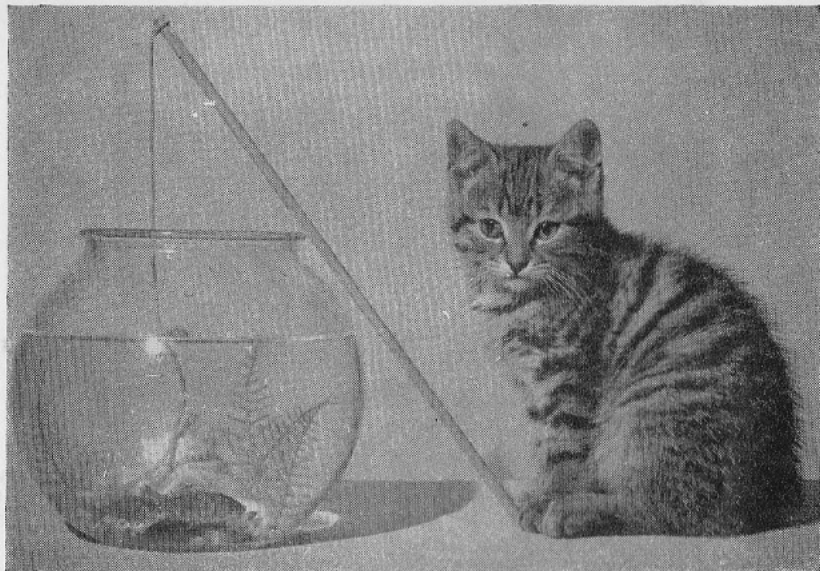
Gigi was doubtless a born snob. Mind you, she did look every inch an aristocrat. She was beautifully proportioned and covered from head to tail in the finest grey blue fur—well, almost. She would have been flawless but for one tiny imperfection, a minute pear-shaped white spot marred her chin. Rather than detracting from her beauty, I thought it added a touch of distinction. And to further gild the lily, I adorned her neck with a bejewelled gold kid collar.

Indeed, I was proud of her appearance. Never before had we had such a classy looking specimen. Previously, all our cats had been just common or garden tabbies. However, as is said, "beauty is only skin deep". For Gigi was determined to keep her reserve. No amount of coaxing would arouse her interest. Our abundant affection fell on stony ground. In truth, Gigi was extremely unsociable. The bosom of the family held no attraction. In fact she, to our great disappointment, spurned our love at every opportunity. She was a loner, preferring her own company, usually in another room.

"Perhaps she will grow to appreciate us in time," I said optimistically. But fate had other plans in store. Almost a year to the anniversary of the day of Gigi's adoption, tragedy struck once more. A passing motor car killed her outright.

Can cats foretell the future? we asked ourselves. Did Gigi have a premonition that she was not long for this world? If so, perhaps that was her reason for being reluctant to entwine her heart with ours. For as one knows, the more a pet attaches itself to one's emotions, the more we miss them after they are gone.

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contd. from page 113.

Now Sacha is our consolation and a greater comparison to Gigi would be hard to find. For like his namesake, Sacha Distel, the famous French singing star, he just oozes charm. Needless to say, "our" Sacha is also good looking expressive eyes (although he cannot sing and is averse to "Raindrops" in any shape or form).

This time we reverted to type and chose a tabby again. He has a splendid white shirt front, which he maintains in pristine condition and is set off by a red patent collar with tinkling medallion. What's more, Sacha adores the ladies. He makes his presence felt until all conversation is halted. Then, satiated with all the fawning and fussing, he settles content. With men, however, the treatment is quite the reverse. At the sound of a masculine voice, he scuttles away hiding until the coast is clear.

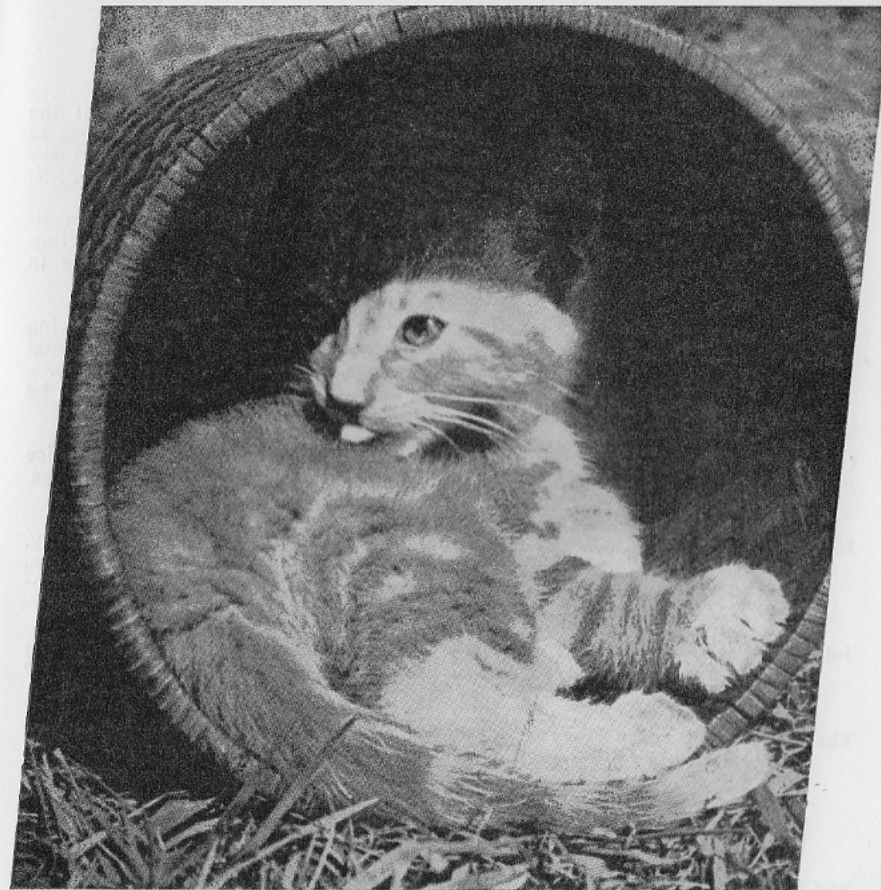
When we first took possession of Sacha after the loss of Gigi, we were afraid to let him roam at will lest the tragedy was repeated. Therefore I trained him to a collar and lead. Twice a day we went "walkies" round the lawn. Also my husband built him a garden chalet complete with wire netted run and ladders to view the world at different heights.

From his outside run, a cat flap led into a cosy apartment furnished with all mod. cons. A private loo (litter tray), sleeping basket, a stool to window gaze and last but not least, an electric skirting heater. "He has everything bar T.V.", joked my friends.

Four-inch high letters on the door proclaimed his private residence as "Maison Sacha". Not that we banished him there permanently. He just enjoyed brief spells. It was so amusing to watch visiting local cats stop in their tracks with surprise. Perhaps they wondered who the exclusive creature was that was not allowed to hob-nob with them. Probably they pitied Sacha. Especially one old dear. He was a veteran of about fifteen. A black and white tom called Wilfred, who planted his fat body on the pen's roof, causing it to sag under his hefty weight.

As Sacha's visitors came and went, free as the wind, I began to have misgivings. Never before in twenty-five years of cat keeping had I kept one in captivity. Wistfully, Sacha sat in the sun, his eyes following every living thing. Poor boy, he was obviously bored to death. And although when indoors the house was his to explore, I deprived him the sport of the garden.

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Siesta time

contd. from page 114.

Was I being a cruel jailer? Was a short life and a gay one preferable to life imprisonment? I asked myself. I would take a chance and thus unburden my conscience.

What's more, Sacha's reaction to freedom was a joy to behold. Unable to believe his good fortune, he stood outside the pen sniffing the air. "It was like wine compared with the penned variety," he seemed to be thinking. Then like a newly discharged convict, the truth of his release did not hit him immediately. His steps were cautious, as if trespassing. Then suddenly a passing bee caught his eye. Unchecked for the time by a restraining lead, he cavorted like a spring lamb. Keeping a wary eye on him, I allowed him his head for a while.

Then I called his name and to my delight he bounded out of the bushes, obediently padding across the lawn cub-like to my knee. At last we were both happy and I prayed my decision had been the right one. Also that fate would smile kindly this time.

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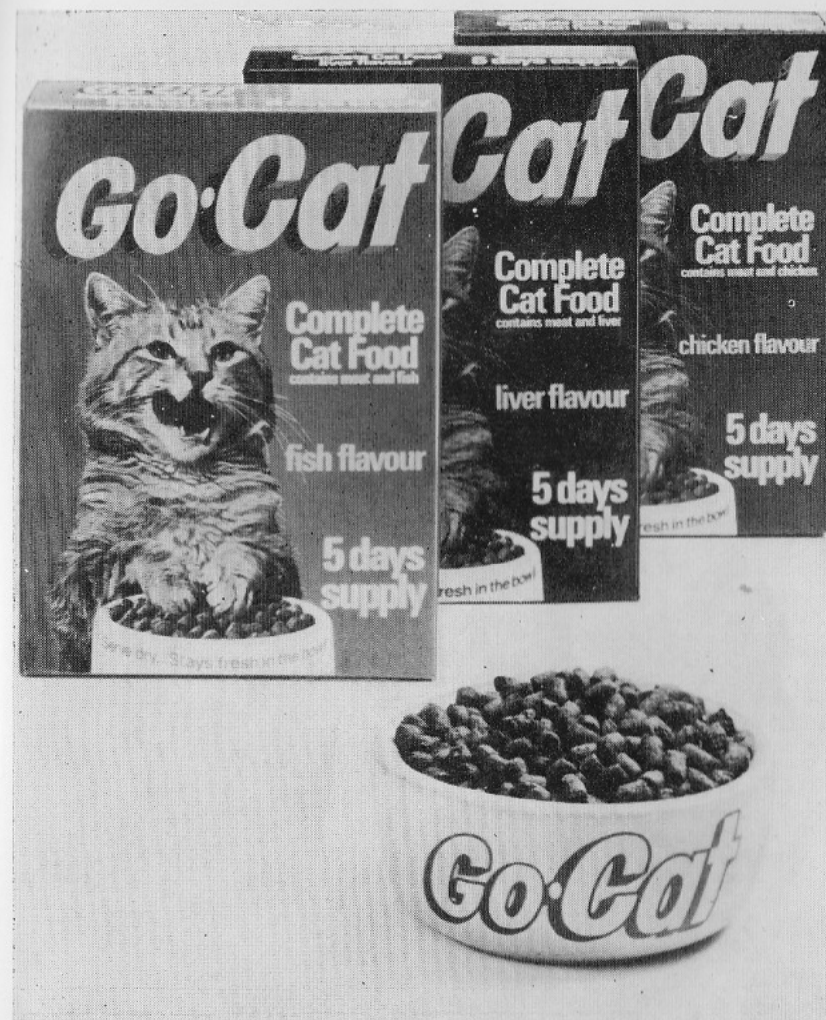
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