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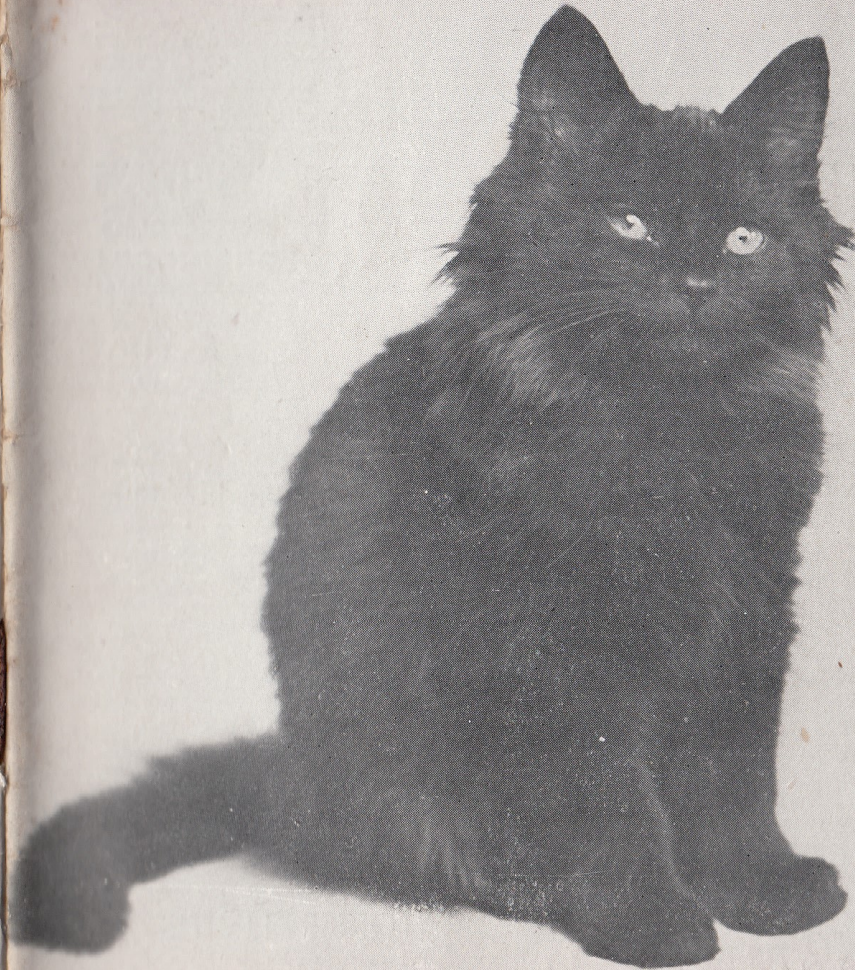
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and kittens

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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

(Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE)

General Offices : 39, FULL STREET, DERBY (Derby 47095)

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1948.



Doria

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS DISH ?

WE SHOULD LIKE TO EXTEND HEARTIEST CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO OUR READERS AT HOME AND IN MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD, PARTICULARLY THOSE IN HOLLAND, DENMARK, BELGIUM, GERMANY, THE DUTCH EAST INDIES, INDIA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, AND THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The cover photograph is by Ronald Thompson.

We have received a copy of Messrs. Michael Joseph's New Book for Children, MISS KELLY, price 7/6d. There could be no better gift for a child who likes cats, especially one so wise as Miss Kelly.

## CATS

Why DO cats  
Always sit  
In such  
Peculiar  
Places?

There may be  
Soft green grass  
Under  
The shade of trees,  
But they

Seat themselves  
On fences,  
Narrow,  
Spiky fences,  
And they

Look as if  
They enjoy  
Themselves  
On the fences.  
Never do

They fall to  
The hard ground  
As you  
Might think they would,  
But they

Purr away  
And rub their  
Necks on  
Splintery wood.  
How queer!  
They sit on  
Sharp edges  
In the  
Bombed-out buildings,  
And sleep.

They stretch on  
Tree branches  
So thin  
That you think they  
Would break

Under their  
Soft bodies;  
They bend,  
But never snap.  
Those cats!

They ignore  
The hearth rug  
Or the  
Basket placed for  
Them, and

They jump on  
The arm chair  
Where you  
Want to stretch in,  
Or they

Leap on your  
Back and they  
Scratch your  
Ear, or they bite  
Your cheek.

They balance  
On fenders,  
And gaze  
Into the fire  
And blink;

When you want  
To put your  
Feet on  
The fender, and  
Relax.

WHY do cats  
ALWAYS sit  
In SUCH  
Peculiar  
Places?

Violet A. Hood.

## SIX OF 'EM

By PETER MICHAEL

THERE is, I suppose, every reason why a general naturalist should be interested in cats. Yet I have known experienced and admittedly knowledgeable naturalists who just "could not be bothered" to study the "fireside Sphinx;" and sometimes I wonder whether the reason for this is to be found in a certain inferiority complex (in the human, of course), rather than actual dislike of the graceful creatures that adorn so many hearths and inspire affection in young and old alike.

Perhaps I am prejudiced in favour of the cat: not only have I been a keen nature-lover all my life, but, as well, I like and admire *Felis domestica*. I consider that the animal exhibits a high degree of intelligence, makes an attractive and lovable companion if properly looked after, yet contrives never to lose its independence or sacrifice its personal pride. Of course, there are stupid cats, just as there are, and always have been, renegades: I have yet to meet the biologist who believes that any two individuals, of whatsoever species, can be exactly alike.

Withal, the stupid ones comprise an insignificant minority.

At time of writing, there are half-a-dozen cats about my house. I say "at time of writing" because already several generations are represented, and any moment now there is likely to be another. In any event, in our home it is never safe to bank on counting up the same number of cats each day; for, in addition to new arrivals of the newly-born kind, strays have a habit of putting in an appearance—impelled, one imagines, by that uncanny feline intuition which unfailingly tells them that here is one of those habitations where soft and sentimental *Homo sapiens* finds it difficult to turn any homeless creature away, and particularly hard to shut the door on a bedraggled cat.

I have mentioned stupid cats. One of ours, a tabby rejoicing in the name of Soda, definitely is M.D., though she undoubtedly has a fair share of low cunning. She is a bad mixer, intent only on grabbing everything that is going, and accordingly is not popular with the rest of the

feline family, who manifestly object to her continual snarls and bad-tempered growls. How did she get her name? Think of the noise made by a soda-water syphon in action. That, insisted my schoolboy son, is what our tabby's purring sounded like: hence her name. An ex-Army cat . . . . .

Veteran of the family, and for many years the dubiously distinguished hero of numerous items in a miscellaneous column contributed by the writer to a provincial paper (which regularly featured the cat's outstanding exploits), is *Moggeriferus pestiferus*, more familiarly known as "Mog" or "Moggles." Twelve years ago we acquired him from a local convent; but as he was then already full-grown he must now be at least thirteen years old—and he is beginning to look it. A huge, heavily-whiskered black-and-white, he was, when in his hey-day, in every respect a giant among cats and notorious as the terror of the canine populace.

I well remember how, on one occasion, the Sabbath calm was shattered by an irate lady who thumped testily on our door and demanded that we remove M.P. from the gate of the adjacent meadow in order that her dog could emerge! I found Mog squatting, a formidable picture of feline fierceness and uncom-

promising patience, outside the field in which a very large dog was "imprisoned." Amber eyes stared unblinkingly at the unfortunate dog, which, whining pitifully, seemed unwilling to make a dash for it. I could hardly blame it . . . I managed to collar Moggles, and, after a struggle, removed him. But I was on his black list for the rest of the day . . . . .

Blackie, alias "Satan," lissom queen in sable fur, with the pointed head, slant eyes, and graceful build of the Siamese, to say nothing of the simian traits of that breed, has a fondness for high perches, record leaps, climbing, bathrooms—and cake. For all her theiving ways and, at times, irritating habits, she is by far the most affectionate cat I have ever known. For Junior, who picked her up in a pet shop for a modest tanner, under the impression that he was acquiring a tom, and who now refuses to consider parting with her at any price, she has the most intense loyalty. By some strange means impossible for mere humans to fathom, she knows exactly when he is due in from school, and as often as not is en route for the bus stop at the appointed time, or taking up her attitude of welcome at the front gate as he arrives. Dogs that have sampled the incredibly fierce tenacity with which she "guards" her kittens, have a habit of sidling

in curiously furtive manner past our gate; others, less fortunate, on venturing with characteristic canine light-heartedness into the forbidden realms, suddenly find themselves attacked by a spitting, clawing fury which, hurtling through the air seemingly from nowhere in particular, concentrates every effort on the infliction of the maximum punishment in the shortest space of time.

Kittens? Yes; there is Dab, for a start: sole survivor of Blackie's second litter. Opinions vary oddly as to her description. Some consider her a tortoiseshell—more or less—others aver she is brindled. I merely compromise by stating that she is a mixture of pretty well everything one can think of, having an intriguing colour scheme in

which black, brown, russet, orange and white are commingled. Like her dam, she she betrays, in eyes, build, and other aspects, distinct traces of Siamese ancestry. Favourite companion in the same litter was brother Flounder, who died.

We still have a brace of kittens from the third litter; both black-coated and blue-eyed. Sometimes they are little fiends, but so lovable at all times that they get away with it. After all, what can you do to a fluffy, skittish little mite with the most appealing of saucer eyes, even though you know it is an incorrigible thief and the most intractable of rogues? Day after day, we swear we must get rid of them. But they are still there . . . . .

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We have had a letter from Mrs. K. Williams, the Show Manager of the forthcoming Southern Counties Cat Club Show, asking us to point out with reference to the article which appeared in our November issue under the title of "Sending Your Cat by Train," that whilst it was possible for cats to be sent addressed to the secretaries of shows before the war by Railway Passenger Train, that there is now a Governing Council rule that cats must be accompanied on their journey to the show, either by the owner or the owner's personal representative.

# THE STORY OF COCO

By E. M. BARRAUD

UNTIL last week, I had not seen my cousin Peter since before the war. I was in the Land Army and he was in the R.A.F. and even before he went overseas our leaves never coincided, and then he was missing for nearly twelve months. So when business took me near his country cottage I wrote and asked if I might look him up. He replied enthusiastically and insisted I spend a night with him and his wife. And meet Coco.

I had no idea who Coco might be and there was no time to ask. As far as I knew they had no children.

But I was not long left in doubt for as the car drey up Peter and Daphne came to the door, and on Peter's shoulder was a huge black cat.

"Coco heard you long before we did," he said, and I realised Coco was a cat.

"A cat," have I said? A cat is rather more than just "a cat" when it has saved your life, and

then saved your sanity by being your companion on a tiny island less than a mile square for nearly twelve months, and that is how it had been. It was a long story, as Peter told it with loving care, but I'll try and condense it.

His plane had been forced down with engine trouble. He and his navigator had taken to the rubber dinghy and then began a nightmare drifting during which they lost all count of time. Biscuits ran out first, and then water, and then the navigator died and Peter was alone. How long, he had no idea, nor how and why the dinghy eventually came to grief. He was mercifully unconscious.

He came to lying on sand, with the sun beating down on his face, and excruciating agony in his left leg. Rolling over on to his face, he raised his head and saw a few scrubby bushes higher up the beach and knew that somehow he must get to them before the sun rose much higher. Dragging his useless, aching leg, he somehow did

crawl up the seemingly endless slope of sand and then collapsed again under the bushes.

When he regained consciousness he was aware of a blessed cool dampness against his parched lips. He moved his burning face against the cool wet, and then under his lips he felt a throbbing song. I was the purr of an enormous black cat, and it was the cat's wet fur that was against his lips.

For some hours he drifted between oblivion and painful wakefulness and always the cat was there, close to his mouth. But then he floated to realisation and knew the cat was gone. Hardly had he appreciated the fact, than the animal came up to him. In its jaws was a fish, still thrashing wildly, the sunlight glinting on its silvery scales. The cat laid the fish by Peter's side and the boy tore at it ravenously with his teeth. The worst of his mad, hunger allayed, he slept.

It was morning when he woke, and the cat was curled beside him, in the curve of his body. The night's rest had done Peter good and he knew that first he must find water.

"Coco knew what I wanted," he said. "And I knew that he knew, and followed him as he slowly led the way still further

up the shore. Don't ask me how I knew that he knew; it just never occurred to me that he did not. And we found water, a small rather sandy spring, some fifty yards uphill. Sandy and dirty it was, but fresh and not brackish."

Coco—it was not till much later that Peter named the cat, from the only trees on the island—brought him more fish during the day, and for a few days Peter left it at that. Not a very satisfactory diet, raw fish and water, but better than nothing and it saved his life and enabled him to regain some strength. He had thought his leg was broken but it appeared that it was only badly bruised and the ankle sprained.

That, in a way, was all of the story that mattered, in the sense of life and death, but Peter went on to tell me how he had found the coconut trees, and managed to get some coconut milk, and then the flesh of the nuts themselves. There were also some more bushes with fruit on them. Peter tried the first mouthful knowing it might easily mean a horrible and sudden death, but he survived.

What the fruit was, he had no idea. Something like a pomegranate, he said. He found a species of limpet on the rocks, too, and a rather inferior brand

of oyster, but these and fish remained his staple diet; there seemed to be no animal or bird life on the island.

Presumably Coco had seen to that, if there ever had been birds or small animals. How long had the cat been there? Peter had, of course, no idea. He was obviously a full grown cat, and since their return to civilisation Peter had taken Coco to a vet. who said he was between four and five years old. How had he got there? Presumably he had gone ashore from some boat and been left behind, whether by design or accident there was no telling.

'It was lucky—more than lucky—for me, anyway,' Peter said. "If the old man hadn't been there, I shouldn't be here now—there's no question about that."

All the time Peter had been talking, Coco had been sitting on his shoulder, crouched quietly, toes turned under him. It was obvious that between man and cat existed a bond stronger even than the many such strong friendships.

"How did you get away at last?" I asked.

"A plane happened to come over. The merest chance in a million, of course, and I thought they weren't going to see me, but luckily they were flying pretty low and did spot me. I had a bit of bother about getting Coco home with me. Not with the fellows on the plane. but at the hospital and then at every point on the way home. But I never gave anyone a chance to separate us, nor did he! You'd be surprised how ferocious he can be at times!"

'He certainly can!' said Daphne. "He quite frightened me at first, but not for long. He seemed to accept the fact that I had no sinister motives in being with Peter!"

Well, there it is, just one more story of the war. To the ordinary observer, Coco is just an ordinary black cat, I suppose. But he still won't eat meat or cooked fish. He has, however, deigned to give attention to the choicer cuts of poultry!

## WELL KNOWN BREEDER and EXHIBITOR WRITES ON THE TRAINING OF CATS

By DOROTHY E. KAYE

FROM time to time I have noticed remarks contained in articles in "Cats and Kittens" which seem to me to call for comment regarding what for want of a better word—I can only call the 'teachableness' of cats—or rather kittens—for, as with all creatures, training is easiest undertaken with the young.

I have kept cats consistently since about 1934—and until the war, bred and exhibited both longhairs and short—although I now have only Siamese. I keep three of these in the house—and can say in all truth that neither now or in the past have I experienced the trials and tribulations only too often taken as unavoidable if one does so.

To start with we never allow any of our cats on *any* table—a decided "No" as soon as this is attempted usually proving sufficient—though sometimes a more persistent kitten may need a more drastic deterrent—such as a 'thwack' with a folded newspaper, accompanied by as

much noise as possible (which they hate). Admittedly, one has to be vigilant early on. A kitten knows as well as a child when it can take advantage, and if a certain thing is 'taboo,' it must be so always, or the kitten will not know where it is.

Another thing which amazes me is the oft quoted remark that "all cats are born *thieves!*" Naturally if not taught, any animal, or child, will obviously take food within its reach whenever available and unless instructed otherwise can hardly be expected to know any better.

To illustrate how thoroughly they can be trained—one of my cats during the war had to be left alone during my 'canteen' day—and in order for him to have his 'lunch,' I arranged for someone to open the kitchen door for him around noon—I previously having put his meal ready on the floor. On one occasion, however, upon my return, I was greeted with the news that "Cleo had seemed unhappy—was his lunch al-

right?" It was—the only snag being that I had forgotten, in my haste, to put it on the floor in his dish! It was still untouched in the plate upon which I had prepared it—on the tiled slab adjoining the sink—and beneath which Cleo had apparently waited hopefully most of the day—at any rate he had plenty to say when he greeted me there. In fact, all my cats can be left in close proximity with food—(not excepting their favourite whalemeat) —without the slightest qualm.

One of my Siamese will eat nothing except from her own dish, mice etc., all being brought in and consumed thereon. An amusing sight recently was when she discovered a biscuit put aside for the pigeons on top of some garden steps, this she carried carefully indoors and broke into pieces in her dish before enjoying it, to the delight of some visitors who happened to witness the event.

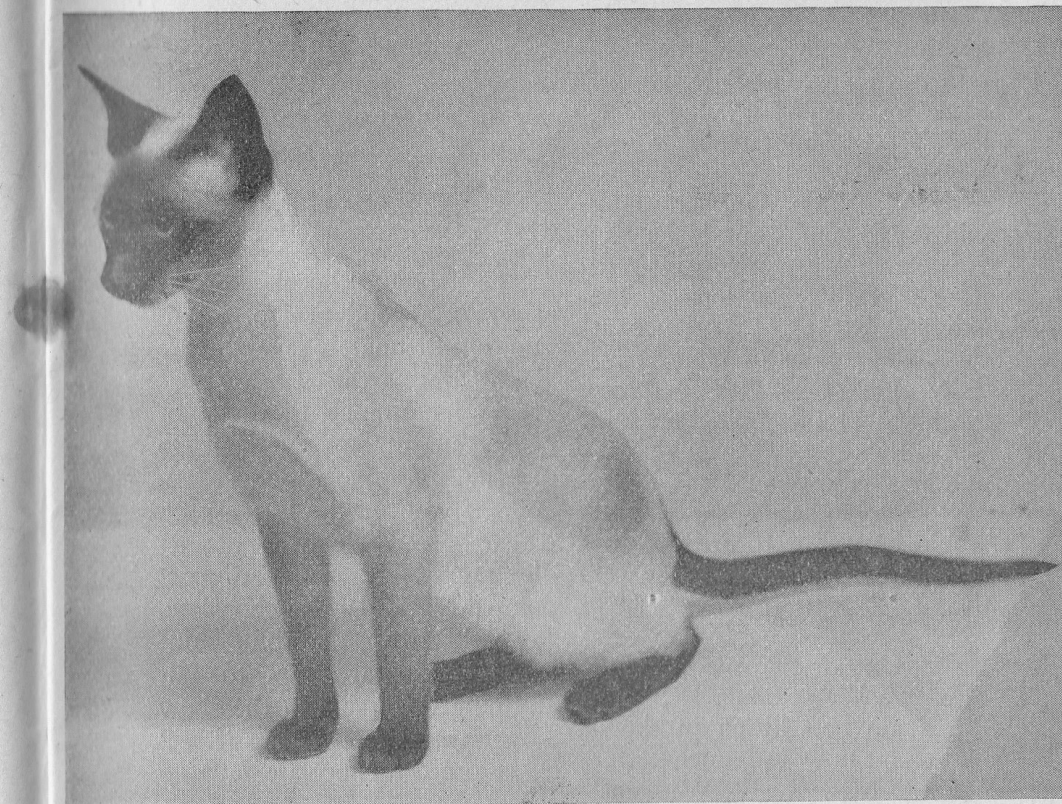
I suppose I am ultra-fastidious regarding animals in the house, but my husband for one, would never tolerate furniture covered with cat's hairs—ours have their

chosen seats in every room, but they stick to them conscientiously if we are not about. Of course, as soon as we sit down they expect a 'lap,' but never jump up unless invited by a snap of the fingers to do so.

People to whom I have sold kittens often remark upon their obedience with surprise—as if such a thing is quite unheard of in a cat—and I think this attitude is such a pity, as surely one who does not come when called, jumps on tables, takes food, sharpens claws on furniture, climbs and tears curtains ad lib, cannot be the delight that any well-trained animal always is.

Of course one must have great patience to begin with, and care taken that the kitten is not scared, and knows what is expected of it. The indiscriminate slapping of a tiny kitten which has inadvertently misbehaved is not only cruel, but worse than useless, as it only makes it frightened and confused. Generally speaking, however, I feel the fault lies in people underestimating the intelligence of the cat. Don't you agree?

—:—



### Siamese Cat Club Show

Mrs. Parker's LINDALE SIMON PIE, Best Kitten in Show,

SHOW MANAGER THINKS BACK ON

## THE SIAMESE CAT CLUB'S SHOW

ANOTHER Siamese Cat show is over and now comes the sorting out of the awards, special prizes and the dull jobs of sending out the prize money and generally packing away for another year. Entries were terrific, but I must reluctantly

say that quality, with a few exceptions, was not much in evidence. I do not think I have ever seen such a collection of mediocre cats and it is high time breeders set about trying to get something worth while instead of being content with anything will do so long as it looks like Siamese. I was far too busy to have a really good look at the exhibits, but after a glance at the males visions of Ch. Angus Silky, Ch. Prestwick Pertana, Ch. Jacques of Abingdon and Ch. Pita flashed through my mind. Where would the males of today be beside them? It would be unfair to criticise the females because I did not see them.

One or two nice kittens. Mrs. Parker's Lindale Simon Pie, again best kitten in show. Not so fat now and much better for it. Mrs. K. R. Williams' good pair Doneraile Diane and Debjon, Miss Judith Brook's Proud Panda and Mr. Lewis' Sianna Charles, to name a few. Two lovely blue-points, Mrs. Rider's Velvet Mask Blue John and Mrs. Williamson's Velvet Mask Scilla, brother and sister by Raard Blue Sacchi out of Ch. Velvet Mask Dinah. President Compton Mackenzie came along to present the awards and amused the gathering with a witty little speech. Great lover of Siamese he

prefers the old fashioned kinked tail and told me he would put up a cat with a tail like a corkscrew if other points conformed to standard. Don't try breeding for that because the club is not likely to change the long whip-like appendage.

The few chocolate-points attracted a good deal of attention. Unfortunately several were absent and as this variety is as yet in its infancy they cannot be expected to be very good. Do not think you have a chocolate-point if you breed a kitten with pale points. There is a vast difference between a bad pale-pointed seal and a real chocolate. It has taken the blue-point breeders several years to put anything creditable in the show pen. I wonder how long it will be before the chocolate fans do the same.

As usual a number of brickbats descended, mostly from the watchers in the gallery who seem to think that if the judge and the stewards say a word or two to each other they have changed places and the steward is handing out the awards. Some judges like to talk, with others it is sudden death to any steward who opens her mouth, but believe me, I have yet to meet the judge who is influenced

by stewards or anyone else. Ask them and see.

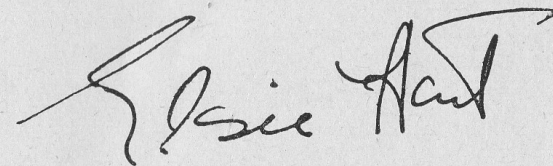
The gate was good and I don't think anyone got in without paying, at least I took special precautions to prevent it. A pity we did not get our new pens in time. They started to arrive the day after the show so the next show manager on the list will be lucky.

I had only time to say "Hullo" to so many kind friends but thanks a million to all the wonderful helpers both on show day and the day before, and apologies to the few folk to whom I was very rude during the harrassing early hours of the morning.

We missed Joan Thompson but were happy to hear that Mr. Thompson is progressing well after his serious operation. A successful show? Yes, I think so.

Great news arrived this week from customs authorities approximately two months after start of correspondence, that Lederle vaccine for the prevention of infectious enteritis sent by American friends has been confiscated as it does not conform with rule X Y Z, etc. Poor kittens, let them go on dying, officialdom won't allow them to be saved.

Advice given by Elsie Hart over and over again, do not let your stud run with the queens. Petit Gitto, last beloved son of Penybryn Mont showed no interest whatsoever in the Seal-sleeve girls, even when their songs were distinctly operatic. He's still just a baby, but Shah-Pashah is wearing paniers each side and any moment now the cottage will be filled with the squeals of, presumably, baby Gittos. A dark horse that young man, with a liking for the night and privacy. Even the cleverest get caught!

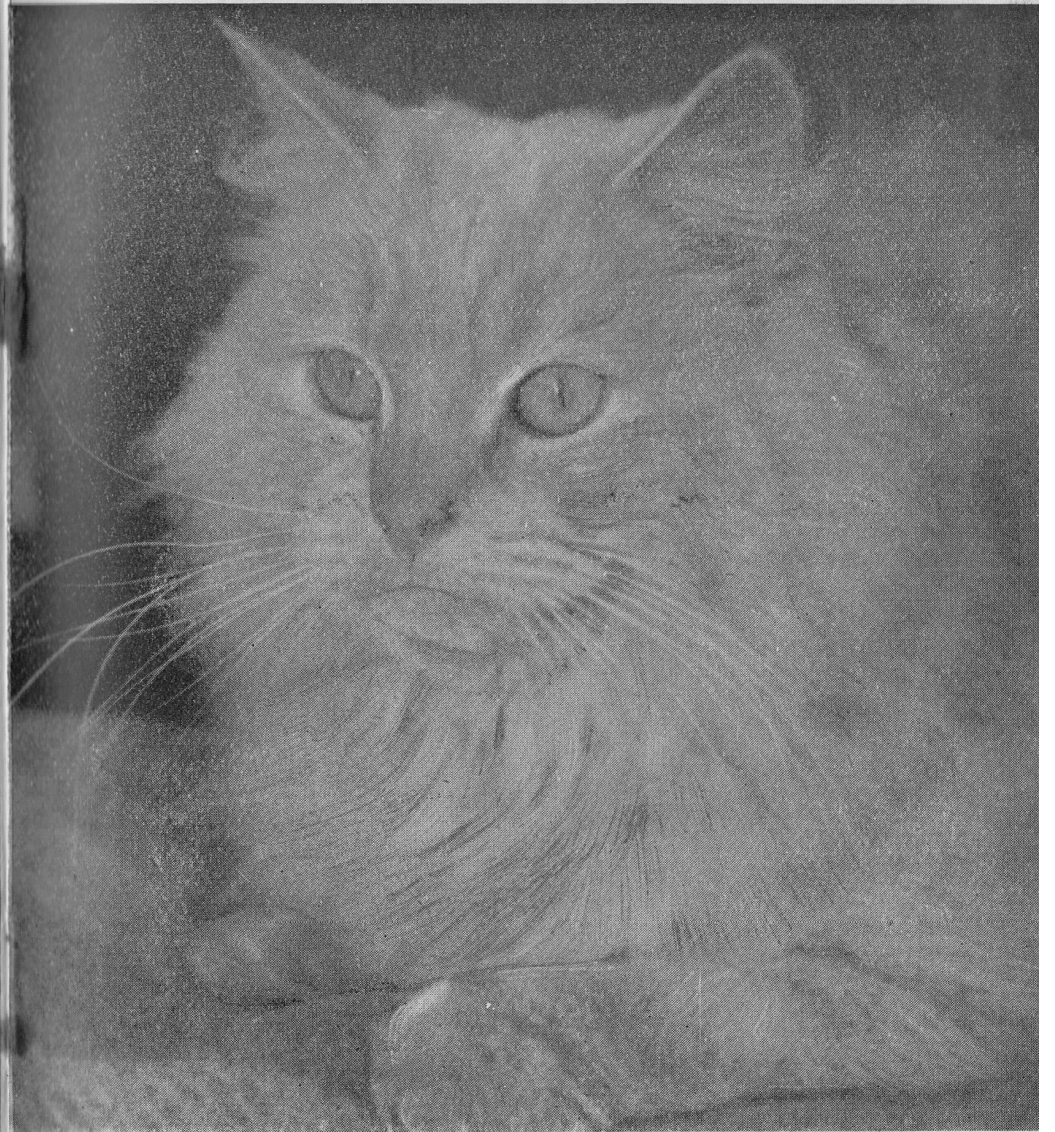






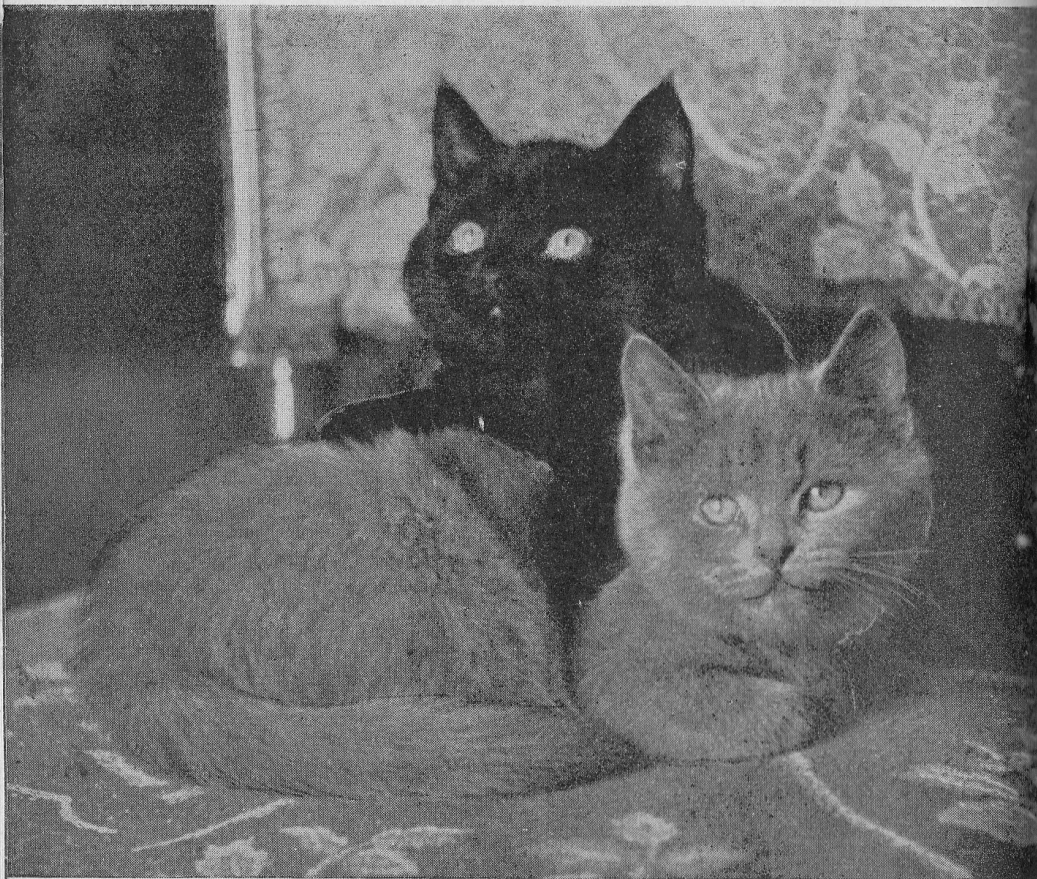
NATURE STUDY

Michael Lorant



TWINKIE, a Cream Persian

Doria



Ronald Thompson

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

**N**OW the colder weather is approaching, the cats especially the studs, will be settling down for the winter. If possible, those cats with outdoor quarters should have a deep layer of hay underneath the blanket in a cosy sleeping box.

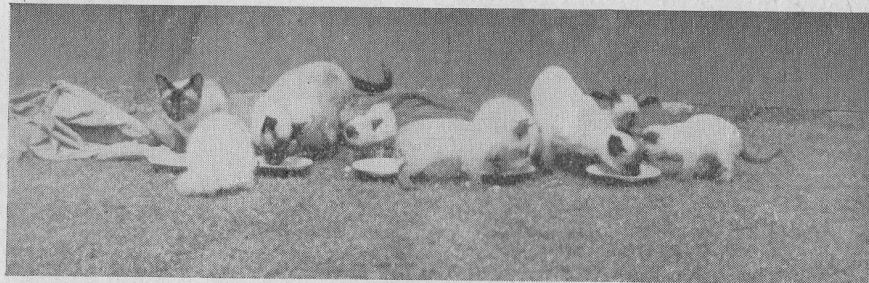
A good idea if the box is not too large, is to fold a full size blanket so that it covers the top and sides. This keeps in the warmth. For extra cold spells, a hot water bottle tucked under the blanket keeps warm for many hours, and supplies that little extra comfort which is so acceptable. Even in very cold weather, it is advisable to let the cat have a free run every day, so as to get exercise. I let my two males out in turn, and after a good roam round, they cry at the door, so that I shall know they have finished their run. I am very fortunate that I can let them out without fear of their getting run over, as we are well back from the main road and our drive a long one. So many good cats have been lost in this way.

The queens have finished calling, we hope until after Christmas, and we can have a little peace from their melodious (?) calls. Mine are all enjoying perfect freedom, and it is nice to see them thoroughly enjoying the house, the garden and the barns, where they can spend their time catching mice.

My queen, Sealsleeve Shah Treschic, usually does not rear her kittens as she has little or

no milk, but this time, I was fortunate enough to find a foster quite near at hand. "Minky" is nursing a male and female and so is the foster. It is very interesting to visit the kits, and compare how the two pairs are growing. I think they are all four very good, and may keep a male and female for breeding.

"Minky" is a daughter of Ch. Pita, and Sealsleeve Shah Pashah. Another Siamese Cat Show is over. Held on October 14th, at Shepherds Bush, it was, as usual, a most successful affair and Mrs. Hart is to be congratulated. I didn't envy her, as I thought she looked very harassed by all the trials of Show management. I did not see many of the exhibits, as I was stewarding for Miss Fitzwilliam, and had to leave about five p.m. in order to catch my train. A word here to novices. If you have any questions to ask at a show, do not ask the judge whilst she is still judging. Miss Fitzwilliam was most kind, but it is quite difficult to get round when the public comes in, without these frequent interruptions. There are plenty of stewards about, who could no doubt tell you anything you wish to know.



## THE BLUE PERSIAN SHOW

### NEWS, VIEWS AND PERSONALITIES

Here's wishing Cat Lovers everywhere a Happy Christmas. If you are going away to make merry please do not forget to provide your pets with suitable accommodation and some seasonable fare. It is surprising how casual some owners are about turning their cats out if only going away for two or three days, although they will give them a good home for the rest of the year. Fortunately such cases are rare, but they do occur.

The Blue Persian Cat Society Ch. Show on October 12th was most enjoyable. A mild sunny morning helped to speed exhibitors and spectators on their way, and the showery afternoon came too late to effect the gate.

A number of well known Blue breeders visited the Show, among whom I noticed Lady Eardley-Wilmot and Mrs. Oglethorpe from Henley-on-Thames.

Mrs. Clemow and Mrs. Pullen all the way from Worthing. It was a pity the Show again clashed with

the Siamese Cat Club Show as a number of Siamese breeders were too busy preparing for their Show to attend. I noticed however Mrs. MacDonald and her mother, who takes such a keen interest in her daughter's cats, had made a special effort and motored up with Mr. MacDonald from Ewell. The Best Exhibit in Show was Miss Langston's Ch. Mair of Allington, looking very lovely and proudly displaying her fourth Challenge certificate.

Second to her my Gloria of Pensford not looking her best as I had so little time to prepare her owing to my husband's serious illness.

Third, Mrs. Brice Webb's lovely queen Ronada Peach, I thought her looking even better than last year when she won consistently including one Ch. certificate.

The winning male Great Bukham Bunty was the cat Miss Campbell Fraser placed second at the Southern Counties C. C. Ch. Show in January.

It was good to see an adult male winning which excelled in eye colour, quite apart from his massive head and type. If judges look with too lenient an eye on lack of eye colour it could eventually lead to a lowering of the standard and that would be a great pity as pre-war breeders strived so valiantly to get the glorious eyes we so frequently saw in pre war Blue males. Mr. Allt was second with Sco Ruston Ravisant, a popular win by this sporting fancier. Third, Mr. Dugdale's Harpur Blue Boy, a distant relative of the first prize winner, and an attractive cat with excellent eyes.

I was very interested to see a Polyfoto of him, it was remarkable he posed so well that one could have obtained at least a dozen good enlargements from the forty-eight positions. A Cine-camera, or this method is an ideal way to photograph a cat providing it does not jump off the table and disappear altogether, although I understand the camera can be stopped and one can continue later. So, readers, here's an idea for you and I should be interested to see the results, as some might be suitable for "Cats and Kittens" if enlarged.

Mrs. Davies, exhibiting for the first time, was first novice female with her very pretty queen Priory Pansy, she was highly delighted as we all are with our first red cards.

In my opinion the kittens were the best in quality that we have seen at any post-war show especially the females. Mrs. Crickmare's Thiepval Enchantress by Southway Crusader was deservedly Best Kitten in Show. She is exquisite and one cannot fault her lovely head and type, if all goes well she should have a great future.

I made overtures to Mrs. Crickmare to buy her at Sandy Ch. Show but she wisely would not sell. I did however buy her two litter sisters, one of which is a very good kitten with exceptional eyes. An added attraction for me was the fact that their dam Glenshee Powder Puff is full sister to Glenshee Gloria dam of Ch. Deebank Michael. Both these Glenshee females being by Tweedledum of Dunesk ex Fay of Pensford. The latter was mated to Tweedledum many times and produced some lovely stock, when her owner Mrs. Donald mated her to Mrs. Chappell's Gathorne Gremlin she had Gloria of Pensford and one of my new kittens bears a remarkable likeness to her.

The winning kitten in the older female kitten class was Mrs. Bailey's Charnwood Heather by Beau Brutus.

Mrs. Crickmare was first with Thiepval Enchantress's litter brother, Thiepval Eros, and in the older male kitten class it was nice to see Mrs. Brine winning again with Averall Prince Charming by Valleyend Blue Prince.

Surprisingly only two Blue neuters were exhibited. Mrs. Croshen's Vagabond of Knott Hall being the winner.

Everyone approved of the Hall, which had one of the first essentials for a Cat Show and that is a good light.

Members of the Show Committee brought Autumn flowers to decorate the platform, so everything was gay and clean on the morning of the Show. Mrs. Newton and the Show Committee, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Spiers and Mrs. Vize are to be congratulated on a very enjoyable show.

Mr. Pope of Pagan Goddess fame sends me a photograph of his Siamese and Chinchillas, all feeding amicably together, and it is interesting to read his experiences of mixing long hairs with Siamese which some breeders have found difficult.

Mr. Pope writes:—

"A number of articles have been written about mixing Longhairs and Siamese and most of them point out the unsociability of the latter. Perhaps my Siamese are unique, for I had not the slightest trouble in adding two Chinchillas and an Abyssinian to the family. As you know I purchased the Chinchilla Poldenhills Lulu Belle at the age of eight weeks. At the same time I also bought Redwalls Chisty Maid an older kitten. For the first day they were kept indoors to allow them to recover from their journey. The next day they were taken to the Cat House which is quite large, 18 feet by 9 feet and a wire enclosed run, 18 feet by 12 feet. On being introduced to the Siamese Pagan Goddess, Jewel and Venus and her litter of four, the same age as the Chinchilla Lulu Belle, there was the expected fluffing of tails.

Strange to say not on the part of the seven Siamese. The Chinchillas were ready to spit at the slightest movement, but Venus and company were just interested in the new playmates. After watching for about an hour to make certain there would be no serious fighting, I left them sleeping. The Chinchillas in one basket and the Siamese in their usual favoured spots. After lunch I went to feed them and they all ran together to meet me and without any fuss settled to a meal of baked cod. Lulu Belle feeding from Venus' plate. Always after a meal Venus would call her kittens, wash them and stretch out for them to feed. On the day in

question it was no different except that Lulu answered the call with the four Siamese and was duly washed and to my surprise given the place of honour at the milk bar, from then on Venus has looked on Lulu as her own offspring and even now when another family is on the way she washes her and takes her to her basket to sleep. Redwalls Misty has always been a bit aloof but when she forgets her lovely coat she can be as full of fun as Lulu and the Siamese and they all join in mad races with great agility.

Shortly after the Chins arrived we added an Abyssinian and again there was no fuss. They are just one happy family. The snap was taken less than a week after the Chins came. It is not good enough for reproduction but later I will try to get a really good one to prove that Longhairs and Siamese can, and do agree and all are acceptable into the family circle.

The Chinchillas are lovely and a wonderful contrast to the Siamese, later, I hope to add other colours in Longhairs to our family.

Although all the cats get their share of my affection, there will never be a variety to take the place in my heart reserved for Siamese.

Of course we have not yet bred any Longhairs and may meet snags next Spring, but so far all is well."

A number of breeders are now keeping Blue Persians and Siamese, but usually the Blues have been purchased as kittens.

Even cats of the same variety will not always agree with those already installed, if they are introduced when adult.

I was very sorry to hear from Mr. Felix Tomlinson that Julie of Knott Hall, which was Best Blue Kitten at the Southern Counties C. C. Ch. Show last January has been killed by a passing car, she was a great pet so it is a sad loss for him. Some years ago Mr. Tomlinson had the misfortune to lose in the same way a glorious Blue queen, Ch. June of Knott Hall. In spite of these accidents I shall always think that cats should enjoy liberty as much as possible, they are essentially freedom loving animals and need exercise which they seldom seem inclined to take if shut up in small runs. If one lives in London with several gardens adjoining it is a different matter and in this case I should make a big effort to enclose the whole garden with wire netting.

Mr. Bartholomew is over here from Dusseldorf and will be visiting the Croydon Cat Club Ch. Show on November 4th.

I was very interested to hear that he has met Mr. and Mrs. Bartram in Dusseldorf, they were well known pre-war breeders and owned some nice Siamese including Dreamland Micetto, also winning Whites and Chinchillas.

Mr. and Mrs. Bartram are residing in Germany and business and pleasure frequently take them to Luxemburg.

Several pre-war breeders will have recollections of the gay parties they gave at their home at Blackheath. Those were indeed the days!!!

On route back to Germany Mr. Bartholomew will just miss the show given by the Cat Club de Paris at the Hotel Continental on November 10th and 11th. Mrs. Brunton, Miss Yorke and Mr.

Yeates are flying to Paris to judge at this Show.

Croydon Cat Club Ch. Show has a record entry of 282 exhibits, and 1,152 entries, also about two-dozen household pets. Mr. and Mrs. Towe have worked tremendously hard to make this show a success and when the entries closed were up until past midnight for several nights coping with the work. The Cat Fancy is fortunate to have found such efficient Show Managers for all the Ch. Shows, as they are a big undertaking.

Mrs. S. S. Culley, Hon. Secretary of the Lancashire and North Western Counties Cat Club has matters well in hand for the Club Show on January 15th at the Onward Hall, Manchester, she hopes a hall in such a central and convenient position will attract an even better entry than last year which was a record.

I was originally chosen to judge all exhibits but suggested later having another judge as exhibitors do like to know their awards fairly early in the day, it also gives judges time to speak to exhibitors who frequently like to ask questions about their cats. I was delighted to hear Miss Fitzwilliam is judging Siamese.

Mrs. Culley, 65, Westbourne Pk., Urmston, Manchester, will be pleased to answer any questions regarding this Show.

Mrs. Crickmare is organising a Cat Section at the Lowestoft and District Rabbit and Poultry Club Show on December 11th. She is holding it under Governing Council Rules as she considers it will give exhibitors more confidence in the way the Show will be run. The Show will be held at the Beaconsfield Hall, Surrey Street, Lowestoft

and there will be several classes for Longhairs, Siamese and British Shorthairs. Entry fees will be 3/-. Prize money 12/6; 7/6 and 3/0. Mr. J. Martin has kindly consented to act as judge. Mrs. Crickmare will be pleased to give more details if those interested will apply to, "Thiepval," The Avenue, Lowestoft.

Major and Mrs. Benbow have just returned home to Ludlow after a holiday spent at Cornwall. They left Ch. Pelham Silver Girl their Blue-Cream at home with six Blue kittens by Mokoia Tafete to be locked after by a friend but Silver Girl evidently missed her mistress as she was very restless and continuously moved the kittens about with the result that four died when about three weeks old. When Mrs. Benbow returned she settled down and is a model mother to the remaining two. Very disappointing, but cats with families love persons they know to look after them.

Bayhorne Damask the Blue Cream had five, also all Blues by the Cream male, Bayhorne Minton.

Mrs. Benbow's queens had had one or two mishaps with families previously, so on the advice of Miss Maude of Pelham prefix fame, she gave her queens raspberry leaf powder.

She writes, "I talked to a big dog breeder in Cornwall about our two big litters and he said he always used raspberry leaf powder for his dogs and other herbal products but did not say much about it for fear of being thought a crank."

*Joan Thompson.*

Mrs. Benbow encloses the address of the herbalist, L. Lloyd-Jones, The Denes, Station Road, Preston Park, Sussex. She is coming to Croydon Ch. Show as a spectator and helping Mrs. Mayne to pen the lovely Cream, Bayhorne Wendy, she reminds me it was at this show she first met us in 1938.

I have sold my winning Blue male kitten Tony of Pensford to Mrs. Bristow of London to be neutered, I had offers for him for stud, but he had been such a pet that he would have fretted if shut up away from human companionship.

I was interested to hear Mr. Soderberg's book "Cat Breeding and General Management" has almost sold out the first edition. Some breeders were sceptical whether a book on cats published at 21/- would sell very well, but this one is much in demand, and many have been sold in America.

One hundred and twenty copies were sold in three weeks at one well known London store, and from as far away as St. Ives, Cornwall I have heard there were many requests for it from visitors on holiday.

Mrs. Dimberline says it is in the Public Library at Blackpool, and looking round the Agricultural College, when I was judging at Durham on September 3rd I noticed it in their Library. So Mr. Soderberg's excellent book has gone far afield to spread the cult of the Cat.

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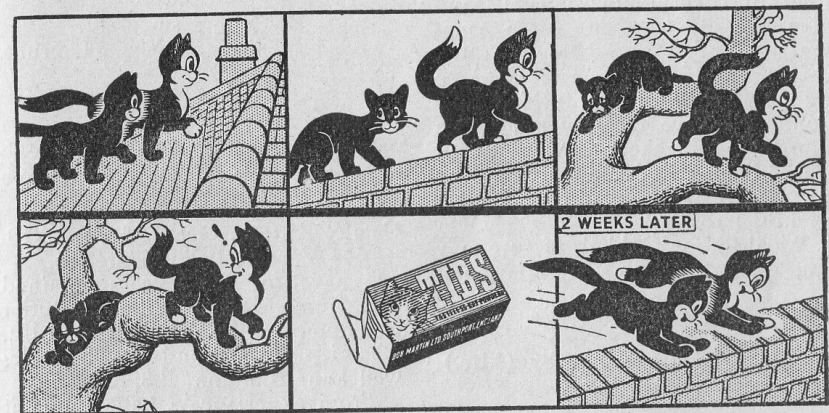
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## LETTERS and PICTURES TO THE EDITOR



"Goldie"

Cranfield Cottage,  
Hazelbury Bryan,  
Sturminster Newton.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snap of Goldie, 2½ years old, sitting in what we always call his garden chair. He is an affectionate and beautiful person, with long soft fur, and was the favourite son of a dear little White queen who died much too young, to our great grief. We had not met with 'Cats & Kittens' then, and were alas very ignorant though we have had many cats and are very fond of them. Now my husband gives me the magazine for a Xmas present, and I also belong to the C.P.L. and take in 'The Cat,' so we get plenty of helpful information. We have recently adopted a shorthaired black and white kitten whose owner died suddenly, and he and Goldie are devoted friends after an initial row.

We do hope Goldie's picture may appear one day when there is room.

Yours sincerely,

Dora Witherby (Mrs.).

39, New Station Road,  
Swindon, Wilts.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snap of "Septimus"—who's real name is Koo-Ling. He is different to all other cats we've had—loves a good hard slapping, and retrieve's his bunny foot like a dog,



"Septimus"

then hides it under a rug. He comes bounding up the garden with tail erect and ears flat—murmuring a greeting when his name is called—and is very clever at scooping out milk or ice-cream on his paw. One of his Grand Parents was Prestwick Pertana—and we should be very proud to see his picture in your page of Cats & Kittens.

Yours sincerely,  
Mrs. N. Hunt.

Northampton.  
7th October, 1948.

Dear Sir,  
**Cats & Kittens, Oct. 1948, p.17-18.**  
**Re Vaccine Feline Enteritis.**

I have for some years obtained this from Messrs. Willows, Butler & Thompson, Ltd., Wholesale Mfg. Chemists, 73, 75 and 89a, Shackwell Lane, London, E.8.

From experience I have found it to do all that is necessary.

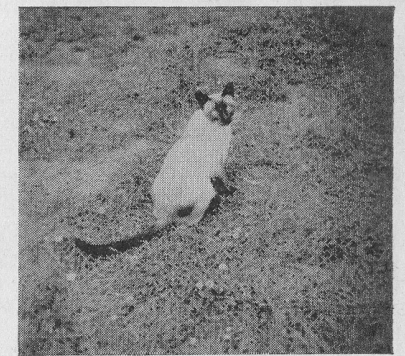
**Note:** If injected into cat's hind quarters it may cause a temporary swelling of glands in groin. This may last 2-3 weeks and be mistaken for a hernia.

Yours faithfully,

C. G. Payton, M.D., C.H.B. D.P.H.



Mr. Horace Wyndham, famous  
author, and "Snowball."



"Chippy"  
Pet of Major Gilligan  
of Overstream, Porlock.

Ambleside,  
102, West Park Drive,  
Blackpool.

Dear Editor,

As a yearly subscriber and regular reader of 'Cats & Kittens,' I hope you will be able to insert in the magazine a copy of enclosed snap of my Siamese Pussy.

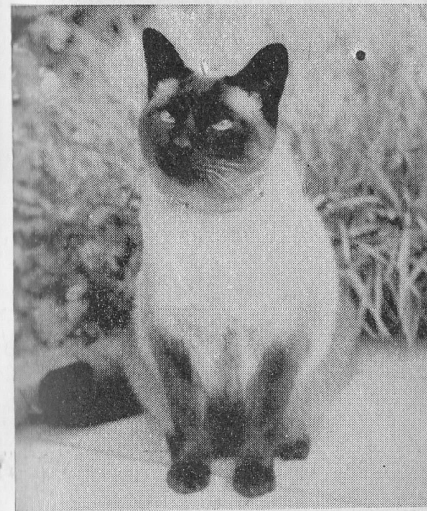
He is called "Chinki," will be 5 years old on Oct. 24th, 1948, weighs 14lbs, and is really a great PET, though at times he is more often called a PEST. I got him as a kitten, 3 months old, and had him neutered.

"CHINKI" delights to sit in our front garden to be admired and petted by passers-by, he thoroughly appreciates an audience.

It may be of interest to Mrs. France to know that one of her favourites, "BALOLO" was Chinki's sire; and his dam was TY-SENA.

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. G. M. Parker.



"Chinki"

# The Cat's Own Exhibition.

By AMYAS LEIGH

THE four friends, Tibby, Toby, Curly and Milky-tip formed a committee to arrange a cats' own exhibition.

First, they planned what stalls to have. Toby wanted the main one to be loaded with tasty fish and he would take charge of it; but the others wouldn't agree to this unless the fish was under glass cases—they knew that Toby would eat all the exhibits.

The cats decided to invite Professor Whiskers, the Pussy-Land Champion mouse catcher to lecture. He agreed to come for a fee of all the mice he caught.

Funds would not allow a band, so Tibby, Toby and Curly arranged to sing at intervals. As, however, they can only make "music" by night, the hall had to be almost darkened. Milky-tip would conduct with his handsome tail with a white end to it. It's no wonder, those who came to the exhibition brought cotton wool to stuff into their ears when the three cats went to the bandstand and faced their conductor.

Tibby lived on a farm and she was able to get Daisy, the finest cow, to come along and give milk for refreshments. It

was "off the ration" too.

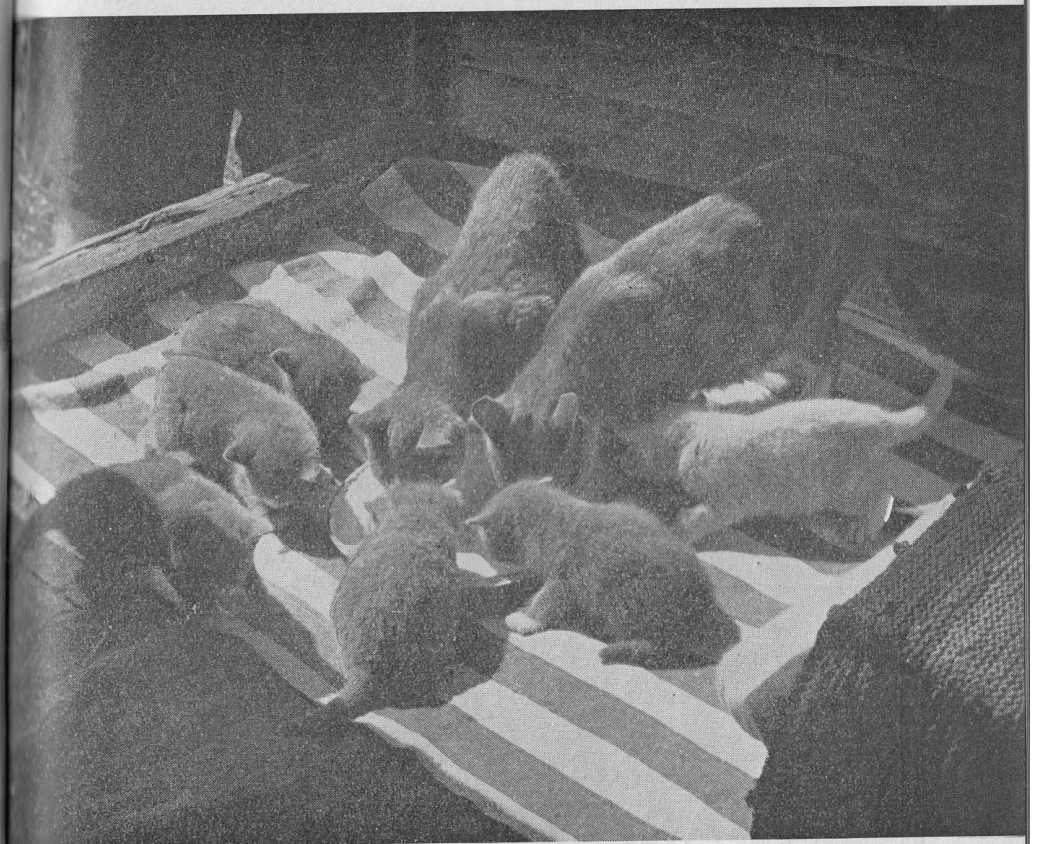
Curly was a beautiful cat and ever so proud of her lovely coat. "We must have a beauty show," she purred. Of course, the others knew who would win first prize!

Letters were sent to all the makers of soft cushions inviting them to send of their best so that visitors could try them. As it turned out, not many had a chance to test these exhibits as the first ones who sampled the cushions got so very comfortable they curled up and slept till closing time.

When the great day came, the Lord Mayor of Pussy-City came in his gilded car. His whiskers were specially curled and his coat shone almost as brightly as his chain of office.

Tibby presented His Worship—not with a bouquet—but with a much more (to him) acceptable gift. A large parcel of cats-meat wrapped up in silver paper and tied with blue ribbon.

There was a long queue at the entrance, but, just as the doors were about to open, a fish man came along on his rounds. He proved a greater attraction than the exhibition; so the latter opened a half hour late.



Derrick Sayer

## CHRISTMAS DINNER ?

In the midst of one of the concerts of "music," a very urgent message was placed in Milky-tip's paw. "Please close the show at once and send all the cats back home," it read. This S.O.S. was, because all the mice were having a glorious time throughout Pussy-Land and gobbling up everybody's

rations of cheese and butter while the cats were enjoying their exhibition. Wasn't there a rush.

Thanks to Professor Whisker's lecture, the mouse population has deep regret that Tibby, Toby, Curly and Milky-tip ever held their exhibition.

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**MRS. POLDEN**, The Market Hotel, Reigate, Surrey. **POLDENHILLS CHINCHILLAS.**

### For Sale

**PEDIGREE** White Male Persian kittens by Ch. Dickon of Allington and a Lotus Queen.—Busteed, Cranmore, Old Bath Road, Sonning 2224.

**SEAL POINTED SIAMESE** Kittens, excellent pedigree. Strong and healthy. House-trained, born 14.8.48.—Camp, Bridgefoot Farm, Little Hadham, Herts.

**SIAMESE** Male Kittens S.P., born August 23rd (pedigree registered). Lovely, healthy, affectionate kittens. By Sco-Ruston Galadima ex Crawstone Belinda, both winners many awards.—Mrs. Deane, 60, London Road, Newark, Notts.

**SIAMESE** Kittens (S.P.) male and female, sire Chinki Kang Wee, strong, healthy and very affectionate, house-trained.—Mrs. H. Cole, 38, Coulton Avenue, Northfleet, Kent.

(Continued on next page.)

### For Sale—contd.

**SIAMESE** S.P. Kittens delightful Xmas Presents. Sire Mystic Dreamer 2 Ch. Gerta, Dam Norland Victoria, also kittens, sire Hilleross Khim Thing, Dam Beaumanor Bess. House reared. From 4 gns. Previous Kittens many winners.—Miss M. E. Lant, 95, Frederick Street, Loughborough, Leicester. Tel. 1483.

**PEDIGREE SIAMESE QUEEN** Kitten born 15/4/48, champion strain, reasonable to good home.—Miss Joan Mitchell, Seawyns, Warren Road, Gorleston Links, Norfolk.

**S.P. SIAMESE** Kittens. Born September 15th. Dam Tu Phi. Specials for palest coat Nottingham and Manchester, January 1948. Sire Crawstone Raksa, son of Timothy of Sabrina.—Shimmin, 12, High Street, Chorley, Lancs. Tel. 2975.

**SIAMESE** Kittens. By Smokey Blue (Ch. Oy Sun and Ch. Prestwick Pertana). Out of Sunnybank Sieta (Ch. Jai Long). Well formed good eye colour.—Lewis, Barwick House, High Cross, Ware, Herts. Much Hadham 35.

"**FAYLAND**" **PERSIANS.** Female Kittens (First Prize Blue litter at Croydon Show) for sale. Reasonable.—Mrs. Root, 14, Thrale Road, Streatham, London, S.W.16.

### IDEAL XMAS PRESENTS.

**PEDIGREE SIAMESE** Male and Female Kittens by well known stud and queens just over two months old. Reasonable—France, Prior's Barn, Borrowash, Derby.

**CREAM** Kitten, female, Tollerton Babete, 24/5/48, by Parkwood Nerika and Walverdene Major. Also Cream kittens born 11/10/48.—Mrs. M. Oakley, "Sun's-revel," Tollerton Lane, Melton Road, Tollerton, Notts. Tel. Plumtree 315.

**BLUE PERSIAN** Stud Cat, Blue female 7 months, Cream male. Also Pekingese puppies and adults, whites and coloured and both sexes.—Miss Morant, 17, Park Lane, Southwick, Sussex.

**SIAMESE** Kitten. Seal Point, excellent pedigree, deep eye colour and points.—Reffell, 4, Gordon Way, Barnet. Tel. Barnet 2509.

**BLUE POINT SIAMESE** Kittens, (males) excellent pedigree, born 3/10/48, from 6 gns.—Mrs. D. Clark, Palice Houses, Southminster, Essex.

**MRS. A. H. CATTERMOLE**, 96, Dalberg Road, Brixton, London, S.W.2. has some beautiful White Persian Male Kittens for sale. Born 9/9/48. Sire Ch. Lotus Moliere. From 5 gns. acc. to eye-colour. Delightful Xmas presents. Can be seen by appointment.

**BEAUTIFUL** specimen of Siamese Kitten for sale, male 4 months old. Price 6 guineas.—Robertson, Kirkton Farm, Auchtertool, Kirkcaldy.

### Miscellaneous

**PERSPEX FEEDING BOWLS**, engraved with your own pussies name, price in pink or blue 7/6d. Apply to Parco Industries, Slinfold, Nr. Horsham. "Pampered Parco Pussies Praise Parco Platters."

**AN** appealing **KITTEN MASCOT**. Looks attractive on your writing desk, by the bedside, etc. Price reduced 3/- each inclusive.—Gordon Products, 15, Northcross Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.23.

"**HOW CATS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW.**" Leaflet and other helpful information about CATS, free from The Cats' Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough, Bucks. Stamps to cover postage would be appreciated.

**WHY NOT** have your Cat **PHOTOGRAPHED** at home? Moderate fees. Jackson, Idmiston, Mayfair Avenue, Worcester Park, Surrey. Derwent 1265.

**TO CAT LOVERS.** I can supply plants of Cat-Mint (Nepeta Mussonii) the delight of all cats. Nice clumps, 1—9d., 3—2/., 6—5/6d., 12—10/.. Orders under 10/- add 6d. for postage. Troke, Nurseryman, Bournemouth.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC** Calendars and Christmas Folders with enlargements from your own negatives. Photos. of your pet, suitably mounted, would make personal greetings. New designs. Stamp.—Smith, 22, Quantock Road, Weston-super-Mare.

**POUSSETTS KEEPS PUSSY PLAYFUL.** A contented cat is a healthy cat. For perfect health the diet must be adequate in various mineral elements. Poussetts is a balanced blend of these essential conditioning ingredients. Prepared by a cat lover for those who care for their pets. Quantity with Quality. Send P.O. for 1/9d. for a large packet now (sufficient for 3-4 months), and see the improvement.—Alexander, 1, Sunninghill Road, London, S.E.13.

**PERSPEX FEEDING BOWLS**, engraved with your own Pussies name. Price in pink or blue 7/6d.—Apply to Parco Industries, Slinfold, Nr. Horsham. "Pampered Parco Pussies Praise Perspex Platters."

**SUPERB XMAS GIFT:** Antique Brooch, representing Cat, encrusted with 68 Diamonds and 2 Rubies platinum set on pure gold, playing with a real Pearl Ball on gold base bar. Recent London valuation: £120-150. Sacrifice 75 gns.—Box

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