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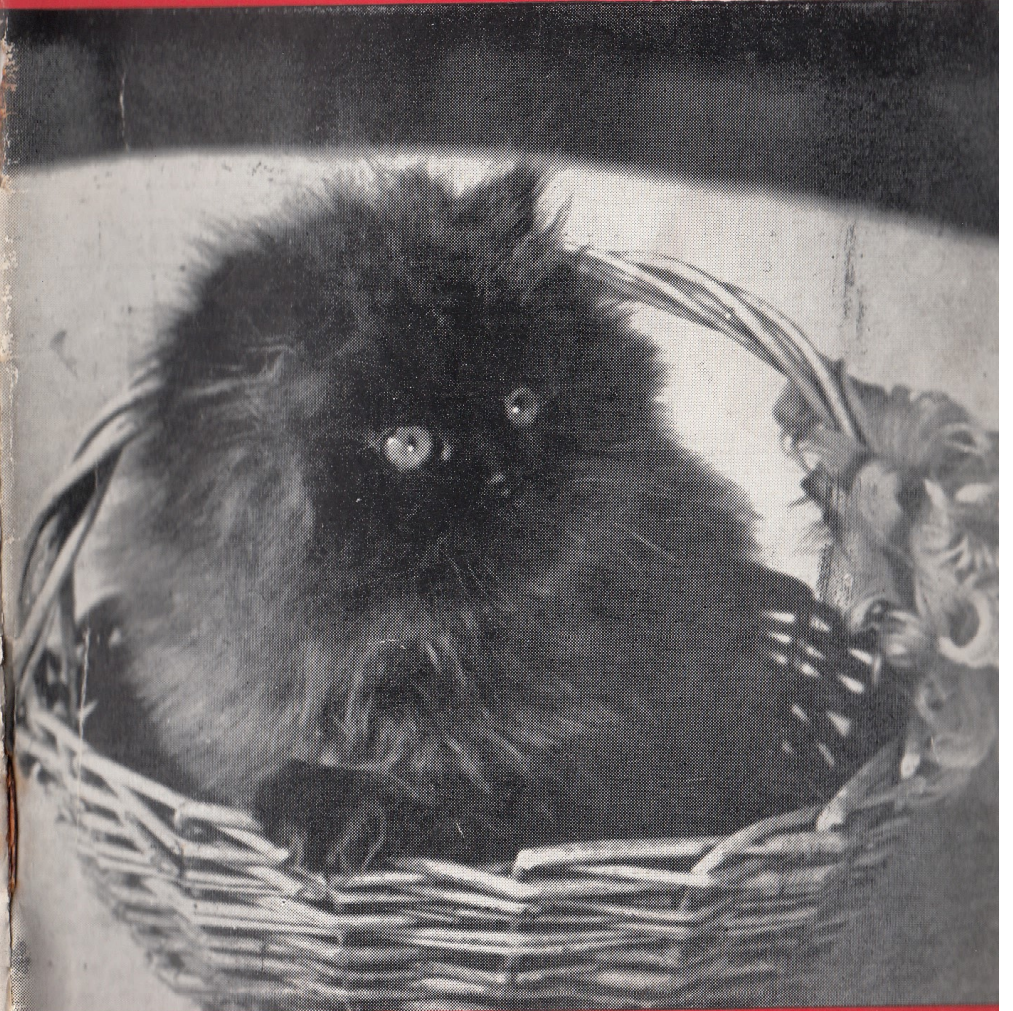
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# CATS

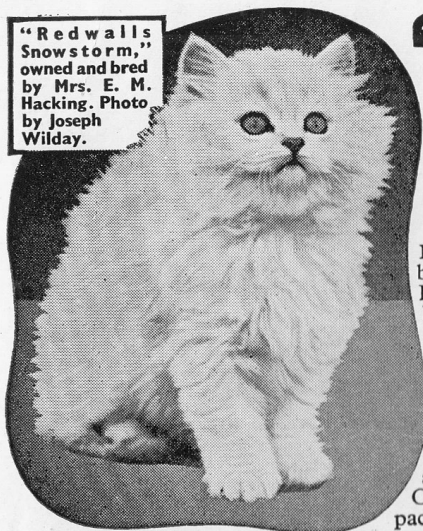
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**INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD**

(Editor : **SYDNEY W. FRANCE**)

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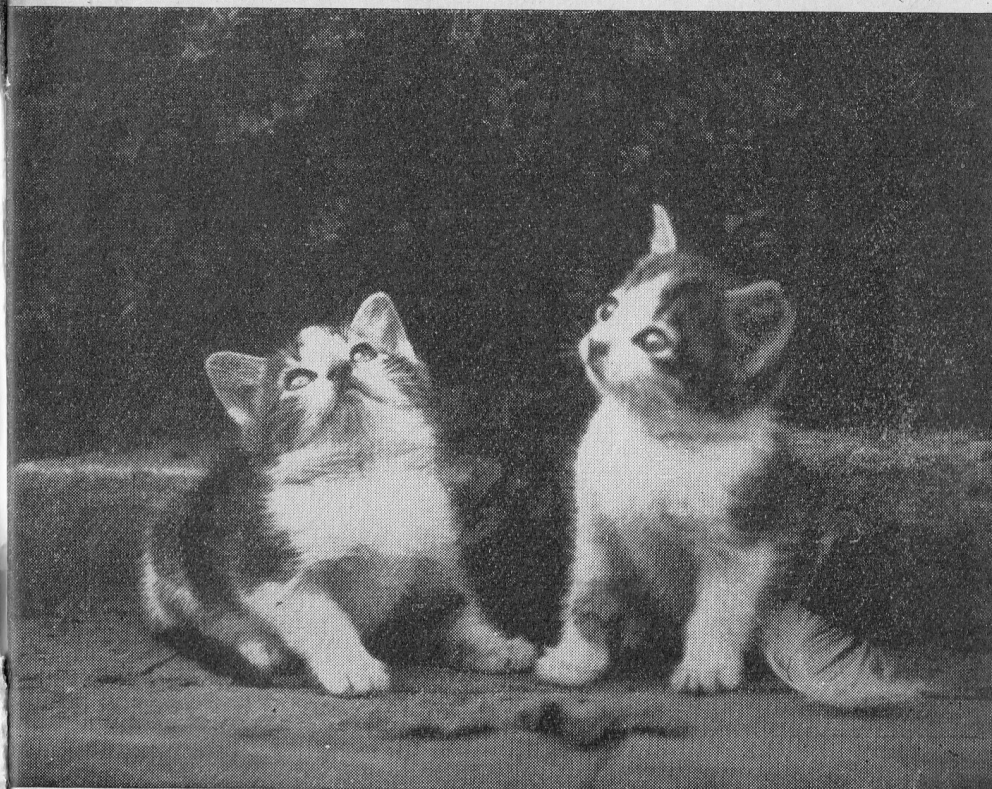


Photo Iris Hardwick

The cover photograph is of Baralan Delilah, by Champion Deebank Michael, ex Fireball of Takeley. Black Persian, Breeder Mrs. E. L. Henn, Bridgnorth.

## LUCKY OR UNLUCKY?

By JOAN M. BLAKELOCK

**C**ATS have always been surrounded by mysterious stories and interesting superstitions most of which are based on old folk lore and legend with a far away foundation of fact.

Part of this atmosphere of mystery is due to the animal's great antiquity for as most people are aware cats were sacred in Ancient Egypt. The many mummified cats in the British Museum (one of which has an artificial eye) show the high regard in which the Egyptians held these animals.

The explanation is quite a matter of fact one for the cats in Egypt destroyed snakes and also mice and other vermin who would otherwise ruin the stored corn of one of the most important grain centres in the world.

During the Middle Ages cats became associated with witches, wizards and wise women in general. This was probably a matter of association of ideas. Witches were supposed to roam about at night, so did cats. Also many of the witches were merely lonely old women who needed a cat for company.

However, many old writers suggest there was further evidence for associating cats with psychic matters and there has always been a wide spread belief that cats have "second sight." Certainly they are extremely sensitive creatures as every owner knows, and their apparent foreknowledge may have cased many sailors to pay so much attention to the ship's cat.

If the cat is not on board then it is considered highly unlucky for the ship to sail. The port must be combed for the cat, and unless she agrees to "sign on" there should be a delay. Ships that have put to sea without their cat have a long series of reported disasters, accidents, a dead calm (in the days of sail) and so on.

The importance of the ship's cat dates back to the very olden days when rats and mice were liable to play havoc with the food stuffs unless there was a cat, or several cats, to keep them down.

In England it is always agreed that to see a black cat brings good luck particularly if it can be persuaded to cross your path. The same holds good in Russia where a black cat is put into a new baby's cradle to drive away evil spirits. In Germany, on the contrary, black cats are looked upon with dread; and the sight of a black cat, real, or spectral, on a sick person's bed foretells a speedy death. Germany of course is the home of witch craft, and their dislike of black cats may be connected with their natural fear of witches.

White cats are highly unpopular with theatre folk and the appearance of a white cat back stage is thought sufficient to ruin any production. Other coloured cats however, are welcome and most theatres have their own special cat. Our local Repertory Company possesses a beautiful Black Persian. Nigger never shows a trace of stage fright and cannot be kept off the stage.

His appearance is now taken for granted and always proves a strong attraction despite the fact that during the performance of "Canaries sometimes sing" he nearly ruined the career of the caged bird which figures in the opening scene.

Cats appear to possess some sense which humans fail to develop or which they have lost. These animals can recognise character, sense evil and illness, and often seem to know

what is about to happen in a house in the strangest manner. During the war years they frequently found safe shelter from Air Raids long before the trouble began.

Yes it is clear that cats possess qualities and senses beyond our present understanding, and the many legends that surround them are more evidence that they have always puzzled their human friends.

## THE JADE SCARF

By MEREDITH HUNTLEY

**T**HE Marshall knew all the time, and planned a malignant vengeance. Of that I am sure, although there are those who say that cats have no brain. If Karl Burns had understood the baleful hate that seethed behind those yellow eyes, he would have destroyed The Marshall that very night—the last night that the Cat Man visited us.

He came in at the French window bringing an eerie blast of wind that rattled every picture on the study wall and startled me into clashing the glasses on the tray where I was pouring Mr. Karl a drink.

The Cat Man closed the latch behind him and the room seemed suddenly very quiet—electrically quiet.

"Curse you!" snarled my employer. "Can't you come in the civilised way? Always creeping around like one of your damned cats."

I began to pour a second drink automatically, while the Cat Man gave a still smile. He moved to the fire on silent feet.

For no reason I could tell I shuddered. He had the look of a tiger that sees its prey defencelessly waiting . . . an inhuman look that fixed his amber eyes—his springing auburn hair, and the jade scarf that was about his neck—in my memory as clearly as an etching.

"I've come for the last round," he said softly, and it seemed to me that he purred down in his deep chest, so that I shuddered again.

Mr. Karl lifted his head with its flaming hair, so like his visitor's, and stared defiantly at the suave face.

"The last round, indeed," he said, "and then perhaps chance will convince you if legality does not, which of us is right."

The grin on the Cat Man's face changed into a snarl. "I am right," he hissed. ". . . and the cards will prove it. This is my house—my inheritance—Nothing."

My employer broke in hastily. "We are not alone, Gustav." The Cat Man shrugged, and watched me setting up the card table.

"You may go, Thomas. I'll ring later," said Mr. Karl as I finished and glanced at him enquiringly. I bowed my head, blank-faced, but my thoughts rioted. No one else in the village but myself knew that the Cat Man, Gustav Lawe and my employer were half-brothers. Only I, too, knew that the Cat Man swore the Hall was his . . . that night after night he came creeping on stealthy feet, and gambled with Mr. Karl till midnight—one—two! Once my wife even saw him slip out across the dew of the lawn as she came down in the early morning.

We could not tell why Mr. Karl allowed him to come unless it was queer penetrating fascination of his, like a poison flower that drew you against your senses.

I opened the door quietly. And The Marshal swept in, every hair erect with passionate joy. Straight to the Cat Man he flew making queer half moaning noises and rubbing himself on the corduroyed legs by the fire till I could hear his fur crackle.

The Marshal was one of Mr. Lawe's own cats he had reared in the cottage where he lived at the end of Hangman's Lane. Cat fanciers came for miles around to buy his animals, and he had never yet been known to fail in curing any sick cat brought to him.

"Shall I leave The Marshal, Sir?" I asked.

"Of course," put in the Cat Man.

But I waited . . . "He will only spit and scratch if you take him out now he has seen Mr. Lawe, Thomas," said my employer at last. So I went out, leaving the three of them there, Mr. Karl, the Cat Man and The Marshal.

It must have been quite three hours later when the study door was suddenly flung violently open and Mr. Karl staggered out down

the flagged passage to the pantry. He pushed heavily on the door which gave easily for its catch was old.

My wife and I looked up, startled. I sprang to my feet. My employer's face was ghastly—a chalk mask, lit only by livid eyes.

"He's won, Thomas!" he gasped. "Every cent . . . every blade of grass . . . every stick."

A coal fell like fire-irons in the tenseness.

Mr. Karl, Sir—you are overwrought" I stammered.

"Aye, and overcome." His face twisted evilly.

"Always like this, all through life, stealing the best! It's mine! Mine by law, even though we couldn't find the will. He knows there is no will. But he chooses this way. I'm a beggar, Thomas!"

He groaned, covering the agony of his face with twitching hands.

"Sir," I said, "come to bed. Something can perhaps be done in the morning."

But he shrugged away from me.

"He's still there," he said thickly. "Gloating!" And he stumbled back up the passage. I started after him, but he called back, "I'll ring later Thomas."

The wind rose to a pitch at that time, howling and battering, thudding and whining. My wife pushed the pantry door up. "What a night!" she said. "It sound as if elephants were trying to get in."

"I suppose it is the wind making all that noise," I said. She looked at me with scared eyes. "What do you mean?" she asked. I shook my head. I did not know myself. I only knew there was evil abroad in the house.

Just then the study bell rang. I padded nervously to the door,

braced myself for I knew not what, and entered.

The room was in darkness but for the firelight. I could make out the Cat Man standing by the open window, his hair seeming lit as a fitful gleam of moonlight met the firelight in it. The flickering flames caught the green scarf which was flung about his throat. The wind howled about the room like a live thing. My scalp pricked.

My master sat huddled in the arm chair with the Marshal crouched at his feet in a curiously tense position.

"Bring fresh brandy from the cellar," said my master's voice, "and leave the keys. Don't bother to lock up again to-night. To-morrow will do."

"Shall I switch on the light?" I asked.

The huddled figure in the chair did not move at all.

"No," said the voice. Then, "Goodnight Gustav."

The Cat Man gave a mad sort of chuckle and slipped through the window into the windy moonlight. The door crashed violently behind him, slamming open again almost immediately. But even this did not startle the still figure in the arm chair. I became anxious and made towards it. But, "The brandy, quickly," ordered my employer. I felt a throb of uneasiness. I knew now what had seemed odd before. The voice seemed to come from the window!

I hesitated and looked at the window.

"At once!" crisped the voice. "I will close the window."

I left the room my heart thudding unevenly.

My wife met me at the pantry door. "He's gone then" she said. "I saw him go streaking across the lawn from the side door."

I took the cellar keys and a lantern and descended to fetch the brandy.

When I returned to the study, the light was on, dimming the fire, and glaring harshly on the scattered cards and spilt ash. Mr. Karl was leaning against the mantel. His face looked hollow, and desperately tired, and he was panting as if he had run half a mile, or carried a heavy weight. He drank the brandy I poured in one fierce draught. I looked round uneasily. There was something I couldn't make out, couldn't understand, but what it was I could not say.

Perhaps my master sensed my uneasiness for he said, "Go to bed, Thomas. Leave everything till morning."

I was about to obey when a low growling halted me. I turned to see The Marshal stalking the room, tail erect and twice its size, round and round, growling and snarling he went. Each time he circled he came closer to the taut figure by the mantel, and each time he passed he snarled, baring gashing fangs.

We stared, fascinated, compelled to watch motionless while the Marshal circled and circled. It came to me then that the Cat Man paralysed you in the same way, but I had no time to pursue the thought for suddenly in a blaze of hate The Marshal launched himself in a savage leap. I seized the poker at the same instant and sprang forward. The cat's full fury crashed into my side knocking all the breath out of me for a second.

"Go out, Sir!" I screamed. "I'm all right." Mr. Karl leapt for the door, and the moment it closed The Marshal became calm and subsided comfortably on the rug looking at me with enigmatic eyes.

"Well, what do you know?" I murmured faintly. And then I whispered again, "Yes, what do you

know, cat?" The Marshall blinked his eyes slowly. I smoothed him a few times and then gathered him up and took him to the pantry calling to my master that the coast was clear.

My wife and I went to bed shortly. There was still a light under the study door, and The Marshal had stretched himself across the mat there. "I hope he doesn't play any more tricks to-night," I said dubiously.

"Mr. Karl will call if he does," said my wife practically.

At mid-day next day we heard that the Cat Man was missing, had not returned home. The hungry wailing of his cats had led to an investigation. His bed was smooth. His fire dead.

The police were soon at the Hall. Someone it appeared had seen the Cat Man enter the grounds the night before.

Mr. Karl didn't attempt to deny his visitor.

"What time did Mr. Lawe leave, Thomas?" he asked.

"Between ten-thirty and ten-thirty five, I answered slowly.

"You saw him leave?" asked the Sergeant.

"I did," I said. "He left by the French window. My wife saw him go across the lawn."

"How do you know it was he? You say the room was lit only by firelight when you entered."

"The firelight showed up his hair and the jade green scarf he always wore."

"And he did not return?"

"Not to my knowledge."

As I was dismissed and opened the door to go out, The Marshal shot in between my legs, nearly tumbling me.

Mr. Karl turned a greenish white and shook like a leaf.

"Take him out," he screamed. "He nearly had me last night after you'd gone to bed."

I jumped for The Marshal who was circling Mr. Karl as he had done the night before. Snatching a cover from a table I dropped it over the great snarling head and bundled The Marshal outside. When I put him down he walked away again quite calmly. I heard my master say, as I drew the door to, "Have to get rid of that brute. He's taken a dislike to me lately."

The Sergeant and Mr. Karl came out soon afterwards.

"The Sergeant wants to have a look round Thomas," said my employer. "Please wait here. I may need you."

The two men turned towards the stairs together. And then The Marshal appeared. He followed them at a distance in a lithe sinister silence. I shivered as I watched the sinuous beauty of his form padding inexorably after his master, like a pursuing destiny. I was filled with a nameless horror as I stood there. What had happened last night? Where was the Cat Man? A chill finger seemed to pierce my heart. I wished my wife and I were miles from the Hall, away in the sweet sanity of sunshine, free from the oppressive dread I felt.

After what seemed an eternity I heard the returning footsteps of the two men. The Marshall was still padding in their wake. A dew of perspiration beaded my forehead.

"Any cellars?" asked the Sergeant, almost casually.

Mr. Karl hesitated an infinitesimal second.

"Why yes, but they are kept locked. You want to see them?"

The Sergeant nodded. So I was sent for the key, and my heart jerked as I went, for, until then, I had forgotten I should have locked

them this morning. The keys hung in their usual place. With a shrug I dismissed my grey thoughts. What more natural than that the master should lock his own cellars?

I followed the men down the dark stairs, holding the lantern high, and a black sinister shadow slipped down beside us, The Marshal! It was on the way down that I noticed something which chilled me afresh, the stairs and the main cellar had been newly swept! A job I had been promising myself for days.

We went on, The Marshall glided in and out of the lantern's rays like an evil wraith. All at once he stiffened with bristled hairs, then he wailed, an uncanny mourning that echoed and re-echoed like the scream of a mad soul.

My employer swung round.

"Take that cat up, Thomas, take it up, take it up." He screamed hysterically. But I could not. The Marshal slunk into the shadows and would not be captured.

"Leave it," snorted the Sergeant impatiently so we passed on to the

further cellars. Only my ears heard The Marshal's paws behind us scratching, scratching, softly, then quicker, then frantically.

We came back at last into the main cellar. "That's the lot, Sergeant," said Mr. Karl. "All serene, eh?"

But the Sergeant had paused tensely. In the full of the lantern's ray stood the Marshal. At his feet lay a mud-stained jade green scarf.

"What is it?" asked my master in a foreign voice. I think he knew.

The Sergeant stooped to gather up the scarf but the cat prevented him, and drawing the scarf into its mouth it began to polka across the stone floor with the green wool trailing through its legs like a dead snake.

The Marshal stopped by a part of the cellar wall, sat up, and howled. As Heaven is I never wish to hear the like of that again to my dying day.

We approached, leaving Mr. Karl leaning fainting on the lintel.

In the lantern's ray we saw that the wall had been newly bricked.

## A THEATRE CAT

By MARCUS INSLEY

**F**RISKY was a gay tabby of nonedescript appearance, perhaps of alley origin. As a mere kitten of wayward disposition she had wandered through the stage door of the local Theatre Royal and adopted it as her home.

Each day she inspects the scene-dock, and even deigns to look in at rehearsal if there is one, but experience has made her blase and she usually walks out with a disdainful sniff. At night she is usually busy in the flies, sometimes chasing mice and generally garnering tit-bits from the myrmidons lurking in those regions. She has a fondness

for beer and the lower class refreshments which has endeared her to all the employees. When "God Save the King" is played, Frisky usually descends to terra firma with a somewhat unsteady, rolling gait. Once, during a tense scene in a highly-provocative banned play, the audience was mystified by the curtain being slowly drawn. It transpired that Frisky had climbed the curtain rope and closed it with her weight. By the time she had been caught and reprimanded, her vocal protests had ruined yet another scene, besides starting enquiries for the R.S.P.C.A.

Frisky's voice is strong and penetrating, but by no means melodious. It has a unique timbre and a distant personality.

It is reported that, during the first night of a very subtle highbrow play, the last scene took place by moon-light, and only one spot was used for that purpose. The audience was much intrigued by a shadow passing over this spot. The cognoscenti immediately recognised it as the cloud of fate, and all the papers were enthusiastic about this deft piece of production. Needless to say Frisky had negligently walked in front of the light, and, to save his face, the producer had to queue for hours to get fish in order to tempt Frisky to repeat her manoeuvre at each successive performance.

Frisky's first appearance on the boards was quite accidental, but devastating in its effect. A visiting opera company was giving "Aida" at a matinee, and there was a large nucleus of school children who were relieved at getting away from school, but bored with Egypt and everything (operatically) concerning it. Imagine their pubescent delight when, in the middle of the Nile Duet, a ragamuffin tabby kitten entered up-stage of the principals and proceeded to do a ballet of her own devising. The laughter which ensued caused the principals much concern, and lost them their place with the conductor. Fortunately Frisky eventually fled, which is just as well as no-one would have dared to punish her while the opera was on—she had a dramatic soprano even stronger than Aida.

But her stage career and artistic downfall dates from a much later time when another opera company was in residence, and Frisky had grown into a personable animal of more adult proportions. The contralto of the company was play-

ing "Frugola" in "Il Tabarro" and used to entice Frisky into her dressing room to share the rum-and-milk she took for her voice. Finally she took the cat on the stage with her, reflecting that, as she had a song to sing about a cat, it would give atmosphere to her performance.

The occasion passed successfully enough, except that Frugola was half a bar late for her entrance. But the effect on Frisky was atomic. She conceived a passion for music which was beyond all proportion. In particular she adored the Puccini operas and used every cat-like wile to be included in the cast. Visiting singers began to fear her, and many were the tales that were told of Frisky's defaults. Doubtless they are exaggerated, but here is a record of some of her feline delinquences.

Once, during Act Four of "La Boheme" she walked on through the fireplace, rendering the death-scene less effective. In "Turandot" she got carried on in the prima donna's train where she had fallen asleep. Being aroused by the movement she proceeded to wash and preen herself all through Turandot's aria; the lady seems to have taken it as a hint and a personal affront. In the Church Scene of "Faust" you will remember, the congregation exeunts past "Marguerite" who is lying prostrate and forlorn outside.

On this particular occasion after the chorus had made their exit, there was a short pause and then Frisky entered, trotting amiably towards Mephistopheles who, when off-stage was partial to pussies. Worst of all was the "Tosca" affair. In the last act of this opera Tosca awaits her lover's execution on the castle battlements, firmly convinced that, by arrangement, it is to be a mock execution. On discovering that he has really been shot she throws herself despairingly into the Tiber. On this occasion

when she discovered the dead body, there were gales of laughter from the auditorium. Disgusted that any audience could be so callous to her art, Tosca swept on to the battlements, only to discover to her horror that they were being used for quite a natural purpose by a large tabby cat scratching herself in a most unseemly manner.

Of Frisky's exploits in straight drama I will say very little. Charing Cross Road is always full of stories interchanged by various actors relating experiences and commiserating with each other. A Shakespearean company once provided Frisky with stellar opportunities. She took a violent dislike to them after inspecting their wardrobe, and plotted a dreadful revenge. When Hamlet reached the passage beginning "Now I am alone . . ." he was stalked by a tabby cat earnestly following in his footsteps, a wicked gleam in her eye. And when Macbeth said "Is this a dagger which I see before me?" he was confronted with Frisky entering from the prompt corner

Noisy scenes were witnessed at Nottingham on Saturday, December 18th, at the Special Meeting of the Notts. and Derby Cat Club, called to enquire into certain members complaints regarding the conduct of the club, and the Chairman seemed unable to maintain order. At one time he threatened to close the meeting, but the uproar continued.

The South, always the stronghold of the Cat Fancy, sent a strong expeditionary force to the Midlands camp, and anything the locals wished to say or enquire into was doomed to be "steam-rolled." Of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, there were but a handful not present, the Chairman, Mr. Cyril Teales, was in attendance.

with a dead mouse which she laid reverently at his feet. For this she was incarcerated in one of the dressing rooms where her shrill vocal protests punctuated the sleep-walking scene. The last night of the company's visit was "The School for Scandal" and Frisky had been locked up hours before. But when it came to the Screen Scene, Charles Surface threw it down as usual and there was a pause before he said in an anguished aside "Frisky by all that's wonderful!" Frisky had, in fact, incorporated herself in Lady Teazle's Gainsborough hat which that lady endeavouring to wear with an air of reckless insouciance.

Only recently Frisky has been missing from the theatre for several weeks, and artistes and staff both felt they could relax their vigilance. One day there was a television relay of Flecker's "Hassan." All went well until the "Procession of Protracted Death" which was surprisingly completed by the sudden advent of Frisky followed by her newly acquired family—three tabby kittens.

Amid protests from the Midlanders that their enquiry was being stifled, the Southern phalanx acclaimed a motion put up by the Chairman, that the meeting was satisfied with its committee, and did not wish for an enquiry into the affairs of the club.

This resulted in 33 votes for, and 11 against, and Mr. Frances' amendment, seconded by Mr. Brice-Webb that the club first hear the complaints and then proceed to vote on the proposal, together with a further amendment by Mr. Brice-Webb, and seconded by Mr. France were not put to the meeting at all, although Mr. Brice-Webb protested that it was the Chairman's duty to take the amendments first.



*Drawing by the author.*

## APOLOGY

Damp and bedraggled, trembling with cold and fright  
 A wisp of fur they tossed to me today:  
 The eyes of hyacinth blue alone were bright  
 And undismayed. How could I turn away  
 When tiny paws clung, and a small cry came  
 From curled pink mouth? Not since your black silk coat  
 Beneath my desperate hands (I crying your name)  
 Grew slowly cold, your amber eyes remote,  
 And all your lovely grace for ever still,  
 Has touch of fur so much as brushed my hand  
 Until today. Despite your imperious will,  
 Your courteous heart I think would understand,  
 And not begrudge the cushion where you sat  
 Before the fire to such a little cat!

J. Lone.



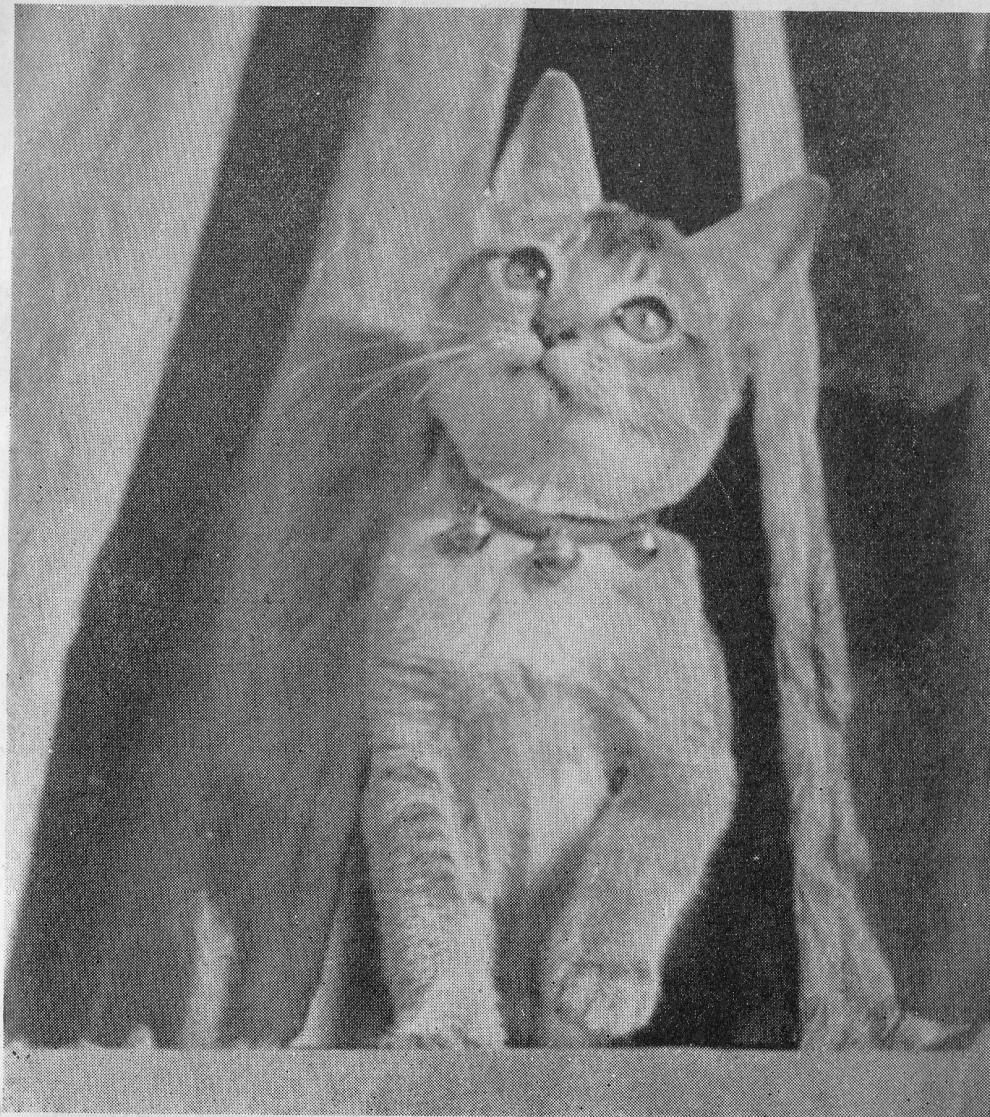
Photo D. E. Tyler

## WHO SAID STRAYED ?



LONG HAISED TABBY

Photo J. Summers



ABYSSINIAN KITTEN

Photo V. E. Major



## AGAIN NEWS, VIEWS, AND PERSONALITIES

IN response to the kind invitation to judge at the Championship Cat Show organised by Mr. Chamonin on behalf of the Cat Club de Geneve at Yverdon, near Lausanne, Switzerland, I made my first trip by air to Geneva. It was a thrilling experience especially crossing the Alps at dusk with a brilliant but stormy sunset creating a lovely scene.

Mr. Chamonin and his sister met me at the Airport and next day we motored to Lausanne, where I stayed for the show.

Arising with the lark on November 27th, a motor coach specially engaged for the Show called for me. It was filled with exhibitors and Cat baskets, to say nothing of a lovely smoke female sitting calmly on her mistress's knee. Disembarking at Yverdon I was tucked away in a warm little office whilst the cats were penned, finally emerging about 10.30 to commence my judging.

It was extremely interesting judging Cats, none of which I had ever seen before.

One has to admit there are discrepancies in the way the awards are placed among the moderately good cats, and this in my opinion is inevitable as judges assess faults with a slight variation, but the ultimate awards prove that judges are consistent and unanimous when awarding premier honours to really good cats.

I found my big winners were mostly Champions and had already won top honours under Mrs. Yeend,

Miss Langston and Miss Yorke, and Continental judges. Best Cat in show was Mlle Perrins, International Champion Pigeon du Leman, one of the loveliest white long hair males I have ever seen, his head is magnificent for type, breadth of skull and well placed ears, his coat is profuse, long and excelled in texture and purity of colour.

A sturdy frame and pleasing expression made this orange eyed white a joy to behold.

The second best in show according to the rules had to be the opposite sex, so I selected the Blue female Ch. Vanite du Leman owned by Mr. Kurmann and bred by Mlle Perrin, she was the winner in the Champion of Champions class, also in her Open class containing fifteen Blue females. She is a shapely cobby queen with a coat of nice texture and a pleasing shade of pale blue; lovely wide open orange eyes, neat ears with nice tufts curling from them, excellent head and type and a nice expression.

Second to her—Rixie du Leman, owned by Mlle Perrin, a very nice queen with wide awake eyes, good type and an excellent coat.

Third, Wopee de la Chesnare, owned by Madam Brunel. This queen had a lovely head, neat ears, broad muzzle, firm chin and was altogether a well balanced cat, her failing was she had a quantity of old coat which put her down to third place on the day.

Many lovely Blue females were unplaced in this class.

The best Blue male was International Champion Talisman de la Chesnare but he only competed against the white male Ch. Pigeon in one class, but again according to the rules Talisman was eligible for a Ch. certificate which I had no hesitation in giving him; he is a lovely, level pale blue, has a good skull, neat ears, short nose, broad muzzle, and is altogether a pleasing exhibit.

The winner in the Open class for Blue males was Mlle Perrin's Senator of Allington, bred by Miss Langston. He is a very young male with a level coat of nice texture and colour, good head, neat well placed ears and glorious wide-awake copper eyes.

The Blue eyed whites were very lovely. Mlle Perrin's Woogy du Leman, a male full of quality and such a sweet cat to handle. I admired his lovely tail as it is feature in which long hair males sometimes fail, like all this owner's whites, his coat excelled in texture and purity, and he was in lovely condition. These remarks also apply to the blue-eyed White Female, White Flower du Leman, Mlle Perrin's orange eyed White Female.

International Champion—Tresor blanc du Leman was in glorious coat, her head, type, short nose, neat well placed ears made her an easy winner.

These Whites all in perfect condition occupied one huge pen with silver tissue draperies and I do not remember seeing a lovelier exhibit.

The Blacks were few in number but good in quality, the winning male being Viveka de Sarip, owned by Mme Ribordy. This was his final Ch. certificate. Viveka is a well balanced cat with dense black coat, excellent type and lovely eyes for size and colour. These remarks also apply to the same owner's Ch.

Tanit du Leman. This queen had a lovely coat of excellent texture.

The winning Chinchilla male was Bentveld Timothy, owned by Mlle Chamonin. He had glorious eyes for shape and colour and was a very nice cat, slightly more heavily ticked than our winning Chinchillas in England.

Mlle Chamonin also won in females with Anabella de la Chesnae. The above remarks also apply to this cat, she was free from any suggestion of markings on paws in spite of her accentuated ticking and was a very attractive cat.

The Creams with the exception of Mlle Chamonin's lovely Ch. Pamela du Val Fleury, which did not compete in her Open class, were slightly darker than our Creams in England but excelled in eye colour. The winning Cream male was Mme Curchod's Waldor du Leman and the winning female Mme Ribordy's Wistaria du Leman.

In Blue Creams I found a real gem in Mlle Chamonin's Vastky de la Chesnaie—a queen with a nicely intermingled coat and a lovely broad head excelling in type and wide open orange eyes.

The Blue Chinchillas were very fascinating and Mme Cordey's exquisite neuter Uwai des Perlitas was a joy to behold, his head and type lovely, and his eyes were green. What a pity this cat was neutered!

The same owner exhibited another lovely Blue Chin Xylinda des Perlitas—a female kitten with a glorious head and small well placed ears.

The best kitten in Show was Mme Aebischer's male Xephyr de la Chesnae, a pale sparkling Chinchilla with very promising eyes.

Best opposite sex. A silver tabby of lovely type, excellent markings

on head and paws but solid on body at present. Wide open orange eyes.

Only one Siamese appeared and as she was nursing four big kittens, she was not looking her best. This quartette was the first prize litter.

It was a two day show, but I noticed nearly every owner took their cats to a local hotel, and we arrived to find a bevy of cat baskets in the vestibule, and the staff proving very helpful in giving a hand to the owners.

I did not hear a me-ow in the night, so they evidently, settled down amicably.

Whilst judging I particularly noticed how docile and agreeable the cats were, in some classes I had two or three males on my long judging table at the same time and they sat and calmly displayed themselves without being held, although my stewards were mounting guard, and ready to prevent any attempt to escape.

I was sorry not to see Mde Gibbons famous International Champions Southway Crusader, Priory Blue Wish, Idmiston Champagne and Wotan, and several Champions of her own breeding, but it appears to be quite usual to keep some of the super cats at home to give the younger ones a better chance.

Very unselfish of the owners.

I was asked my opinion of the idea and I must admit it is a debatable point. Exhibitors in England have expressed the opinion to me that it is useless to show their cats at Ch. shows if certain Blues are to be present and in this way entries are lost but on the other hand many visitors go to see the Champions, and they are the specimens by which others are measured.

I do think however it is unwise

to show adult females too much as experience teaches us that shows appear to affect their fecundity.

I have studied for years literature about all domestic animals and it is most noticeable how breeders interested in fertility are constantly urging owners not to exhibit the females frequently whether it is cats, dogs, rabbits or covies.

One has only to study the records of the Blue female Champions to realise that few of them have been prolific.

My own Champion, Gloria of Pensford is a case in point. She is a thoroughly healthy normal cat living the life of an ordinary domestic pet, she mates normally, but so far has not had kittens. Her two sisters Glenshee Felicity owned by Miss Stephenson, and Glenshee Penelope owned by Miss Montague are both lovely queens and have reared families. Only Felicity has been exhibited a few times.

Why exhibiting should affect females it is impossible to say but there appears to be much evidence that it does.

Perhaps Mr. Jude will express his opinion, it is a subject which interests the majority of breeders I imagine.

After the show I visited Mde and Mlle Perrin and saw all their cats at home. The conditions were spotless and the custom of having cream tiled floors in every suitable room in Swiss homes is thoroughly hygienic and suitable for cats.

Staying with Mde Perrin were the two young enthusiastic Fanciers Mr. and Mrs. Ribordy who also won top honours with their lovely cats.

I was interested to hear one of the winning Whites, the winning Black, also the Smoke were litter brothers and sisters and by the best

cat in show, International Ch. Pégion du Leman.

At midnight we all tripped off to the station to see Mme Bridgett and Mme Perrin off to England as they were visiting the National Cat Club Show. When I arrived back it was over and on telephoning them I heard they thought it a grand show and the cats lovely.

It was the first N.C.C. Ch. Show I had missed since 1923, but owing to my recent sad bereavement I stayed away a few days at Lausanne.

Fanciers in Switzerland are extremely interested in the Cats and Kittens Year Book and admire the photographs tremendously. I noticed Mr. Chamonin had his copy beautifully bound in a stiff cover and it was borrowed frequently

during the show.

Next year's number will contain photographs of the International Champions, Mr. Frances tells me, and I am sure Long hair fanciers will agree we British breeders are at a disadvantage with some varieties as our six months quarantine make it so risky to import cats.

No Red tabbies shown and only one Brown tabby. Mme Curchads Vincent de Valrive, he was beautifully marked, had lovely eyes and condition but not so rich in colour as our standard demands.

Every one connected with the show was kind and thoughtful and I returned with many happy recollections of this delightful show and the sympathy of the Executive.

*Joan Thompson.*

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

I am often asked at what age is a Siamese queen ready for mating. Always, if possible, keep her back until she is at least nine months old, and preferably, twelve months. Although a kitten is officially adult at nine months, it is still rather undeveloped, and in my opinion, too young to begin having kittens.

I am also asked when a female will commence calling. They do not start at any particular age, but I do think it depends upon the weather, and the time of year. A kitten born at the beginning of December, might well come into season as early as April or May if the weather is warm. On the other hand, a kitten born in June, will

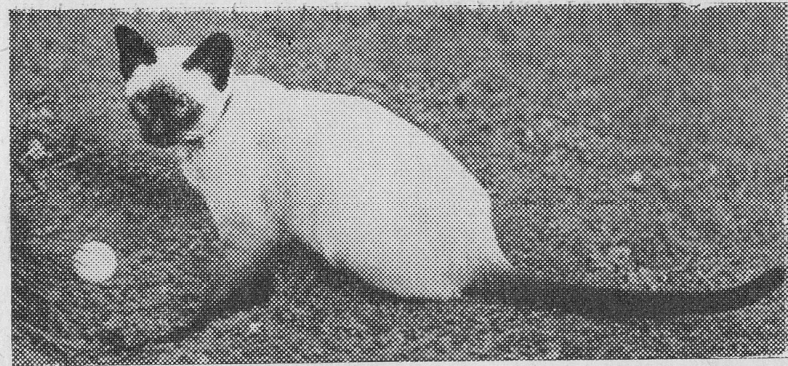


Photo Pauline Simpson

probably not call until the following spring.

Another query is the number of litters a queen should have in one year. I think a young queen with her first litter, should only be allowed that one, and if she calls again, should be kept back. A mature queen, two or more years of age, could be allowed two litters. If she is mated up at her first call, which may be any time after Xmas, she could have her second litter during the summer. I think it a mistake to have kittens too late in the year. They definitely do better in the

Spring and Summer, and it would be best to miss the second litter rather than have them born too late in the year. Stud cats, who often have had a busy season, should be completely rested for a period of the year, say October, November and December. This especially applies if he is being shown. During this rest, he can be wormed. Often, even if no worms have been seen, a cat will look in far better condition for a periodical worming. I have been pleasantly surprised by the interest taken since I mentioned I had acquired some Abyssinians. Both my husband and I think they are charming and are completely fascinated by our pair. Raby Ramphis is like a little dog, and trots along by my side everywhere I go, even following me when I fetch the cows in. He has a most lovable disposition and it would be impossible to find a cat which went to more trouble than Ramphis to show how friendly he is. Sheba is more sedate, and loves to pose in front of the fire, where she lies looking very elegant, and showing off her beautiful colouring. I am sure Abyssinians will be a most popular breed when more people become interested in them. Certainly, no cats could be more charming and friendly than the pair I have.



Courtesy Surrey Advertiser

PROUD PANDA, 1st IN THE 3½—6 MONTHS  
FEMALE CLASS, SIAMESE SHOW. OWNER  
MISS BROOKS

## NOTES AND NEWS

IT is sad to commence these notes with knowledge that Mr. Thompson is no longer with us in spite of his successful operation. He had a relapse and passed on very suddenly. Every one who knew Herbert liked and respected him, his work as secretary of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, was untiring and he will be greatly missed by his many friends and the Fancy generally. The deepest sympathy is extended to Mrs. Thompson in her bereavement.

By the time my paragraphs appear in print the show season will be nearly at an end. Surely

the most disastrous weather on record descended on the unfortunate National and prevented a large number of exhibits putting in an appearance. They were lucky and so were their owners. It took me six hours to make the journey from Paddington to Guildford and a good many others fared worse and got home the next morning. Considering the fog the show was well attended and of course managed by Kit Wilson with her usual efficiency. Mrs. Richardson's male Morris Tudor won another championship and was best short-hair in

show. He is a fine young male and was looking his best in the pink of condition. Congratulations, Mrs. Richardson. The winning Seal-Pointed female, Povey Priscilla, was rather interesting. Owned by a novice, this cat is quite unknown in the show pen. Although dark in coat, she is of wonderful type with glorious eye-colour. I have written a good many times on the subject of pedigrees and when I looked her up in the catalogue found she was sired by Salween Rajah out of Ennismore Kiki. Rajah is of course well known for his excellent breeding, but the dam is by Ch. Jacques of Abingdon and Oriental Ting San, who in turn is by Hoveton Emperor and Oriental Natascha, and there you have the result of good pre-war stock, still taking 1st and Ch. in the fourth generation. Mrs. Keene's lovely kitten Killdown Rosemary, by Oriental Silky Boy out of Seal-sleeve Shah-Danseur won all before her. A fine kitten excelling in type. As well as exhibiting Siamese, Brian Stirling-Webb produced a white short-hair which won a championship. I wonder what he proposes to do with her. Have a shot at getting some glacial white into the blue-point coat? They certainly need it.

Mrs. Francis who keeps a stud down Yeovil way has solved the problem of the non-calling

queen who arrives for mating. She charges 1/6d. per day "boarding fee" for each day the queen stays with no resultant mating. The owner is told that if and when the queen returns for stud and a mating results the amount previously paid for "board" will be deducted from the stud fee. Stud owners get quite a number of queens who for some reason or other go off call, are sent too late, etc. by inexperienced owners and there are usually out-of-pocket expenses, the reservation of accommodation to the exclusion of all others to say nothing of the poor view taken by the stud. Mrs. Francis has found this method quite satisfactory and no one has taken umbrage.

I was sorry that Mrs. Goldthorpe's blue-pointed female could not be handled at the National. In the days when I stewarded quite a bit I prided myself that I could get any cat out of the pen however tiresome it might be. I have since learned how very foolish I was and if an exhibit shows fight will never allow my steward to attempt handling it. They will probably be bitten, the cat may escape and be so terrified it will be impossible to catch and the end may be tragic. It is disappointing for the owner but better to leave well alone. Cat bites are nasty things sometimes and best avoided.

With my Siamese News-Sheet

before me I see that the judges are again under the lash, this time by a member who to use her own words, "was not personally affected by the judging and raise the point merely as a matter of interest." Quite so, the exhibit in question was sired by this lady's stud. This being the case her lack of interest seems odd. Everyone knows that the sire of a winning exhibit basks in reflected glory with the prospect of a sharp demand for his services. Miss Adams once remarked to me that stud owners would cut each other's throats for a stud fee! I wonder?

It is the busiest people who can always find time for a little more and Barbara Webbe who has two babies, rabbits, a dog and a cat population, rising sometimes to ten and no help has let me know how she dealt with both infectious enteritis and coccidiosis and didn't lose a kitten. Sulphamethazine worked miracles with the latter. With the former it was touch and go. All the cats lived in the house so there was no possibility of isolation. Mrs. Webbe had at the time one queen with a three days old litter, one neuter a year, and two neuters of about six months. It was one of these who started and he was desparately ill. However, 100,000 international units of penicillin and three or four days on M. and B. 760 put him right

and she was able to avoid forcible feeding as his appetite returned on the 4th day. The other cats had a less acute form and were dosed immediately with M. and B. Thank you Mrs. Webbe, any information and experience of these diseases is very much appreciated.

Extract from rude letter received from Lewis Stringer who has taken exception to my remarks concerning his beloved Mrs. Jenifer Dubedat. "I am amazed that a so-called lover of dumb animals could write so unkindly of a cat and can only assume that such "cat" observations were prompted by too much contact with felines. Jennifer has charming manners at home but does not respond kindly to the noise and excitement of shows. After the last show I decided she had made her last appearance but your sneering references to have so incensed me I shall continue to enter her for all future shows except in classes judged by you. I understand you are a great lover of Siamese cats, but cannot understand why you should write so spitefully of other more ordinary breeds." So the poor little cat has still to sit in the show just to spite Elsie Hart. I have not the slightest doubt she is adorably tempered at home, they all are, but some hate every minute of show day, shut in a pen petrified with terror, and because they wonder

what next will happen to them lash out at everyone who tries to touch them. Far from writing unkindly about the beautiful Jennifer I'd like to know she was to sit by her own fireside where there would be no necessity to use her claws on unoffending stewards. Yes, you understand rightly that I am a lover of Siamese cats and any other varieties as well. I have a number of feline friends as good

as anything you will see at any show to-day and in many cases a lot better, but I think too much of them to condemn them to sit all day in a show pen for my own gratification when they can spend their time in happy comfort at home. Well, believers in reincarnation may visualise Mr. "cat-loving" Stringer sitting in a show pen in the years to come. I wonder if he'd spit?

*Miss Aust*

Photo Mrs. Hardwick



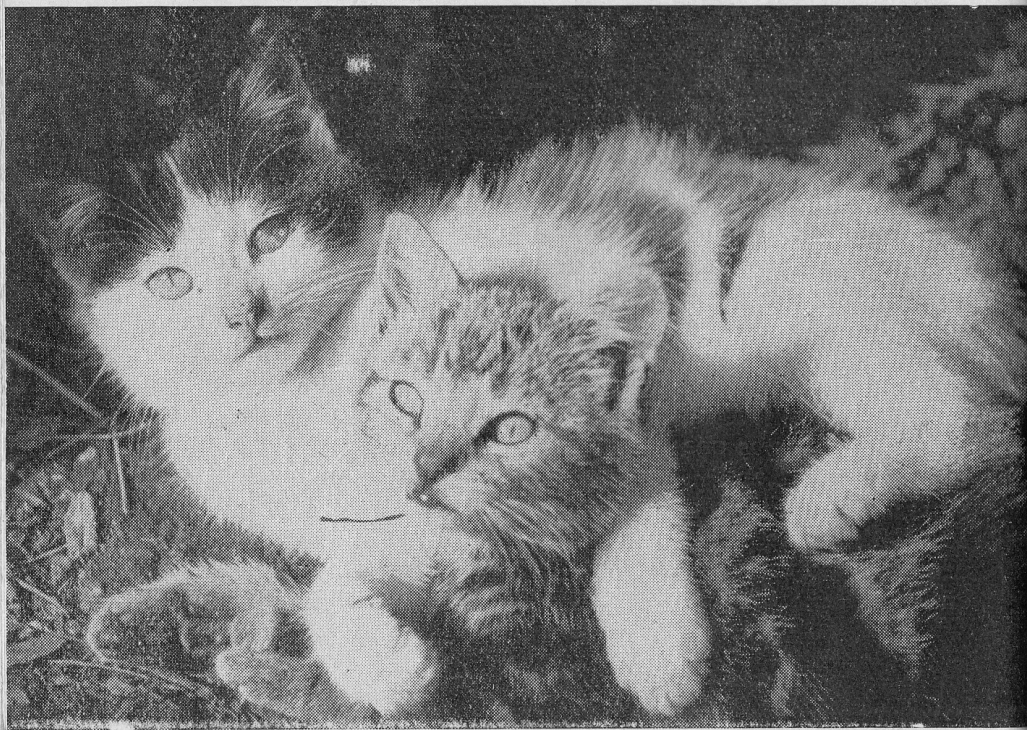
Photo George Konig



**BIG NEWS** for new cat owners! Domestic cats seldom get enough of those correctives which cats in their natural state get from herbs and certain grasses. But you need not worry—'Tibs' Cat Powders provide these essential aids. *Start your cat right* on one 'Tibs' every day, and keep him fit and frisky as a kitten.

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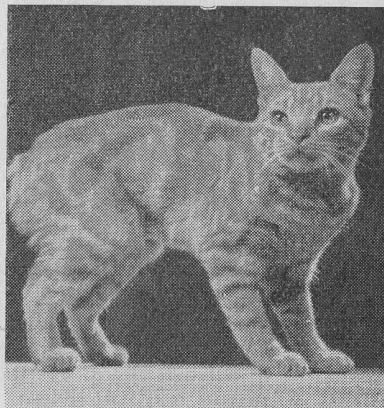
## LETTERS and PICTURES



11, Fairfields Road,  
Basingstoke,  
Hants.

"Stephen" simply adores being dressed up. Rather unusual, is it not. But in this case true.

(Mrs.) N. A. Green.



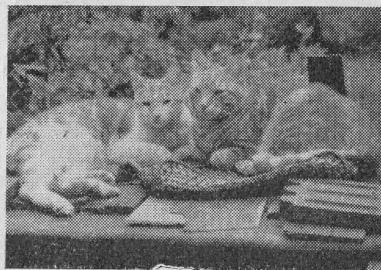
Sandy of Little Valley.

Pedigree male Manx red tabby. Pet of Guy Bogart, 545, Euclid Avenue, Beaumont, California, U.S.A. A regular reader of our magazine and great cat lover renowned throughout the United States for his poetry, of which some of the best loved is of cats.



Timmy.

Pet of Miss Brenda Glazier of 59,  
St. Helen's Road, Hastings.



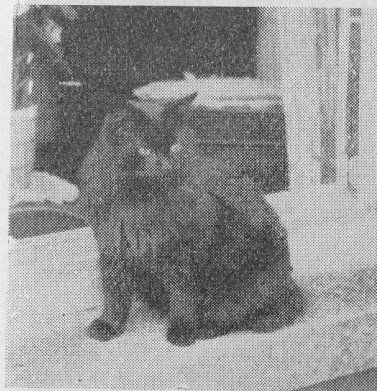
Willy and Rolly.

Charming pets of Mary Hofmann,  
of 134a, Haverstock Hill, London,  
N.W.3.



Hillary of Hadley.

## TO THE EDITOR

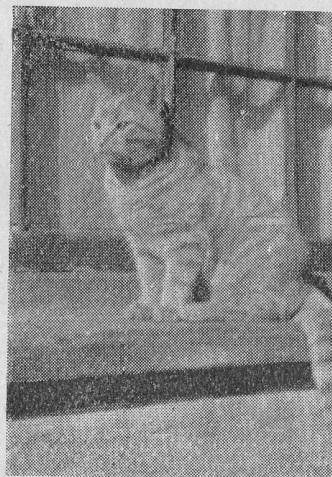


Stephen.

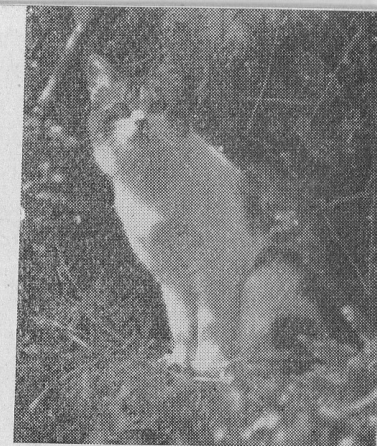
Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a print of our young orange tabby, hoping you may like to include him in your Cats and Kittens magazine, which we have been enjoying for the last year.

Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) Dorothea Short.



Goldie.



Yose.

Pet of Miss A. H. Walker, of 181,  
St. Andrew's Road, Bridport,  
Dorset.

Hillary of Hadley and Inky are well loved members of the family of Mrs. Frances H. Stephenson of St. Calixtus, 9, Earl's Road, Tunbridge Wells.



"Inky"

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## THE CATS' CHOIR

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

**P**LUMPEY arrived at their weekly meeting, waving a book excitedly.

"I've got the most glorious idea!" he announced to his four friends.

"May one enquire what this glorious idea is?" asked Edward.

"It's probably a book of poems he's had published!" said Rolly, eyeing the book scornfully.

"No it isn't! This is a book of songs!"—Plumpey put his head coily on one side and simpered—"I—I did write one or two of them, but the rest have been composed by great men!—and I thought it would be a good idea if we started a choir!"

There was a moment's silence as they thought it over, then Lionel said: "I think it's a good idea—and I will be the Choir-Master!"

"But you can't sing!" protested Babykins.

"Of course I can. Listen!"—an ear-splitting wail filled the air.

Babykins and Plumpey simultaneously clapped their paws over their ears, while Lionel looked offended.

"It's only a question of practise!" he said.

They all said then they'd better

practise straight away, so they arranged themselves along the top of a wall, and Lionel chose—"What shall we do with a drunken sailor." During the second chorus a window of a nearby house was flung up, and a boot hurled past his ear, so they moved farther along the wall to finish their song.

Babykins said, "Let's sing 'Hi diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle!'"

"I've never heard such nonsense!—'The cat and the fiddle' indeed! Let's sing a rousing chorus of 'A-rovin' we will go!'"

"I'd rather sing, 'Three blind Mice.'"

"As the choir was my idea, we ought to sing my song—'Her paws were soft as thistle-down,'" said Plumpey.

This time they all disagreed, and finally decided to sing 'The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat!'

Rolly sang so lustily that Edward gave him a nudge, which made him topple off the wall, into a holly-bush.

The others laughed so much that they could sing no more, but agreed to meet on the following night and continue their choir practise!



Photograph from an original painting by Rebel Stanton.

### AFTER THE CHRISTMAS PARTY !

# Siamese Cats

by Sydney W. France

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(Continued on next page).

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