

Morally Wrong Scientifically Unsound

An English vivisector, in a lecture last September, recorded:—

“In two of our cats with the pancreas intact, and in one with half of its pancreas removed, an induced diabetic condition has disappeared after persistence for many weeks in the presence of gross abnormalities of the B cells of the pancreatic islets.”

Our Explanation and Comments

1. “An iduced diabetic condition”—that is, the disease artificially created in a laboratory—is admitted by researchers to be different from the natural disease as it occurs in man. Here, therefore, as in many other instances, deductions drawn from animal experiments are liable to be misleading and dangerous when applied to human patients.

2. Human diabetes never disappears “after persistence for many weeks in the presence of gross abnormalities.” Again, the analogy is false and liable to lead to disastrous deductions.

3. This and other procedures recorded in the lecture indicate that cats and other animals had to undergo long periods of pain and fear. But this is what is generally known as cruelty, and enlightened people hold that cruelty is one of the worst of moral evils.

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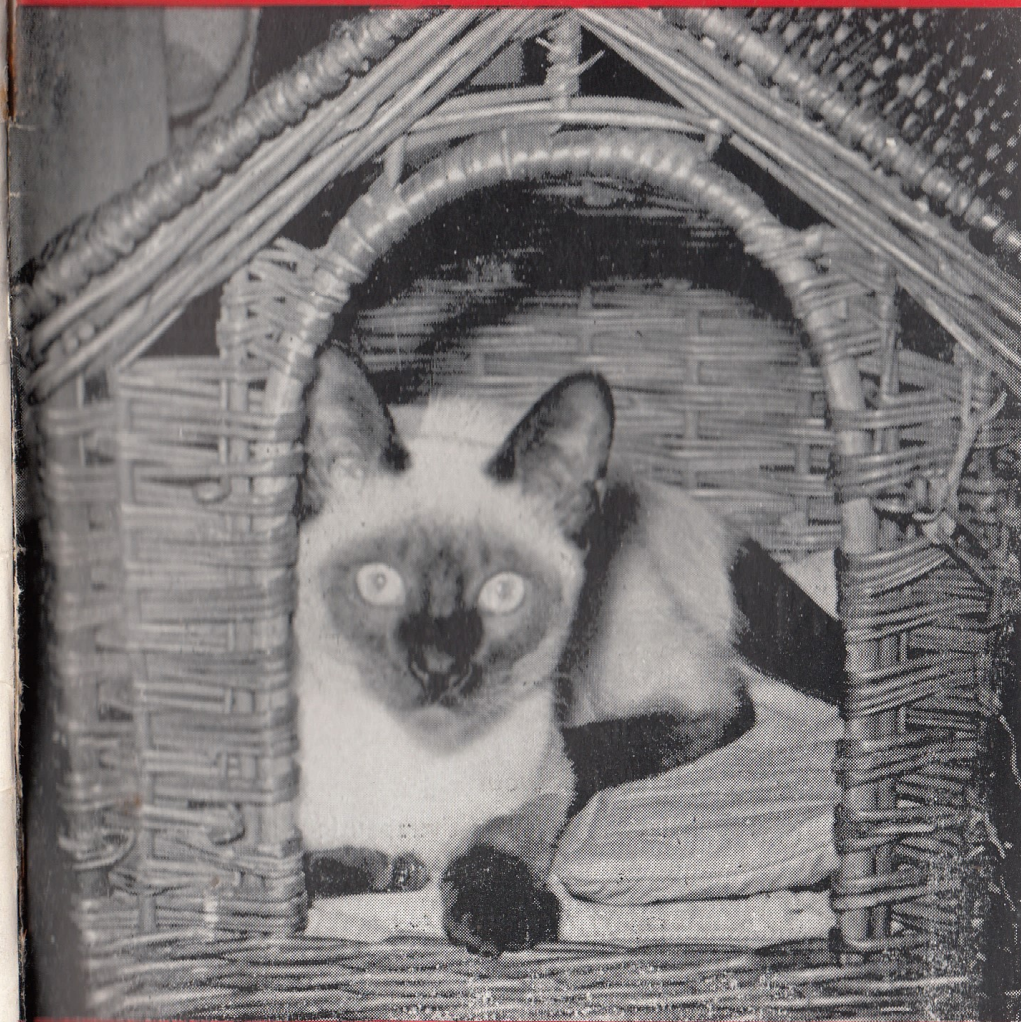
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FEBRUARY 1/-



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CATS AND KITTENS
THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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FEBRUARY 1949



Prince Kismet—prize winning six month’s old kitten,
owned by Colleen Aslyn, Shanna Groith Cattery,
Bodega Bay, California, U.S.A.

Cover photograph by John Blaxland.

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO

By L. F. RAMSEY

THE story began in June 1943.

Eight months earlier, pipers playing *The Road to the Isles* came along our village street, followed by truckloads of the Canadian Black Watch. During their previous months in England, they seemed to have collected an extraordinary number of dogs and puppies, cats and kittens. During the following eight months, dogs in the canteen were perpetually apologising to me for being trodden on, especially Hackle, the mascot of the regiment.

No cat ever apologised. If any got trodden on, he swore and fled.

When the Canadians left to go overseas, homes had to be found for many of the pets. Only Hackle, proudly wearing his hackle in his collar, went off sitting next to a transport driver.

Three kittens, off on some project of their own were missing when the pipers played *The Road to the Isles* for the last time up the narrow lane from the beach to the village. Margaret bicycled down to the

deserted shore to look for them.

"I seen three kitten walkin' up the lane with their tails straight up. They was goin' along to the village," said a small boy.

I have never been able to understand why Hilaire Belloc, who lived in a village not far from mine, said he could never find a lost thing. My experience is that you can always find things in a village. A word here, an enquiry there and you have your possession back. In ten minutes, Margaret had run the kittens to earth, in this case the earth being a comfortable bed in a bungalow where they had gone in through an open window and were curled up fast asleep.

The bungalow owner, who already had a dog and a cat said she could find homes for two of the kittens but not the third. So Margaret brought away the all-black one and arrived home with him squeaking. For weeks he never mewed; he squeaked.

We meant to find him a home for we had a man in possession already, a striped tabby named

Peter who fiercely resented the squeaking kitten. But all the houses with accommodation for cats and kittens were full up. So we told Peter he must put up with little black Sambo.

He couldn't be called anything else. Everything about him was black except his green eyes. His coat, his whiskers and his satin nose were all black. He was an ugly kitten of the kind that promises to grow into a handsome cat. And he squeaked and squeaked, all day long, in between mouthfuls of milk, which he insisted must be out of a bottle. He refused to drink the household milk to which Peter had become inured. So the milk bottle had to be turned upside down for the last drops to be given to little black Sambo.

He would creep into Peter's basket and curl up beside him and Peter would get up and stalk out indignantly. Then little black Sambo would squeak and squeak.

At last, I took him into the office where he crawled up me, gnawed my uniform buttons and curled up in my neck and fell asleep. Even asleep, he purred loudly and I understood that he had been accustomed to sleep in just a warm spot on the neck of some lonely boy from Montreal or Toronto.

Not many weeks later, our beloved Peter became a bomb casualty and little black Sambo

took his place as the man of the house. He firmly refused ever to sleep in Peter's basket which has been put away. A cushion on a chair is his choice.

When he was about six months old, a stray marmalade cat walked in and refused to leave. Little black Sambo was so annoyed he stopped away all day except at meal times. The marmalade cat, whom we now called Peter, would have liked to be friends with Sambo, but Sambo disdained him. Peter lapped up household milk and Sambo positively sneered at him. Sambo's purr ceased. If he happened to be asleep on his cushion and the marmalade cat jumped up beside him, Sambo walked out of the house at once.

One day, a small girl passing the gate caught sight of Peter.

"There's Ginger!" she cried joyously . . .

Sambo, king of the castle once more, purred again and climbed all over me, gnawing my buttons happily.

Then, without any warning, he was missing. There had been no bombs. Usually, with that uncanny prescience of meal-times that all cats possess, Sambo was accustomed to bound in at the window with a loud Purr r r! especially when fish was on the menu. Now there was no little black Sambo, no green eyes to stare in my face,

no black satin nose to be stroked, no more teeth marks on my buttons.

Five weeks later, as I sat at tea, a black apparition bounded through the window and hurled itself on to my lap with loud purrs of joy as he climbed up me and began to gnaw my buttons. He was woefully thin and as I stroked him, I saw to my horror a length of wire sticking out from a ring that encircled him, cutting into his flesh. His lovely black fur was sticky with blood. He leapt down, still purring with happiness at having got home again, while we released him.

How long had he been 'calling out for aid, calling on the frightened air, making everything afraid?'

Now little black Sambo is far too big to be caught in a rabbit snare but he still flinches if anyone strokes him over the place where the wire cut him. He still likes to gnaw buttons when he gets the chance. He likes oatmeal porridge and demands cake at teatime, tastes he learnt in the canteen in infancy. And I feel convinced that if he could hear the pipers playing *The Road to the Isles*, up would go his tail and he would race out to join the march.

INTRODUCING BASIL and PUFF

(A True Story) by M. K.

WE always swore that we would have only one cat. We kept to this until Basil, the supposed gentleman, suddenly stunned us by producing three kittens. Basil was and is a very handsome animal. She is very leonine, being tawny and powerful. She is also, after a life of six battle-scarred years, rather cynical and sometimes, the blase air with which she

regards her daughter makes me feel very sorry for the latter.

Puff, her daughter, so called because of her remarkable resemblance to a powder puff, is, I hate saying this but it's true, inclined to be half witted. She is a very small, very fluffy brindled. Her face is black and she has grey rings round a pair of blinking owl-like amber eyes.

Puff is one of the gentlest cats that we have ever had. She is quite extraordinary. She spends her time purring and has a habit of talking to herself for hours on end.

I don't think that she can really make a proper noise but she sits by herself purring away and opening her mouth quite happily. She talks to anyone and anything.

Basil dislikes Puff for some unknown reason. Puff on the other hand adores Basil, as she adores everyone. Basil tops her daughter by a good two inches and is far more powerful. Her favourite trick and one that we greatly deplore because poor Puff is caught every time, is as follows. Basil walks up to Puff and kisses her tenderly in the proper maternal way. Delighted by this mark of affection, Puff shuts her round eyes in delight. Basil surveys her for a minute and then, raising one powerful paw, hits her daughter heavily right on the latter's little black nose.

She then turns and swings away looking impossibly pleased. Poor Puff, her face momentarily flattened by the blow, has to be consoled by everyone. She looks so very surprised that we have to laugh. And Basil catches her every time with this trick.

One day, Basil, who is a deadly mouser and ratter brought in a dead mouse and laid it in front of Puff who was sitting in the sun talking busily to the watering can. Puff, who couldn't catch a mouse if you handed it to her, was, naturally thrilled.

Basil let Puff assimilate the sight for a minute and then stalked into the kitchen followed by the now highly excited Puff. Basil went into the pantry and put the mouse on the floor. Puff gazed at it with awe. Basil looked in a cold green eyed way at her silly little daughter and then picked up the mouse, went over to the corner where the jam jars are kept and delicately standing on her hind legs, dropped the mouse in!

It was a very intelligent thing to do but a very nasty thing also. I don't know whether Basil realised that she was doing such a clever thing but I do know that poor Puff spent hours trying to balance on her sooty, bandy black legs, and peering into the jar with anxious eyes. We took her away after a while but she went back and sat beside the jar staring intently through the glass and talking in a creaky little voice.

She tried everything. She hooked her two front paws into

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the jar but got stuck. She jammed her black face firmly in the neck of the jar and I had to ease her out of it.

In the end I knocked the jar over for her. She got the mouse then and after a moment's thrilled absorption, Puff actually trotted out with the mouse in her mouth and went over to Basil. Basil looked at her disdainfully and swiped with her paw at Puff's face. She hit her, of course.

Puff was so upset that we had to take her in. Of course Basil is a rather wicked cat. The funny part of it all being that one cannot help being intensely flattered if she likes one. Basil leads a life of mystery. She scorns us all and uses us for her own purposes. But we admire her for her bravery and independence and great intelligence. The only silly thing she ever did was to let us call her Basil without telling us that she was a lady.

Both our cats are very sociable. They bring in their friends through the kitchen window and I often go down to find a strange gentleman sitting sedately between the two ladies on the edge of the table. Basil always looks aloof. Puff looks placidly pleased. The gentleman rather apprehensive as he catches Basil's eye.

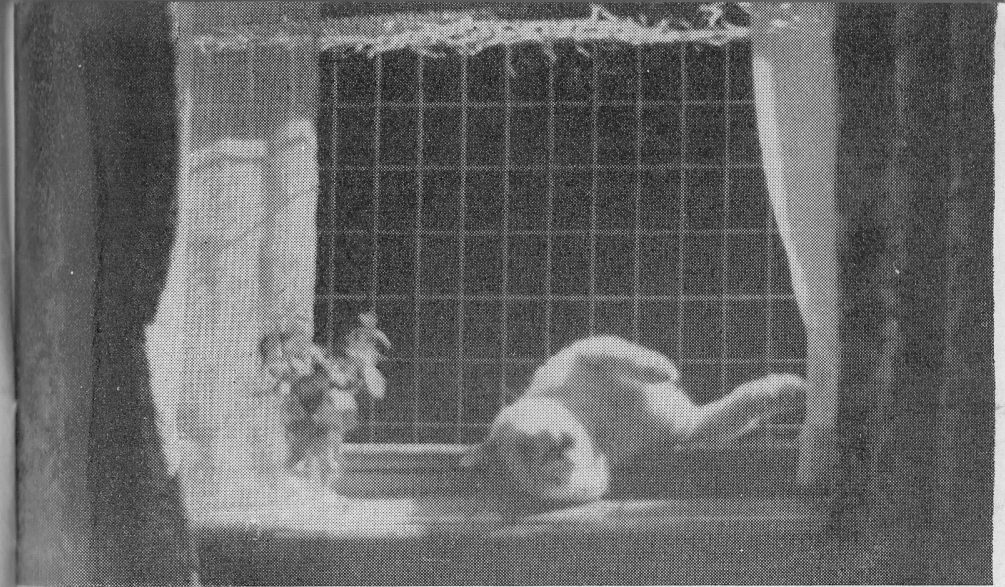
I should think she is a rather domineering girl friend for any

cat-about-town to have. She is of a jealous disposition and is not as feminine as Puff. But she manages to get round. And she always gets home. Even if it is minus quite a bit of her handsome coat.

Dearly as I love Puff, I admire and respect her mother. Basil lends a certain distinction to our house. She always inspects any visitors and very rarely notices them. Other than to look them up and down. Whereas we have often to extract Puff from people's coats as they leave and one one occasion, stop a bus while she was extracted from the driver's cabin where she had climbed when the bus stopped. She hated leaving the driver but cheered up after a while.

Basil is six and Puff is two. We swear that we will not have any more cats. The two we have are personality cats. They run our house. But on occasion, we have as many as eight kittens at the one time and we hate giving them away.

Still, eight Basils would be a bit overpowering. And eight Puffs, definitely a strain. For she is rather dim witted. In the meantime, we await any further developments in the adventurous lives of our two cats. One of these days, we hope to stop Puff talking. Any suggestions? She does repeat herself.



MORE MORTIMER'S MEMOIRS

By ADELE RUDD

SO much interest has been shown in the story "Mortimer, the Cat Who Adopted Me" (May issue), so many people have written to me, not only in England but in America, asking for more news of "this enchanting cat with character" as one of his admirers put it, that it seems that some further memoirs are called for! One charming woman came all the way from Tunbridge Wells to meet Mortimer—which resulted in me also making a most delightful new friend—and the kindness of his American "fans" really has to be seen to be understood to the full. Two sisters in California where "Cats and Kittens" is eagerly bought, wrote to say they were so charmed with Mortimer they would like to send

him something to "help stretch his ration book." Mortimer now keeps up a lively correspondence with their beautiful golden cat Dinah and a most impressive Siamese gentleman named Lang Li, and letters fly across the Atlantic giving the latest cat gossip from each country! Others from the States have also written in the kindest possible way, one lady in Massachusetts went so far as to say although she was no cat lover Mortimer is certainly converting her, and if she can hear more of him she doesn't doubt she will soon join the magic circle of cat worshippers! But that is not all by any means, Mortimer now has also an "Auntie Marion" in Hollywood who has insisted on sending him

some sweetened full cream milk—which he loves! Until Mortimer adopted me I really knew very little about cats, but not only has he given me a pretty intensive education on his own lovely race, but I have come to realize that cat lovers all the world over are the most delightful people one could ever meet!

My little white cat with the tabby tail has grown in beauty and charm as the months have slipped by. It is difficult now to believe that the handsome snow white cat was, a year ago, the pitiable starving stray, so utterly filthy and bedraggled I did not even know he was meant to be white until he had been with me for some time. One thing is touching, and it is the pride he has in his home. He has many feline friends—but woe betide one who tries to venture inside Mortimer's little porthole in the window! "You are a nice lad outside," says Mortimer, "but I'm not sharing this flat with anyone, so GET OUT!" and he pushes the cat back through the porthole, without claws, but with great firmness! One friend of mine suggested having a second cat as a companion for him. So I allowed a little near by lady cat to come in when she wanted to. Mortimer's reaction was instant and emphatic. "I can't fight a lady," he said as she walked into HIS hall, "but I'm not having you in here," and he guided her to his little gangway, and as she went up and through the porthole he gave her little behind the most resounding smack! It must have hurt her dignity, for she never came in again! And having seen her off the premises he jumped on my shoulder, "made dough" on my neck and purred like a little

dynamo, obviously mighty pleased with himself.

He has taught himself (and me) some completely new games. Hide and seek is the favourite. If only I could describe the charm of him playing this game! He comes, pats my leg and then dashes off and hides. I race to another room, chasing him, and there is not a sign of him. He has one hiding place that completely baffles me, and when I give up calling and go and sit down he comes in, and I have never seen a cat nearer smiling than the look he wears! When I do find him he dodges round furniture like a small child, and finally races for "home," which he has arranged entirely himself is to be this—a stool with a curtain draped over it, under which he can hide! He has made it understood that when he gets there he can't be caught. Yesterday he hid under a fallen newspaper, and as I searched, a small head peeped out, and seeing me was instantly withdrawn again! He also hides behind the sitting room door and watches through the crack to see if I am coming! Then on being found—like a flash of lightning he races for "home." He turned the corner in the hall at such speed, some time ago, he hit his head and got concussion! His lady doctor said it was definitely this, his eyes had pin point pupils for a fortnight, and his little brow was furrowed ("he has a bad headache" she said), and he had to be kept quiet until the eyes became normal again. Now, when he starts his evening romp I clear the hall of chairs and put a rug over the hall table to make it softer to knock against!

"Touch-last" is another game he has evolved—he pats me and runs, then on being caught we have a gentle contest to try and touch each

other last! He always wins needless to say! Usually he won't play when there are visitors, but thank goodness he will if he knows them very well, or I fear I might be thought to exaggerate if no witnesses were available! Last night when a friend left—after he had been extremely quiet all the evening—she had only JUST got outside the door when he made a rush at me, with the quaintest look on his face, (the nearest thing to a cat winking I have ever seen), and patted my leg and dashed away to hide, delighted that we were now free to indulge in fun and games! Often I would like to sit and read, but who could resist this delightful little companion when he comes and says so clearly "Come and play!"

His affection for me causes a certain amount of difficulty at times. For there is nothing he loves better than going for a walk. When he first started taking me for walks—yes he began this too!—I didn't realize it might lead to him following me whenever I wanted to go out! But it has! So I evolved a disguise, a hat he had never seen, a coat I hope never to see again—and these I put on in the outer porch of the flats. I then assumed a mincing walk which completely took him in—for the inside of a week! After that I found him popping out of his porthole and trotting happily beside me! So I had to think of something else, or leave him shut in all the time I was away at my work. I have now a scheme which, up to the present is highly successful. A small meat safe I had made in which to cool his food before putting it in the fridge I have now placed on the top of my highest wardrobe, first loosening the latch so that he can open the door. When absolutely ready to go out, I get a piece of meat, place it in the safe, bang its door—at the sound of

which he leaps to the wardrobe top and proceeds to get the door open and find the tit-bit. While he is doing this I run like a hare, feeling exactly like a criminal as I tear down the road, not daring to stop until I reach the corner, after turning which I feel fairly safe! (What the neighbours think—if they are interested at all, I can't imagine, as they see me go off at the double, looking back apprehensively before I turn the corner!)

Recently I was ill, and was at home a good deal. When I returned to work Mortimer was puzzled and obviously distressed at suddenly being left alone all day. On my return he hardly noticed me—which was entirely foreign to his nature, for he always meets me and greets me with the greatest joy, rubbing my legs and usually jumping on my shoulder. But no, I was ignored! I felt sure he wasn't ill, but when on the second day he again put himself to bed miserably in the centre of the sitting room carpet, refusing all my overtures, I was nearly in tears, as I too went miserably to bed. I couldn't sleep and got up and went and talked to him, trying to explain how much I hated leaving him, and that I would always come home as soon as ever I could, he made no response whatever, so I crept back to bed! Hardly had I turned out the light when I felt his little form jump on the bed, and up he came, pulled the bed-clothes away and crept right into my arms, putting his little head on my neck and purring and purring as if his little purr-box would burst! It was as if (as a friend put it) he was telling me he would never doubt me again. And he never has. After that he met me as usual in the evening and was full of joy when he saw me coming, running to meet me as of old. (Someone said by the way, when I mentioned

this, and how amazing it was that he recognized me so far off, that it was because cats knew their owners by their scent, and would recognize them if dressed as inhabitants of Mars! I would have none of this, for Mortimer recognizes me at 100 yards or more, and when I'm coming against the wind!)

When my little cat wants food, which is all too often—for he hasn't yet got used to having it provided whenever needed, and feels he may never get another square meal apparently—he goes to the fridge and literally says his prayers before it! He sits on his little haunches and puts his paws up on the door, then looks appealingly at me! If I am so dense, apparently, as not to understand, he pats me on the leg and rushes and pumps on the wardrobe climbing on top of the small white wooden 'safe' and sitting there like a cat on a pedestal, obviously saying "surely you must understand now what I want?"

After searching for a year I found a beautiful fireside basket which I thought he would love, with protecting "canopy" to keep off draughts. He sniffed it with interest and then gave a flick of the tail which plainly said "And that's what I think of that! All right for a lady, but we boys don't go in for cosy, cosy cots!" And he ignored it completely! But when his American food parcel arrived, I was about to throw away the carton but decided to keep it as packing is scarce. From that moment Mortimer annexed it, and has slept in it ever since! "My lovely American food box!" he said, "The Americans know what a fellow likes!" (Which indeed they

do . . . !) Only the two nights, when he was so hurt at being left all day and slept in the middle of the floor, has he left his American carton! But after he had "made it up" with me, he said he didn't want to let me out of his sight, and he tried to tell me what he wanted done, but I was extraordinarily dense at first. He wanted his food carton put on top of my wardrobe, next to his meat safe! (What my wardrobe looks like can be imagined, but as Mortimer owns the place, what of it?) I placed it up there and he hopped in with great delight. From there he can keep his eye on me as from a grand stand. I wish I could get a snap of him in it, but he chooses such queer resting places for his caravan that so far I haven't succeeded!

One thing I've done which town dwellers might like to copy for their cats' delight, is to wire in all my outside window ledges so that they are now miniature balconies! They are an endless joy to him, for he can go out, back or front till I go to bed and watch the night life outside while being perfectly safe! By day the back balconies are a delight too, for above them the birds have now a second family! He watches them for hours, gnashing his teeth and giving little cries of the chase the while! The picture shows him on his bird watching balcony, basking in the sun when, for a moment the birds were quiet. When I talk to him in my special way he invariably responds by going "all coy" rolling on his back as if trying to make himself more fascinating. He needn't really try, for of all the enchanting little creatures I have ever known, Mortimer quite definitely heads the list.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

WE have sold Prior's Barn, so after March 1st, my address will be temporarily, 39, Full Street, Derby. Tel. 47095. I shall sadly miss all the wonderful accommodation I have here, but am already making plans for an indoor cattery, although naturally, I must cut down my stock, as it will be some months before we are properly settled. It will seem very strange after my very busy and active life here, but I am looking forward to being able to help my husband more with the magazine, which I find completely fascinating. Those piles of post on his desk make me want to slit envelopes, but reading all your interesting letters takes time, which I hope to have in the future. In the January issue, mention was made of starting a new club. Many people feel that the North is not sufficiently catered for in the way of shows especially championship shows, as most of these, except the Notts. and Derby, are held in London, which is too far for the majority to travel. If sufficient support was forthcoming, we could run our own championship shows. This would be a great stimulus to breeding better cats, as it is well known most people will not go to the trouble and expense of exhibiting at shows which do not carry championships. Whether the idea goes any further or not will depend upon how many people are interested.

I quite enjoyed the Notts. and Derby Cat Clubs Championship show, held on January 3rd, where I was able to have a pleasant chat with some of the friendly spirits of the Cat Fancy. I expect Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Thompson will write about the exhibits, and you will probably all be tired of show reports anyway, but I must mention Mrs. Murrell's two lovely Siamese seal-point kittens, one male and one female, which were both first in their classes. After the judging, they were cuddled up together on a blanket in one pen, and they certainly looked a picture with their sleek cream bodies, dark points, beautiful eye colour and lovely whip tails.

Another striking exhibit was Miss H. Crosher's neutered blue male, Vagabond of Knott Hall. He looked a gorgeous creature, with an enormous coat, and wonderful orange eyes. His grooming was a credit to his owner. No wonder he was first. It was the first time I have shown Abyssinians, so I was very pleased when my Merikland Sheba took two firsts, a third and a silver spoon offered by the Croydon Club for the best kitten in Class 121. I hope by next season to see Abyssinians coming into their own and quite popular on the show bench. My pair caused a lot of interest and were much admired.

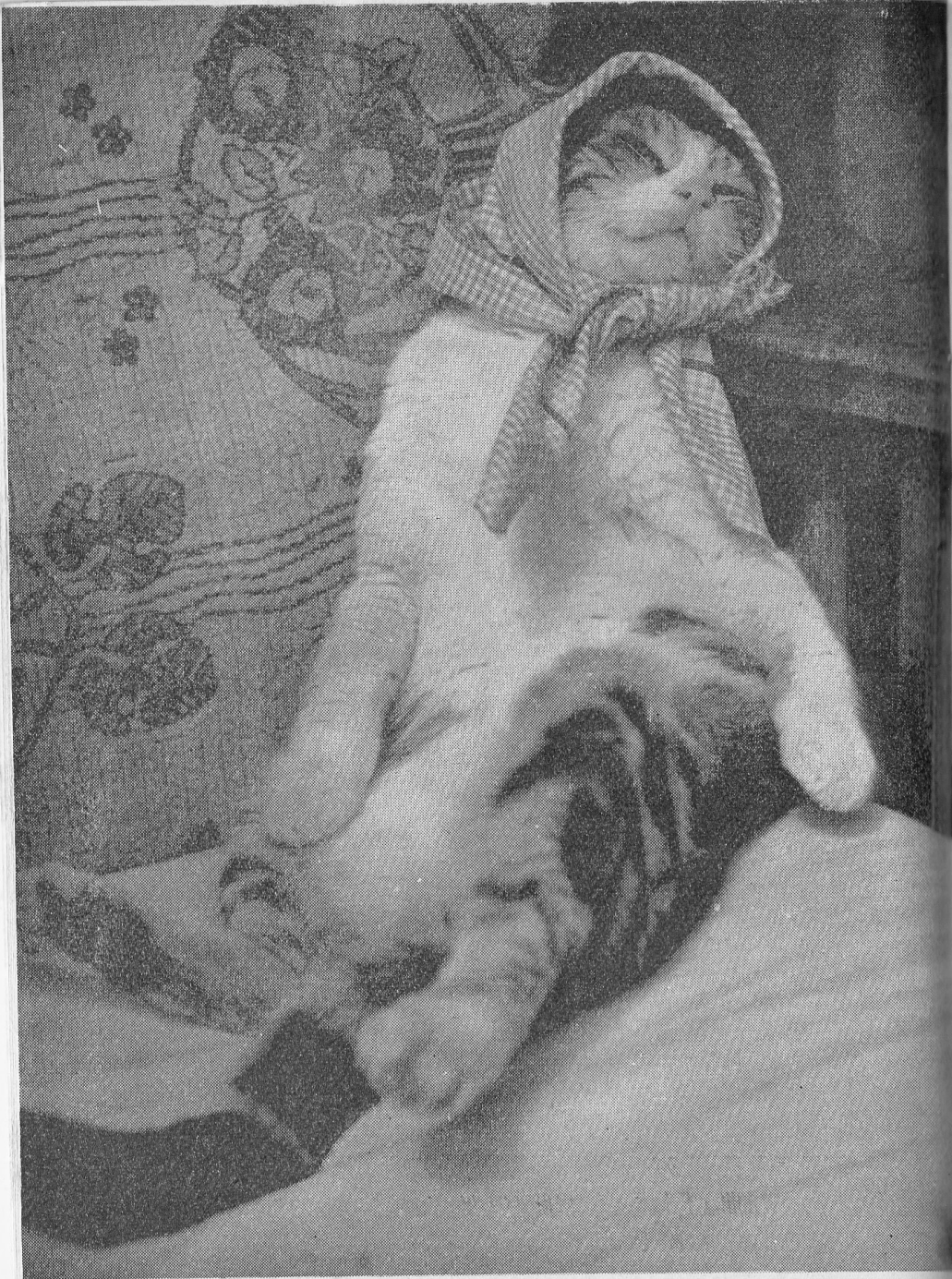
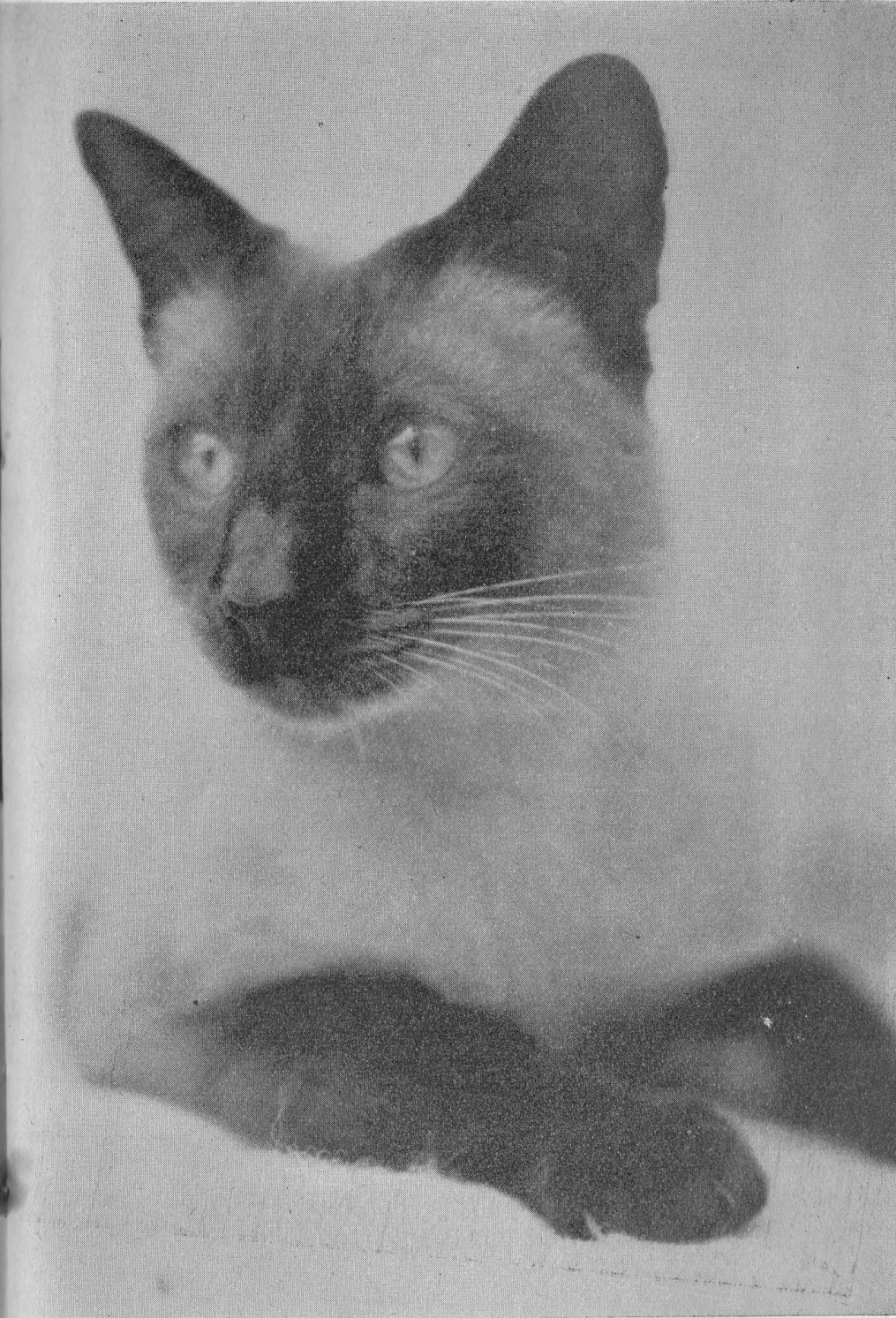
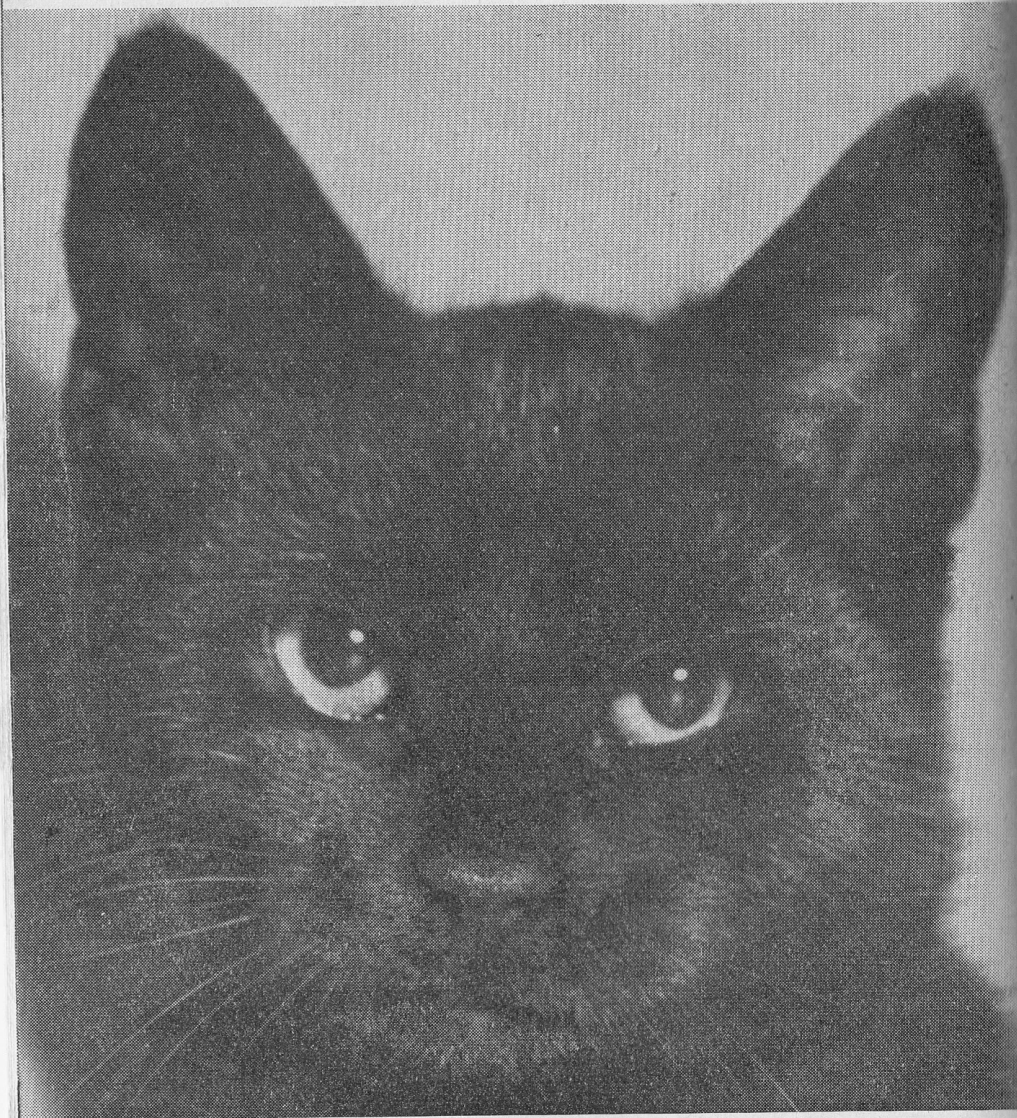


Photo by Laurence W. Cox





Photograph by Reginald L. Gold

The photograph on page 13 by M. N. Verity, is of Hillcross Khim Singh, breeder Mrs. Towe, Morden, owner Mrs. Carbert, York.

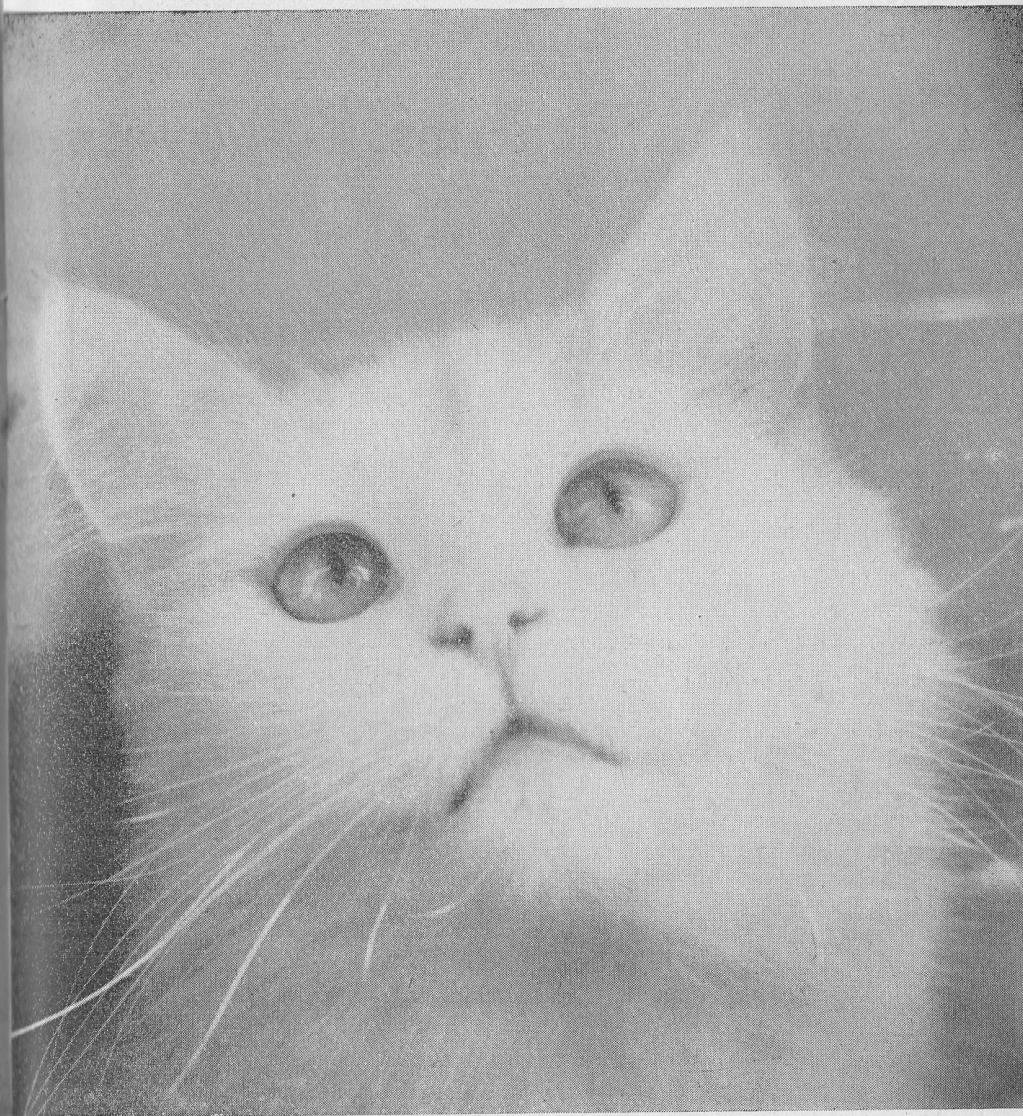


Photo by M. N. Verity

Champion Galtres Fairy Princess. L.H. White, blue-eyed. Owner Mrs. K. Carbert, York.

South Africa has a Show!

INFORMALITY THE KEYNOTE

Extract from Show Rules: "Every exhibit should have a comfortable basket, car, or lap in which to sit during the show and be seen by the public." "The owner must accompany the exhibit and be in the Judging Room during the judging for the class entered, and must carry the exhibit to the Judges table when required." Letter from Miss Pocock of South Africa.

OUR New Cat Club (Western Province C.C.) held its first show on December 4th, and it was great fun.

The cats behaved with dignity and restraint. Our finances not permitting us to buy pens. We held our show in the old fashioned way.

Some of the cats sitting quite calmly in collar and lead watching the proceedings, others sitting about the grounds in their cars and some sitting in their owners arms.

I cannot help feeling that a cat who is shown by its owner is a happier cat and much easier to judge fairly than one handled entirely by strangers. And a show held chiefly in the open air is less likely to breed show fevers than when they are all closely enclosed.

But whether the S.A.C.U. which is the governing body and is associated with the G.C.C.F. would be able to permit us to hold Championship Shows in this manner I do not yet know.

But as this is a country with a climate that can be relied on and

as local conditions are allowed to change certain rules, I rather hope they will as I must say my point of view is more from the cats angle than the human and I feel what makes for health and happiness for the cat is best to be done.

I really was agreeably surprised that none of them did not object to the publicity as they have not been used to shows out here at all. But perhaps they felt we needed their help in our first amateur efforts.

As it was only a match show we allowed ourselves the latitude of forming a new class that was included in the Foreign Short Hairs (the Siamese has a class to themselves as they preponderate so greatly out here) which allows for the hybrid Siamese, a lovely animal I think and quite as beautiful (more in my private opinion) as the stockier British, of which there are so few out here.

As the Siamese is recessive in colouring, but, from my experience, dominant in shape when out-crossed, we made their points, so far as shape, to conform to the Siamese; and the colours the same

as for British Short Hairs, with the exception of eye colour, which can be orange, copper, yellow, green, hazel or blue.

Some hybrid (Siamese on one side) blacks have the lovely eye colour of the Siamese, which is a rare and beautiful combination we think.

The prevalent short hair type out here is rapidly becoming this type of course the wild S. African cat is more like the Siamese than the British.

The Roi cat, a lynx, has more developed cheek bones. I do feel this as a type worth encouraging, and I hope the C.C.C.T. will allow the S.A.C.U. to encourage it by giving it Championship status.

The best cat "Little Boy" on show, was of unknown parentage, a lovely blue grey, though I strongly suspect my dear defunct Chung King (a Siamese with G. parents imported from Siam) to be it's father.

The family resemblance is so strong. Shape of head and body, and above all, his expression and nature. I was very pleased that all the three other judges agreed unanimously in putting him as best cat in show. He belongs to Mrs. D. D. Gilmour who lives not far from me and as Chung King has the freedom of Muizcuberg, I feel sure he used to meet his queens in his leisure moments, when he was not at home, looking after his legitimate wives and children—of whom he was very fond. He was in fact, a model husband and father.

Our show is going to be featured in the S. African Mirror (Cinema News) and has had a fair amount of publicity in the daily papers. Alman's book shop had a show

table with books on cats, (I had not time to look at this as I was judging and generally running around in circles with our Show Manager, Treasurer and Stewards, all helping everyone to be where they should at the right moment), and they are going to allot us space in their shop when we start our Cat Library. I have given him your address as I think there should be a sale for your magazine amongst our members.

The sad note in the afternoon was the thought of the death of the Rt. Hon. J. H. Hoofmeyer, who had honoured our club by being a patron. A short time before he died he had written a personal letter himself to wish us success. His death is a great blow to culture in every sense in our country.

Like many other men of great intellect he had a real love for cats.

I must thank your magazine for being the means of our getting in touch with Mrs. Bendyshe Walton as you did not give her full address, you said she was living in Grahams-town, so I was successful in addressing the letter to Mrs. Bendyshe Walton, "Siamese Cat Owner," Grahamstown, and I hope, and she does too, that she will be able to come to our next show, I hope as a judge. She wrote "I was most thrilled to get cat news as I have felt so out of it here."

We too will be thrilled to meet someone who has the authentic pure Siamese strain bred by the Royal family of Siam.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. Pocock,

Chairman of the S.A.C.U. and W.P.C.C. and acting Secretary for the latter.



FLUFFY HAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY

An American friend sent us this recent Broadcast from
New York.

At Morgan (This is New York) at 9.15 a.m. over WCBS.

I discovered a little late that on July 5th, the United Airlines gave a birthday card party for a cat. This party took place in the air over the City of Pittsburgh, and the cat wasn't present. But since the cat is a native New Yorker, and since the affair hasn't previously been made public I might just as well tell you about it.

This cat, who's a lady cat named Fluffy, is probably the most famous feline east of Hollywood. She lives

in a flower shop over here at Sixth Avenue and 56th Street, and she has been written up by Damon Runyon, Walter Winchell, Danton Walker, Robert H. Prall, and a lot of other celebrated scribes. Furthermore she has her steady fan mail from radio and stage celebrities, including prominently of course Mr. and Mrs. James Mason.

It appears that Fluffy has never done anything in particular to warrant all of this high calibre attention, except that she had the good sense to pick out a publicity-

minded mistress. The mistress is Grace Benson, white-haired former vaudevillian, who runs the flower shop, and takes special pleasure in serving the theatrical trade that drifts up the Avenue from Radio City.

Well, this past July 5th, Fluffy was six years old. She spent the day in the flower shop, dining quietly by herself on fish, chopped liver, beefsteak, green vegetables and ice cream—her usual menu. But Miss Benson was on her way to Hollywood for a vacation, winging her way west in a United Airlines DC6. Over Pittsburgh the stewardess popped out of the kitchen with a cake bearing six candles, and inscribed to Fluffy. Well, this struck Miss Benson as just about the nicest thing an airline had ever done for a passenger. But it broke her heart that Fluffy couldn't be present to nibble on a bit of the icing, or perhaps consume a few of the candles.

Impressed as the Flower Lady was with this skyway party for Fluffy, she came back from her

vacation even more impressed with the James Mason household, which of course she visited while she was in the movie capital. The Masons, it appears, are cat lovers extraordinary. They had at least 8 of the animals the last time anybody was able to count them. Well, in order that these cats shouldn't go wandering around the film colony collecting autographs, the Masons have the patio in the back of their house entirely screened in. However, the cats are not restricted to the patio, because the doors in the house have little openings cut in them at the bottom so the cats can frisk around all over the place.

In October, Miss Benson reports, the Masons are going to have a baby, who will be named Portland Rose Mason, whether it's a boy or a girl. Portland for Fred Allen's wife—Portland Hoffa—and Rose for David Rose, who's been suing the Masons recently. Miss Benson has already purchased a cute gift for the baby—a pair of boxing gloves, which she figures the kid is going to need to fight off all those cats."

RIMSKY

By HILDA CUNLIFFE

HE is the king of Alley Cats—an ugly black scallywag of a Tom-cat, with ears like a clipped bus ticket, one front tooth missing, torn skin and fur hanging from the last nights fight and a smell that reaches to high heaven. Do not think, because of the description my cat is one of the very ordinary

ones—are there any?—his pedigree on his Mother's side stretches for miles. His Mother was a Siamese of the noblest degree, a beautiful brown and beige lady with eyes the colour of forget-me-nots, but with one failing, a passion for black torn eared tom-cats. They were her undoing. A litter of black

kittens arrived that must have shocked her tremendously, little stiff haired, rather bald kittens with big mouths that produced a noise with a depth that made one shudder. Of this bunch of kittens, came the blackest of the lot, my Rimsky.

So far, not one good quality of his delightful Mother has he developed, he is a shameless rouse and a disgraceful bouncer with a neighbourhood reputation that speaks for itself.

But my cat has a big heart and a lovable one.

Last year I had to go away for four weeks, leaving strict instructions with the family on the meals, time and diet for the cat. By the way, do you think that any old diet would do for any old Tom cat. O, no, fresh fish, please, and the best horse meat. New milk on a very clean saucer. Two days went by before Rimsky showed himself and not to eat. A walk through all the rooms of the house, with his very own cat-call, produced no result. I was missing. Two more visits were paid during the ensuring month, with still the same result. No mistress, no food taken.

When I arrived home, after being in the house ten minutes, a very dilapidated thin Rimsky turned up to greet me with

howls of mee-ows and enough rubbing and knocking against me to wear out the toughest leg.

What a home-coming. For two days I was trailed round the house and for two days I could not move without Rimsky hanging on behind. As long as he kept behind all well and good. But cats have a nasty habit of getting entangled with one's feet. After being involved with a few such foot-ball matches, after being fed, brushed, petted and loved, my Rimsky decided that life was back again on an even keel. Affections were transferred. Night came round and with a flick of the tail and a wicked look in his eye, the door was opened for him to go out and disappear over the fence into the blackest night.

Whilst a peaceful neighbourhood was fast asleep, we were awakened by blood curdling howls and cat-calls. My cat with his unmistakable voice was back in his old way of life. I covered my ears and pretended not to own him and to have nothing more to do with him—until the next morning when he turned up for breakfast looking more disgraceful and lamentable than ever—but with such a croak instead of a mee-ow, that one would have to have a heart of stone to resist this Don Juan of Cats.



CAT SHOW FOR TWO

By

CHARLES M. ATKINS

SEATED in the train, Devon bound, my wife and I were more or less expecting a catless holiday. Our own Siamese, Fan-Fan, and her two grown up sons, Pak-Lay Jo and Chieng Sen Nicholas—Jo and Nick for short—were left behind. They, with our two out-size neuters, Monty and Boysee, would have the best possible attention from some of the family not on holiday, so our minds were completely at ease: any cats that crossed our path would be our hosts rather than our guests.

We had reckoned without the Cats of Devon, who in some mysterious way had been warned of the impending arrival

of two cat lovers. From the moment that we arrived hardly a day of our wonderful holiday passed without its quota of cats, displaying their charms and accomplishments for our benefit. Most were unusual personalities; some outstandingly so.

Soon after we reached our temporary home; a gypsy caravan with an annexe attached, we were introduced to Bingo, a finely marked tabby with bold black stripes as a contrast to his silvery grey coat, and a queer skimpy, thin tail ringed like a racoon's. This he carried between his legs like a whipped puppy in the funniest way, except when he was

stroked, when it would suddenly shoot up to a more conventional angle. He would also roll over and over in no uncommon manner to attract attention.

Every morning at the very considerate hour of eight, there would be a bump overhead as Bingo landed from the roof of the caravan on to the adjoining shed from whence he could leap through our bedroom window, sure of a daily welcome and a snack, though he was too well fed to like us merely for what little we could spare him.

Sometimes he brought two younger cats to visit us, and in Bingo's sprawling garden we saw a white cat or cats. It or they were so shy that we could not get near, and we were never sure if we saw the same cat in several places, or if there were several white cats.

The nearby village was alive with cats; mostly half Persian with a sprinkling of Torties. Through the open door of one cottage we could dimly see a sleepy grey cat on one chair, and his sleepy grey master on the other—neither of them ever seemed to move!

In Torquay, we had a meal in a cafe where a beautiful black half-Persian with white socks and jabot moved from table to table—not seeking food but friends who would fondle her.

Most of the eaters were perfunctory in their petting, or ignored her, until she reached us. Here she showed her appreciation of our warmer welcome by standing on her hind legs on my wife's lap, with head on her shoulder and both forepaws around her neck in a most loving embrace.

In an antique shop we saw an appropriately antique cat—13 years old—though to give him credit he did not look a quarter of his age. He had odd white whiskers growing out from unusual parts of his head, and was thin from eating flies, but he was pleased to see every customer. But the best was yet to come.

We spent a day in Exeter, and of course visited the Cathedral, where a special collection was being taken during this particular week, to be devoted to restoration of the building, which has suffered from enemy action. As we entered the West Door, we saw just inside, the Dean and a Canon, in scarlet lined robes, seated behind a refectory table on which were two large salvers for the gifts of all who wished to help. Also, seated on the table, beyond the second salver was an enormous light tan tabby cat, who seemed to say to all who passed, "I hope that you have given generously to this

worthy cause"—in fact I could not imagine anyone having the nerve to pass him, without having made a donation!

A great number of visitors stopped to pet him, and there was another surprise for all who examined him closely, for his right eye, farthest from us as he sat, was missing.

On a second visit to the Cathedral at the close of our holiday, I had an interview with the owner of this unusual cat, who is Mr. Hart, the Head Verger. He has had Tom for over 7 years, and he confessed to me that he cared little for cats before he acquired the kitten that Tom once was, for the purpose of ridding his house of rats and mice. Tom has converted him to the opinion that cats are lovable, wise and useful!

By the time Tom had reached maturity, the war was well on, and his owners, like many others had to use their air raid shelter frequently. On these unpleasant occasions Tom never once took refuge inside, but invariably sat outside, indifferent alike to flak—and worse.

About this time, Tom, like the famous Jackdaw of Rheims, developed a taste for the Cathedral, which he visited when in the mood for its venerable and inspiring atmos-

phere. He also caught many mice when not pondering on higher things. He frequently entered in time for a service, when he would select a vacant seat—sometimes between two worshippers—and sit bolt upright until the service ended. Perhaps Tom, in his own way, worshipped too.

Two years ago he arrived home early one morning in a sorry state, with a jagged puncture in his chest and his right eye destroyed. The vet, who attended him had a very plausible theory as to how poor Tom suffered these injuries.

He supposed that Tom had caught a mouse, and was carrying it away when an owl saw the mouse—or Tom—and swooped down. In the struggle that followed, the owl dug viciously into the cat's chest, and plucked out his eye.

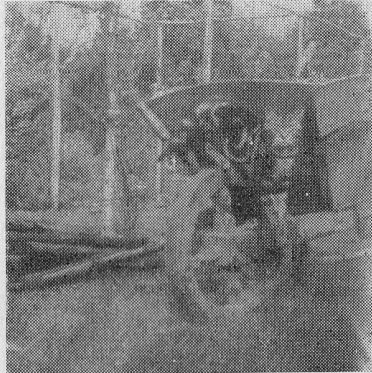
I can say from close observation, that Tom is quite happy and just as active with his one eye as any cat could be.

It seems as if our own cats had sent messages ahead to tell all these Devonian cats to keep us happy, until the day came when we entered our own garden, to be greeted by Jo's loud piping, Nick's more quavering cry, and Fan-Fan's silent pleasure at our safe return.

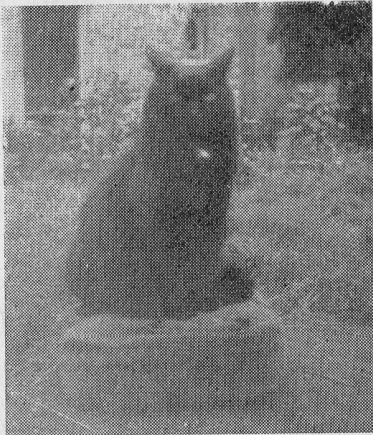
LETTERS and PICTURES



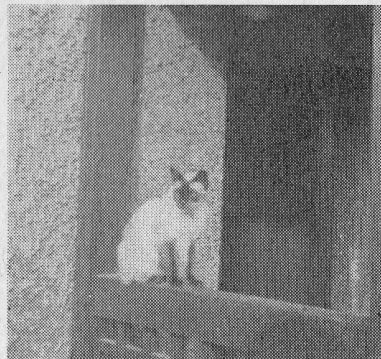
Peter, pet of Miss M. Ray, 24,
Downman Road, Eltham.



Heather Stilwell of Farnely Lodge,
Cheltenham sends us this picture
of Penny, her great friend.



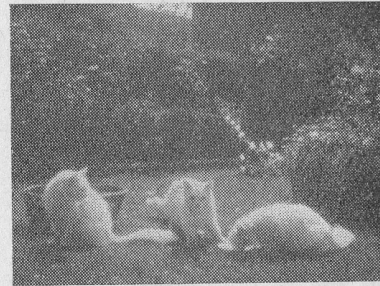
Billy, pet of Mrs. F. Elliott, 39,
Court Yard, Eltham.



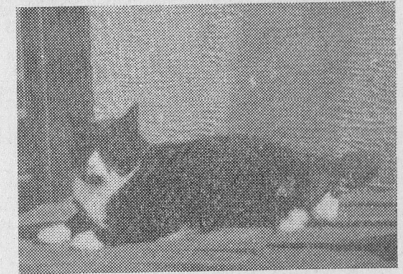
Chinki Jaffra

Chinki Jaffra is the well-known
neuter prize winner belonging to
Mrs. Jose Cattermole of 6,
Weymouth Road, Ipswich.

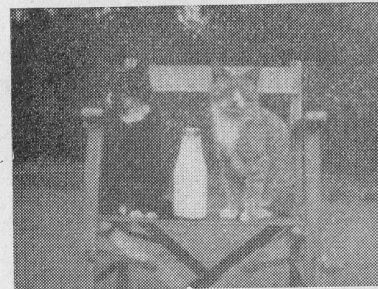
TO THE EDITOR



Trixie, Dinkie and Twinkle, cream
Chinchillas, affectionate and loyal
companions of Miss Edith Taunt,
5, Station Road, Tenterden, Kent.



Felix, pet of Mrs. Ella Jones, School
Farm, St. Maplestead, Halstead,
Essex.



Ginger and Knub, friends of
W. M. H. Luxton, 26, Ethelbert
Road, St. Paul's Cray, Kent.



Sister W. T. Boyd, of Western
Hospital, Seagrave Road, Fulham,
London, S.W.6., and her pet
"Snowball."



Puss in Boots! Chinchilla kittens, owner and breeder,
Mrs. W. A. Funda Casper, Wyoming, U.S.A.



Photo by Leslie G. Arnold

Ronada Jeanette by Oxleys Smasher. Breeder
Mrs. Brice-Webb.

OUR CORRESPONDENT VISITS

THE NOTTINGHAM CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

THE fourth Championship Show of the Notts. and Derby Cat Club held on January 3rd, attracted 175 exhibits. Mr. J. H. A. Martin bred the Blue male, Southway Crusader, which was awarded his third and final Challenge Certificate by Mrs. Brunton.

Mrs. Brine had the honour of winning the Challenge Certificate for Blue females with Campanula of Dunesk by Adrian of Pensford ex Ch. Dream of Dunesk. Campanula was looking her best. She was well shown and in lovely coat which was sounder than the majority of Blues which I handled in side classes on the day. The Best exhibit in Show was Mr. Martin's Blue male kitten Southway Rascal. The best cat in Show, Mrs. Bridgford's Red Tabby Short hair, Rivoli Robin. Best Long hair cat, Mrs. Herod's White male, Carreg Comfort. I had this cat in "Any Variety Brace," paired with the winning Cream female Carreg Carol, both were lovely cats in excellent condition and well shown. Miss Langston awarded the Special for Best

Chinchilla adult to Mrs. Winwood's, Merely Triona and she was subsequently made Best Long hair adult female in Show.

I awarded the Special for Best Cream kitten to Miss Schofield's well-grown Tollerton Juliet, litter sister to the winner Tollerton Rosebud. Juliet looked like an adult and on looking up the catalogue I see she was born the end of May.

Miss Hatfield's Cream male kittens "Little Sir Echo" and "Woody Woodpecker" were a nice pair both excelling in type. They and Tollerton Juliet were by Miss Bull's Walverdene Major. Miss Hatfield won the Challenge certificate for Blue-Creams with Mary Lou. Mrs. Carbert won in Whites with Galtres Fairy Princess and in Black kittens with Chadhurst Winsome. Mesdames Broxton and Robinson won first in Blue-Cream kittens with Merely Angela who excelled in type, and had the colouring on her face well intermingled which is a great asset nowadays when so many Blue-Creams tend to have either Cream or Blue

accentuated on one side of their faces. Mrs. Budd's lovely Tortie and White Lace Flower was awarded her third and final Challenge certificate, she was looking superb, her patches so brilliant, and her head excellent for this variety, which is accounted for by her good breeding, being by Moonlight Sonata ex Gloriosa Superba.

Mrs. Aitken's Cream male Pelham Puff Ball by Ch. Widdington Warden, was awarded his third and final Challenge certificate.

Miss Wigglesworth won in Brown Tabbies with her male Thonghurst Morning and Mrs. Dimberline in Red Tabbies with Hendon Lysander. This male was a lovely colour, had very good eyes and such a short beautifully ringed tail, which was a treat to see as a number of Tabbies are inclined to have solid coloured tops to their tails.

Mrs. Towes Silver Tabby short hair is a nice specimen of this lovely variety and I hope she will breed many winners. Silver Tabbies are one of the most striking of the British short hairs and frequently had the honour of being Best in Show at pre-war Ch. Shows.

Mrs. France won in Abyssinian kittens with Merkland Sheba.

Small cards marked "Absent" which saved the judges searching and making enquiries for the exhibits when they came to empty pens and the long award board with a single row of judges slips at eye level was a good idea. Mr. Soderberg came all the way from Caterham, Surrey to visit his first Midland Ch. Cat Show and Mrs. Carman from Purley, Surrey.

Several other visitors came from a distance and I imagine the "gate" was good as the spectators were standing in rows whilst Best in Show was being judged, and there was a crowd in the gallery. The weather was good and the light in the Hall as nearly perfect as one could expect on a January day.

Miss Bull met me at Nottingham and told me she has purchased Widdington Whynt by Ch. Widdington Warden from Mrs. Sheppard, he will make a good outcross for the very good Creams her present stud Walverdene Major has sired. She has sold her Blue male Staniforth Blue Enterprise to Mrs. Abrams of Leicester. The latter has purchased some Blue and Cream queens from Mr. Allt of the Isle of Wight, and she intends breeding Long hairs on a fairly extensive scale.

Mrs. Brice-Webb has purchased Thiepval Elf from

Miss Wisker, I was sorry to hear the latter is parting with her owing to her own indisposition. Theipval Elf is litter sister to the famous kitten Theipval Enchantress, the latter a winner of 32 First prizes. Elf was placed over her lovely sister on January 3rd, in the six to nine months Blue kitten class, but Enchantress's coat is shady now which is often the case with Blues at seven months of age, but she still remains a supremely lovely kitten excelling in type and eyes. Theipval Elf should be an ideal mate for Mrs. Brice-Webb's male Oxleys Smasher, the latter was looking very well at the Show, he was in lovely coat.

When a well bred Blue-Cream queen mated to a Blue male produces Cream males, she often does have progeny which excel in soundness of colour and type. Ch. Widdington Warden and Ch. Bayhorne Minton were the result of mating Blue-Cream females to Blue males and one could give many other good examples.

Mrs. Vize has purchased Danehurst Sultan from Mr. Allt as a future stud, she has

always been partial to Creams, he should be an asset living so near London as there is a shortage of Cream males available as studs.

Most breeders now are engrossed with plans for the breeding season, if the winter continues to be so mild, one can expect some successful early matings. Siamese do literally have kittens "all the year round" although naturally they are more prolific in the real breeding season, the Spring and Summer, but few Long hairs come into season between the end of September and the end of December, and in the severe weather we experienced in January 1947, few matings were successful.

One should take the precaution of seeing queens are really fit and well before mating, and free from worms, fleas and canker. I give one Crookes Halibut Liver oil capsule each day to pregnant queens, and until their kittens are about 7 weeks of age. Here's wishing fellow cat breeders a successful season and many bouncing healthy kittens.

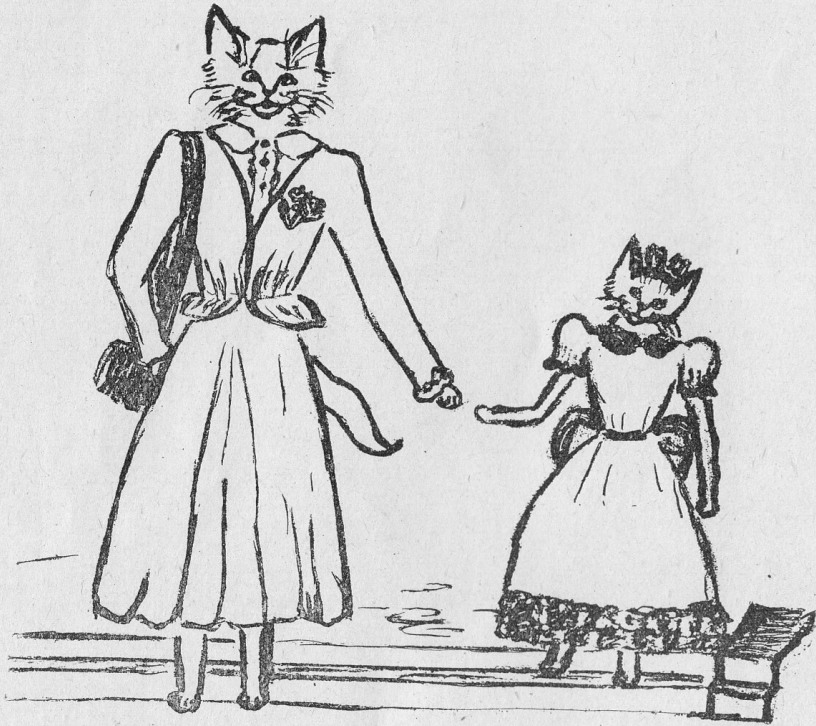
Joan Thompson.



Photo M. L. Verity

SKEETE TEDDIE, wearing silver medal presented by the Blue Persian Cat Society, which he won as a kitten. The certificate of merit between the two cups on the right was presented by Lord Derby for Best in show, at Manchester, August 1948. Owner, Mrs. Carbert, York.

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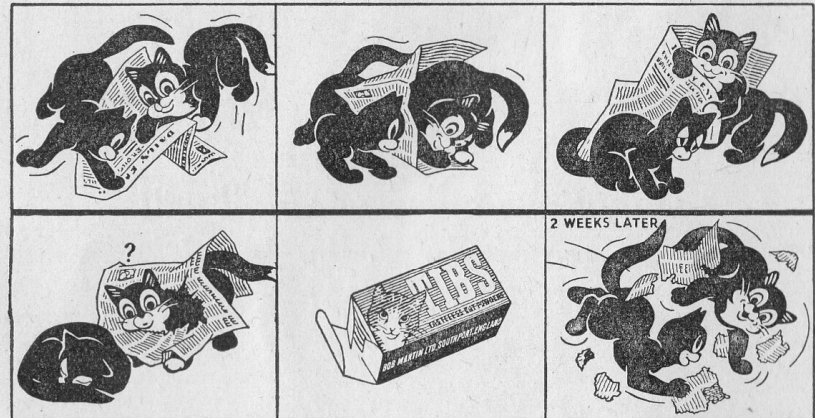
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