

THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS' GUILD

THIS ASSOCIATION was founded to afford an opportunity to those who love their animal pets to do SOMETHING PRACTICAL for the rescue of all lost or stolen dogs, cats, etc., also all poor creatures used in the course of cruel scientific experiments "vivisection."

In return for a LIFE MEMBERSHIP FEE of two shillings you receive an attractive numbered medallion for the animal's collar, together with registration certificate of the Guild.

Since the Guild was started it has been our happiness to RESTORE MANY LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED DOGS AND CATS TO THEIR RELIEVED OWNERS, AS THE RESULT OF THESE MISSING PETS WEARING THE GUILD'S MEDALLION.



Why not enrol your dog, cat or other pet at once? All you have to do is to fill in the form below and despatch, with a remittance of two shillings to the REGISTRAR.

APPLICATION FORM.

FOR MEMBERSHIP OF THE FAITHFUL FRIENDS' GUILD.

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The National Anti-Vivisection Society,
92, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

PLEASE enrol my Faithful Friend (named).....
as a Member of The Faithful Friends' Guild.
I enclose his/her Entrance Fee of 2s. (two shillings) which entitles
him/her to receive a collar medallion and a membership certificate.

Signed.....
(State Mr., Mrs., Miss).

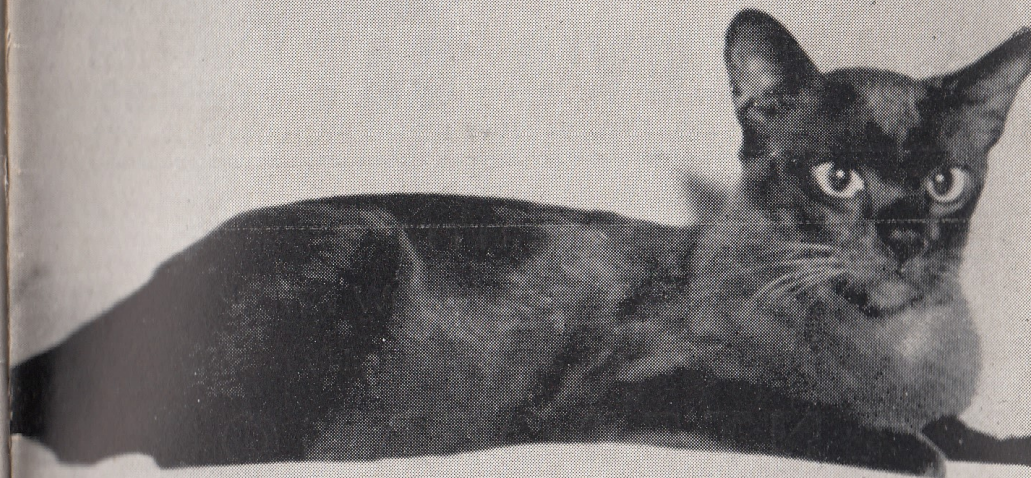
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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



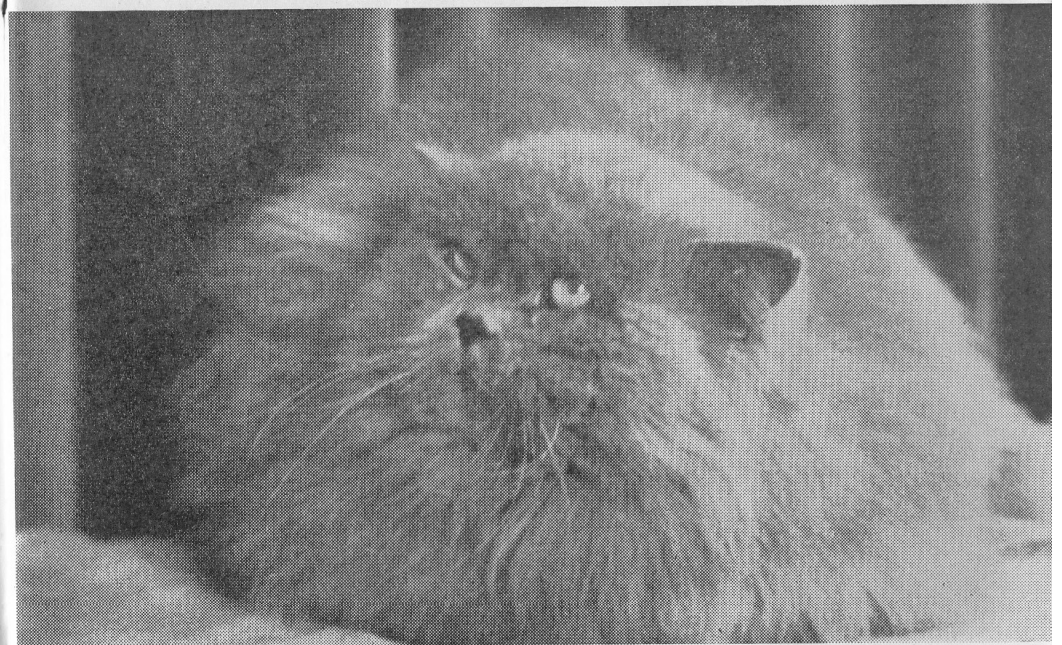
Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD
(Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE)

General Offices : 14, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

NOVEMBER 1949.



OXLEY'S SMASHER, BLUE PERSIAN MALE, BY THE
PLAYMATE OF THE COURT.
OWNER, MRS. BRICE WEBB.

The Cover Photograph shows a rare Burmese. New breed introduced to Great Britain by S. W. France.

"Cats and Kittens" is nationally distributed, and is sold to the public on bookstalls and at newsagents throughout the country. It must not be confused with small journals in the same field put out for private circulation, and is not connected with them in any way.

SIMON of the "AMETHYST"

A Pen Portrait

By ENID St. GEORGE.

SIMON of the "Amethyst," hero among cats! His portrait in the newspapers portrays a cat of sure intelligence, an active eager countenance, a mouth denoting determination and whiskers of prodigious length. Simon has become a mariner of distinction. In his young and giddy days little did he dream of honours to come. In the long, long days at sea he frolicked along the decks, played in the sun and caught his own tail, having nothing better to do. There were dark and stormy days too, when the wind whistled in the rigging and the waves washed the decks, and Simon curled himself up and slept in any odd hole where he could find peace.

Time passed, and suddenly the little cat became caught up in the web of his country's history. One memorable day he was sleeping, when something terrible and nerve-racking occurred, shattering the foundations of all his belief in the goodness of humanity. A sudden stunning crash . . . oblivion . . . Simon lay as dead. When life came once more to him he was bleeding from four wounds in his furry body. Dazed and full of pain the old sea-cat licked his sores and made the best of a non-comprehensible situation, till kind manly hands came to

his rescue. Meanwhile his home was in great danger, surrounded by her enemies. No hope so far of escape, food and ammunition running low. Simon could do little to save the situation, but being a cat of the ancient British tradition, he soon made up his mind to help fill the ever emptying larder. How he hated the overwhelming river rats, forever running over the decks with impunity; large, pompous, insolent rodents with their little pink eyes and whipping tails. To make an end of as many as possible became the object of his life; to clear the decks of his masters and, *if, if only* they would understand, to help them over the food question.

Then came the great day of escape. Down the river the "Amethyst" fled from her enemies under ever increasing gun-fire. Hour after hour she sped her way in an aura of death. The brave men who manned her with spirits undaunted added one more epic to their Nation's history. Simon, their cat, now wears proudly the Dickin medal, the animal V.C., the only one of his kind to hold it. But he is not puffed up and vainglorious, and the glint of his eyes has one obsession only, to rid the world of Communist rats.

THE STORY OF SHRIMP

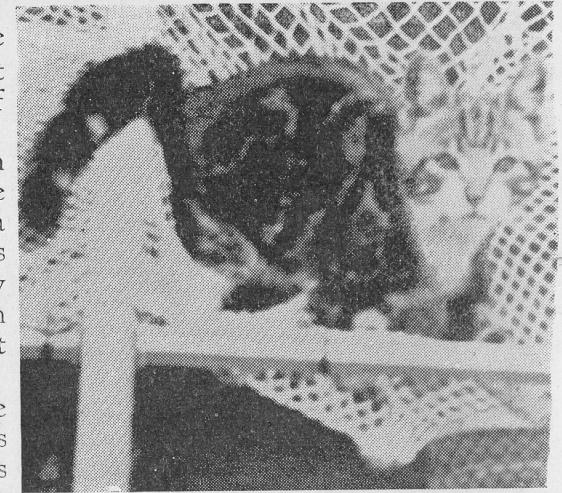
By HILARY JOHNS.

NOT long ago I told you the story of Pussikin, gallant little mother of a shipwreck off the Yorkshire coast.

Well, since then I have been staying in Hampshire and once again I came across a cat with a story. If not quite so heroic as the story of Pussikin, the story of Shrimp has features which may strike a chord in your heart as it did in mine.

I was staying in a little village whose summer speciality is shrimps and every cottage is decorated with shrimping nets drying in the sun between trips. Of course holiday makers go in for shrimping too, but their amateur performances do not amount to very much beside the real hard work of the professionals. Mr. Harriot, where I was staying, has been shrimping for nearly fifty years and his son Tom has carried on the good work ever since he left school, except for a spell in the Navy during the war.

On my first morning at the cottage. I wandered out before breakfast as I always do when I'm on holiday, however much I leave it to the last minute when the alarm goes off on a working morning. I could hear Mr. Harriot hammering away at something in his little shed and thought I would go and have a



chat with him, to see if he was going out shrimping later on.

I found him right enough, tinkering away at putting a new canvas on a deck chair. Yes, he said, he would be going out about half past nine, and if I cared to join him, he would be glad to take me. Tom had to go in to town for the day so perhaps I would like to lend him a hand with one of the nets? I agreed eagerly and went to have my breakfast. By half past nine I was ready to start, with a basket containing a thermos and some sandwiches as we should be gone till nearly tea time. You see, the best shrimping is found out on some sandbanks several miles offshore, and most of the day is taken up by the expedition.

Mr. Harriot was already down at the boat and when he saw me at the door he called out to me to bring the shrimping nets standing by the fence. I turned to get them and then I saw the cat. She was a little tabby lady, with immaculate white nose, tummy and paws—at least, I did not notice her tummy or paws till she moved as she was curled up in a tight ball, fast asleep in one of the shrimping nets!

Having a profound respect for cats, I naturally hesitated, and looked round for somewhere to deposit the sleeping princess. At that moment Mrs. Harriot came to the back door to shake out the table cloth. She saw my perplexity.

"Oh that's all right," she said. "Just pick the net up as it is and take her in it."

"But it's a long way, over all those stones, for her to walk back," I said. Mrs. Harriot laughed.

"She won't walk back!" she exclaimed. "Not till you do, for your tea!"

"But surely she won't sit on the beach all day waiting for us?" I asked.

"That she won't," said Mrs. Harriot, "because she'll go with you!"

"But . . ." I still protested. Mr. Harriot called impatiently from the boat and I picked up the nets carefully.

"She'll be all right," Mrs.

Harriot assured me. "She always goes with Bill and he's got a drop of milk for her and some fish in his basket. Take her along, Shrimp always goes where he goes. You ask him to tell you all about it."

So I set off for the boat, with the empty net over my shoulder and Shrimp—now wide awake but quite unperturbed—in the other net.

Sure enough, when I reached the boat, she jumped daintily out of the net, went to the stern of the boat, and sat herself down on Mr. Harriot's jacket, beside his lunch basket. There she began to perform her morning toilet.

And as we rowed out slowly to the sandbank, Mr. Harriot told me the story.

Two years before, on just such a summer day, he had been rowing out to the same sandbank for a day's shrimping. The sea was calm as a mill pond. Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he saw something floating in the water. It was half-submerged. He stopped rowing for a better look and could see it seemed to be a sack. Because you never know what treasure you may find among the flotsam of the sea, he pulled over to the object and as he drew near, he thought he saw a movement but it was probably only the action of the tide. When he was near enough, he took his shrimping net and tried to pull the object

on board. After two tries he succeeded and by that time he was sure there was movement in the sack, and he had even thought he heard a faint cry.

Swiftly he cut the wet cord round the mouth of the sack and there emerged a pathetic bedraggled little object—a small tabby and white cat about a year old.

"Yes," he said. "That's her! I dried her down as best I could, and gave her a drop of milk which my missus had put in for me. I couldn't turn back because I was almost at the bank and . . . and well, I can't afford to lose a day's work in the height of the season. I reckoned if she'd survived so far she would survive now she was safe and dry and had had a drop of milk. And so she did. She sat down, just like she is now, and began

to clean herself, and then she curled up and went to sleep on my jacket. She woke up and shared my lunch with me, and then slept till I got back home. Since then, she always insists on coming out with me whenever I go shrimping. You'd 'a thought she'd had enough of the sea, but apparently not!"

"The sea gave her a good friend," I suggested.

"Maybe," he said, "but I can't abide cruelty to any creature, and cats is my special weakness. Anyway, she always must come with me, and so she won't be overlooked when I go, she goes to sleep in my net so I can't go off without her! Like you found her this morning."

And as I found her next morning, too, and took her photograph.

Paddy and his Cat.

(from page 29)

deckies remember it. I've known deckies save baskets of scraps all the trip from the galley, and little parcels of liver, to feed their feathered Scotch pals, or the "Jocks," as we call them. The birds know, and are always waiting for us as we steam into Pentland Firth homeward bound. But then, all dumb things soon get to know who's kind to them.

Charlie, our cook, had the greatest respect for the feathered Jocks. Homeward bound one trip, he boiled a ham, the last one in the lazarette, and we were also a little short of grub. Charlie told us all at dinner, a meatless dinner, that we could expect nice cold ham and pickles for tea. He cooked it to a turn as well, and then placed it on the engine-casing aft to cool.

Said Charlie: "I went into

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Treating the Allergic Kitten

By HELEN CLAIRE HOWES.

FEW persons realize that dumb animals suffer allergic reactions to the same substances that cause them in human beings. The cat with hay-fever can be just as frustrated and miserable as its mistress. Animals also develop asthma, swelling of the eyes, mouth and throat, eczema, pruritis, hives, upset stomach, diarrhoea, and shock. Some persons are allergic to horse hair, dog dander, or cats. Possibly some of our pets are allergic to US—horrible thought!

Because these disturbances in animals are caused by the same agents that cause them in humans, it is reasonable to suppose that the same drugs—the antihistamines—will relieve them. Veterinarians have found that they will.

Here is the case history of a 3-months-old male Persian kitten that was hurried into the clinic one evening. His mouth and throat were swollen and he was gasping for breath. The owner had no idea as to the cause; the veterinarian thought it was due to food sensitivity. A half tablet of antihistamine drug was dissolved and poured

down the throat. This was repeated in eight hours' time. The kitten was normal within twelve hours. It was definitely an allergic reaction to some substance in the animal's diet or environment.

Tests have been devised to aid in diagnosing the offending agent in humans. No such tests exist for animals, but the owner can often, by eliminating certain foods, discover which one in her pet's diet is causing the trouble. For instance, soy bean meal in animal food (although an excellent source of protein and other nutrients) may be poison for some particular pet.

A 3-year-old female was brought in for treatment of a chronic skin condition that had persisted since kitten days. It had been diagnosed as everything from mange to incurable eczema. An antihistamine drug was given to stop the itching, and fish was eliminated from her diet. There was no further trouble, unless she ate fish.

Some forms of skin disease may indicate that the animal is vitamin-deficient, especially if Kitty is expected to live on milk

and table scraps. The condition may be traced to foods the animal is NOT getting in its diet.

An old Siamese male was brought in by the owner, who complained that the animal sneezed continually, with running eyes and nose. Indeed, it was a bleary-eyed creature, spraying droplets around every time it sneezed. An antihistamine tablet pushed down the throat and repeated every six hours of three doses left the animal symptom-free. Another attack a few weeks later was cured in the same way. It was reported that the animal went exploring periodically in a nearby field that was filled with weeds and burrs.

In the past, different drugs were used with partial success to treat animal diseases that, it is now felt, were probably caused by allergies. The partial response obtained was doubtless due to the fact that the drugs had combatted the secondary infections that had attacked an already-sick animal. When a kitten is weak from sneezing or itching, it is helpless against germs that cause pneumonia and other serious ailments.

Some of the antihistamine drugs make the patient very

sleepy, dizzy, and light-headed. It is better to be drowsy than itchy (if you have time to give way to it!), but there are occasions when the human cannot afford to doze off—at work in a machine shop, for instance, or when he is driving a car. But puss has no such obligations to society. The brands of antihistamine drugs that produce soporific side-effects are therefore preferable for animal use. When Mr. Tom is beside himself (and everyone else) with sneezing, the more sleep he can get the better for all concerned.

A veterinarian will probably inject the first dose into the sick animal in order to ease the discomfort more quickly. But if there is no animal clinic in the vicinity, and the doctor is therefore not at hand, the antihistamine tablets or capsules that Aunty May keeps for her asthma will serve the purpose very nicely. The dosage must, of course, be scaled down to pet size. At one agricultural college they recommend one milligram of the antihistamine drug per pound of the animal's weight, given by mouth every twelve hours. (This can be divided, of course, and given at more frequent intervals). This amount, once down, will relieve Kitty's allergic symptoms—or so the veterinarians say.

BETTY N. EDDY'S TRANSATLANTIC FEATURE

BETWEEN US CATS

LISTEN! Have I got a story for you!

My people tried to pull a fast one on me this week but I sure took over! What would YOU do, if they brought in, what appeared a ferocious monster and expected you to put up with it and live with it? Here's what happened.

The other day, after a lot of whispered conversation, they bring in a big box, see? No sound from it, mind ya — — Then they take it out. A great big ugly thing—lazy as allgetout—didn't even lend a hand—just let itself be lifted and carried in great style!

Phooey—what a looking thing! Silver coloured—hairless—had a great big fat belly—TWO tails—and what appeared to be only one ear sticking straight up! Now what can THAT be ? ? ?

Well, they made a big fuss over it an' made remarks about "having wanted one of these for ever so long." What's th'matter with ME all of a sudden, wasn't I enough to take care of? But no — —

Well I guess I must 've fallen asleep on the corner of the table where I wait for my supper. Suddenly something wakened

me—you know—you can generally tell when maybe someone's staring at you—I guess that's what it was—something staring at me! You betcha—it was that new monster. There he was—sitting across from me—on the stove no less—heh—heh—did I care—no sirreee! He'll learn the hard way—like I did—when I hopped on the stove one night and singed off some of my whiskers!! Ho-ho—this is gonna be good!

S-a-a-y, w-a-i-t a m-i-n-u-t-e! Lookout now! Take it easy chum—e-a-s-y. Wotzat? His ear is moving! It's getting longer. Golllee! It's got little tiger stripes on it. And it's growling a little. H m m m m! Well I'll watch it—so I get down low—all crouched ready to jump in case it gets tough. One false move n'I'll—. I'm not a Tom cat for nuthin' y'know!

Hey, now WAIT A MINUTE!! Hissing at me huh? Smart also, huh? Well looka here TWO can play at that game. I'm all ready to give it to him, when—all of a sudden he

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There's No Telling, with Cats!

By ELEANOR TOMPKINS.

FROM Klaver, in South Africa, there comes an account of a cat that is developing strange habits. She has forsaken her bed indoors and now, whatever the weather, climbs a tall pole and goes to sleep on the top of it. She has been found covered with frost, but puss sleeps on, regardless! Milk is eschewed. Instead, when this cat is thirsty she drinks water, not in the orthodox manner from a dish, or a saucer, but straight from the tap which she clutches with her forepaws. Further feline developments are awaited with interest.

Cats, in any case, are unaccountable creatures, yet are far more intelligent than is commonly allowed. A French eyespecialist recognised that, as his cat grew older, poor eyesight was distressing it, and so he made a pair of spectacles for it. The cat could obviously see better for the artificial aid and appreciated the fact, keeping glasses on his small, snub nose without any fuss.

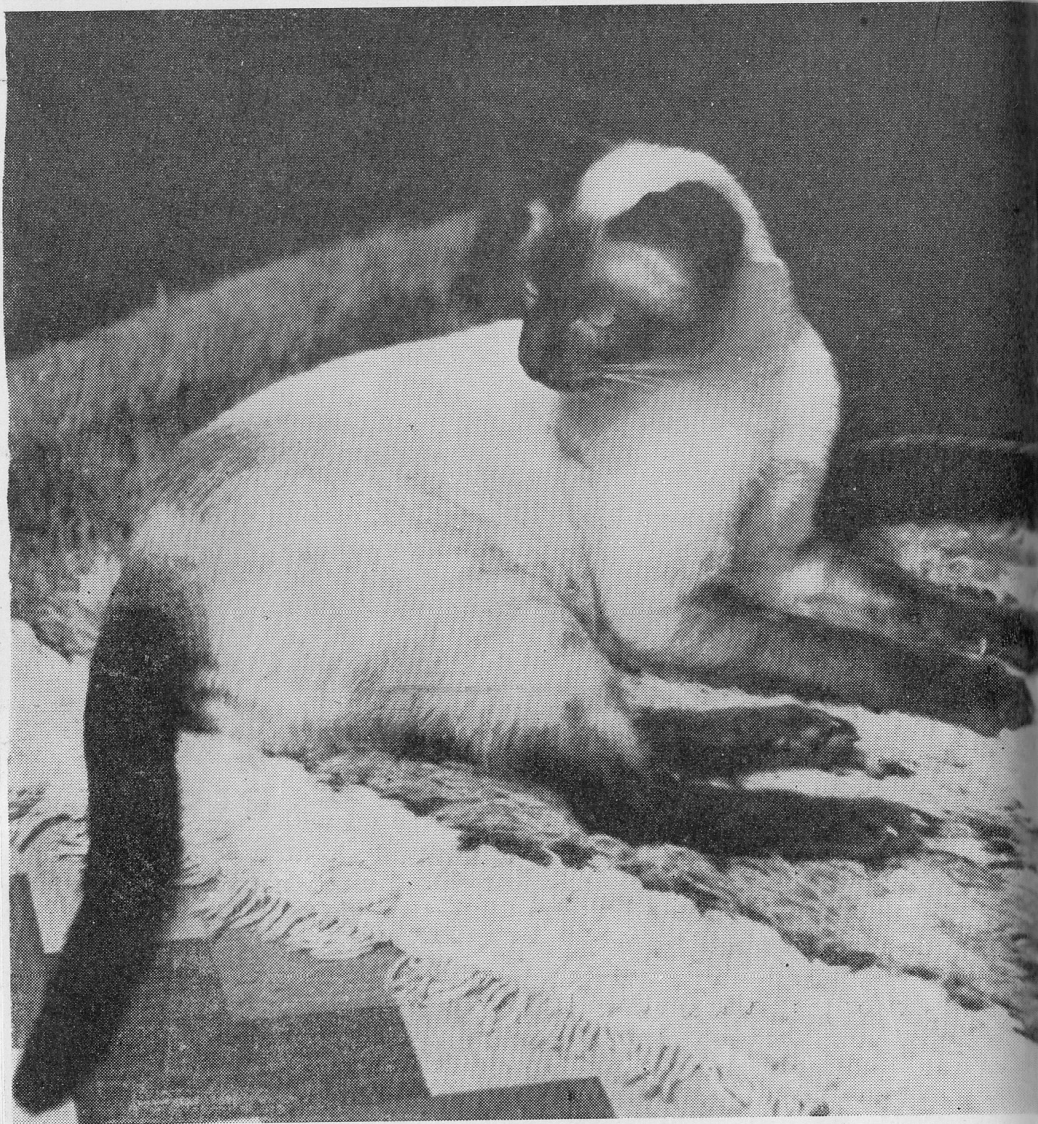
Furthermore, the sight of the bespectacled cat sitting contentedly beside the consulting-room fire, from where it regarded clients benignly, proved an excellent "draw," and business prospered accordingly.

Miss Ella Patchett, of Leeds, has a cat that shows a penchant for face-powder, pushing open the flap of its mistress's handbag at every available opportunity and groping inside for the powder-puff. Then pulling this out, the cat rubs it over its face rapturously. Another cat of Leeds accompanies his mistress to the cinema where he sits with her, without a murmur, till the show ends.

When the cat on Mr. G. Strachan's farm, Cape Province, caught a young rat, she took it home to her kittens, but stupified her owner by encouraging them to treat it, not as a plaything but as a playmate, and when all were tired of playing, suckled the rat with her babies.

For acting "contrariwise" to that first law of nature, self-preservation, the cat belonging to a lady in Chipping Norton surely holds the record. Instead of seeking a safe vantage point, it sets about stopping the fight which invariably occurs between the dog of the house, and the next-door dog.

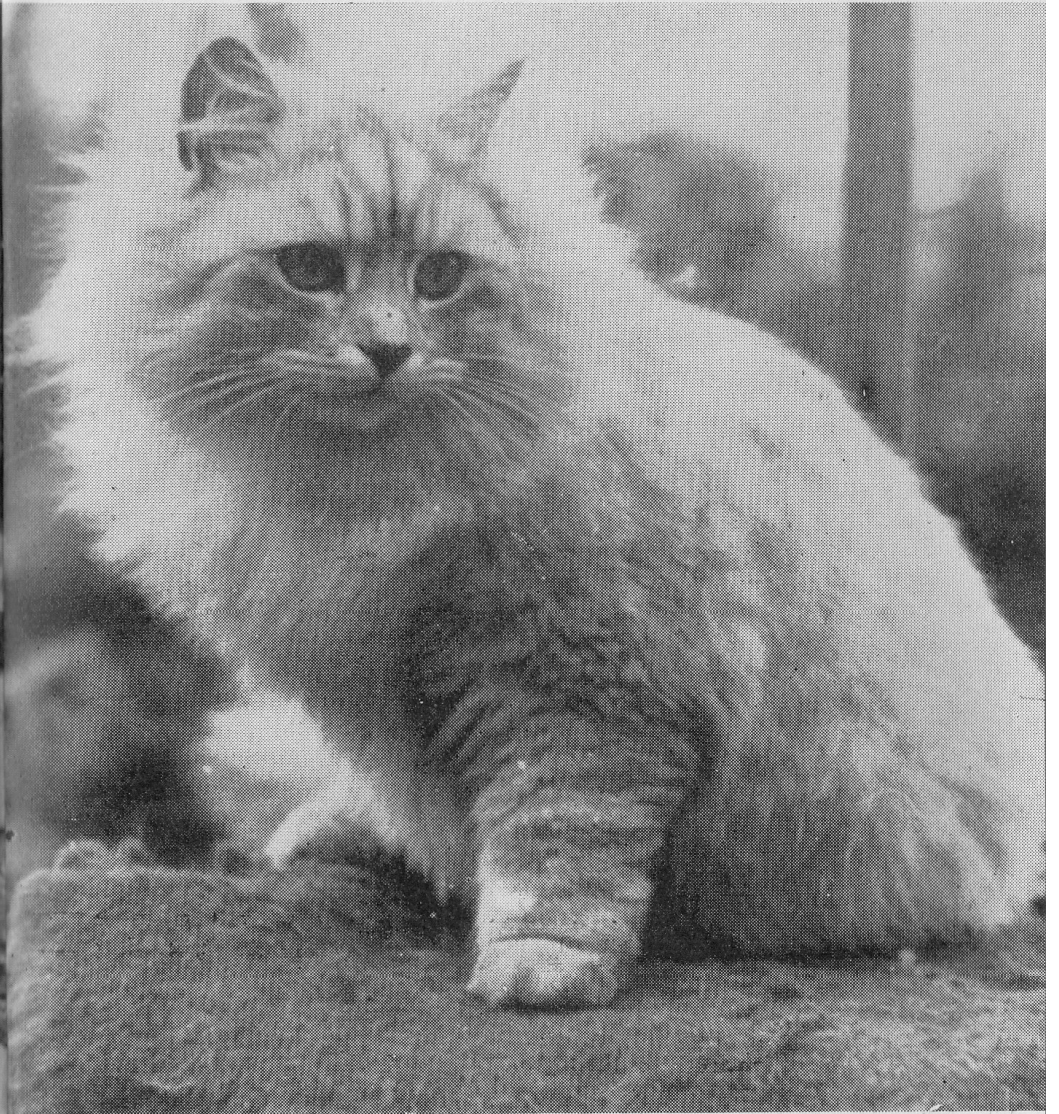
When these two antagonists get scrapping, the cat, at the first "break," calmly walks between them, which so astounds the dogs that they forget to resume their fight.



Photograph by N. Cox.

HYFRYDLE MINTY.

Sixteen month old Siamese Female, Owner Mrs. Barker.
(See Page 12).



GENTLEMAN JIM.

Blue Chinchilla Neuter. Sire, Sylvandene Sportsman
(Chinchilla). Dam, Holmwood Judith (Blue).
Owner, Mr. J. Glann, Nottingham.
(See Page 13).

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MY pair of Burmese cats arrived from quarantine on October 8th, both looking in perfect condition, and a great credit to Miss Grant, in whose care they have been for the past six months. The time has passed much more quickly than I thought it would, but as you may imagine, we are very delighted to get them home at last. Many of you will be wondering what they are like in appearance and disposition. When they arrived, they were put together in the house and run which had been prepared for them. Although they had not met for so long, there was no spitting or quarrelling. We watched from outside the run at first, and they rubbed affectionately against the wire, and rolled happily. I went in to stroke them and pick them up, and they loved it. They seem absolutely fearless and friendly, with none of the nervousness of Siamese which often makes them unhappy at first when they go to strangers. Their coats are a deep shade of brown, soft, silky, and with a lovely sheen—the eyes yellow. Although the body shape and tail are rather like a Siamese, there is something quite unlike

about the head and ear shape, which makes them rather distinctive. The male is Casa Gatos Da Foong, and the female Chindwin's Minou Twm. I intend to let them live together as my pair of Abyssinians do. They have such happy times and I hope the Burmese will do the same. I hope to Exhibit them at the Croydon Show on November 10th, so that you will all have an opportunity of seeing them.

My Abyssinian queen, Merkland Sheba, who was 1st and Ch. and Best Short Hair Exhibit at Sandy will have to stay at home for a while as she expects a litter any day now. She had two females last time and I hope this litter will be as nice.

Mr. F. W. Randell sends an amusing snap of his Siamese stud, Nicholas Muffet, posing on the seat of the Corgi, and obviously expecting a ride.

Mrs. J. J. Barker sends a lovely photograph of her Siamese queen, Hyfrydle Minty, age sixteen months. The first time Minty visited a stud, there were no kittens, and she afterwards found her own mate, producing one black kitten!

Mr. and Mrs. Glann send a photograph of their beautiful

Blue Chinchilla Neuter. His name is "Gentleman Jim," which suits him admirably as he is a perfect little gentleman. He has also done quite a lot of winning in neuter classes in the various shows.

The Hertfordshire and Middlesex Cat Club held their first Championship Show at Watford on September 21st. Mrs. Parker was show manager, and everything was well organised, although with the big entry, a larger hall will be needed next time. The exhibits were in lovely condition and must have made judging difficult. Here are a few of the winners:—Miss Rodda's Black L.H. male, Chadhurst Rhapsody 1st and Ch. Miss Sherlock's Black L.H. female, Bircotte Bunchie 1st and Ch. Mrs. A. E. Vize's Astra of Pensford, Blue L.H. Male, 1st and Ch. Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Enchantress, Blue L.H. female, 1st and Ch. Mrs. Sheppard's Widdington Winter-sweet, Cream L.H. male, 1st and Ch. and her female Ch. Widdington Wincette, 1st and Ch. Miss E. Langston's Stourbank Silver King, Chinchilla male, 1st and Ch. Miss Steer's Sarisbury Rosaleen, Chinchilla female, 1st and Ch., also Best L.H. cat, and Best L.H. Exhibit. Miss H. Witfield's D'arcy Bonee Jean, Blue Cream L.H. female, 1st and Ch. Mrs. E. M. Hackling, that well known breeder of lovely Chinchillas, won 1st and

Best L.H. kitten, with a cream female, Anchor Cream Cracker, bred by Miss Hilyard.

Mrs. Bridgford's Rivoli Robin, Red Tabby Short Hair Male, 1st and Ch., Best Sh. H. Cat and Best Sh. H. Exhibit. Mrs. E. Towe's Silver Tabby, Sh. H. female, 1st and Ch.

Miss Sherlock's Bircotte Fancy, Tortie and White female, 1st and Ch.

Miss Sladen's Stonor Kate, Manx female, 1st and Ch.

Mrs. L. France's Raby Ramphis, Abyssinian male, 1st and Ch.

Mrs. D. Hindley's Prestwick Penglima Pertama, Siamese S.P. male, 1st and Ch. Mr. Sterling Webb's Bricarry Sampan, S.P. female, 1st and Ch.

Miss Calvert Jones' Tai-land Oberon, B.P. male. 1st and Ch. Mrs. E. Wedgwood's Alfredice Blue Bette, B.P. female, 1st and Ch.

Mrs. K. Williams' Doneraille Dantress, Siamese S.P. female kitten was Best Sh. H. kitten. Doneraille Bruen Boy, a Siamese Chocolate point kitten was 1st. This was the only Ch. Pt. exhibit, and must have caused a great deal of interest. Many more people are becoming increasingly interested in Ch. Pts. I have been fortunate enough to get a very nice Ch. pt. queen who is mated to Mrs. O. M. Lamb's stud Kotererona. His sire was Penybryn Mont

and I am looking forward with great interest to the litter which I hope will contain at least one Ch. pt.

Miss Crosher again won with her lovely neuter Blue L.H., Vagabond of Knott Hall. He was also Best Neuter in the show.

Miss Alvis Peete writes to say she has left Denver to live in California. "The trip west by car was a wonderful one. My Abyssinian cat Jimmy fussed for miles each day when he started out. I had a chamois which I wet and wrapped him in when he felt the heat, and I gave him

aromatic spirits of ammonia several times too. He has been in seven different households, and he is glad to settle down now, but the lower altitude has benefited him. He is not so hungry and he has already gained weight. There is another Abyssinian in the next house, with a better coat than Jimmy's but too small and too fat!"

I do hope Miss Peete will be happy in her new home. I feel sad when she tells how she misses her Siamese, and I do hope, when she is quite settled, she will have at least one more.

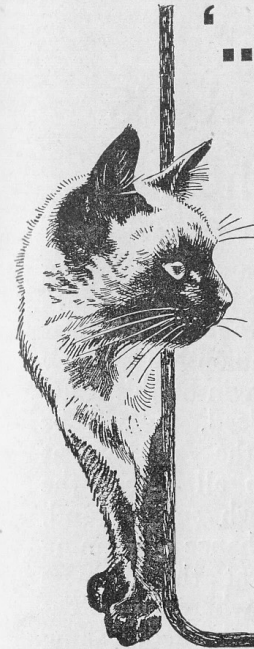
Between Us Cats (from p. 8)

spits at me again—but—outta his one ear! This is really something!

Then the folks say, kinda surprised like, "I wonder what's the matter with th' Kitten? Look at him—all crouched down—with the fur standing up on top of his head?" Wottza matter with *me*?—well what'd you EXPECT, when you make me share this place with a strang animal? So now what? So now they add insult to injury. They lift it tenderly and I mean TENDERLY, from off the stove and they sit him down

in a nice cool pan of water. That's more attention than I ever got! Oh-oh—there it goes again—but this time I'm all set—it spit and hissed—so I gave just like I got—and—PFFFFFT! there!

By now the folks are positively hysterical. That don't help my ruffled feelin's none! Mom comes over n' picks me up kind of lovin' like, and talks cat talk to me and says, "Oh you silly pussycat—there's nothing to be afraid of—that's just our new pressure cooker!" Our WHAT?? Well, I'll be ----- A PRESSURE COOKER???? Oh for Pete's sake.



'...recommending them
to all my friends.'

'I feel I should like to add my quota to the hosts of testimonials you already possess. Karswood Cat Powders have worked wonders with my cattery. Coats, appetites, tempers, all have improved. I am now making a point of recommending them to all my friends

(Signed) Pamela Wynne, The Old Nurseries
West End Green, Esher, Surrey

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14, Queen Street, Derby.

THE SIAMESE CAT CLUB'S 19th Championship Show

THIS was held at the Lime Grove Hall, London, West 12, on Thursday, October 13th.

Whilst we as a nation are undoubtedly cat lovers, and I should think if account were taken that there are certainly more cats in the country than dogs (although the necessity to purchase a license for a dog might account for part of this) usually the average owner of a domestic cat has no more than a passing interest in the aristocrats of the feline race, or even those cats which don't belong to his household.

Siamese, however, must be an exception to this general rule. The Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club, Mr. P. M. Soderberg, I believe coined the phrase "hordes of Siam" and literally and physically there they were at the Lime Grove Hall, and how the public turned up to see them when the doors were thrown open after the judging. The hall was soon thronged, and continued like this until the end of the show.

I have never seen so many litters, and such excellent ones too, and the adult cats were there for competition in large classes. Exhibitors of Siamese are usually to the forefront in

the open cat shows held during the season, but those who dare to exhibit at the Siamese Cat Club's Championship Show realise that to win at this show is to win indeed, as will be realised from the fact that at shows open to all breeds the classes are much smaller and, therefore, the chance of winning higher. But at the Siamese Club's Show, where only Siamese can be exhibited, taking into consideration the fact that the Siamese Club is the largest in the world, the number of exhibitors in each class is very high indeed, and therefore, a good win at this show, places the winning exhibit in the forefront in Siamese cats in this country. Not always, too, does success go to the experienced exhibitor or the famous breeder, and often the best exhibits are owned by novices. In fact, and for example, the best exhibit in show today was owned by a novice showing for the first time. Of course it must be remembered that the well known breeders are really at the back of these novice wins, and to them must go a good deal of the glory. But truth to tell, it must also be confessed that the experienced breeder looks his or her litters

of kittens over in the hope that one might have the appearance of being a "flyer." These are few and far between, but for every "flyer" there must be at least half a dozen novice success stories, which is all to the good.

What a hurly-burly a successful cat show is, no room to move even in a large hall like Lime Grove, everybody stopping to talk to everybody else, often not seen since the last show. Successful exhibitors showing their friends the winning exhibits. Preesmen writing up their stories with the help of the winning owners, press cameramen with their photo flashes taking photographs of the winners.

World famous author, bearded, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, the President of the club, addressed a huge crowd in the hall and made a point which was received with acclamation, that he was sorry that recent judging had penalised the Siamese with kinked tails. He said he thought it was one of the likeable features of the Siamese, and besides wasn't there a pretty tale of the Princess and the rings and the twist on the end of the tail to prevent the Siamese losing them when she was bathing. However, he said amid laughter that he hoped his remarks would not cause a Schism. Joking apart, I feel too, that a slight kink at the end of a tail is an advantage, not a disability, and

I, for one would enthusiastically welcome an assurance by the Siamese Cat Club that judges would not put down a cat with a slight kink to its tail. I believe that the standard of points lays it down that a slight kink at the end of the tail is no handicap.

This article is being prepared as we go to press, and I had not the opportunity of marking my catalogue and can only give you details of the principle wins. Next month's issue of the magazine will have much more complete records of the prize-winners.

The most important class, the open male adult championship, was judged by Mr. Cyril Yeates and Mrs. Druce's Hillcross Song born the 20th March, 1948, sire Prestwick Prithee Pal, dam Hillcross Lan Yenching, breeder Mrs. Towe, was first, and winner of the Challenge Certificate. Prestwick Penglima Pertama, bred and exhibited by Mrs. Duncan-Hindley, was second. This cat was born 26th July, 1946, sire Prestwick Person, dam Prestwick Piccanini. Hillcross Song is a beautiful example of an adult male, splendidly placed ears on a long and wedge shaped head, eyes of excellent colour, splendid mask, excellent coat—fine texture and good colour, whip like tail, fine bone on well shaped legs. Prestwick

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT

By A. H. CATTERMOLE.

I received a post card from a reader, no address, signature undecipherable, saying: "Splendid article on Whites! Now what about Blacks? Have you ever kept any?" Yes, I have one Longhair and several Shorthairs. Blacks are another fascinating variety we unfortunately don't see enough of them. Now nobody can say like about Whites. "They show the dirt so easily." Blacks should be sound black, no white spots or white hairs anywhere. There comes a time when they appear somewhat rusty, when moulting and changing coats, or when having been in the sun. Kittens when very young often appear grey looking and brindled, but these kittens often are the best blacks when fully grown and breeders need not worry about it. Eyes large, round and deep copper coloured, no green rim. Short, broad nose, full cheeks, tiny well-tufted ears, set wide apart, and slightly bend forward, not the shinney-pot kind. Shape: Cobby, low on sturdy legs, round full tufted paws and short, full tail. If you can get all that, then you have got a "flyer," who will get you coveted red cards, the Championship Certificates and the

admiration of every judge and fancier.

Now as to cleaning Blacks for Show. NO POWDER of any description must be used. The procedure is entirely different to any other breed. Get some bran from a cornchandler, fill a flat tin with it and warm it in your cooking oven, just warm enough on your hands. Put the cat on a clean wooden table and rub warm bran well into the fur, especially base of tail, under the arm-pits and between hind legs where grease more easily accumulates. Leave on for a little while and clean ears out in the meantime. NOT with bran, of course! I always use Antepool, you can even use it for the eyes, and best of all, if the cat should lick it off, it will not hurt. Now take a clean Turkish towel and rub vigorously all over the cat and brush the bran out again.

All grease should have been removed by now. Comb well with several width combs. Start with a wide one and finish with a dust comb. Should bran be unobtainable, use a pudding basin half-filled with warm water, to which a dash of ammonia has been added. That removes grease also and adds to

lustre of blackness. At the very last a very good polish may be given by using one of granddad's old fashioned silk handkerchiefs rolled into a ball. Some people like to use also some Eau de Cologne.

It is amazing that we see so few Shorthair Blacks in Shows, they are easy to keep and to clean, hardly any combing to be done. Their coats should be very short, close and velvety, dense black, round head, tiny ears, large round eyes, orange if possible in colour, tail whipped, body slim and svelte. He is a beautiful and graceful creature and deserves to be more popular. I had such a kitten some years ago and bought him from a fancier. A well-bred Persian chose her own sweetheart, a red Shorthair tabby, without any well-bred ancestry, but a very nice cat for all that. The resulting litter consisted of two blue Longhair females, one very pretty Shorthair blue male and one black Shorthair male. The two blue Longhair female found early homes, but the Shorthairs nobody seemed to want. The owner of the blue Persian queen was very worried at the time, nursing her sick mother, so she wrote to me offering me the two Shorthairs. The little blue Shorthair male was the tiniest in the litter, and he was such a wee mite that I carried him home in my handbag. I brought both of these kittens up and

showed them on the show bench and the little blue boy was sold straight out of show to some nice people who took him away in their Rolls Royce. Both these Shorthairs were very beautiful kittens. The black boy, whom I called "Othello," I showed several times. He grew into a big handsome fellow, who weighed 11lbs. when still under nine month's old. But unfortunately I lost him quite suddenly with laryngitis. I called a vet. directly I noticed he was off colour, but he thought I was just worrying myself unnecessarily, and he died in my arms during the night. I was very young in those days and lacked experience, but that's the way we learn, and everything I know I have learned the hard way.

I had also letters asking me: "Why do cats get fleas when kept clean?" Yes! Why? indeed! I don't know, except that heat always seems to bring them. A man in the agriculture line told me once, that these vermin seem to come out of the soil even. The point is this however, should you notice that your cats or kittens scratch themselves a lot, try and find out what it's all about. It may not be fleas, perhaps a little rash or a few spots caused by overheated blood. But whatsoever the cause may be it has to be attended to. Buy a really good dust comb, a one-sided steel comb, the pre-war price

used to be 4/6d. All my combs are Spratts' steel combs. I have several of various width, except for the dust comb, all have handles. Even my Longhaired adults are always finished off with a dust comb. Vermin breeds very quickly, even if you only discover one little flea, comb all dirt out carefully and watch out there are no more. Where there are a lot, flea powders have to be used. I don't like them, as the cat will lick them and most likely make herself sick. I would rather wash a cat and add a dash of Dettol to the bath water. Incidentally use Dreft instead of soap powder.

A queen was sent to me once literally covered with fleas. To

comb them all out was a hopeless task. The poor queen had been smothered in paraffin already. So I put her into a house by herself and wrote the owner that it was impossible to mate her now. The owner replied that I could keep her or put her to sleep, as she knew that she was full of fleas and couldn't be bothered with, and anyway, the wretched thing was not worth a stud fee. So I waited until she got over her "calling" and then she had a lovely bath, and when brushed and combed even the late owner would not have known her. After several months a friend of mine bought her, and she really was a lovely cat.

Paddy and his Cat.

(from page 5)

the galley immediately afterwards and I remember hearing an awful noise and squawking outside. I took no notice for a minute, but when the din increased until it sounded like the whistle of a thousand sirens, I thought: 'By heck! these blinkin' Scotch gulls are after

my ham!' I only left it on the hatch a minute, but oh dear! . . . when I tore outside again, all that was left was the bone, picked clean as a polished floor."

No! of course Charlie didn't bear any malice. He kept on every trip as usual to save a basket of scraps for the hungry feathered Jocks. But he never left any more hams outside when we reached the Orkneys. Not likely!

(This will be concluded in our next issue—*Ed.*)

Books Received.

In these days of austerity how pleasing it is to find a touch of brightness, the more so when it enriches a book.

"The Cat Who Went to Heaven" by Elizabeth Coatsworth with decorations by Kiddell-Monroe is a pleasure both to the eye and the mind. It is a series of Chinese legends delicately woven into an original and strangely moving story.

Good Fortune is the name of the cat which brings great pleasure and happiness to a poor Chinese artist.

The price is 7/6 and it is published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons.

Considering the place which cats occupy on domestic hearths throughout this world it is strange that there is so little literature about them. Therefore, it is an occasion to be recorded when a constructive work by an acknowledged authority takes its bow.

Messrs. W. & G. Foyle have been wise in commissioning Miss Kit Wilson to write a treatise with the title of "Cats," and the book now published with loose covers at the remarkably low price of 2/6 is value which has to be seen to be believed. More than ninety pages with numerous illustrations teem with interest for the owners of every kind and variety of cat, for the expert who breeds and shows, for the householder who keeps a domestic cat, equally it is of the utmost value, and almost a necessity for both.

A cat lover all her life, Miss Wilson is an international judge; and chairman of the controlling body of the Cat Fancy in this country.

This should find an indispensable place on your bookshelf.



From the Editor's Mailbag.

Mrs. Parker of Woodlands, Cropston, Leicester, has written to us pointing out that in Mrs. Hart's article in last month's issue, this well known secretary of the Siamese Cat Club, said she was refusing nerval cats for the Siamese Cat Club Show, and that in Mrs. Parker's opinion this is too hard and fast a ruling as there are few exhibits which are not unhappy through show nerves, and if only those were shown that did not show trace of nerves the show would have to be held with but few exhibits. She thinks that the noise and cries of the other feline cause most of the trouble and because of this it would be impossible to completely ensure the happiness of all the exhibits.

LETTERS and PICTURES



"Buster"

"Mischief" is a female stray belonging to Mrs. Smith of Eccles New Road, Salford 5, Manchester, he was reserve at the Eccles Agricultural Show in 1948.

"Buster is a neuter with which Mrs. Smith secured a first and special certificate of merit at the show.

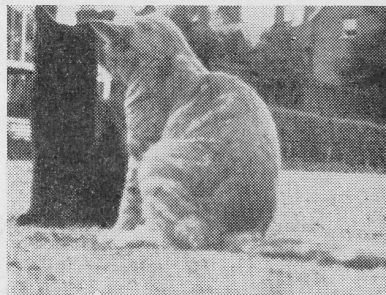
"Tiggy" is a neuter stray taken into Mrs. Smith's household when she was matron of the R.S.P.C.A. at Salford and secured 2nd prize at the Eccles Agricultural Show. Well done Mrs. Smith!

Granville Lodge,
Westgate-on-Sea,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

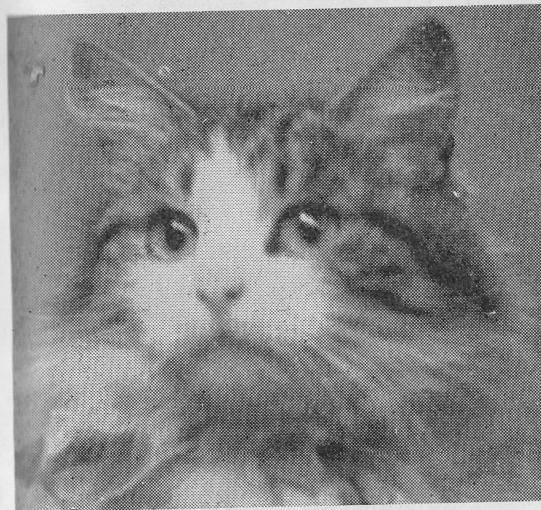
We are enclosing a snapshot of our cats having a conversation. Ricki-Ticki-Tavi, Ricki for short, is the ginger one. The black one is Chunny. Ricki is three and Chunny is one year old. Both are half persians and rather conceited about their good looks!

Yours truly,
Elizabeth & Mary Addison.

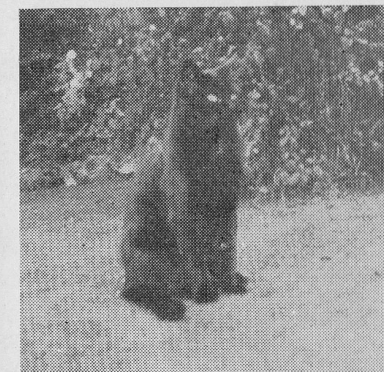


"Ricki and Cheenny"

TO THE EDITOR



"Mischief"



"Fe-Fe"

5, Fishpool Street,
St. Albans.

Dear Editor,

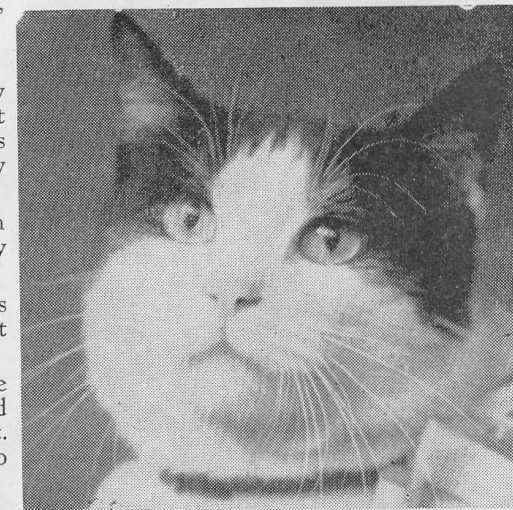
I enclose two photographs of my cat Fe-Fe. He is all black except for a few white hairs under his chin and he is very soft and silky and is three years old.

He never misses coming in from the garden for his cornflakes every morning.

We have had him since he was six weeks old and he is very spoilt and fussy about his food.

I love your magazine; I have been taking it for two years and always look forward to getting it. I do hope you will find room to publish one of the photos.

Yours sincerely,
Carol Hill.



"Tiggy"

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Tischa, dear, there are white hairs upon your seal-brown paws,

Alas! Pussy, as your Mistress, you are thrall to Time's same laws;

But when your masque begins to turn and my eye-brows grow grey,

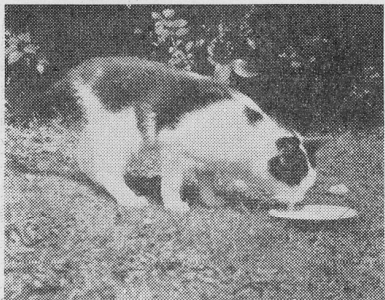
You and I to a beauty shop will cautiously steal away

And let the operator there make us look young again—and smart,

While in more ways than one, my pet, we'll keep the matter dark!

To Tischa on her 16th Birthday.

By Eleanor Day Vasilieff.



"Jemima"

"Peacehaven,"

4, Cockington Lane,
Preston, S. Devon.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snap of our very much loved Siamese tom, "Prince Tutsavan," or "Tutsa" for short. It is a very good snap; he is so difficult to take; he is now 2 years old, and has all the traits and characteristics of a Siamese, most loving and faithful, not a bit delicate as they are supposed to be, and not over timid, always ready for a game and romps with my 19 year old son, who simply adores him, in fact my husband and I also spoil him and think he is just perfect. One of his great grand-was Ch. Hoveton Emperor. We al should be thrilled if you could find a corner in your book "Cats and Kittens" to publish his photo.

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. G. Verry.



"Tutsa"

School Cottage,
Baslow,
Bakewell,
Derby.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photo of our Jemima to put in "Cats and Kittens" please. We found this kitten as a stray we could not find an owner so we kept her and also found out that somebody had four kittens they did not want so on a rainy night they were taken out in a car and thrown into the road! They all found homes but they died of colds except this one Jemima.

Yours truly,

Ann Sinclair (Aged 10).



NICHOLAS MUFFET waiting for a ride on his master's
Corgy. Owner, Mr. Randell, Pontardvlais, Wales.

(See Page 12).

Letters and Pictures to the Editor



"Little Piet"

H. L. Aussems,
Dierenarts,
Batavia,
Java.

Dear Editor,

How delightful I was about the picture of your beautiful Abyssinian cats, which were sent to Mrs. Warren! And how are the Burmese ones? Pre-war, there were in Batavia two very old ones, owned by the wife of a sea-captain. I am caring more for Siamese and Abyssinian cats. Sometimes I am longing to have them again, but as long as I will have to stay here, I do not want to buy them. Everything is most uncertain here. Safety is lessening every day.

I have had a very busy time. First we went on holiday in Bandung and then we got guests who were leaving for home. When we came back from Bandung we found all the cats in good health. I do not like to leave them, but we were very much in need of a holiday. The servants took care of them and a friend of mine came every day to see if everyone was alright.

I certainly will write to Mrs. Warren but I forgot where she lives. Please will you inform me once more?

We have a very dry "monsoon." No rains at all. And as my cats are very much outdoors I have to fight against the fleas. Not so much against cat-fleas, but the little black ones that you have in the grounds. I got flea powder from Holland, "Pitex" but it is no good. Pre-war I always used "Pulvex" but you cannot get it now, so I am brushing every day, and the cats are put every week in a twool, sprayed with some drops of baja-poetih-oil. But it smells strong and the cats do not like it, especially the kittens. Here I am sending you a photograph of "Piet" who now lives in Medan. His little sister "Conga" is staying with us. Perhaps you like to put him in your magazine.

How are Mrs. Francis and you doing in your flat? Certainly you will miss your nice place in the country.

I hope Mrs. Francis will tell us soon about the Burmese cats.

With kind regards to both of you

Yours sincerely,

E. Aussems.

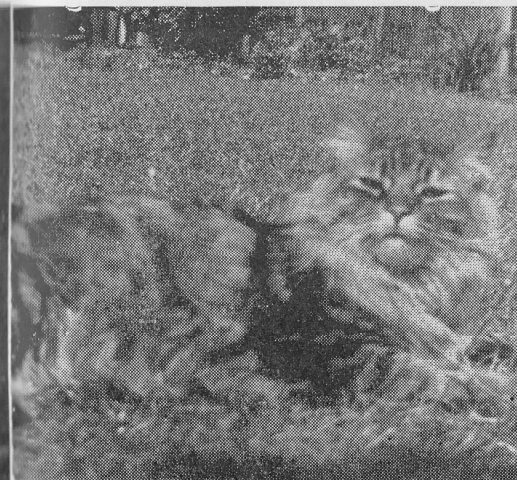
10, Rossway,
Eltham,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

This is my pet, Peter, he is a half Persian, and weighs nearly 12lb., and is 1 year old. I carry him everywhere on my shoulder, through the main streets and shops. He also begs for his food. He has a regular brush and comb every day and thoroughly enjoys it. Funny his mother was an old short haired café cat, yet Peter is a beauty. I enjoy every word of your "Cats and Kittens."

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. Cathy Stanley.



"Peter"

The Siamese Show

(from page 17)

Penglima Pertama is full of type just a little bit nervy and a smaller cat than the winner. Lovely head with perfect mask, splendid eye shape and colour, svelt body, fine bone. Colour a shade darker than the winner.

Open Female Adult Championship. That consistant exhibitor Mrs. Nicolas was successful here in winning first and challenge certificate with Southwood Sunya, born 16th March, 1946, sire Oriental Silky Boy, dam Eastwick Ranchi, breeder Mrs. Sayers. This is a splendid female full of type and with an excellent head, oriental eye shape and eyes of exquisite colour.

Probably the surprise of the day was that the best exhibit in show proved to be a male kitten.

Mr. R. O. Warner's Clonlost Yo-Yo born on the 26th February, 1949, sire Doneraile Dekho, dam, Foxburrow Runtu, breeder Mrs. Burgess. This eight months old male judged best exhibit in the show, at Mr. Warren's first attempt at exhibiting, really was a beauty, it would be difficult to fault him, shape of head, colour of eyes, body shape, long whip tail, texture of coat, all were first rate, and he was shown in beautiful condition. Believe me, the condition of the exhibit at the time of showing does count a lot and goes some of the way towards success. Mrs. K. R. Williams, owner of the sire, has much cause for satisfaction if Clonlost Yo-Yo is any indication of the quality of the stock which her stud Doneraile Dekho sires.

S. W. F.

PADDY AND HIS CAT

By ALAN K. TAYLOR.

MOST people when they think about a trawler naturally think about fish, but I don't. At least, when I think about one particular trawler, I also think about big Paddy, and Minnie, and Blackie, and starlings, pigeons, gulls and gannets.

Paddy, an Irishman, was the Chief Engineer of this trawler I have in mind. He was a big, fierce-looking, hard-swearing trawlerman, typical of the breed, but at heart he was as gentle and tender as a mother nursing her first baby.

One night, in dock at Grimsby, when we were preparing to sail for Bear Island, nigh 76 north, a poor little half-starved tabby kitten jumped aboard, all skin and bone, and with one eyelid cut and bruised. It cowered and spat at everybody that tried to touch it. Then Paddy lumbered aboard, and ever after that Minnie spent her time either in the engine room or curled up in the big Irishman's bunk. At sea, after his cat came, Paddy was only concerned with two things—his beloved engines, and the fact that a trawler doesn't carry fresh milk. Minnie wouldn't drink the tinned stuff.

In those days—this was before the war—we seldom spent

more than thirty-six hours ashore between each trip, but Paddy could still find time out of his short interval to walk to the docks once a day with fresh milk for his cat, and his house in Grimsby was six miles from the Fish Dock. During the whole time the ship was in dock Minnie sat dejectedly outside the engine-room gangway, her eyes glued on the quay, and from this position nothing on earth could coax her until the big Irishman returned. It was wonderful to see those two meeting.

I also had a cat, Blackie, a tom. He jumped aboard shortly after Minnie came, and made pals with me. At first, I thought he was a Manx, but when I picked him up and stroked his stumpy little tail he screamed like a baby. Then I found blood on my hand. Some friend had chopped that kitten's tail off, but we bandaged it up and soon got him better. I wish I could have met the man who maimed that poor little kitten.

Minnie seldom came on deck when we were at sea; Blackie was never off it, fair or foul. When we shot the trawl, Blackie was there, sitting on the bridge rail, to see that the deckies got that net out slick.

When we hauled, at the first sound of the winch, he was down on the foredeck, as tense and eager as any aboard to see what was in the swag-bag. Then he marched over to the fish-pounds and stood by until the last fish was gutted and cleaned. Sometimes he'd pounce on a squirming haddock and drag it off. Ah! but he'd sense enough to keep away from the savage jaws of the blue and tiger catfish. Aye, Blackie gave his marine brothers and sisters a very wide berth. He'd seen those cruel, savage teeth sheer clean through a deckie's seaboot, as easy as a knife cuts cheese.

At least a dozen times a day a sea hurtled poor Blackie into the scuppers. I whistled him to heel on these occasions. He answered my whistle at once, just like a dog, and he'd come galloping towards me full pelt after he'd shaken the water from his coat. If I threw him a piece of coal, or any other article, he'd retrieve it, and bring it back and lay it at my feet. Very proud he was about it too.

I've never seen a cat behave like him, nor one with such scant regard for water. A tough guy? He certainly was! He'd only eat raw fish, several whole haddocks every day as big as himself. And he'd only drink water, cold water, nothing else. He turned up his nose at milk, either tinned or fresh.

Between hauls, Blackie spent most of his time on the whale-back chasing gulls. The whale-back, as we call the peak or fo'c'sle head on a trawler, is generally awash, but Blackie dodged the waves as spritely as a hoary old deck-hand. I was always dead scared that one day he'd mistake a gannet for a gull. If that happened—goodbye Blackie! The gannets are dangerous customers to tackle.


The gulls are our pals, and we love them, and feed them. Sometimes, in the eternal Arctic darkness of the long, bitter winters we spend down North to bring you that tasty morsel of fish, the gulls are the only living things we see from trip to trip, apart from ourselves.

The Iceland and Bear Island gulls never board the ship, but they'll swoop down and take a piece of liver out of deckie's hand. When on board the ship it can't take off again unless assisted by one of the men. The deckies will drop all work, at once, yes, at once, to give a gull a leg-up.

The Scotch gulls, on the other hand, fly aboard in hundreds when we reach the Orkneys and the Pentland Firth, squawking and scrounging for grub. These birds always seem half-starved. They certainly don't find food as plentiful as the more lucky birds further North. The

Turn to Page 5

	
	
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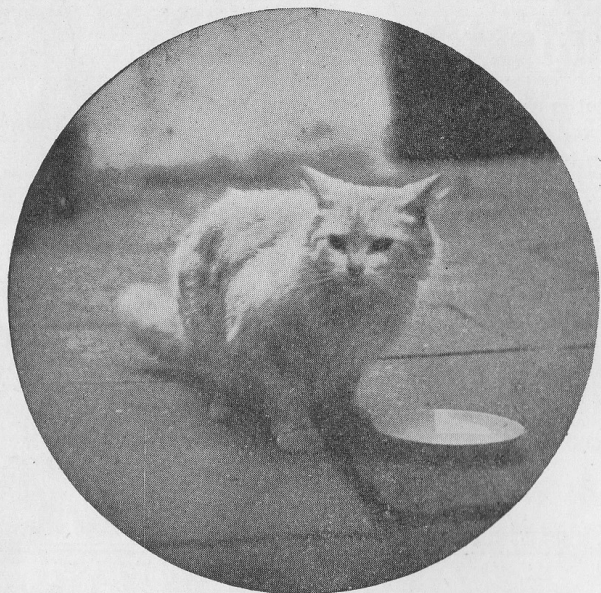
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Winner, 1st and Ch. Nottingham Show,
1949.

Oriental Silky Boy (S.P.).
Sire: Ch. Angus Silky. Dam: Sirius
Valentina. Winner, 2 Ch. Certs. Croydon,
1938; Exeter, 1939. Fee 2 gns. and return
carriage.

Typic Pita (S.P.).
Sire: Ch. Jacques of Abingdon. Dam:
Phantom Beauty. Winner 1st and
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