

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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“CATS AND KITTENS” MAGAZINE, 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

Established

1936

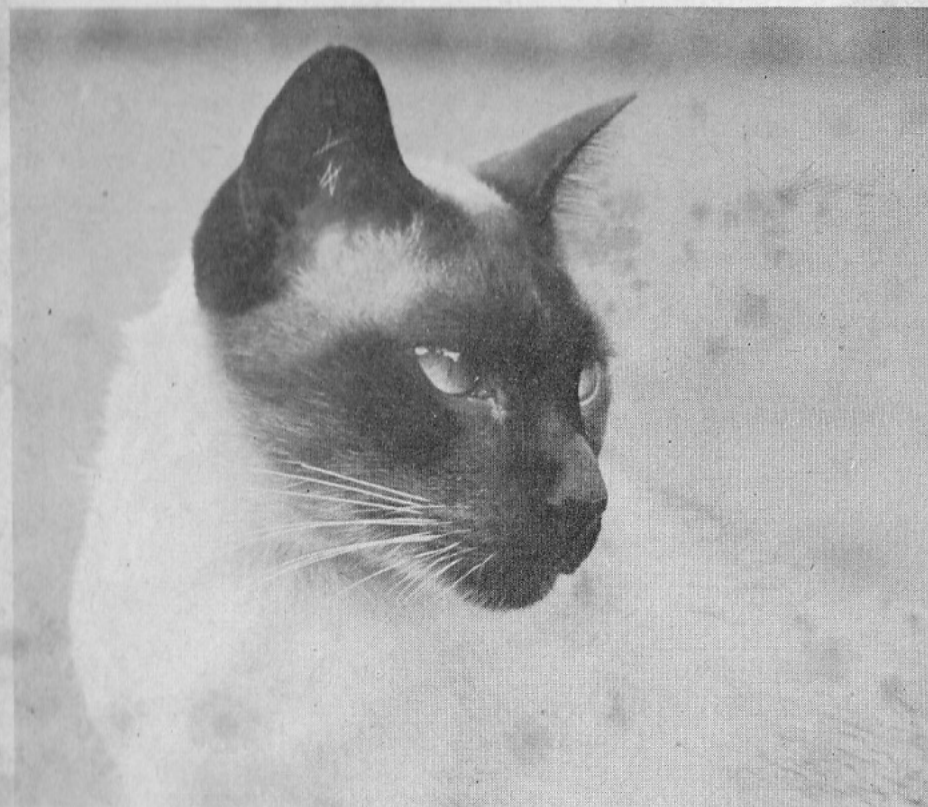
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor: SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices: 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JANUARY, 1955



SINGSE, SIAMESE NEUTER

Owner: Miss I. B. Beevor, Norwich

Photo—A. R. J. Frost, Ipswich

Our Cover Photograph is of Miss Evelyn Langston's Prize-winning Chinchilla, Tich of Allington

SIR WINSTON'S CATS

By NATHANIEL GUBBINS

Reproduced with acknowledgments to, and by permission of, the "Sunday Dispatch."

AMONG all the nice things written about Sir Winston Churchill last week nobody mentioned his love of cats.

When I had the honour to be invited to lunch at Chartwell in 1949 we talked of little else but cats. He probably thought it was the one subject on which I could be considered an expert.

After lunch his daughter told me how one of his favourite cats was taken ill during an exceptionally critical period of the war. *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* had been sunk by the Japanese, so his family thought they wouldn't worry him about the cat's illness.

The cat died. When the news was finally broken to Sir Winston he was so angry he had not been informed "when he might have done something about it" that his daughter thought he would never forgive her.

She also told me about the Downing Street cat. On the night of a heavy air raid Sir Winston, who had quite a lot of other things on his mind, was just getting into bed when he remembered it was the butler's night off. This meant that the Downing Street cat might not get its supper.

So, in his dressing gown, he went downstairs to the kitchen

and gave the Downing Street cat a generous helping from the larder.

At that time, it may be remembered, Hitler was hiding in a steel and concrete cellar at least 100ft. deep. And he was probably feeding Eva.

When I left Sir Winston gave me an autographed copy of his book "Painting as a Pastime." Inside was his own drawing of Sally the Cat, a little wanton we both loved.



This is how Sir Winston drew Sally

The Domestic Tigers of Edinburgh

By ALAN MACKAY

A Thousand-year-old Footprint.

THE imprint of a cat's paw is preserved on a terra cotta tile in the Queen Street Museum of Antiquities. The tile is of Roman origin. No doubt Pussy was a Roman cat imported by the invading legions to protect the huge granaries which were a feature of Roman camps in Scotland. Large numbers of these cats must have accompanied the invaders. How did they travel?

The cats came from Egypt, Italy, and North Africa. From these countries they would be shipped to Gaul and finally to Britain. As the standards of Agricola rounded the Pentland Hills, the cats would follow cosily ensconced in the baggage trains attached to the Roman equivalent of Pioneer and Commissariat units.

They must have been a hardy breed of "mousers." Because of their important duties, it is probable that they were protected by law, although it is unlikely that they would qualify for the equivalent of ninepence per week, which is the standard allowance for a cat in the British Army according to the Pay Warrant.

Whether they appeared on the "establishment" of a legion

or not, and whether they were paid, is immaterial. At Inveresk, Cramond, and Camelon, they guarded the Roman granaries well. There can be little doubt that when off duty, these Roman cats devoted some of their spare time to setting about the founding of the race of equally efficient, hardy, and handsome cats which flourishes in the city of Edinburgh today.

Was there, perhaps, in Roman times, a certain amount of "fraternisation" with the indigenous wild-cat of Scotland? That is unlikely. Although dogs may well have been domesticated in Pictish times, there are no indications of feline adherents. The striped, tortoiseshell or "tabby" marking is taken to be characteristic of wild-cats throughout the world, but its occurrence does not mean that the owner can claim recent "wild" ancestors. In Roman times things may have been different, but the modern Scottish wild-cat is not much given to "fraternisation." The most unfriendly cat in Edinburgh today is undoubtedly the dour, thrawn, and lonely creature who scowls from his perch at the visitors to the Zoo at

Corstorphine. He is definitely not a good "mixer."

When the Romans departed, the descendants of the imported cats remained. Their value was by then fully realised by the Scots. The law which makes it a most serious offence to kill a cat in this country is a very old enactment indeed.

Edinburgh Cats in Modern Times.

It may be absurd to suggest that the cats of Edinburgh still retain a certain air of patrician dignity deriving from their Roman ancestors. Would it be equally fanciful to try to discern regional differences in feline deportment throughout the city? Are the mousers of Morningside, shall we say, a trifle less effusive in acknowledging the greetings of strangers than the pussies of Pilrog. Is your Corstorphine cat less prone to sink a claw into the flank of a passing dog than his cousin in Gorgie? Such fine distinctions would be hard to support, but there would appear to be good grounds for asserting that the Queen Street cats, pound for pound, are a match for any. What is more, they have the added peculiarity of being great pigeon fanciers. It may be doubtful whether they ever really come to grips with the birds, but they spend a great deal of time in elaborate stalkings and sallies. They are content to pursue the pigeons on

the ground and in this respect differ from an enterprising cat in Rothesay Terrace. He appears to be obsessed with the ambition of defeating individual starlings in aerial combat. Most mornings he devotes twenty minutes or so to the provoking of these birds. When they are induced to "mob" him, he feigns retreat, but suddenly turning, embarks on a series of tremendous leaps in which he claws vainly at individual starlings on the wing. Up to date he is credited with many "near misses."

Please turn to page 16

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BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

No. 4

By M. K. LEE-MEADE

BY the time these notes appear the festive season will be upon us. I hope that many of you will feature a Russian Blue amongst your presents on Christmas Day. I have the good fortune to own two of these delightful creatures—mother and daughter.

Being on holiday a short time ago and having time to spare, I decided to take Aphrodite—the kitten—for a walk. I think *she* may have walked about four yards in all, the rest of the time I carried her, much to the delight of passers-by. Walking along the main road I was stopped every few moments by people who were enchanted to see this kitten on a lead, sitting happily on my arm or shoulder. I think that during the course of the afternoon over a dozen people stopped to pat her, or to ask questions regarding her breed, etc. It struck me anew how few people really know these cats exist, and what a great pity it is, for they make really delightful pets. I do hope that when possible many of you will make the effort to visit a cat show and meet these little Russian Blues, and I am sure their owners will be only too

willing to give you any details you may require regarding them.

Little Aphrodite is—as one judge said—a good medium type; her mother being so very beautiful we are apt to think of the daughter as an ugly duckling, whereas in actual fact she is very pretty, still with baby fur of a paler shade than mama's and round greenish-yellow eyes that are extremely expressive, and of course a great sense and desire for adventure. In fact she just captures everyone's heart, including my own and although she is far from faultless I really could not bear to sell her.

Her worst fault is greediness—but even this has its amusing side, such as the time when she first saw a green candle sitting upon the table and took one large bite at it! Her disgust was plainly written upon her face—the more so when she found it impossible to spit out a large piece of wax impaled upon one of her fangs!

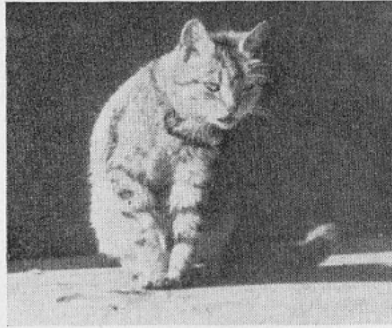
I really have to admire the nimbleness with which she enters the refrigerator—usually timed when I open it to take milk from the top shelf. Madam

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STUMPY

By N. E. HILL

ABOUT twenty years ago (as near as anyone can tell), there was born in a tiny village on the borders of Devon, a kitten. One kitten in one of the many litters that are always appearing in the sheds, stables and haylofts of that area of remote farmsteads.



Stumpy

Just a plain tabby with nothing distinguished about her, but she soon grew to be the leader of her little group, the liveliest, the most adventurous—and the most disobedient. Many a scolding she received when her conscientious mother found her stalking some wind-blown piece of straw far from her rightful place in the corner of the hayshed and many a sharp blow she had for pouncing on her mother's tail as she lay asleep, but it never cured her, never subdued her fierceness or her love of hunting, for she came from a line of hunters and it was in her blood.

One day her mother gathered the kittens together to move them to a new home next to the dairy where she knew they would be given warm fresh milk every day and before they began their journey she told them what are, for farm cats, the facts of life.

To avoid other animals, especially horses and cows, which could kill a kitten by treading on it without even knowing it was there, but not to be afraid of men, who depended on the cats for so much. At the same time, they should not be too familiar, remembering their tradition of wild independence.

She warned them to keep away from children, who could be infinitely cruel without knowing it and above all, to beware of traps, the thin snare which suddenly wrapped itself round your middle in an ever-tightening grip and the flat patch of loose earth at the mouth of a rabbit hole which concealed the steely grasp of the gin. The kittens listened obediently, but the little tabby with only half an ear for she

was anxious to begin all the adventures which lay ahead.

She was to regret her impetuosity, however, for the adventures all came in their own good time, but one day she limped home from hunting with one front paw crushed beyond repair, but she had learned the lesson her mother could not teach her and through all her life she was never again caught in any kind of trap.

Her injured foot rotted and finally dropped off, but through the hardiness of her kind and the miracle that is Nature, the wound healed and she grew three little pads on the end of her amputated leg and she was called "Stumpy."

Down through the years she hunted, bore her litters and went her wild way. The war came and fields which had always been familiarly green yielded to the plough and on starry nights as she quietly walked the hedgerows, the sky was full of the cumbersome drone of laden engines. That was all she knew of the vast upheaval which was encircling the world.

Twice the farm changed hands and new faces appeared in the dairy, strange footfalls in the lofts over the cowshed, but none of the farm cats were much affected by this. A farmer may retire and sell all

his livestock, even his sheep-dog, but cats hate strange surroundings and sometimes prefer a new owner to a new home.

As she grew older, Stumpy also grew tamer as she became familiar with the ways of men. She knew where she was a firm favourite and where no sympathy lay. One footstep was always good for an extra saucer of milk on a winter night, another was to her a warning and would send her scurrying away, jet-propelled on her three and a half legs.

Eventually the time came when she had no more kittens of her own, but she still retained a lively interest in other people's and for hours would nurse and fuss over the offspring of her less maternally-minded relatives. A few more seasons came and went and she gave up even this welfare work and lived the life of the very old, with the companionship of one or two feline cronies and the affection of her human friends, for whom she had a warmth of feeling rare in cats which are never allowed indoors.

She continued to hunt when the mood took her, perhaps in the granary, a favourite place, because although the cement dabbed into every tiny hole did not stop the vermin it did keep out the draughts which

she disliked so much, in common with most aged creatures. Once or twice a week she would follow me to the door of the granary in the afternoon, as I went to get corn for the poultry. She was the only one of the farm cats who ever "volunteered" in this way for it usually entailed being shut in there all night, a procedure to which cats do not take kindly.

Her skill as a hunter never waned. Often I met her in the fields where, after greeting me cordially, she would suddenly disappear, to return but five minutes later with a shrew or a field-mouse which she could not eat unless it was cut open for most of her teeth were gone. One would no more think of having Stumpy "destroyed" than one would consider killing one's grandmother because she was getting senile.

Above all in her old age, she loved to lie in the sun. No farmer was ever more pleased than Stumpy to see the end of a spell of bad weather. There is a patch of concrete at the back of the house where years ago some builders had mixed their cement. It was just big enough for her to lie on and there she would be found on the first fine day after the storm, before the grass out in the fields was dry enough for her to walk through.

She was sleeping there one day when someone backed the car out as they had done hundreds of times before. This time perhaps some kind spirit guided the hand at the wheel to take a slightly wider turn than usual. At the last moment Stumpy awoke and leapt for safety, but it was too late, she was dead before she reached the wall. It was a quick ending to a long and useful life. For some time I had worried lest in her dotage she repeated the mistake which cost her her limb and gave her her name and indeed, her character.

But this is what she would have asked. One moment to be lying in the sunshine she loved and then to be gone, perhaps to a happier hunting ground. I shall miss her greatly.

CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

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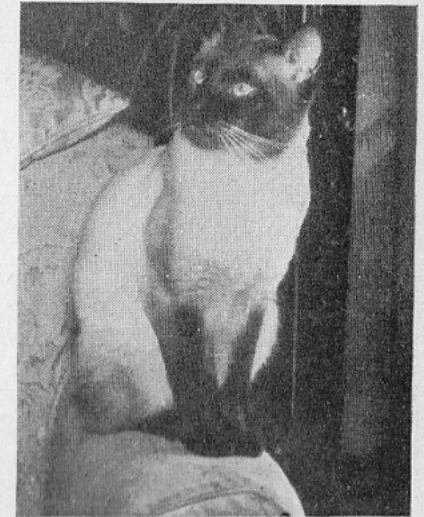
KIM OF SEAWOOD

By DOROTHY OZANNE

I HAVE read many articles in this magazine, extolling the character and cleverness of Siamese Cats, and now realise that mine must really be an exceptional animal. He is definitely not timid and his explorations cover practically the whole of Lynton and Lynmouth. Everyone knows Kim, the large Siamese with the creamy coat, black mask, feet and tail, and deep violet-blue eyes.

His travels lead him into various feuds with other cats, one unfortunately belonging to the local police sergeant and Kim was, for a couple of days, attached to his long running wire in the garden. He is a neuter cat, but has a lady friend, a pretty tabby kitten, at the Castle Hotel, where he arouses much admiration and amusement, by occupying a deck chair every day in a sunny patch on the lawn. He sits and watches everything with his inscrutable sphinx-like expression, but slips into the bushes if anyone approaches.

The traffic policeman in Lynmouth knows him well, as he crosses the Lyndale Bridge along the parapet and seems to travel up the river some way on the other side. Of course, all this wandering from home used



Kim

to worry me terribly at first, and still does at times. Friends used to ask with a smile, "Still looking for your cat?", or someone would phone up and report having sighted him coming up through the woods to Lynton.

After the Lynmouth disaster I think he was puzzled at the change in his usual landmarks. Late one night a weird cry for "help" was heard and two men went out to look into the ruins of a nearby hotel, thinking someone was still trapped under the debris. After a second search, they looked up and saw two little red lights gleaming high up on the top of

a ruined wall. In the light of their torches they saw Kim gliding away. He was rather late home that night.

He also hunts rabbits, has had a fight with a badger with injuries to his hind leg. Now-a-days, we let him out alone until his last return about 5 p.m., then his little door (let into the back door) is closed, and his last walks are on his collar and lead, which he does extremely well. One of our lady visitors (and incidentally they all fall for Kim), took him for a walk on the lead. Well, *he* took her, and we understand she enjoyed her walk extremely through hedges, over ruined walls and finished up with a grand

parade down Lynton shopping centre!

Kim does not sharpen his claws on the furniture, probably because we have numerous trees in the grounds of our hotel. The only time he stole anything was when I was away for a few days, and I think he disapproved of the quantity of food served out. The safe door was open and he removed his entire rabbit off the dish, carried it up on to his feeding table and helped himself! At other times he waits by the dish until you serve him.

There are many tales which could be told of this intelligent Kim, but I will add that he is

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CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

A happy New Year to you, and all our cats, too. Wiser than us, the cats will not make new year resolutions—undoubtedly we shall. May I recommend a few? To those judges who smoke whilst judging cats—well, as it is not compulsory for them not to do, although it should be, their's should be, "I will only smoke when I've finished judging." To Show Managers, who put on every conceivable class to attract more entries, and thus more entrance fees, a resolution to also have more judges and thus get the judging over by 2.30, and not just finishing when the show is almost over. To the exhibitor whose cat is first in the open class, then has the

challenge certificate withheld, a resolve not to bless the name of *that* judge for evermore!

The past year has been a record one for cat shows, which have attracted large entries, and larger gates, this principally because show organisers have now recognised the value of central large halls for shows and have finally shaken away from the small suburban hall idea.

I wish all of us could tackle the problem of the standard of points by which cats should be judged. All judges do not interpret them alike, and much requires to be done to try to get a more standard system of appraising our Cat Values in the show pen.

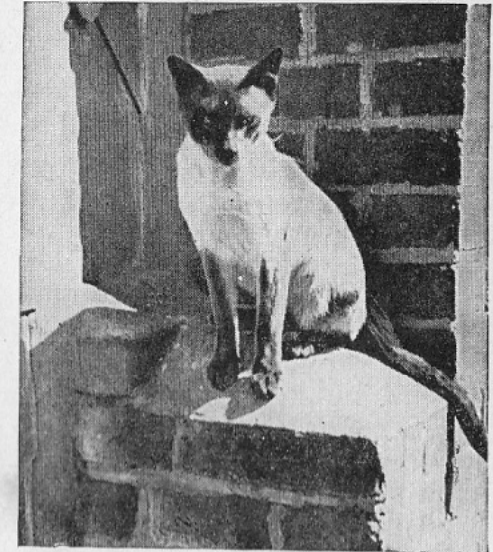
YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

I HOPE those of you who have seen his photo before will forgive its inclusion again with these notes. Our dear Galadima, Gally to so many of his friends, passed on on Nov. 26th, 1954. He would have been eleven years on Feb. 2nd, 1955, and I suppose it is quite a good age, but we are very deeply sad at his loss. He has always seemed such a part of our lives. I bought him as a young male, from Mrs. Mirabel Gaymer. In 1946 he flew to Jersey with us, as my only stud, and flew back with us nearly two years later. I have his daughter, Chinki Jonta, and a litter of kittens by him are shortly due. Only a few months ago, his sire died, Prestwick Prithie Pal, aged thirteen. We shall always miss our dear little friend, and we shall never forget him.

I'm afraid my notes about the Croydon show are rather belated, but Athalie Lowe's report did appear in good time, in the December issue. I enjoyed the show very much—a huge entry of lovely cats, a splendid gate, and run in usual excellent style by Mr. A. A. Towe.

I had a fleeting word with Mr. Raleigh, who was hastening



Sco-Ruston Galadima (Gally)

off to commence his duties, white coat over arm, and with no time to talk. I was very delighted that his blue long hair kitten, Bayhorne Adam, was later Best Long Hair kitten in show. It is so nice to win.

I was very pleased to have a chat with Lady Aberconway about Burmese and the club which I hope will soon be formed. It was disappointing that only one Burmese adult was entered, Mrs. M. D. Macaulay's Chinki Amber, who was 1st and Ch. This was a particularly pleasing win to me,



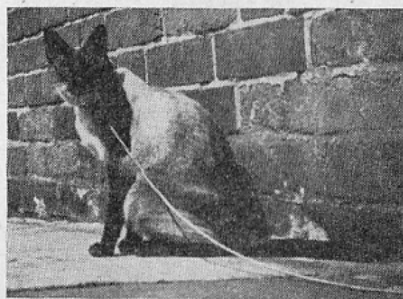
Nimbus, Linko, Mitzi
Owner, Mrs. J. Watson

because I considered Amber the best female out of a litter bred by me. Mrs. Waldo-Lamb's Chinki Golden Goddess was 1st in the Burmese kitten class, a most elegant and promising young lady. In the Siamese adult males, Mrs. Hindley's Silken Faun was 1st and Ch., Mr. Pownall-Gray's Bloors Blaeberry 2nd, Miss Wells' Killdown Sultan 3rd, Dr. and Mrs. Groom's Nilgiris Pelleas, R. and Mr. Warner's Spotlight Troubadour and Mrs. Swift's Chancery Rupee both V.H.C. Troubadour, who had done so well at the Siamese show, 1st and Ch. and Best in Show, had fluffed himself up and was not looking his best. Silken Faun was immaculately groomed. On the day, I liked Chancery Rupee best—a very well balanced exhibit.

In the adult female Siamese, Mrs. Terry's Camiers Dresden was 1st and Ch., an award I found disappointing, as she did

not appear outstanding in any way, with small eyes and cold coat colour. Mrs. Hindley's Silken Yacaranda was 2nd, a very nice queen, and Mrs. Udall's Bluecroft Ballerina 3rd, a queen with lovely eye colour. Reserve was Mrs. Hewlett's Gaywood Sharima, another dark queen, but with nicer eyes than the first. Some very nice queens went cardless. Mrs. Watson's Lila, a very typy queen, was unplaced, as also was Mrs. Biggs' Pristine Mapinwa, whose delightfully pale coat was outstanding, especially as she is over eighteen months old. Pale coats in adults are so desirable and we seem to be getting less and less of them to-day.

In the kittens I liked Mrs. Biggs' Quesi Brio, a female, who was 2nd in her open class, very dainty, with lovely pale coat and very long thin whip tail. I also liked Mrs. Montgomery's two male kittens, Purland Som Phong and Thong who were 2nd and 3rd in their open class. They were in lovely



Mrs. Wimey's Rockford Tiny Tim

condition with fine pale coats, good eye colour and shape, and lovely long whip tails.

The only litter I saw was Miss Wells' from chocolate points, this because a photographer asked if they were mine. They were 2nd in the litter class and really were beautiful with their lovely creamy coats and deep eye colour.

I didn't have chance to see any of the other cats, and these I have mentioned are seal points.

My first Christmas card was from Mr. Kenneth Dean and his friend, a photo of their two lovely seal point Siamese neuters, 'Brahms'—Bluehayes Charmion, and 'Tommy'—Pristine Tomaso. They are beautiful and pose very nicely. Mr. Dean writes:

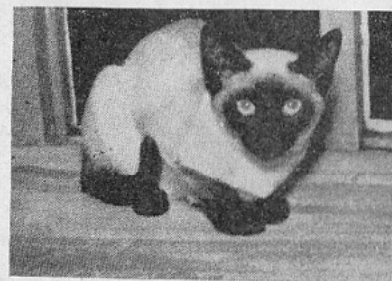
"I thought you would be interested to see the enclosed photo of Brahms and Tomaso. Brahms is in his characteristic crouching position. I am glad to report they are both in excellent health, though Tommy



Chinki Ranya

is too fat. Oddly enough, he does not eat as much as Brahms, but he is a very placid little person and takes life very quietly, whereas Brahms is always dashing around madly. They are both a constant joy to us and we are so glad we have two, which is much more than twice the fun of one and very little more trouble to look after. They are nearly always very good, but Brahms had a little lapse a few days ago. Our evening meal was all ready on the table and I went into the kitchen for a moment. On my return, there was Brahms, with a dish of cold ham on the carpet! He had just had a large supper himself, so it was sheer greed, I am afraid. We always feed "the boys" before we have our own meal. Still, such episodes are few and far between, I am glad to say."

I had a really hectic time on December 8th, the day of the National Cat Club's show at the Horticultural Hall, London. I had entered my young male,



Chinki Shahesse
Breeder, Mrs. L. France

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

Breeder and International Judge

READERS will be sorry to hear that Mr. R. Lansdell had the misfortune to lose his lovely kitten Wolsey Musidora after the Midland Counties Ch. Show. She was a lovely kitten and had done much winning in the show pen, having won 25 awards. Apart from Mudisora being a lovely kitten she was such an adored pet and Mr. Lansdell felt his loss very keenly.

My lovely little Ronada Moonmist, a blue by Ch. Fox-burrow Frivolous out of Mayblossom of Pensford has been purchased by Mr. Lansdell to fill the gap left by Musidora. I hope that Moonmist does well in the show pen and also proves a good breeder for her new owner.

Wolsey Musidora was by Southway Echo out of a daughter of Oxley's Smasher and was bred by her owner.

All of Mayblossom's litter are now sold, the last blue female flies to Jersey in a few days' time. The kittens should do well for their new owners as they are such wonderful breeding.

I was hoping to show the best of the litter myself, but I have to go into hospital shortly after Christmas and I didn't want to leave any kittens behind for my husband to look after while I am away. My winning Cream male kitten Renada Sunkist is still with me and I hope I can fix him up in a good home as soon as possible. He has turned into a lovely kitten and should make an ideal stud, although the main consideration is a good home.

I expect to be away from home for three or four weeks, but letters can reach me at The Portland Ward, General Hospital, Nottingham. Anyway I am hoping to be able to attend the Notts. & Derby Show on January 8th and go into hospital after that date.

The Croydon Ch. Show was a huge success, entries were very good and I should imagine the gate was good too as the hall appeared to be full of people after the judging. Mrs. Joan Thompson's lovely Ch. Fox-burrow Frivolous gained his 5th challenge certificate in the

Blue males and Mrs. Crickmore won in the females with her beautiful queen Thiepval Precocious; this I believe makes her a full champion. Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh's Blue kitten Bayhorne Adam won Best Kitten in Show and well deserved this honour as I thought he was looking lovely.

Camber Andree, owned and bred by Mrs. Denton, won 1st in 3-6 months Blue Kittens. I mention this because Andree has now been purchased by Mr. Lewin of Barrow-on-Soar. He phoned me the other evening and said he had purchased

a blue kitten from Mrs. Denton and could he bring him along on Sunday morning for me to see. Imagine my surprise on seeing the kitten that it was Andree who I had awarded a first prize to in a side class at Croydon. Mr. Lewin tells me he breeds dogs, has pigs, poultry, etc., but this is his first venture in cats. He has definitely started off by buying a first-class kitten and I hope Andree does well for him.

May I take this opportunity of wishing all readers of "Cats and Kittens" a very Happy New Year.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

from page 13

Sealstream Pampero, and his sister, Sealstream Mistral. They are sired by my Chinki Ranya, out of Mrs. Sheila Hamilton's Aulay Toyti. A time call aroused us at the unearthly hour of 3.45 a.m., and my husband drove us to Derby station, where we were informed the 5 a.m. train for St. Pancras was an hour late. The fire in the only waiting room had gone out long before, and it was bitterly cold. However, after a long wait the train arrived. Mrs. Margaret Smith joined me at Leicester, with her beautiful Burmese boy, Sablesilk Bimbo.

We arrived at the hall, which was already a hive of activity,

with very little time to spare, and lost no time in penning our exhibits. When the first few slips were up on the board, I was told my Pampy was 1st and Ch. in the adult Seal Point male class. Words fail me to express my delight at this result, because he was competing in a class of thirteen, several of whom have already won challenge certificates. As he was not quite ten months old, it was certainly a wonderful achievement. The judge was Mrs. O. M. Lamb.

The 1st and Ch. female S.P. was Mr. Biggs' queen, Pristine Mapinwa, who is also sired by Ranya, so I felt it was a field day for me. Mrs. Ridgeway's Salewheel Royal Rose was 2nd

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THE DOMESTIC TIGERS OF EDINBURGH—*from page 4*

Cats and Culture.

From headquarters in George Street, operates a truly magnificent creature of aldermanic proportions. He is very obviously a Head Cat, and might well hold some office equivalent to that of Lord Provost in the feline fellowship of the city. He possesses both poise and avoirdupois, but seems to have become bored with the attentions of passers-by. The duties of Official Receptionist for visitors to the city are capably discharged by a most gracious cat who prefers to have his address known simply as "In the Gardens." This cat is something of a mystery, but it could not be said that he has no visible means of support, for an ever-increasing circle of patrons surrounds his activities. These patrons include people of both sexes who visit the city at intervals, as well as local residents. This Gardens Cat has quite an ambassadorial air, and will approach any likely-looking stranger as if to ask how they are enjoying their stay, and if there is anything lacking for their proper reception and comfort. This is a good "line" and extremely profitable. Why should it not be? It is only right that good cat-manners should be rewarded. There are, of course,

less admirable traits of feline idiosyncrasy. Cat-fights for example.

The Mystique of the Cat Fight.

Please do not bother about "mystique." It is simply the latest fashionable word from London. The "last word," in fact. It follows on the shop-worn "flair" and the now tawdry phrases, "out of this world" and "couldn't care less." But it is here correctly used, for cat-fights have their mystique and they are also something of a mystery. The average householder resents the chromatic stramash after midnight. He throws boots and hair-brushes and seldom ponders on the causes of the uproar. When he does, he usually assumes that sex has reared its pretty head, or that male rivalry or some point of precedence, etiquette, or protocol, is in dispute. He may even consider that an elaborate ritual of caterwauling is in some way equivalent to the curious practice of "display" among birds.

If he thinks any of these things he is likely to be wrong, for scientific observers have recently decided that cats fight as a kind of hobby or sport, much as men play golf, argue, or go in for rather absurd cults, like Judo for instance.

In the common-or-garden cat-fight, "form" is very important. Such duels in the

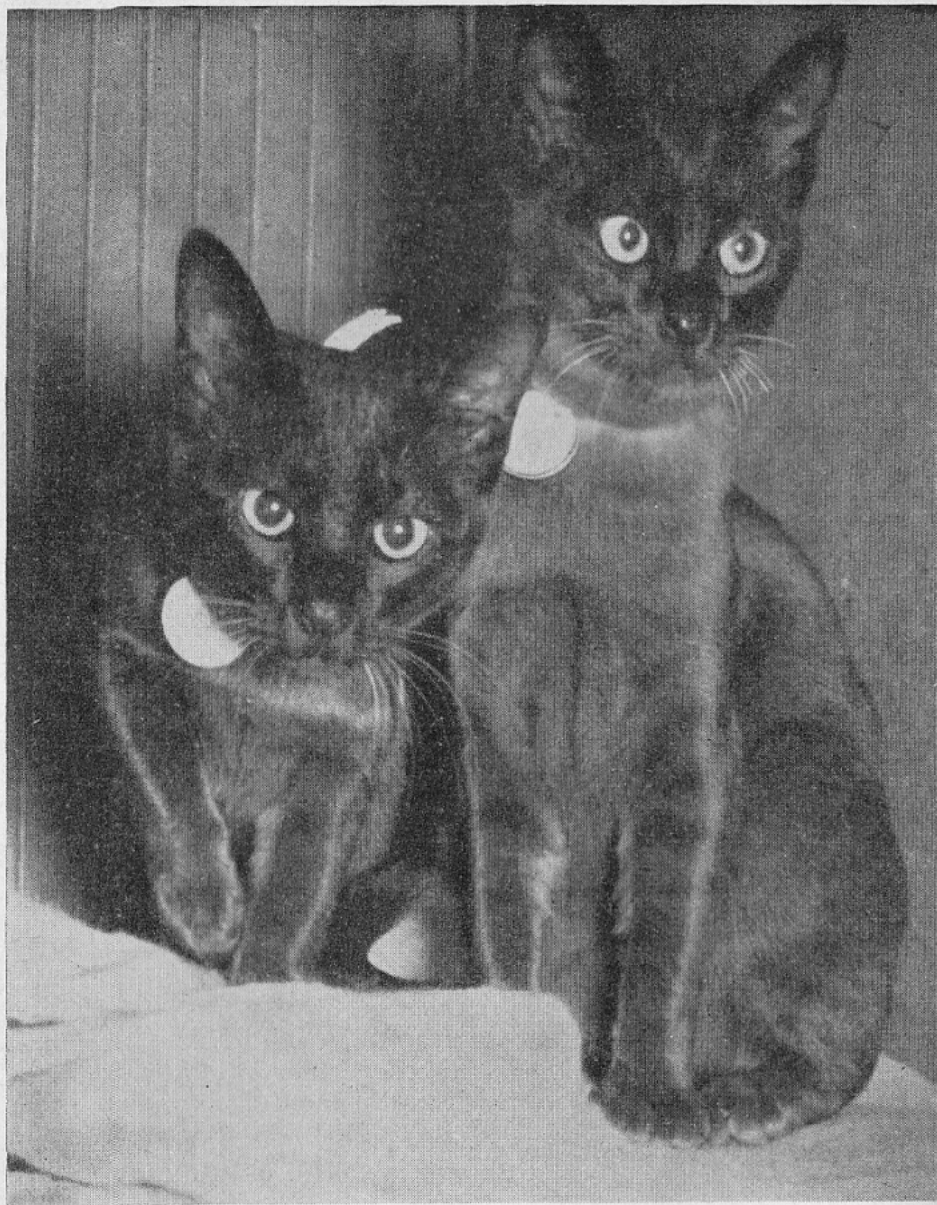
moonlight require two cats—the Challenged and the Challenger. The challenged cat assumes the modified-sphinx position (forepaws tucked in) and crouches scornfully in front of the challenger. The challenger walks to and fro with a strange high-stepping prancing gait in which the fore-claws are unsheathed and sheathed at every step. All the time he sings an aria of blood-curdling runs, trills and cadenzas while he does a ten-foot-long sentry-go back and forth, in which he is always careful to turn towards the challenged cat. There are occasional pauses in his song (for breath, or in order to think out the next stanza) and these are eagerly seized on by the challenged cat for his interpolation, which is a low, contemptuous, sort of boogie-woogie ululation. This goes on for some ten minutes or so (provided the party is not broken up by boots and other missiles) and then, suddenly, battle is joined. This happens so quickly that the human eye cannot follow the movements involved. The parading cat and the recumbent cat become instantly a swiftly revolving ball of agitated fur. No B.B.C. commentator could hope to give a blow-by-blow account of the first round. There are many shoulder-throws punctuated by little thumps as first one cat,

then the other, is thrown to the position of under-cat. This part of the proceedings looks simply horrifying. Anybody who has playfully pretended to pinch the soft underbelly of a family favourite will recall the vigorous reaction of hind-paws with claws considerably sheathed. The speed and fury of the action with unsheathed claws leads the onlooker to suppose that the fight must soon end by both cats being torn to shreds.

As quickly as it started the first round ends. Both cats are completely exhausted, and little wonder! They stand motionless nose to nose with arched backs. Once they have got their breath back, they start again, and the fight goes on until one or other of them has had enough and scampers off ignominiously. The scene of the fray will be found to be covered with little tufts of fur, but seldom is any serious damage done. This seems to imply that cats in general are fairly evenly matched and that the best defence to a pair of lethal seeming hind-paws is another pair of the same. Ears get torn occasionally, but eyes are seldom damaged.

There are other kinds of cat-fight, local rivalries, territorial disputes and eternal triangles, but it would be only fair to say

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Photograph—Mrs. M. Smith

Mrs. Macaulay's Female Burmese Kits, Kyneton Atata and Kyneton Aka



Photograph by N. J. Halley

Early Pictish stone with cat
(See our Feature, page 20)

STONES OF PICTLAND

By N. J. HALLEY

THE other day I went over to Edinburgh to choose a rare and lovely Abyssinian kitten, and having half an hour to spare, wandered into the Antiquities Museum, where there were some of the most beautiful carved stones of Pictland.

Possibly I am becoming cat-minded, or it may have been coincidence, but at the base of the design on one from Islay, were two cats.

They certainly had the curved spines, claws, and cat shaped heads.

The stones of Pictland are distributed widely in Scotland, as far north as Orkney and Shetland, but little is yet known of the zoomorphic designs upon them, although they are now recognised as representing some of the finest monuments to Celtic Art, and equal to anything in Europe.

The Celts came from the Aryan cradle that also rocked the Persian, Greek, Italian and Slav ancestors—they were blue eyed, fair skinned, with hair of a reddish tinge.

Caves near Oban and at Inchnadamph in Sutherland give evidence of early stone age dwellings 2000 B.C., since refuse dumps nearby have disclosed the remains of deer horn, bone and flint implements.

Skara Brae, the Orkney Pictish village, consists of eight huts roofed with turf, and linked by galleries, with a refuse dump all round, acting as a protection.

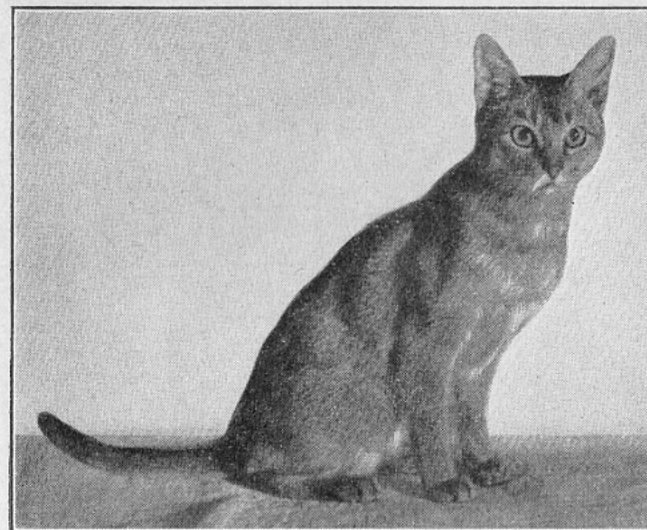
The earliest stones were unshaped boulders with symbols, The second class is a Standing stone, with the symbols on one side, and on the other a richly decorated Celtic Cross. In the third class the stones are recumbent, the symbols omitted, but rich decorated work remains.

Some of the symbols are said to refer to a pre-Scandinavian source of mythology . . . the 'Spectacles' for the Sun and Moon, attribute of Frey and Freya, the 'Elephant' the Snu Boar, symbol of Frey, and others representing the dignity of office. The Cup marks are said to come from Spain, and the Spiral from Scandinavia.

In zoomorphic design many animals are represented, birds, greyhounds, fish, deer, bears and fabulous creatures. There are many hunting scenes with men on horseback, and old stories relating to Jonah and Daniel.

Foliage design is however unknown in Celtic Art. The intricate plaitwork and circular

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PETROZANNE
SCHEHERAZADE

asks

"Where are my
Kit-zymes?"

Mrs. Carmen J. Roberts of 17 Delves Road, Walsall, Staffs., writes:—

"I have used Kit-zyme Tablets for the past four years, both for my Abyssinian and Siamese cats and have the greatest faith in their nutritive value.

Speaking as a breeder it is such a pleasure to find something that they really enjoy, which is a tonic and nerve stimulant at the same time.

They all know the bottle and look eagerly forward to their 'sweeties' specially at bedtime.

I cannot speak too highly of this product."

KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO
It is a natural Tonic and Conditioner—NOT a purgative

Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

Promotes resistance to:—**LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES**
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-
From Chemists, Corn Chandlers and Pet Shops

Literature free on request



If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:

PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10.



Ref. No. 104

CLEVER CAT

By M. HOLLAND

THIS skilled musician "playing upon the flute" is Corky. Two years ago, while on holiday in Corsica, I mentioned to my friend that I would like very much to have a ginger kitten. She happened to know of a neighbour who was trying to find good homes for three ginger kittens, the offsprings of a tortoiseshell mother. Promptly this unseen pet was christened Corky, the nearest English cat name we could think of which resembled the word Corsica.



Corky

He came to us a few weeks later—a round, lovable, ball of tawny fluff with large, blue eyes. We soon discovered that he was very intelligent and fond of performing little tricks. He is a born actor, loving an audience for his performances and delighted to have his photo taken.

One of his favourite posing positions is to lie full length on his back with his fore paws curled up below his chin; looking for all the world like a Victorian young lady with her hands in a muff. He will pose thus for ten minutes on end, until he has received a full measure of praise and admiration from those around him.

Quite often he will stand on his hind legs, especially if he can feel the warm air from an electric hair-dryer lifting the fur on his front.

When this particular photo was taken, he was nearly a year old. A little girl was holding the stick for him to jump up. Once he had grasped it in his paws he remained there happily chewing it for several minutes.

WHO SAID TIBS?



Champion Chinchilla
Sylvadene Solomon,
owned and bred by
Mrs. J. F. Barker,
Sylvan House, 49,
Church Street,
ILKESTON,
Derbyshire.



'YOU should have heard the purrs of welcome when I was introduced!' said Tibby, the Tibs Reporter. 'The mere mention of the name Tibs made every puss in Mrs. Barker's cattery, sit up and take notice. No need to ask her if they were all brought up on Tibs!'

WELL-KNOWN stud champion Sylvadene Solomon, shown above, gained his previous award at the Midland Counties Cat Club Show—October, 1952. Mrs. Barker's Chinchillas have won numerous prizes on a Tibs upbringing. She herself says—'I make it a rule

never to be without Tibs, and now they are in tablet form I like them better than ever. They do help to keep that healthy bloom and clear eye on my cats that tell me they are in tip-top condition.'

10d. and 2/-



Famous breeders say:

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Billy

Holywell,
Flintshire.

Dear Editor,

Three years ago I found a back number of your delightful magazine on a bookstall, and I have been reading it ever since.

My mother's cat is suffering with "snuffles," so I was interested to read of Intramammary Streptomycin. I shall be very grateful if you would kindly send me a tube and I will send you a P.O. to cover cost and postage.

I am enclosing a snapshot of my own neutered cat, Billy, and I would be very thrilled if you thought it good enough to include in your magazine.

Billy was one of a litter of seven kittens born in a violent thunderstorm 18 months ago. His mother was only about a year old and she had a dreadful time as four of the births were complicated. The telephone lines were damaged by the storm, so I couldn't get in touch with a vet, and had to help and encourage her as best I could. Unfortunately, she never got over it and a few weeks later I had to have her put to sleep.

I kept two kittens from the litter—Billy, the grey tabby (photo enclosed), and Benny, a beautiful, black fluffy kitten. They were vastly different in build and temperament and kept us greatly amused with all their antics.

When they were four months old I had them neutered by a good veterinary surgeon. The day after the operation they had quite recovered and played about as usual. However, about a week later, Ben became ill. He was sick and had awful diarrhoea and rapidly became too weak to stand. He felt cold to the touch, refused all food and drink, and yet he used to try and struggle to get into the wash basin—just to sit, as he wouldn't drink. A vet gave him injections and suggested I forced Ben to sip glucose

TO THE EDITOR

water every two hours. I persevered night and day and nursed him in a blanket by the fire; but it was no use and at the end of a week he just slipped away.

I have wondered if I had Benny neutered too early. He was hardly developed at all, but I wanted the job done before I went into hospital, and as a matter of fact I had my operation three days after Ben died.

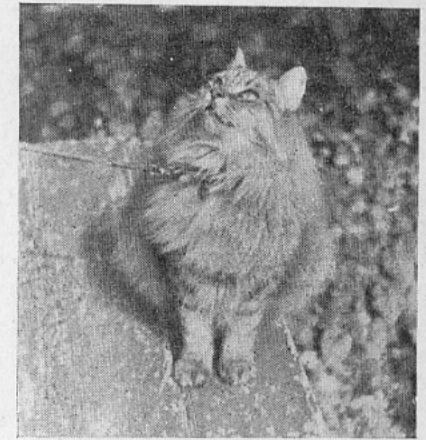
Do you, or any of your readers, think that this illness could have been the result of neutering too early? For if it had been the dreaded enteritis I cannot understand why Billy didn't catch it too.

Billy has been fed mainly on rabbit. He refuses Weetabix and other well-known cat foods. Now rabbits are unobtainable due to myxomatosis I am having a job to please Billy. The only thing he really enjoys is raw beefsteak—do you think too much of it will encourage worms?

I should like to conclude by thanking you for publishing the dates of the cat shows, and I wish success and long life to your interesting magazine.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) I. D. Evans.



Nonnon Hoste

London, W.11

Dear Editor,

I get your magazine regularly from my cousin who passes it on to me.

About a year or more ago I wrote about my cat who was suffering from a skin complaint which I cured temporarily by a lotion I got from a lady vet who had not seen the cat, and hers was the first lotion that seemed to really help him; the disease was kept at bay for so long that I thought he was permanently cured. But now it is all coming back.

I have a 'Tibs' cat book and from the description of his trouble it is *most obviously* dermatitis, small nodules rising above the surface of the skin and then turning to thick hard little scabs or scales. Quite possibly I can again cure it

LETTERS AND PICTURES

temporarily with the lady vet's lotion; but I wish I could make a *permanent* cure.

The Tibs book tells me that dermatitis is probably of Streptococcal origin; and I am sure I unwittingly was the cause of his trouble. He had never had any skin trouble until I went to read to an old lady whose cat was covered with skin disease. As she told me that *her* vet had said it was eczema and that it was *not* catching, I believed her and used to let the little creature sit in my lap; then when I got home my own cat immediately jumped into my lap, but first he sniffed all over the skirt, obviously smelling the other cat's emanations. Then, shortly after, I noticed the fur had come off the root of his tail underneath it and a row of pink nodules were on the bare skin.

I think vets sometimes make mistakes. A male vet I took my cat to said, "Oh yes! eczema," but it's *not*—it is dermatitis. A very kind doctor or surgeon wrote and told me how a veterinary surgeon, a friend of his, had completely cured a cat written about in your magazine *Cats and Kittens*, of dermatitis. I think its name may have been Ming but I'm not sure; it was a Siamese. As I thought my cat was cured I did not keep

his letters and do not remember the address, and now I am sorry that I did not make a note of it.

I was giving him Kit-zyme, but I thought he got worse. Then I tried Tibs. My other cat had a very mild attack of the dermatitis after he had it.

Do you think I could give one Tibs daily and *also* Kit-zyme, as he likes the latter. I see the Tibs book recommends '92' Ointment and, of course, Tibs tablets. Their diet is mostly fish as they do not like cooked meat or vegetables, and they won't eat them.

Yours sincerely,
M. Hoste.

Davos-Platz,
Switzerland.

Dear Editor,

I have just received my copy of *Cats and Kittens* for October and have read Mrs. E. Dixon's letter about her cat Whiskers, who suffers from pyrrhoëa. Perhaps you would be kind enough to tell her that I have found Tincture of Aloes very effective—either put on with a small paint brush or rubbed on with the finger. I have a silver tabby who suffers from it periodically and this treatment always seems to stop it, though he doesn't like the bitter taste very much!

TO THE EDITOR

With all best wishes for your magazine which I look forward to and much enjoy reading every month.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) M. H. Saunders.

P.S.—Judging from your "Candid Comments," cat shows must be the same everywhere. We have our "old gang" in this country too!

Cerrigydrudion, Corwen.

Dear Editor,

Thanks for reminder that my subscription for *Cats and Kittens* is due. The magazine is an endless source of interest, and pleasure, and has also been a great help.

May I make a suggestion, which I think would be worth Mrs. Dixon trying for her cat with pyrrhoëa? I have found Homoeopathic remedies work wonders with cats, and I think Merc. Sol. 6, giving half a tablet crushed (in a spot of cream it goes down well!) twice a day for about 10 days, would probably clear the condition. It is safe to repeat, at a distance of some weeks, if further trouble arises. It should be borne in mind that a Homoeopathic doctor is *not* a quack, but a doubly qualified man, having taken the usual degrees plus a further two years' training in the theory and practice

of Homoeopathic medicine. But cats react so queerly to many drugs; the Homoeopathic remedies are usually much safer and more successful with them, and for folk like myself, far from veterinary help, have saved many a life. Messrs. Nelson, of 73 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, are Homoeopathic Chemists, and are very willing to give advice if symptoms are fully, carefully and accurately described.

I've saved lots of cats with cat 'flu with Aconite 3x and Arsenicum Alb. 6, half a tablet alternately, two-hourly. My own Siamese, Bawbee Kola, has just recovered from pneumonia, caught by going off hunting in a bitter east wind in pouring rain, for four solid hours! Needless to say, he had escaped out of a window he has learnt to open for himself.

We sent for our vet, who diagnosed but refused to treat, as he said "I'd give M. & B., but I did that once, and the cat folded up and died in half an hour." So I gave Aconite 3x and Bryonia Alb. 6 alternately every two hours, till the breathing became easy and mucus came freely away, then dropped the Bryonia and went to Arsenicum Alb. 6, finally dropping the Aconite 3x when the temperature was nearly normal.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

He has made a splendid recovery and has no after-effects at all.

Do tell Mrs. Dixon to consult Nelsons. Penicillin will not always work and its disadvantage is that you cannot use it indefinitely. With the Homoeopathic method there is always something else, safe and effective, to turn to if one thing ceases to act. Do forgive such a long letter and don't bother to reply.

I was quite thrilled to see my "family" in your magazine! May I make a correction—in case you have Welsh readers? It's DYWALGI, not Dywaly (my writing is atrocious!), which is Welsh for Tiger.

By the way, if Mrs. Dixon consults Nelsons, she should mention that Whiskers has had penicillin and how long since. It antidotes some drugs, and alters the action of others greatly, so it is necessary they should know he has had it.

Yours sincerely,
Margaret H. Rogers.

Somerset.

Dear Editor,

In a recent issue of Cats and Kittens Magazine one of your correspondents asked, what was a Blackberry Kitten? This is a term used by old country people, meaning that the kitten was born at Blackberry time.

It is just the same as when the old folk talk about Cuckoo Lambs, meaning that the lambs are born with the arrival of the cuckoo.

Re your Candid Comments, November, you state that the next *important show* is the Siamese Cat Club Show. I would like to point out that the Championship Show of the South Western Counties Cat Club came before the Siamese Show and that the cat which had its championship certificate withheld at the Herts and Middlesex Cat Club received a championship certificate at the S.W.C.C.C. show at Taunton under Mrs. Holyrod in a very good class, and there were only 21 days between the two shows.

Although I agree with your comments, do not forget the S.W.C.C.C. is on the map, and do not forget us another time.

Yours sincerely,
L. A. H. Lowe, Capt.

Newport,
Isle of Wight.

Dear Editor,

I think your advice that a cat should be left, during its owner's absence from home on holiday, in its own home, is far too general. Cats are such individualists, and what might suit one, would not suit scores of others.

TO THE EDITOR

We are very fortunate to know of a reliable Holiday Home to which we have sent our cat, Penny, twice (1953 and 1954). Both times she has come back in the pink of condition and very happy. The Cats' Holiday Home is run by two cat lovers, who are very devoted to their job and to their little boarders. The Home is in a quiet country

district, at "Gretton," Church Road, Wootton, I.W. They are very busy and often full almost to overflowing. It added much to our enjoyment on holiday, to know that our Penny was being well cared for in good company.

We enjoy your magazine every month, it is so interesting.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) K. Spanner.

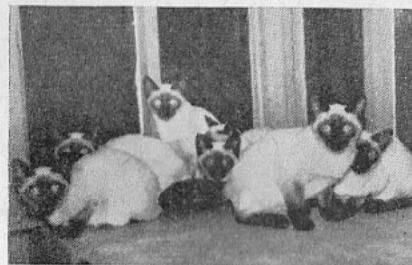
YOUR CATS AND MINE—from page 15

in the Open female. She was looking lovely and greatly improved since the Midland Counties show on October 26th. An outstandingly typey queen whom I admire very much. Miss Wells' Killdown Sultan was 2nd in the Open male, and although he did not get that coveted 3rd Ch. Certificate, his pen was certainly a riot of red cards. I was given permission to hold him after the show and

he was very sweet and easy to handle.

Dr. and Mrs. Groom's beautiful Blue point queen, Banchor Blue Titania, won a Ch. Certificate in the Blue point female Open class. I had a look at her, and thought her a really lovely exhibit. She has retained all that fine daintiness she displayed as a kitten. Her owners must be very proud of her.

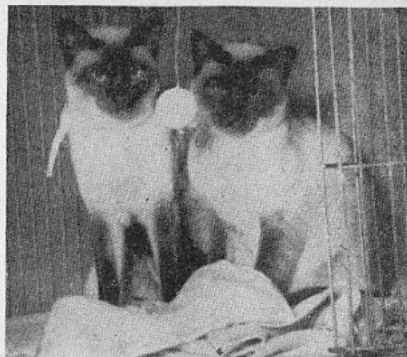
Mrs. Montgomery's two seal point male kittens were in the open 5-9 months kitten class, and looking very lovely. They have exceptionally pale close coats and excellent tails, although Thong has a kink. Unfortunately, their points are not yet fully developed, and this put them down to 3rd and Reserve. Although I am afraid I didn't see them, I was delighted that Mrs. Priston got 1st



Litter born 25th May, 1954. Sire :
Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. Dam: Chinki
(Sabrina) (pet name) Junita.

and 2nd with her two male blue point kits. These were sired by Ch. Pristine Bandoola, though for some reason the Ch. didn't appear in the catalogue. Miss Bone, who is so devoted to Abyssinians, and has always done so much to keep their flag flying, won the Champion of Champions class with her beautiful queen. Ch. Heatherpine Juanita. Miss Wells' chocolate point Sayam Zar Prak was Best stud, and Pristine Mapinwa best brood queen. Both were judged on progeny.

Miss Ann Codrington took 1st in the litter class with four male kits by Spotlight Troubadour out of her queen, Mill Feather, and I was pleased to see Mrs. Foxwell 1st and Mrs. Priston 2nd and 3rd in the A.V. Team. Mrs. Massey's Burmese, Yez-Ami Victor, was 1st and Ch. Adult male and Mrs. Waldo-Lamb's Chinki Golden Goddess 1st and Ch. Burmese female. Mrs. Macaulay's two very nice Burmese female kittens, Kyneton Atata and Aka were 1st and 2nd in their Open class. I didn't get chance to look at the long hairs, but Miss Langston's winning Chinchilla male, Fidelio of Allington was 1st and Ch., Best Long hair, and Best L.H. exhibit in show. Miss Langston is famous for breeding Chinchillas of outstanding quality, and rarely shows any of her beautiful cats or kittens without winning.



Chinki Blossom (left) and Elmham Chindit, spayed and neutred pets of Miss Vivian Edmonds

I'm afraid I didn't hear the Best in Show Short hair awards. In spite of my good resolutions to see everything, the day simply flew. I spent a great deal of time at the board, marking my catalogue, so that I could do a short report for the magazine.

I must say the restaurant in the Old Horticultural Hall needs some reorganizing. Two friends and myself went in for lunch about 12.45 p.m. and were told it was quite impossible to seat us, as the tables were reserved for judges, stewards, and so on, and it would probably be 2.30 p.m. before a table was free. As I had not had breakfast, I was not prepared to wait, and we decided to go to the Army and Navy Stores for lunch. However, when we got to the door of the hall, we were positively driven back by torrential rain and decided we had better have a

snack at the buffet. Later, I was told the restaurant closed at 2.30, so I can't imagine what the idea was of telling us to return at that time. Anyway, it is a completely inadequate restaurant for the size of the hall and the crowds they get there.

Mrs. Smith and I promised ourselves dinner on the train. She phoned and arranged for a taxi to take us to St. Pancras Station at 5.45 p.m., but it didn't turn up, and after wasting a great deal of time with further fruitless phone calls, I went to look for a taxi myself. I got one after quite a long time, but we missed our train, which had just gone when we arrived. The next one, the 7.10, only stopped at Derby, so Mrs. Smith left me, to catch the 7.55 which stopped at Leicester.

I was positively frozen by the time my train came in at 7.40 p.m.; then my compartment had no heat, and eventually I had to remove myself and cats to one where it was working. The rain was pelting down and I whiled away the time with a bar of chocolate and a study of my catalogue. The cats did not make a sound.

I remembered stopping at a small station, Sawley junction, after leaving Nottingham, then I must have dozed off to sleep as I sat in my corner. I was awakened with a start, as my

door opened and a voice asked where I was for. When I said Derby, he told me I was there, so I got him to help me out with my cats. The platform was deserted, and I am thankful he came along or I might have gone on with the train without knowing... horrible thought! Then—blessed sight—my husband came running along the platform. The ticket collector had sent him over to see if I was there, as he had waited at the barrier and everyone else had gone, and thought I must also have missed this train. He had been to and fro from the station since 9.15, when my first train should have arrived; all the trains were running late and it was now nearly midnight.

I had not had a meal all day and when I got home, I could not eat, though I was grateful for a lovely pot of tea. By the time I got to bed, I had nearly been up the clock round. To add to my husband's troubles, a queen which we had expected at 2 o'clock did not arrive, and he went five times to the stations here to see if she had turned up. As we guessed—it was because of the atrocious weather; her owner, who lives in the country, could not get through to the station to send her. As we were out, she couldn't even phone to let us know. It was very worrying!

Bexhill Cat Club Picture Show

THE Bexhill Cat Club's Fifth Picture Show was an unqualified success; it was the best Show the Club has ever had. There was an entry of nearly three hundred pictures of every sort of cat—elegant long-hairs, sleek mystic Siamese and the new, handsome Burmese; the great big costly tabbies came from the non-pedigree classes.

The show was opened by Miss Peggy Paige, the leading lady of the Penguin Players, and County Alderman Mrs. C. I. Meads introduced her. The bouquets were presented by little Sarah Norton, granddaughter of one of our members Mrs. Goodson Bateman.

Miss K. M. Stephenson's attractive cream Long Hair, Ashdown Sylvan Sprite, won Best in Show, and Miss Terrot's black half-bred Siamese male, Tong Castle Turps, won Best Non-Pedigree in Show.

The gate was excellent—the best ever. The general public is now taking an interest in this new kind of Show. It reaches yet another field of cat-lovers, who would not be exhibiting in the ordinary way, and by this method they can have much of the thrill and excitement of a real show; it also makes them feel that they are a part of the great Cat Fancy, and thereby increases their interest in cats.

Our grateful thanks are extended to the judges, who gave of their best and took such an interest in the show—Mrs. J. M. Newton, Mrs. Pike (the daughter of the late Mrs. Soames), Miss E. Skelton, Mr. Gordon Allt, and Mr. R. Arscott.

We are also very grateful for the help and support we got from other members of the Cat Fancy, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Coldham, Mrs. Cattermole, Mrs. Grant, Miss Jackson, Mrs. Marks, and others.

The Show Committee worked valiantly to put on the show; it entailed months of loving labour. The stallholders made a great effort and the results were splendid. Mrs. de Clifford, of C.P.L. fame, very kindly brought down the most delightful display of dolls, lent by the Doll Club of Great Britain, and one of our members loaned a charming collection.

Mrs. V. E. Major of Great Bookham, sent several of her lovely cat studies. She photographed the Best Non-Pedigree in Show, Tong Castle Turps. Her photographic work is quite outstanding, according to the judges. She has always been one of our most faithful supporters.

We all missed the presence of our bright little Mrs. K. L. Regan, who has left these parts to go and live nearer London.

STONES OF PICTLAND—from page 20

knotwork is very clever, and appears to be formed from a number of different knot designs, and these they play about with to the geometric precision of a jig saw puzzle.

It is very impressive to come across one of these Standing Stones, sometimes eight feet high or more, standing in the centre of a cornfield, or by the roadside.

There is a beautiful one in the Vicarage garden at Glamis. The cat as such is not generally named in Celtic art, possibly because they were not widely known before the 10th century, but on the photograph of this old stone in Meikle Museum which I had permission to take, I feel sure that the "googly-eyed" animal with a curly tail must refer to the Scottish wild cat.

BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN—from page 5

jumps quickly and quietly on to the bottom shelf, grabs a tasty morsel and disappears—all so quickly that one is unaware of her presence. Since my Siamese was in kitten and is now a mother, I have put by odd delectable scraps for her, in addition to her regular diet, and Aphrodite has lost no time in discovering their whereabouts. Most Russian Blues are better behaved.

It is a most extraordinary fact that whenever I sit down

to write about R.B's my Siamese sits right on top of the paper, making it almost impossible to add another word. At the moment the two Blues are rather fed up with the lime-light centred upon the four young Siamese babies, and the delight with which I hail their clumsy attempts at walking. Kipper leaps from chair to chair just to show how graceful a cat *can* be. Aphrodite sits more pensively, perhaps remembering her own first steps of not so many months ago!

BEXHILL CAT CLUB PICTURE SHOW

So now this little Club can go forward with confidence that it can fulfill its appointed destiny—to help the felines in every way possible and that this sort of show is yet another

avenue opened out to assist in popularizing cats, and to bring them before the general public.

KATHERINE TERROT,
Founder-Chairman.

THE DOMESTIC TIGERS OF EDINBURGH—from page 17

that there are also beautiful friendships, strange alliances, and social gatherings of cats at which peace and goodwill prevail.

If the numbers and well-being of a city's cat population

are any indication of the owners' standards of civilised living (as well they may be!) then the City of Edinburgh has cause for satisfaction. Edinburgh cats are numerous, friendly, well-conducted and fat.

KIM OF SEAWOOD—from page 10

of a sweet disposition, sleeps in the kitchen by the Aga, and comes up to our room for forty winks on the bed about 5 a.m. He talks in his own little way, and never sits down on your lap in the evening, until he has rubbed his nose violently on your shin, then he settles and stretches out one long arm like

a "Heil Hitler" sign and goes to sleep.

Some of your stories from readers whose cats fall ill and die, make my throat ache, and I always say a prayer that my Kimmie will live for many years yet and be my pal again in the next life, and somehow I think he will really be able to talk to me then.

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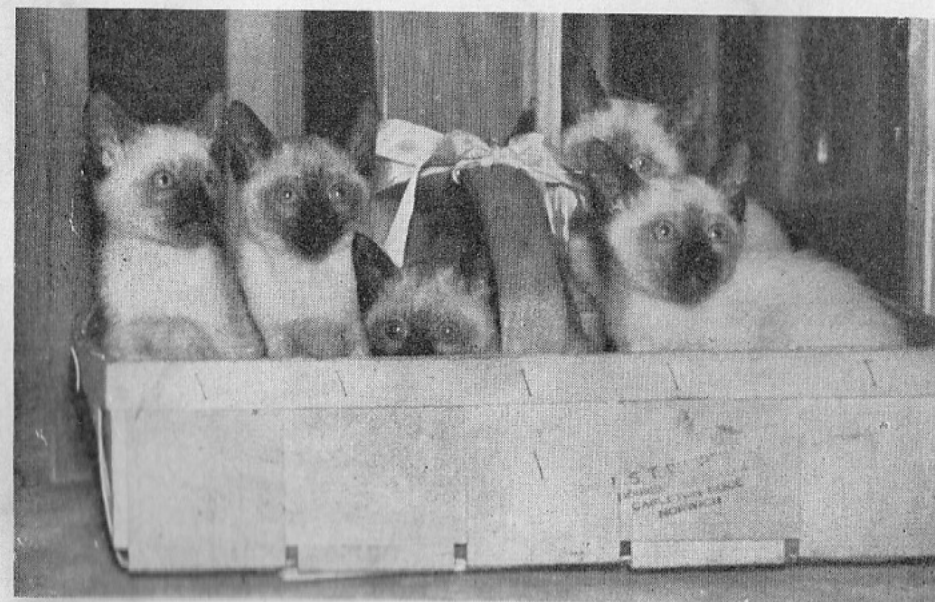
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