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A CASSELL BOOK

Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING

VOL. I No. 1

JANUARY 1949


LET'S GET TOGETHER

WE present—in all humility and with a great deal of hope and optimism—this first issue of your new magazine. May it endure to bring you pleasure, interest and profit for a long time to come.

OUR CATS has been launched because its sponsors have felt there is a need to-day for a periodical of its kind. Interest in cats, their breeding and management, has never stood so high. Surely then it is time we had in this country—the home of the best stock in the world—a worthy publication which not only reflects in a general way this widening interest in the British Fancy but also works for the well-being and the better understanding of our friend and companion, the Cat.

OUR CATS is an independent journal. It will be free therefore to control its own destiny; to give help and encouragement where it is needed and to be critical when such a course seems desirable. It will at all times endeavour to be impartial and to ensure that there are "fair shares" for all. The test will always be: Is it a good article of general interest or is it a good picture?

Finally, may we strike a bargain with you as a cat lover? Give us your maximum interest and support and we in turn will give you a magazine which is authoritative, interesting and entertaining and with the highest possible standard of production. Let's get together on this job.

 **GENERAL INFORMATION:** The address for all communications relating to editorial and advertisements in OUR CATS is 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9. Publication date is the 20th of the month and closing date is the last day of the month preceding the month of publication. MSS. and photographs submitted will only be returned if accompanied by fully stamped and addressed envelopes. Photographs should preferably be of the glossy type with sharp details.

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Views and opinions expressed in the editorial pages are not necessarily those held by the Editor.

Goodwill & Good Luck

The task of preparing this first issue of OUR CATS for publication has been rendered all the more pleasant and easier by the numerous Goodwill and Good Luck Messages we have received from cat lovers all over the world. A number of these messages from prominent personalities are reproduced below and we wish that space would enable us to print many more. To all who have written us we send our grateful thanks and a note of our intention to justify the interest and confidence they have expressed in this new publication.

From Mr. Cyril Yeates, Chairman of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy.

So you are going to call your new paper "OUR CATS." The title brings back memories of the delightful little paper which Mrs. Ransome brought out under the same name in 1899 and which was still in existence when I joined the Fancy in 1916 and for some years after. It brought great pleasure to hundreds of Fanciers. Personally, I never tire of reading the articles written by Fanciers and looking at the photos of cats of the period. I wish you—the new "OUR CATS"—the best of luck and a long and prosperous career.

From Dr. W. A. Young, President of the American Cat Association.

May I congratulate you on your new venture. I trust that OUR CATS will prove to be successful as well as helpful to the Fancy. I am sure that something of this sort should do quite well.

From Mrs. Karl B. Norton, Secretary of the American Cat Fanciers' Association, Inc.

I do hope you will have the very best of luck with your new Magazine. I believe there is always room for a good magazine relating to cats. It can be a great help to breeders and also something we can look forward to each month. No doubt your venture will be very successful due to the fact that you have had experience.

From M. Marcel Chamonin, President of the Cat Club of Geneva.

OUR CATS! What a beautiful title for a Magazine which wishes each month to penetrate further into the mysterious soul of our little feline friend! And while the idea is to create a link between the breeders of Great Britain and those of the whole world, we, the Swiss breeders, are happy to salute this new weapon of peace between the

peoples. We who are the juniors of the great family of cat lovers will follow with increasing interest the experiences of those who are our masters. Happy and long life to OUR CATS.

From Madame M. Ravel, Secretary-General of the Cat Club de Paris.

In these sombre days when the inhumanity of man seems to have reached new depths, in these sad days of disorder in a world seeking the path of truth, it is comforting and useful and without doubt a necessity that a Magazine such as OUR CATS should be launched. To the largest and the most unquestioning audience, the cause of our brothers the cats will be pleaded. To defend them makes them better known and therefore better loved. And that ensures a little more love in the world.

From Miss F. E. Pocock, Chairman of the South African Cat Union.

I wish your venture every success. I do hope that one day you may be able to publish colour photographs of the winning cats at the leading shows. OUR CATS will be brought to the notice of our members and I personally look forward very much to my first copy.

From Knud Hansen, leading personality in the Danish Fancy.

I wish OUR CATS great success. It may be hoped that the new journal will become an all-round publication containing everything concerning the Cat Fancy and cat questions in general.

From Mr. Michael Joseph, author of "Charles" and other cat books, and President of the Siamese Cat Club of the British Empire.

All good fortune to OUR CATS from me and my cats. I am reserving space on my bookshelf for many bound volumes.

From Miss Kit Wilson, Editor of The Cat Fancy.

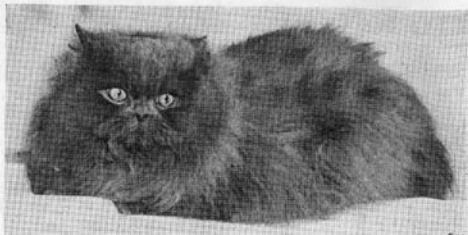
Good luck to the new cat paper. May the friendly relations between OUR CATS and THE CAT FANCY flourish for the mutual advantage of all cat breeders and cat lovers. Just a personal wish, too, for a very big success to the new venture. Good luck and good reading.

From James Mason, Beverly Hills, California, great cat lover and film star.

My wife and I look forward with great interest to the first issue of OUR CATS and hope that each succeeding issue will sell out instantaneously to an insatiable public.

From Miss H. N. Posthuma, Editress of the Dutch Society of Cat Breeders and Fanciers.

I was pleased to hear you are starting a cat magazine and hope we shall be able to establish another link in the already warm relationship that exists between your and our Cat Fancy. We have imported many English cats that have never disappointed. Good luck and best wishes.



Meet Yank the Champ

THE handsome four-year-old male Blue Persian pictured above is something more than a cat in a thousand. He is Dixi-Land's Pearl Harbor Yank, America's Grand Champion for 1948, who scored over more than 2,000 exhibits in 57 shows staged in the United States and Canada during the 1947-48 season. Yank was shown six times during the season and each time he carried off the Best Cat award. His final triumph as American Cat of the Year was determined by a mathematical system applied to the results of all the shows held. Yank had the greatest point score of all the competing cats.

It is interesting to note that there is good English blood in the Champion's pedigree. Yank is a grandson of Grand Champion Dixi-Land's Salute, who was a son of Benjamin of Westfield (owned by Mrs. Bazeley) and Dixi-Land's Wanda of Dunesk (bred and owned by Mrs. Brunton), both well-known English cats. His other grandsire was Champion Lavender Chu Chu, another famous English cat which was bred by Mrs. Yeend and exported.

Yank was shown by Mrs. Annie B. Revington, of Bristol, Tennessee, who has been breeding and showing cats for over 20 years, and who is known throughout the United States as a judge with outstanding ability and experience. She writes: "While I did not breed him (Yank was bred by Mrs. E. Rebecca Janes, of Hampton, New Hampshire), I did breed his dam and several others of his pedigree. The award is an achievement which represents many years of diligent study, breeding and exhibiting. And it is a stimulus to strive for even better."

Yank's victory was the second in a row for a Blue Persian male aristocrat. He was born 12th July, 1944.

TO OUR FRIENDS IN NORTH AMERICA

Subscriptions to **OUR CATS** are being kindly received by Mr. Charles A. Kenny, "Cats Magazine," P.O. Box 928, Pittsburgh 22, P.A. The rate is \$3.50 for 12 issues post free. A few single specimen copies will be available occasionally at 35 cents. When remitting to Mr. Kenny, care should be taken to indicate clearly that the remittance is intended for the English magazine, **OUR CATS**.



“King of the Cats”

We count it an honour and a privilege to be able to present this profile of Mr. Cyril Yeates, Chairman of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy. This appreciation, to appear in two instalments, is packed with interest for every type of cat lover, because it tells the fascinating story of one who has devoted his life to the Fancy.

HOW would you like to come along with us to meet the “King of the Cats”? You would? That’s splendid, because we can guarantee that you—a cat lover—will be treated to an experience you will not easily forget.

The bus which passes through the Royal Borough of Kensington takes us to our destination. There, a short distance up a quiet side turning and still within earshot of the traffic rumble in the busy main

thoroughfare we have just left, we find the “King’s” residence. It stands solid in one of those finely built old terraces which are a feature of the district; it has a look of quiet and dignity—just the right touch of atmosphere for the occasion.

We stop to stare for a moment before announcing our arrival. What, no plaque or distinguishing sign! There *should* be one announcing to all and sundry that “This House is the G.H.Q. of

Our photograph at the top of the page shows Mr. Cyril Yeates at the 1948 National C.C.C. Show. On his left, Madame Ravel, Secretary-General of the Cat Club de Paris, admires Mr. Martin’s prize-winning Blue male Southway Crusader as he is displayed by Miss Kathleen Yorke. (*Sport and General Photo.*)

Catdom." For very many years it has been a hub of activity in the cat world and through its portals there has passed at some time or another almost every entry of note in "Who's Who" of the Fancy. Many have gone there for help and advice. None has come away without it.

Inside the G.H.Q., we are soon meeting and talking with the "King" himself. He is, of course, Mr. Cyril Yeates, the best known and most respected figure in the Fancy to-day. Breeder, club official, show promoter, International judge and Chairman of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy since 1926. Talk to C. Y. for half an hour and you come away with a feeling that you are on friendly terms with all the cats in Christendom. At 74, he retains a wonderful faculty for remembering the names which meant something in the Fancy during the periods between the two world wars. Should he be stumped for a name—and that is rare—he has available for quick reference a library of records and literature that must be without equal in this country.

"A Long Innings"

"The world's a scene of changes." The realisation of this is brought home to us by the fact that the appearance of this new Magazine synchronises with the end of Cyril Yeates's long and honourable term of office as Chairman of the G.C.C.F. Very soon he will be vacating the position, a

step he was anxious to take a year ago.

He feels now that he has earned a respite. "After all, I've had a long innings," he told us, and then added, with a twinkle in his eye, "and there are lots of art galleries I haven't had time to visit." Yes, the break is final this time, although one can be sure that C. Y. will remain very keenly interested in the affairs of the Fancy and available, as ever, at the judging bench.

A Peacemaker

The regal title we have bestowed on Cyril Yeates is not mere journalese nor is it inspired out of regard for the flamboyant. It is a title well and truly earned. C. Y. is the last man to tolerate anything flashy or showy, although, strangely enough, he has been responsible for the organisation of the most successful cat shows ever staged. He is by character benign and friendly and we should be paying him no more than his just due if we added "legislator and peacemaker" to the long list of services he has rendered over the years to the Fancy. We do, in fact, suspect C. Y. of having stored away in his cellar a large barrel of unctuous fluid of the type one uses for pouring on troubled waters! His supply, like his patience, has seemed inexhaustible.

The career of Cyril Yeates is a story of lifelong devotion to a cause—the raising of the status of the cat. It is a story well worth

the telling, and our appreciation of his remarkable character should be all the more interesting and refreshing at this time—for these are days when the spirit of service is becoming a much rarer quality in the human make-up.

In 1910, Cyril Yeates was taken to his first cat show at Hounslow by the lady who subsequently became his wife. After their marriage in 1911, his wife "Gretta" always had a few cats about the house and naturally the apprentice husband became interested in them. Their first show successes were gained with two Black long-hair kittens, Clean Sweep and Salamambo of Highgate, both first prize winners in 1918. Clean Sweep went eventually to America and Salamambo, when eight years old, became the mother of Ch. Sally Cat.

Champion Model

Many of "the old brigade" will remember Sally. She was a very beautiful lady who took her tenth Championship at the Crystal Palace when ten years old! She was photogenic to a degree and probably more pictures of her have been taken than of all other show cats put together. Ch. Sally Cat calendars went all over the world and they are still appearing.

The first official post to be held in the Fancy by Cyril Yeates was when, in 1921, he became Hon. Secretary of the Black and White Club, a post he held until 1933, when Mrs. Cattermole took over. He remains a member and keenly interested in the affairs of the Club

and it is as a B. and W.C. Delegate that he takes his seat on the Governing Council.

In 1923 he compiled the Supplement to Vol. I of the Stud Book and Vol. II, and in the same year he became the Hon. Secretary of the National Cat Club and ran, with two exceptions, all the N.C.C. Shows at the Crystal Palace until it was destroyed, and after that at the Paddington Baths until 1938. Prior to this, he managed the first Kensington Show with the late Miss Frances Simpson in 1922, and he was also show manager of the Southern Counties Show in 1923.

A Great Lady

Mr. Yeates had the greatest admiration for Miss Simpson, who, incidentally, compiled Messrs. Cassell's monumental "Book of the Cat" in 1903. He told us: "She knew more about cats than anyone I have ever met and as a show organiser and judge she had no equal. My wife, who was one of her protégés, and I were greatly indebted to her as a teacher."

When C. Y. became associated with the N.C.C. he advanced some suggestions for making the Club more attractive. These were adopted and resulted, as he had hoped, in a big increase of members and show entries. In 1923, entries totalled 770. In 1935 they reached 1,141, a figure which has never been passed in any cat show.

In 1921, Cyril Yeates was put on the list of Blue Persian judges,

but he always refused to judge until the occasion of the Midland Counties Show in 1938, when at the last moment he deputised for Miss Savory, who was scheduled to take the Blue kittens. Since then, owing to the shortage of judges, he has officiated fairly often. Another honour fell to him in 1937, when the Siamese C.C. Committee put him on their list of official judges.

His Greatest Honour

They say that a prophet is rarely recognised in his own country. This cannot be said of Cyril Yeates, because it would be more true to say that his worth is recognised not only in his own land, but in other countries too. He has judged in Belgium, Denmark and France, and as recently as last November he made the trip over to Paris in anything but clement weather to judge at the show organised by the Cat Club de Paris.

It was in 1928—over 20 years ago—that the greatest honour of all was bestowed on C. Y. as some recognition of the wonderfully consistent work he had done for the Fancy. He was elected Chairman of the Governing Council in succession to Sir Claud Alexander and, of course, he has held the post ever since. Fanciers generally and particularly those who "stuck to their guns" during the last war, will find it hard to imagine anyone else sitting at the head of the table.

At the present time, the Council consists of nearly 80 delegates

and it is the personal opinion of C. Y. that a governing body of this size is a trifle unwieldy and at times a little difficult to control. He contends that anybody who is experienced in committee work knows that the amount of work accomplished by a committee is in inverse ratio to its size.

"Small and Select"

Cyril Yeates also holds definite views about present day classification at the shows and the lists of special prizes. He says that both would be the better for a little trimming down. The Cat Fancy, he emphasises, is a small and select fancy and should conduct itself as such.

We must turn now for a moment to the part played by Cyril and "Gretta" Yeates as breeders and exhibitors. Many were the lovely cats they bred and showed and in next month's issue we intend to say something about them as well as continuing the career of Cyril Yeates.

"Gretta" Yeates died in 1937 and her passing was a grievous loss to the Fancy. None worked harder or more cheerfully at the show bench or in the general cause of British cats. She had a genius for penning an exhibit in perfect bloom, and a tribute to her skill is to be found in our front cover picture by Thomas Fall, the well-known animal photographer. It is of Columbine, one of "Gretta" Yeates's best-loved Persian kittens—a daughter of Son o' Flick and the Black Warabara.

(To be continued)

Cat and Dog Life

Rivals for affection compared by GORDON SYMES

NEXT to sport and politics, nothing can divide us so sharply from the bosom of our family or our friends as the cat and dog controversy. Which is the greater friend to man? The more intelligent? The more reliable? A less fundamental question but important enough for the householder—which is the cleaner and less troublesome? And, finally, which can be more safely left with the children? Most of us, sooner or later, must make this grave domestic decision. Cat or dog? Puppy or kitten?

Most of you, of course, will already have made your choice. Otherwise you would not be reading this. But in point of fact it is by no means necessary to decide so exclusively between cat and dog. In the first place, there is very little evidence that the traditional enmity between the two animals has any real basis in nature. Where they are brought up under the same roof, cat and dog usually get on together well enough, or at least preserve a studied non-belligerence. Cases of hostility can generally be explained by the fact that the animals see in each other a rival for human favour and attention. And some dogs, of course, are trained from puppyhood to chase

other animals, particularly those which bear any resemblance to the *genus* rabbit.

In the second place, it is quite possible for the same person to like both cats and dogs. Some eminent cat lovers have found a place in their hearts, and at their hearths, for dogs, too. Amongst them must be included the author and publisher Mr. Michael Joseph, whose delightful book, "Cat's Company," contains a closely argued chapter on the relative merits of cats and dogs, to which some of the following viewpoints are indebted.

Invariably the first argument canvassed by the dog lover will be the superiority of the canine intelligence. The dog understands me, he will say. He learns quickly, he can comprehend and obey orders. He can do tricks, some of them clever and amusing, some of them quite useful, like fetching the paper. Whoever heard of a cat fetching the paper? Or rounding up sheep in response to a complicated code of whistles?

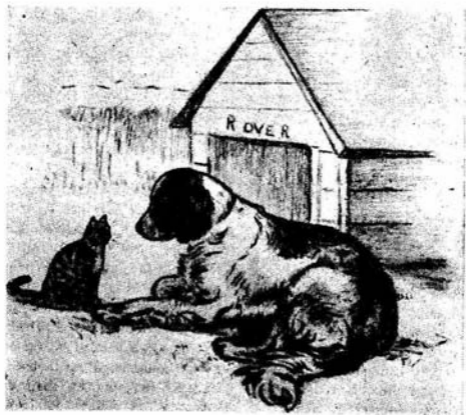
This is fair enough, as far as it goes, though most cat lovers will be able to think up their own examples of feline intelligence. But the real answer to this argument is that the cat applies its intelligence to its own uses. It

does not submit to the humiliation of learning some nursery routine for the sake of a pat or a biscuit. The cat, as immortalized by Kipling, has always walked by itself. It has used its wits to fend for itself—and is therefore less dependent on the humours of man for its well-being.

Witness the great attention paid by cats to their physical cleanliness and condition. In other words, cats can look after themselves far more successfully than dogs. Any "vet." can tell you that a sick cat is much more of a rarity than a sick dog. The dog must be kept religiously to its diet

and exercise or a whole text-book of maladies may follow. The cat chooses its food fastidiously for itself, it rests at the dictates of nature, it washes itself assiduously. Its whole life seems to spring from a secret inner routine ; at the very worst, it will quietly go and nibble grass in the garden and rest up unobtrusively somewhere until its normal health has returned. It is a walking (or a resting) object-lesson to human beings in the conservation of energy, the avoidance of unnecessary strain.

Not even the dog's best friend could claim cleanliness as a doggy



This delightful illustration by Margaret Johnson is one of many to be found in the new children's book "Miss Kelly." A review of this Michael Joseph publication appears on another page of our issue.

prerogative. On the contrary, most dogs enjoy getting dirty and dislike being washed afterwards. The cat, of course, is one of the cleanest animals we know. Moreover, the dog shows a similar lack of discrimination with regard to food; centuries of domestication have given it very little scruple about what is fit to eat. But try feeding stale food to your cat!

And, before we leave the subject of intelligence, have you ever watched a dog tire himself out by jumping at a wall which a cat would know without even trying (or at least only trying once) was impossible to clear?

But the dog lover is not so easily silenced. At least (he may say) a man knows where he is with a dog. And for loyal, devoted and affectionate companionship there is simply no comparison at all. This, it must be admitted, cannot be immediately gainsaid and an adequate answer goes to the very roots of human values. On account of that independence already mentioned, most cats are aloof and undemonstrative, sparing and unpredictable in their favours. Many a proud owner has been embarrassed by his cat's refusal to perform, or even to acknowledge the relationship, in public. Yet it is surely in this capriciousness, the unexpected flash of affection which may follow an almost contemptuous withdrawal, the graceful poise which refuses to fawn, that a cat's attraction chiefly lies. After all,

men have venerated women over the centuries for very similar reasons. Such a comparison is one which the mere male should only make with diffidence—it is liable to misinterpretation!

Writers (particularly male) are a cat-loving class. Far more literary tributes have been paid to cats than to dogs. Scores of famous writers can be invoked in this cause, from the morbid French poet Baudelaire to the lively Transatlantic humorist Mark Twain.

Michael Joseph's closing remarks can hardly be bettered as a summary of the cat lover's attitude. "The dog is, for some, a completely satisfying companion. He is a good, faithful servant, certainly. . . . The cat, by contrast, is an aristocrat; reserved, immaculate, graceful, acknowledging no human master. His friendship is not easily won but it is something worth having. Not for me the facile tail-wagging and boisterous greeting of the dog—though I like dogs well enough. Give me the silent companionship and understanding of the cat, who pleases my eye, does not offend my ear (except on rare nocturnal excursions!) and offers me, not canine flattery, but the privilege of intelligent friendship.

"When I reflect that dogs have more adherents than cats I am consoled by the thought that Mr. Cruft, organizer of the world-famous dog shows, always kept a cat. Mr. Cruft was a wise man."

My Trip to Holland

I HAVE just returned from tasting the wonderful joys that are inseparable from Dutch hospitality. I was asked, along with Miss Evelyn Langston and Mrs. Yeend, to judge at the International Championship Show of The Naderlandsche Vereeniging van Fokkers en Liefhebbers va Katten (which in plain English means The Dutch Club of Cat Breeders and Cat Lovers) held at The Hague last month. Thanks to the great generosity of Mrs. and Miss Posthuma, who asked me to spend a week's holiday with them in their lovely house, Groot Bentveld, a few miles outside Haarlem, I was able to see and enjoy some of the fascinating sights of this delectable country.

In spite of the great difficulties and dangers, Miss Posthuma kept her cattery going throughout the German occupation and her description of the manner in which she did it makes one gasp at the magnificent spirit which stood out in those very grim days. Food for human consumption was almost impossible to get and food for animals was therefore quite out of the question. Yet she managed it, and those inmates of her cattery, Jonathan of Shatterway (bred by Mrs. Sampson in 1938), Ch. Theydon Heather (bred by Miss Pelley in 1935), Bentveld Candy (bred by Miss Posthuma in 1939), and others, were looking in the pink of condition. In my Siamese classes I had also two old ladies—Ki of Panki (born in 1938), who, although dark and slightly failing in eye colour, got an excellent on account of the marvellous texture of her coat and her beautiful type; and Siama Moefasti (born in 1938), to whom the same remarks apply.

Miss Posthuma says very modestly that she was lucky in having a garden where she could grow potatoes. One potato, by the way, if it had to be bought in the open market, cost roughly 4s. So to supplement the home-grown supply for the cats, Miss Posthuma used to go by night into the woods and collect a sort of squashy mushroom which is full of fat white worms. These fungi, boiled and put

through the mincer with the potatoes, gave the cats some kind of meat! At times there were salted winkles, which took two days' constant washing to remove the brine!

To-day, the cattery at Groot Bentveld must be the dream of all cats. The studs are housed in lovely large houses in a pine wood and each has a run at least 50 yds. long, which is most wonderfully made in a sort of maze pattern. Each has its own trees and in summer there are roses and other flowering shrubs. Each stud, too, has his complete freedom in the lovely grounds for a day in rotation. At night the studs are brought into the house, where they have a large room and each sleeps in his own pen, having had a supper of meat and barley and a nightcap of warm goat's milk.

The females and kittens live a free life in the house by day and they, too, have their own pens in another room for bedrooms. Lucky indeed are the inmates of the Bentveld Cattery.

Best of the Cats

And now for the Show. This was held in a large hall connected with the Ice Skating Rink at The Hague. Nearly 200 exhibits faced the judges and over 1,000 visitors paid for admission. That lovely exhibit, Southway Wizard, bred by Mr. Martin, won his International honours, thus putting him on a par with his elder brother Southway Nicholas. Congratulations to Mr. Martin on having bred two International Champions. Jonathan of Shatterway won a C.C. under Mrs. Yeend. His colour must be the dream of all Cream breeders. Jolyon of Allington, a lovely Chinchilla bred in England by Miss Main and sired by MacDuff of Allington, also won his honours, and Tollerton Rosebud, an enchanting Cream kitten (lately imported by Miss Posthuma and bred by Mrs. Oakley, and to which I gave its first award at Wombwell in September), carried out her early promise and won a first and excellent in kitten class.

In Siamese, Salween Challenger, bred by Miss Skelton, and looking extraordinarily like his brother Salween Rajah, won his honours. Challenger is owned by Mrs. Rozendaal, who is English, and who is all out to improve the breed in Holland. She has just purchased that lovely kitten Doneraile Diane from Mrs. Kathleen R. Williams. There was only one Blue Point, sired by Larchwood Clover, a very nice kitten.

My Best in Show was a perfectly exquisite Chinchilla Short-Hair, shown by Miss Roodenburg. Never have I seen anything quite so perfect; when she grows to cathood she should go very far.

Mrs. Yeend, greatly impressed with the Reds, said that she had seldom seen such grand specimens and I must say the same of the Red Short-Hairs, although they were in every case neutered. This was a tragedy!

The Show was most beautifully run, and kept strictly to our English way of judging. I was immensely impressed with the veterinary examination of each exhibit. There were three vets and each cat was thoroughly overhauled, even to the use of a stethoscope. The stewards were painstaking and kind to a degree and although I had 18 in my open male class, 22 in the female, and 30 kittens, not to mention six litters and side classes, my task was made enjoyable by their kind ministrations. My whole trip was a memorable occasion and I shall look forward to another visit in the summer when, as I shall not be judging, I can visit the Dutch cats in their own homes.

English fanciers should take their hats off to their Dutch counterparts for the wonderful way they have got the Fancy going over there again in such a short time.

A Story with a Kink in it!

NO dust jacket has intrigued me quite so much as that provided for Katherine Sim's Siamese cat saga, "*These I Have Loved*." Look once at the design and you see two Siamese kitten heads, one a green-eyed (?) wideawake youngster and the other with sleepy eyes. Look again and the two heads have become merged to form a quaint caricature of a kitten with a body contour resembling somewhat that of a Christmas goose.

This book (published by Allan Wingate at 6s., including optical illusion!) will delight Siamese fans. Few of us have had the good fortune to know what life in the Malayan jungle is like. Mrs. Sim describes it in vivacious and lucid style and the voices we are compelled to listen to with rapt attention are those of Antony, Cleopatra, Caesar and Ptolemy, four of her seven Siamese cats. I am one with Michael Joseph, who, in his introduction to the book, admits his dislike of anthropomorphic cats. For once, however, the personality and humour displayed by Antony and Co. have overcome my deep-seated objection to quadrupeds who converse outside of children's books.

Here, for instance, is Antony's delightful story in the prologue, which is a taste of many more interesting things to come: "The priest of a certain temple in Siam was at his wit's end with worry because a very precious royal goblet had been stolen from the temple. A young Siamese cat from the palace heard of this loss and with his bride he went wandering into the jungle. Together they found the missing goblet; its gold and jewels glittered as it lay among damp leaves and tangled creepers where swaying leeches reared themselves threateningly.

'Now you stay here and guard it,' the young cat said to his mate, 'and I will go back to inform the priest in the temple.' And so he left her.

When he returned after four nights and three days she was still lying patiently in the path, and her tail was firmly coiled round the stem of the goblet so that no one could touch it without her knowing. But she was no longer alone—five tiny perfectly formed kittens nestled again her soft creamy side, and she was busy washing and attending to their needs. So intense had her loyalty of purpose been that never for a second had she relinquished her grip of the goblet, with the result that she had developed a permanent kink in her tail, and each one of the five kittens had been born with a similar miniature kink in his own minuscule tail. . . . So through countless generations this slight physical peculiarity has been handed down—a lasting reminder of one courageous act."

How lovely a legend and how grandly told!

A. S.

WHO'S WHO among the Breeders

MRS. DUNCAN HINDLEY

BRING together any half-dozen knowledgeable people in the Cat Fancy and set them talking about Siamese. Listen to their conversation and it will not be long before you hear some mention of the Prestwick prefix and Mrs. Duncan Hindley. And it is a certainty that the references will be laudatory and complimentary in character. That is all as it should be because for over twenty years these two names have stood for much that is best in the breed.

Mrs. Hindley, greatly loved and respected throughout the Fancy, is a lady who has succeeded because she has always held fast to her ideals. When she first became attracted to the breed she was determined to breed for type, character and brilliant eye colour and to eschew all side issues likely to distract her from this purpose. She was not content merely to breed Siamese. That was not enough. She had her own very fixed ideas as to what a really good Siamese should look like.

The soundness of her decision is reflected to-day not only in the long string of Championships and other show awards which she has earned and the general popularity of the Prestwick cats, but also in the high esteem in which she is held as an authority on the breed and judge. Under her capable and enthusiastic Chairmanship, the Siamese Club prospered and grew in an unprecedented degree, and when a few months ago her retirement from the chair was marked by a presentation befitting

the occasion, the Club could proudly declaim that it was the largest specialist organisation of its kind in Europe.

It may not be generally known that Mrs. Hindley is a lady with unusual artistic gifts. Little wonder, then, that the Prestwick Catteries are a model of their type set in the glorious Surrey countryside near Chiddingfold.

OUR CATS was fortunate in persuading Mrs. Hindley to open this series of breeder articles which, it is hoped, will prove of interest and profit to all those who love cats, whether they are Siamese or any other breed. Armed with a set of



Prestwick Penglima-Pertama

questions which we thought would evoke the most interesting responses, we set out hopefully to tackle the task of interviewing. With what success, we leave it for you, the reader, to judge.

OUR CATS: It's always interesting to hear from pioneers the stories of their early struggles and experiences. What first attracted you to cats?

MRS. HINDLEY: My first loves were horses and dogs. Then, in 1921, we brought over from Malaya a dainty little pale-coated Siamese queen—she was my first cat. Her name was Puteh-Punya, which is Malayan for "My own little white one." This little lady was lodged happily with the ship's butcher and we used to visit her twice a day. There was no horrible quarantine in those days, but when the ship docked we were a little concerned that there might be delay over inspection. The butcher, being a man of resource, offered to get the cat through as a canary! Imagine our trepidation in case Puteh should give tongue in the real Siamese fashion just at the wrong moment. But, thanks to the breed's characteristic contrariness, our worst fears were not realised.

Did you ever breed from this queen?

Yes, she had numerous black mongrel litters until one day someone sent me an advertisement of a Siamese stud, Ch. Mon Dèk by name, and from that day I have been breeding Siamese. Puteh, as I have explained, was a dainty little queen and she possessed very slim legs and oval feet, points lacking in many of the breed to-day. A prominent personality in the cat world in my early days was Miss Busted and it was she who filled me with enthusiasm for breeding and showing.

Do you consider that the standard of Siamese is on the decline?

Yes, very definitely it is. Mr. Cyril Yeates sounded a real warning recently when he told fanciers that it was quality and not quantity that was needed. So many cats have lost that lovely svelte appearance and there are too many second-rate heavy looking studs which might be taken for British if it were not for their colouring.

What, in a few words, is the best advice you can give to beginners so that they start along the right lines to raise the standard?

Start with one good queen. Then, when experience has been gained, and only then, think about acquiring a second queen and possibly a stud cat. The stud should be brought up from a kitten by the breeder. Indiscriminate breeding does the Siamese Fancy no good and to all beginners I would say that the important points to remember are thoroughness and cleanliness. Nobody should take up breeding unless he or she is fond of animals and has lots of patience.

With over a quarter of a century's experience in breeding, showing and judging, you must have many interesting stories to tell, some amusing, some perhaps a little tragic?

I think my funniest experience occurred when I had just started to keep a stud cat. A breeder sent me a young cat to be mated. The usual introduction took place, but my stud was most disdainful about the whole proceedings and nothing happened as I had been told it would happen. After persevering for several days and ringing up the breeder at intervals to discuss tactics, it suddenly occurred to me that the visitor was not a queen, but a young stud cat!



Mrs. Hindley's Ch. Prestwick Pertana

My happiest moment? Perhaps when Prestwick Perat gained her first Championship certificate under Mrs. Marion Cran. Although this queen was wonderful type, she was not the best cat I have bred as she failed in eye-colour. It was perhaps this deficiency which decided me to breed for eye-colour as well as type. What can be more attractive than the glorious deep blue of a Siamese eye?

Would you like to say a little about your best-ever cats?

My best queen was probably Prestwick Pitapat, though Puji ran her close and had the more typical head of the pair. Ch. Prestwick Pertana was my best male of the past. His grandson, Prestwick Penglima-Pertama, beats him, I think, with a longer head and slimmer legs and feet. The best female I have ever handled on the show bench was Miss Dixon's Ch. Simple. Simple's litter brother, Ch. Simzo, has perhaps had more influence on the breeding of Siamese than any other stud cat. His name was always to be found—and indeed still is—in every good pedigree. The best male was probably Mrs. Walker's Ch. Jacques of Abingdon—a lovely cat in his young days, but later he became very dark in coat.

Care and management could, of course, be a very lengthy topic. So could you please pass on just a few brief tips likely to be of general interest and value?

It is not possible for all breeders to have large runs for their cats, but stud cats should have the largest runs possible. The queens may be given the run of the house and garden. Where space is limited, a very good suggestion was made to me by the late Capt. Powell, who pointed out the value of having the stud house in the *middle* of the run so that the animal has the maximum amount of room for exercise. Houses should be light, airy and dry and with a certain amount of warmth in the coldest weather. I have a screw fixed into the bottom of each sleeping box and on its hangs a small radiator lamp. This keeps the

bedding warm and dry and is quite enough heat for an adult cat. Feeding to-day is quite a problem. Horse-flesh—when one can get it—suits most cats. But it is rich and sometimes it is necessary to add some bicarbonate of soda or powdered charcoal. Some



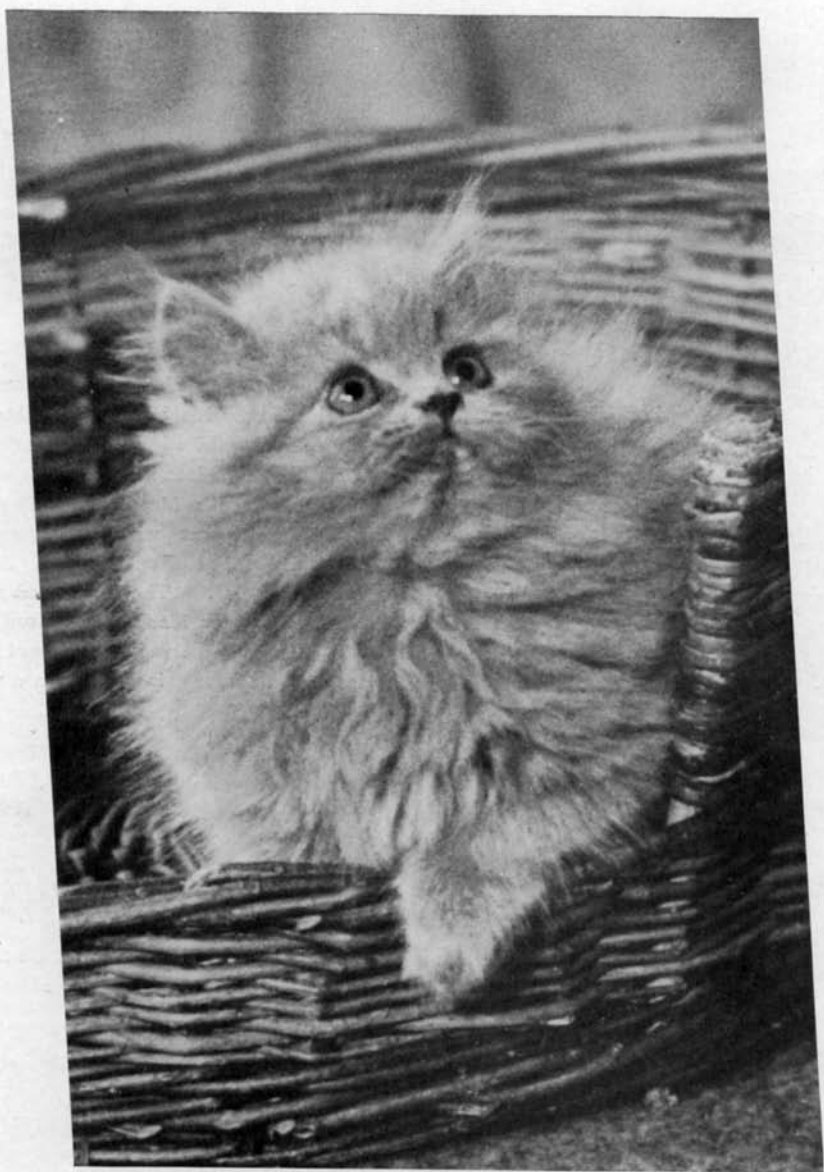
Lovely for type. Another picture of Ch. Prestwick Pertana. Note especially the long whip tail.

cats like fish and others do not. The same applies to dehydrated meat. The only course seems to be to ring the changes as much as possible and not to keep more cats than one can easily feed well.

Finally, is there anything you would like to say about your many years of service with the Siamese Cat Club, first as member, then as Vice-Chairman and finally Chairman?

Those were happy days, although I was always scared stiff of having to speak in public! Prior to my term of office as Chairman (which office I have had unfortunately to relinquish recently) the Club was splendidly served by our much-loved the late Mrs. Phyl Wade. Phyl was a woman with tremendous personality and we never had any real differences of opinion except over "kinked" tails. She was strongly against them. Well, she won, as they have almost been bred out, although I still think it is a great pity to eliminate one of the chief characteristics of the breed and one that no other cat possesses, at any rate in this country. Nor has it been proved, I think, whether the Malay cat inherited it from the Siamese cat or *vice-versa*.

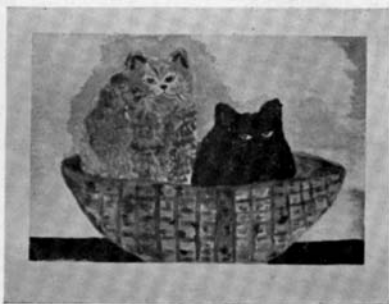
these kittens caught . . .



BARALAN TWINKLE, an exquisite Blue Persian kitten of perfect type. Awarded Best Kitten in Show at the Herts and Middlesex Cat Club Open Show. Owner and breeder is Mrs. E. L. Henn, of Eardington, Salop. Sire is Baralan Blue Boy.



THE YOUNG IDEA . . . These two charming examples of creative expression by young artists are taken from the National Exhibition of Children's Art organised by "The Sunday Pictorial," through whose kindness they appear in this Magazine. The top picture—black and white cat with super set of whiskers—is the work of Pat Berrisford, a Derby schoolgirl in age group 5-7. The lower and more sophisticated effort is by Jean Manins, of Oxford, age group 12-16. The Exhibition, on view in Bristol from 22nd January to 19th February, is well worth a visit.



My Lady's Toilet

CATS are by nature clean creatures and spend considerable time each day in performing their toilet. Lady cats are usually much more particular in such matters than the gentlemen of the species, and it is this fact which inspires the title of my first article for OUR CATS.

We have all watched the household cat clean up after a meal and noticed how the sides of the paws are moistened with the tongue and then rubbed numerous times round the mouth and face. During the course of the day most parts of the coat are licked with a tongue so rough that it is capable of removing most of the surface dirt.

Cats do a lot to keep themselves clean, but they cannot do all, with the result that certain responsibility falls upon the cat owner to see that his animals are given a helping hand. It does not matter in the least whether the cat is just an ordinary cat or one with a pedigree going back to the aristocrats of the feline race; all cats need grooming.

In these days of dust and dirt-laden air, it is impossible for a cat to keep its ears clean. The natural grease of the body, when combined with dirt, will form in the ear a suitable breeding ground for those parasites which cause canker. Anyone who has seen a cat with bad canker will realise how necessary prevention is. Cure is, of course, possible if the trouble has developed, but treat-

ment is tedious to the owner and unpleasant to the cat. A casual glance at some of the uncared-for cats to be found in all towns cannot fail to show many with damaged ear flaps. Some of this damage is undoubtedly the result of fighting, but many stray or neglected cats have torn their ears by scratching because of the intense irritation produced by canker. If you own a cat, be it valuable in terms of money or not, do have sufficient thought to look at its ears once a week, and, if they are dirty, clean them. The process is quite simple and will only take a few minutes. A match stick on the end of which a small piece of cotton wool has been rolled will do the job in no time. Use a separate piece of cotton wool for each ear; that is only plain common sense. If one ear has trouble there is no reason to run the risk of passing it to the other.

Daily Grooming

There are several proprietary antiseptic powders on the market which are excellent for preventing canker. They are cheap, and a little powder shaken into the ear once a week will normally prevent trouble.

Many animal lovers are far too careless in details of this sort. Ignorance, however, is no valid excuse for neglect.

A cat's coat also needs the care and attention of the owner. Even

the common house cat with its ultra short fur is all the better for a daily grooming with a stiff brush, and after that a good rub down with the palms of the hands or a silk cloth. Even if this grooming does no more than improve appearance, it is worth while, and no one will deny that the short, glossy coat of a well-cared-for cat is a pleasure to see. The friction of the brush increases the circulation of the blood in the skin, and has the effect of producing fur which is full of life. Frequently short-haired cats whose coats receive no attention seem to be always in the moult and shed hairs over furniture, clothes and even food indiscriminately. A little trouble on the part of the owner will prevent much of this nuisance.

Greasy Coats

The daily grooming of long-haired cats is an absolute necessity if the coat is not to become matted and tangled so badly that it can only be put right by cutting with the consequent loss of good looks. Not only the aristocratic Persian with its extra long and silky coat, but also many an ordinary cat, has a coat of sufficient length to become a nuisance to the animal and an eyesore to the beholder.

Some house cats develop matted hair which forms a covering like felt over the skin and which requires almost a major operation to remove. Cats allowed to get in this condition must be uncomfortable to say the least of it, and when finally this matted hair is removed, the skin beneath will be found red and inflamed.

Troubles such as this can be avoided by daily grooming. A few minutes with a wide-toothed

comb will keep the coat free from matted hair. Metal combs are stronger for this purpose and are to be recommended for thick coats, but care must be taken to see that the teeth are not pointed or damage may be done to the skin.

A sprinkling of light powdered magnesia will help to remove grease from the coat. It is greasy hair which most easily becomes matted. Such powder is best brushed out by a fairly stiff brush whose bristles are fixed in a rubber pad.

Follow Experts

This brushing should be done against the lie of the coat and in this way one can get down to the roots. Brushing in the direction in which the hair naturally lies merely permits the top surface alone to be reached by the bristles.

If you really wish to see what a properly groomed long-haired cat should look like you have only to go to one of the cat shows which are held fairly frequently during the winter months. There you can see grooming which has been carried out as an art.

In the days when picture chocolate boxes were the usual thing, the beautiful kitten which often graced the lid was not merely the result of Nature but also the product of a careful owner. No one should keep a long-haired cat unless he can find time for his daily grooming.

Naturally, my lady's toilet need not be confined to the points mentioned here, but if ears and coat are tended regularly, the essentials will have been covered and you will have a handsome cat aware of its own well-being.

Faith - the brave

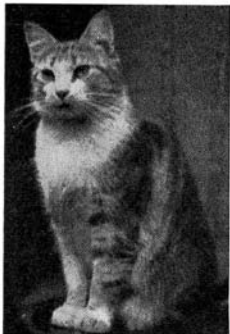
A tribute to a gallant lady whose passing recalls to memory an epic story of outstanding courage and devotion during a London blitz.

LITTLE FAITH, the bravest cat in the world, is dead. She passed away a few weeks ago after a happy life of 14 years, tenderly watched over to the last by the master who had cared for her ever since she came to him as a London waif in 1936. Never was a cat more appropriately named. Never was there a cat more widely loved.

There was nothing in the physical make-up of Faith to suggest that she was endowed with phenomenal qualities of endurance and fortitude. Handsome, yes, and always possessed of a dignified calm, but to the thousands of busy City folk who saw her during the years she lived under the shadow of St. Paul's, Faith must have appeared as just another tabby, and a delicately-framed one at that.

Faith came "out of the blue" and attached herself to the church of St. Augustine's, Watling Street, with St. Faith under St. Paul's Cathedral. When nobody came forward to claim her and because of her insistence to stay, the Rector, the Rev. H. Ross, took her to live in the Rectory House adjoining the church and named her after the parish which she had adopted and claimed as her own.

Faith soon became a member of the congregation and her behaviour was always exemplary. During services she would sit with quiet dignity in the pews and choir stalls or, in the cold weather, near a radiator.



In September, 1940, Faith had a black and white kitten, which was named Panda after the big attraction at the Zoo. Cat and kitten were given comfortable quarters on the top floor of the Rectory House. But later that month, a strange agitation came over Faith. Much searching and inspection ended with her taking the kitten out of her basket and carrying it downstairs to a recess in a room three floors below and at the other side of the house. The Rev. Ross, finding the deserted basket, searched for Faith and her baby, discovered them in the recess and promptly took them upstairs again. Faith at once seized the kitten and took it downstairs a second time. This performance was repeated four times until the Rector gave up the unequal struggle!

Three nights later the City was blitzed and a bomb fell through the roof of the Rectory House. The whole place blazed and crumbled.

And now the story can best be taken up by the Rev. Ross himself.

"After a night when all hell seemed to break loose, I hurried to the City from Westminster, to find my home a mass of burning ruins. Firemen insisted that it was hopeless to try to enter the place, and when asked about the cat and kitten they said that they must be dead and refused me permission to search.

"But when they were rushed off to attend to another fire, I clambered over the parapet, from whence I could see the recess. Very anxiously I called out 'Faith, Faith,' never for an instant expecting to hear any response. To my unspeakable relief there came a faint cry from the smouldering ruins in answer to my calls. I peered down into the recess and saw the brave little mother sitting there, serene and unafraid, with her kitten between her paws. Her whole attitude seemed to say reproachfully, 'Why haven't you come to fetch me sooner?'

"I borrowed an axe and with the help of a fireman soon hacked a way through the smouldering debris. When the hole was large enough, the fireman squeezed his way through and brought Faith and her baby to safety. Both were uninjured though a trifle begrimed and smelling of the horrors of that terrible night.

"Not long after the rescue there was a great crash and the whole place

collapsed into burning rubble. But Faith was then safe in the Church vestry, licking and fondling her kitten and singing such a song of praise and thanksgiving as I had never heard from her before. The courage and steadfast endurance of this little cat set a noble example of mother love. Faith stayed calm all through the long night while the building blazed and the roof and floors collapsed above her head."

Little Faith is dead. But her name and fame will live on. Her picture (see reproduction on the previous page) and an appropriate inscription have been preserved in the Church of St. Augustine's. The story of her bravery appeared in numerous publications throughout the world, and in 1946 the Greenwich Village Humane Society of New York bestowed upon Faith their Certificate of Honour and Silver Medal. A second Certificate of Merit and Silver Medal was awarded Faith in 1945 by The Allied Forces' Mascot Club, a Department of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Faith was the first cat to win decorations for courage. Fame and honour, indeed!

Panda? Yes he is living happily at Herne Hill; a big strapping fellow who is a credit to his wonderful mother.

All fanciers should read

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Just Fancy

Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

REGULARLY every month, Mrs. Joan Thompson—popular and active figure in the Cat Fancy for many years, breeder and International judge—will turn the pages of her diary to reveal the most interesting entries concerning personalities, both human and feline.

13th December. Received a marked catalogue of the Lowestoft and District Poultry and Rabbit Club Show, which was organised by Mrs. Crickmore and for the first time had a Cat Section. Mr. Martin kindly travelled from Lincolnshire to judge. The Best Exhibit in Show was Mrs. Alexander's Blue Persian female kitten Gippeswyk Fatima, by Southway Crusader ex Areley Sweet Symphony, the last-named by Hendon Blue Robin.

The special prize for best eye colour in Blues and also best type was awarded to Glenshee Powder Puff, dam of the famous kitten Thiepval Enchantress. Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Snow Cloud was Best in Show and was awarded eight firsts. Miss Wisker's Blue male Sentinel of Allington was second to Areley Sweet Symphony and she was also second with her Chinchilla female Poldenhills Marilla and with her Blue kitten Thiepval Elf, litter sister to Thiepval Enchantress, who won 81 first prizes at this season's Ch. Shows. Enchantress was exhibited "not for competition," and the local newspaper described her in big headlines as "Queen of the Section."

Mrs. Crickmore tells me that the cat section was crowded all day and that the total entries in all sections numbered 650.

14th December. Had a very enjoyable lunch meeting with Mrs. Cyril Tomlinson and was delighted to be able to congratulate her on Pekeholm Paprika, her Red Tabby queen, becoming a full Champion under such a fine judge as Miss Campbell-Fraser at the National C.C.C. Show. Pekeholm Patches, a daughter of this fine queen ex Mrs. Tomlinson's famous Ch. Black Beret, was entered in two classes at Croydon and carried off two firsts. Although Mrs. Tomlinson resigned as delegate to the G.C. for the Blue Persian Cat Society, she is still interested in the Fancy and has always been one of its most generous patrons.

Mention of Paprika's success reminds me that another queen I have always admired—Miss Rodda's Tortoiseshell Chadhurst Juliet by Ch. Widdington Warden—also became a full Champion at the N.C.C. Her Black male, Chadhurst Sambo, also appears to be on the way to Championship honours.

18th December. To-day brought Christmas greetings from Mr. Bartholomew, residing at Dusseldorf, Germany. He has purchased the very attractive winning kitten Phillimore Moby Dick bred by Mrs. Janke from Timothy of Knott Hall. He is apparently very pleased with his purchase, which he describes as "a very friendly and affectionate cat who has a great deal to say."

Candi Narjana, by Gathorne Gremelin, has grown into a big, handsome cat, and Farways Merylyn, by Deeday of Allington, bred by Mrs. Pepper, who is now in New Zealand, has also made good progress. The food situation is still troublesome in Germany. There is some meat and milk but fish is seldom obtainable, so the diet is more monotonous than Mr. Bartholomew likes for his cats. His Marcius of Allington went very thin but is having a course of pepsin and arsenic.

20th December. The arrival of the postman with seasonal greetings from Swiss friends brought reflections on the pleasant time I spent with them a short while back. It was my first experience of air travel and the occasion was the International Championship Show organised jointly by the Cat Club de Vandois (Lausanne), under the Presidency of Mdlle. Perrin, and the Cat Club Genevois (Geneva), under the Presidency of M. Marcel Chamonin. The Show ran for two days, as is customary on the Continent, and the venue was a large gymnasium in Yverdon, a comparatively small place some miles from the nearest big town, Lausanne. Yet over 1,000 persons paid for admission and the Sunday attendance was particularly good.

Many of the pens were attractively draped and decorated—another Continental feature—and some were far larger than the double pens seen at British Championship shows. Cats displayed under these conditions look much better than ours do in the small pens. But then, of course, we should have to get far larger halls if we are to use larger pens. The Yverdon exhibits totalled 81, whereas anything from 200 to 300 cats may be on view at a London Show.

Mdlle. Perrin's pen was very lovely with silver draperies, and her winning Whites, including Int. Ch. Pigeon du Léman, the Best in the Show, reclined luxuriously within. The general

standard of the Long-hairs was excellent.

Siamese were represented by one solitary female, M. Marcoux's Poussy, who was nursing a well-grown quartette, the first prize litter. At present Siamese are not nearly so popular in Switzerland and France as they are here and M. Marcoux informed me that kittens are not easy to sell. M. Gunning, of the Cat Club of Geneva, told me that he is determined to raise the standard of Siamese in his country and is hoping to import a really good unrelated male and female from England. M. Marcoux and Mdlle. Sandoz, of the Cat Club of Zurich, were my excellent stewards.

For head and type, the Blue Chinchillas were very fine, but as the results of this cross-breeding are termed "Persans-irréguliers" they are not eligible for Challenge Certificates or Best in Show. Mdlle. Cordey exhibited some glorious specimens in a pen adorned with white silk draperies and a 8 ft. sleigh in cotton wool and silver ribbons and bells.

Mdlle. Ribordy won many first prizes with her Blacks, Whites and Creams. They were well presented by her daughter, Mdlle. Mannes. The Blacks reposed amid amber draperies and one pen had an imitation fire complete with chimney, which was quickly utilised by the cats as a sleeping place.

M. Chamonin, ably helped by his sister, Mlle. Chamonin, worked tremendously hard to ensure the success of the Show. Their famous Blue male, Int. Ch. Talisman de la Chesnaie, would have been my choice for best Blue male had he been in the Open Class. He is a pale, level shade and excels in type. I was interested to find that Talisman graces the cover of M. Chamonin's book, "Nos Amis les Chats," written under the pen name of Marcel Remy. Several British cats are illustrated in this book—Ch. Noxina, bred by Mrs. Axon; Hendon Red Arate, bred by

Mrs. Campbell-Fraser; Tiger Tim, also Ursa of Hadley, bred by Miss Fisher; Ch. Zy Azure Phandah, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lamb.

A welcome visitor was Mdme. Bridgett, President d'honneur of the Cat Club de Paris, who showed two very nice Blues. The male, Twinkling Light of Valescure, excelled in type. He was an angelic cat to handle and after the Show he sported a lovely knitted jumper as a protection against the cold.

Owing to the illness of her niece, Mlle. Gibbon (since happily recovered), and the fact that she was travelling to London on the Sunday for the National Show, Mdme. Bridgett was only able to spend one day at Yverdon.

I found that time flies at these Continental two-day shows because one has the diversion of marvellous meals and good company. In case animal lovers think a two-day show too arduous for the cats, I mention the fact that when I left the Show on the evening of the first day I saw only one exhibit. All the others were taken to hotels by their owners and several had bathrooms specially engaged for their pets. It is worth mentioning, too, that exhibitors were not rewarded with cash prizes but are content with the honour and glory of winning, plus some lovely artistic gifts of silver, glass, china, perfume or perhaps something more material such as chocolates, biscuits, etc. Altogether, a memorable affair.

22nd December. To-day sees the last of my sad duties—the passing over to the new Secretary of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy the various papers and records left by my dear husband, the late Mr. F. H. Thompson, who held the secretarial position for ten years. The new Secretary is Mr. W. A. Hazeldine, 1 Roundwood Way, Banstead, Surrey.

The G.C. records comprise hundreds of catalogues, minutes of meetings

and details of registered cats going back for about 40 years, to say nothing of masses of forms dealing with present-day conditions. I am sure all Fanciers will wish Mr. Hazeldine every success in the work he has undertaken. The assistant secretary, Mr. K. J. Aitken, willingly undertook much extra work, whilst my husband was ill and I am deeply grateful to him, also to the many Fanciers who have been so kind to me. Sympathetic messages reached me from all over the world.

Mr. Aitken edited the sixth List of Cats at Stud. It should be available early in the New Year at 8d., post free. Nearly 200 males are listed, with Siamese and Blues greatly predominating as usual.

23rd December. I always like to have news from young breeders. Mrs. Davies has telephoned me from Chalfont St. Peter to say that she has purchased the Cream kitten Tollerton Babette from the breeder, Mrs. Oakley, of Nottingham. Babette is litter sister to the well-known winner Tollerton Rosebud, who was purchased by Miss Posthuma, Holland. She is sired by Miss Bull's Walverdene Major ex Parkwood Nerika, the last named bred by Miss Ellis. In due course, Babette will be mated to Mrs. Davies's young Blue male Dandy of Pensford.

28th December. With the breeding season so near, it is important that we should make certain that our females are free from worms, ear canker and fleas, all of which they can pass on to their kittens. Breeders differ in their opinion of worm capsules, but after trying many things I prefer Sherley's capsules. But take the precaution of crushing them and putting them into a Parke Davis gelatine capsule so that they cannot pass through the animal without dissolving. Alternative treatment for worms is to weigh the cat and get

the vet. to prescribe the correct dose for the type of worms which may be suspected.

Fleas can be eliminated by several makes of insect powders, which usually contain DDT/Geigy, a most effective insecticide but one which must be used with precautions. Choose a fine, dry day to sprinkle in the coat, when the cat can be allowed out, and have something to distract his attention from washing. After the outing, brush the powder well out and try to keep the cat under observation for an hour or two to prevent it washing itself.

3rd January. The fourth Championship Show of the Notts and Derby Cat Club attracted 175 exhibits and 127 classes were provided for them. An imposing list of 126 special prizes was offered. The Committee and the Honorary Show Secretary and Manager, Mrs. Iris Hancox, are to be congratulated on a very well organised event. Every detail was remembered for the convenience and comfort of the judges, stewards and exhibits. The venue, Victoria Baths Hall, Not-

tingham, was spacious and the light excellent.

The principal awards were: Best Exhibit in Show, Mr. Martin's Blue kitten Southway Rascal; Best Long-Hair cat, Mrs. Herod's White male Carreg Comfort; Best Long-Hair female, Mrs. Winwood's Chinchilla Merely Triona. The Best Cat in Show award went to Mrs. Bridgford's Red Tabby Short-Hair Rivoli Robin. Best of the Short-Hair kittens was Major Murrell's Siamese Proud Mandarin.

The average quality of the exhibits was very good, and, comparing them with the first post-war Nottingham Show in 1945, one can safely say that rapid strides have been made with some of the varieties which were deficient in quantity and quality four years ago. The weather and gate were good. Altogether a most enjoyable and friendly Show.

All kind wishes for a Happy New Year to animal lovers everywhere. To my many friends in the Fancy, I send sincere wishes for the Health and Happiness of themselves and their cats and kittens during 1949.



Books for your Library

MINK WAS NO ORDINARY CAT (*Pen-in-Hand Publishing Co., Ltd., Oxford, 6s.*)

Jane Thornicroft always reveals in her children's books a deep affection for animals. This latest effort from her pen is no exception and the kiddies will enjoy the peeps behind the scenes of Mink's kingdom, wherein dwell a host of fascinating furry creatures. The progress of Mink to Kingship is told in 176 pp. with 35 illustrations by Ernest Aris.

MISS KELLY (*Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.*)

A story by Elizabeth S. Holding about a talking cat. And what a talker! Miss Kelly concealed her gift of speech until the day when the tiger escaped from the circus. Then she got to work and not only saved the family but also taught the tiger how to behave properly in human society. The illustrations by Margaret Johnson are alone worth the money.

SELECTED CAT STORIES (*Hammond, Hammond & Co., Ltd., 10s. 6d.*)

A really fine symposium edited by Era Zistel, with a sale-compelling jacket in natural colour photography by Kenneth Gaseltine. This collection of stories will delight cat lovers who like a first-rate story. Contributing authors include Damon Runyon, W. W. Jacobs, Karl Kapek, Emile Zola, Mazo de la Roche, Maxim Gorky, and several stories appear in translation for the first time. There are 32 stories occupying 340 pp.—splendid value.

YOUR CAT AND MINE (*C. F. Ducret, Ltd., 7s. 6d.*)

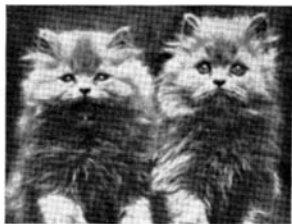
The awaited work by Catherine Manley reached us just as we were ready to go to press with this issue. A fuller and more worthy review will therefore appear in our February issue. A quick glance through the book shows promise that Miss Manley has indeed given us what Kathleen Yorke describes in her introduction as "a friend in need."

**. . well-fed, well-petted
and
properly
revered .**

Mark Twain



A proud lady shows her medals! This handsome 8-year-old Tabby owns Mrs. Freda Connell, West Court, S.W.20.



Meet Candi Blue Faun and Candi Pandora, pretty Blue Persian twins bred by Mrs. King, of Silchester, near Reading.



Tiger, another 8-year-old Tabby belonging to Mr. G. Thompson, Twickenham, Middlesex was once the pet of the local Fire Station. is a great ratter and loves motors.



Readers who are interested to submit photographs for inclusion in this feature are reminded that the prints should have sharp contrasts and need not be mounted. Selection by the Editor is final and snaps cannot be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for this purpose.



Nicky and Dunloe Peter Twink (Russian Blues) and Devoran Tess (Siamese) are the pets of Mrs. Nellie Willbourne, Churchill Road, N.W.5.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Additional space for small prepaid advertisements under this heading will be available in future issues. The rate is 3d. per word per insertion (minimum 12 words) and instructions must be received by *not later than the last day of the month* preceding the month of issue. Please write "copy" clearly and post with appropriate remittance to OUR CATS MAGAZINE, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9.

At Stud

WOODSTOCK SIAMESE CATTERY, Northlew, Okehampton, Devon. At Stud: Cathlam Gwyn, by Wansfell Ariel ex Gillian of Abingdon. Woodstock Chakri, by Larchwood Clover ex Woodstock Babette. Two young BLUE-POINTS siring outstanding kittens. Queens met at Ashbury Halt, direct from Waterloo. Kittens usually for sale.

Show Notice

THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES CAT CLUB hold their Championship All Breed SHOW on January 25th, 1949, at Paddington Baths, Queensway, London, W.2. Entries, which include Champions of all breeds, exceed previous records. This is the final Show of the Season and a unique opportunity to view the Champions of the year. Open 1.30 to 5.30. Admission 2s. 6d. Hon. Sec., Mrs. K. R. Williams, 92 Chiltern Road, Sutton, Surrey.

For Sale

SIAMESE Kittens by Smokey Blue (Ch. Oy Sun-Frestwick Pertana). Lewis, Barwick House, High Cross, Ware, Herts. Much Hadham '33.

SIAMESE Kittens out of Wansfell Ajax by Cathlam Prydwen. 26. Mrs. Ronald Petrie, 17 Woodfield Crescent, Basing, W.3.

SIAMESE Female (2nd best Kitten London Siamese Show 1948), born June 21st, also other kittens. Mrs. Longmore, Frankton, nr. Rugby.

THE DUNLOE RUSSIAN BLUES, Short-Haired lovely kittens. Miss Rochford, 25 Rodall Crescent, Hampstead, N.W.3. Tel.: Ham 6498.

In Memory

SATAN, our greatly beloved companion for nine years. Died as a result of a road accident on Boxing Day, 1948. P. J. and R. M. J., Saxmundham.

Correspondence Corner

In a few weeks I am going abroad for a period which may extend to two years, and I am most anxious to take my cat with me. I am going to Holland and from enquiries I have made there will be no difficulty in obtaining permission to take the cat into that country provided I obtain a certificate of good health from a veterinary surgeon. The main difficulty seems to be that the cat will have to endure a period of six months in quarantine when I return to this country. Can you tell me what the regulations actually are? I believe that under certain circumstances quarantine may be carried out at the premises of a veterinary surgeon.

J. A., Grimsby.

We propose to deal with quarantine regulations in a coming issue. Meanwhile, your queries have been answered in the post.

I cheer the news that cat lovers are at last to have a monthly magazine which will have purpose and policy.

So I wish good luck to OUR CATS in its work for the well-being of our feline companions. Nothing irritates me more than to see kittens being mauled and mishandled by children whilst their ignorant parents look on quite undisturbed and unperturbed.

Mrs. J. Coleman, Salford, Lancs.

We agree, Mrs. Coleman. Whiskers and tails were designed by nature for a special purpose, not to be tugged and pulled. They are, in fact, the most delicate parts of the cat. The whiskers are attached to delicate nerves and most cats hate having them touched, let alone pulled. The tail is a continuation of the spine, which joins the brain.

Can you please settle a little matter which has been puzzling me for some little time? Picking up a trade paper, my eye caught a heading which ran: "All Cats are Grey." What is the meaning of this?

J. B. L., Leatherhead, Surrey.

There is an old proverb which runs, "When all candles be out, all cats be grey." The inference is, of course, that all things of a type look very much the same in the dark.

DIRECTORY OF BREEDERS

A handy guide to established Fanciers for reliable Studs and Stock

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Noted for type and brilliant eye colour

Breeder of Ch. Prestwick Mats-Biru,
Ch. Prestwick Partana, Ch. Prestwick Parak,
Prestwick Panglima-Partama & many others

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Chiddingfold 60 Station - Haslemere

DEVORAN SIAMESE CATS

At Stud—PRESTWICK PRITHIE PAL

Fee £2-2-0

DEVORAN DONALD

Fee £2-2-0

Kittens usually for sale

Particulars from MRS. PRICE, THE GABLES
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Phone - Watford 5624

REDWALLS CHINCHILLAS

Exquisite Kittens sometimes for sale

At Stud: **REDWALLS SILVER KING**

Sire of 1st Prize Litter at Croydon Ch. Show
and of BEST LITTER IN SHOW National Ch. Show

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MRS. E. M. HACKING, REDWALLS, LIPHOOK
Tel. Liphook 3204

PINCOP SIAMESE

At Stud (to approved queens)

CH. PINCOP AZURE KYM

Winner 5 Challenge Certificates and Best
Exhibit Siamese C.C. Ch. Show 1948. Sire of
CH. PINCOP AZURE ZELDA

Seal Pointed Studs include

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and many other awards

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Long-Hairs—Blue Persians, Creams & Chinchillas

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Sire of Best Kitten in Show Herts and Middlesex
1948, Young Son of Ch. DEEBANK MICHAEL

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EARDINGTON, BRIDGNORTH, SALOP

Tel. Bridgnorth 2285

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EIREANNE BLUE BOY* By Playboy of the
Court and Eireanne Bride. Siring lovely Kittens
NEUBURIE BAMBI* Lovely pale son of Blessed
Mischief of Henley. *Fee 2 gns. and carriage.

House-trained Kittens usually for sale.

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FULHAM 6247 LONDON, W. 14

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Tel. Maidenhead 813

Please mention OUR CATS when replying to advertisements





From Uncle Peter



BOYS AND GIRLS,

This page is to be *your* page for just as long as you want it. Of course, it would be merely waste of very valuable paper to reserve space each month for you youngsters unless you yourselves are prepared to help with it.

I want it to contain suggestions which will be helpful to you in looking after your own cats. Perhaps there is something about your cat which worries you or which you cannot understand. If there is, write to me about it and I will try to give you the right answer. I don't suppose that all the answers will be correct because even uncles make mistakes at times, and I shall be no exception. But there are almost certainly some difficulties which we can solve for each other.



If your cat does something which is really intelligent you can write to tell me all about it, and some of the stories you send will find their way on to this page. Also, if you have a very clear snapshot of your pet, our Editor might be able to print it for us. But please don't send me any pictures of cats dressed up in human clothes, will you? I dislike seeing cats made to look unnatural. I'm quite certain that the cats themselves hate such strange antics. We must always treat our animals with kindness, and making them look foolish is not kind.

From time to time we may be able to run some prize competitions for you. You know the sort of thing I mean: perhaps a drawing competition or a crossword puzzle about cats, or it might even be a general knowledge competition on cats and their management. If you have any better suggestions, please send them along.



What we want to do is to make this a page which *you* want and one you will turn to eagerly every month. That would prove that it was a success. However, if I am to make it interesting, you must give me a lot of help. Write to tell me what you want to read here and I will do my best to see that you get it. The greater the number of helpers I have, the better our page will become. I shall give a lovely book prize to the senders of the two most interesting and useful letters received.

Uncle Peter

Your replies to Uncle Peter should be addressed to OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9. Please remember to write "Uncle Peter" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

page in gravure to ten very fine pictures of exhibits and their owners. Aristocrats and household pets were among the prize winners. The Best in the Show was Mrs. Gilmour's Russian Blue Short-hair, Little Boy Best Siamese was Mitzl, owned by Mrs. P. F. Theron, and the judge in this section was Miss F. E. Pocock, Chairman of the S.A.C.U., who was largely instrumental in securing the success of this new venture.

From time to time the cats on the Government payroll and those employed on official "duties" pop into the limelight. The latest item of news concerns Susan, who is attached to the Admiralty Luncheon Club. Susan, who was injured in the bombing raids, has brought her 180th kitten into the world.

Under the will of Miss Alice Baldwin (85), of Croydon, daughter of a timber merchant and a retired teacher, three houses and the bulk of her £11,062 estate are to be devoted to the welfare of stray cats. She directed that her residence should continue to be used as a shelter for such and as a hospital for other animals needing treatment. A second house was to be similarly used and a third she directed might be let and the rent added to the fund for shelters. The houses were to be known as the Baldwin Homes. When Miss Baldwin was discovered unconscious in her scullery nearly 80 cats were in the house. She died later in hospital.

News reaches me from "down under" of the Championship Cat Exhibition to be held at the end of March in connection with the Sydney Royal Show. All cats shown have to be registered with the R.A.S. Cat Club. There will be 88 classes and only three of these are for Siamese, from which it will be realised that Long-hairs have matters much their own way. There were approximately 70 exhibitors at the corresponding exhibition last year. One cannot help hoping that the big immigration scheme now in progress will result in greater activity among our friends in the Australian Fancy.

Another great cat lover who is frequently heard over the air is Jack Jackson, the band leader and wise-cracking compere of many musical

programmes. Jack so frequently refers to his pet Tiddles that I ventured to ask him if he (Tiddles) really existed. "He most certainly does," replied Jack. "He really belongs to my children and is a very important member of my household." J. J. is



an artist of some merit and the sketch reproduced below (by kind permission of the artist and the B.B.C.) shows him as he sees himself and the faithful Tiddles presenting his Saturday night Record Round-Up.

"YOUR CAT AND MINE"

by CATHERINE MANLEY

★

A comprehensive, well-indexed Handbook for all those who own cats.

★

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