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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



1/6

Winner of the Premier Award for Neuters,
MIRZA TAKLIF, Blue Point Siamese belongs
to Brigadier Rossiter, of Shrivenham, Wilts.
Photo by Planet News.

JUNE 1952

WHITHER THE SIAMESE?

(see page 13)

Another lovely cat who loves

KIT-E-KAT

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cat food'**



Outstanding cat at last year's Crystal Cat Show at Olympia was beautiful Blue Persian, Champion Harpur Blue Boy, who was judged best cat in the show.

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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING

Published every month with the best-possible features and illustrations and circulated to Cat Lovers of every kind throughout the world. Our editorial purpose is:

- (1) to spread a wider understanding and a better appreciation of all cats, their care and management;
- (2) to encourage in every way the breeding, handling and showing of pedigree cats;
- (3) to work for the suppression of every form of cruelty to cats;
- (4) to act as a link of friendship and common interest between cat lovers in different parts of the world.

VOL. 4 No. 6

JUNE 1952

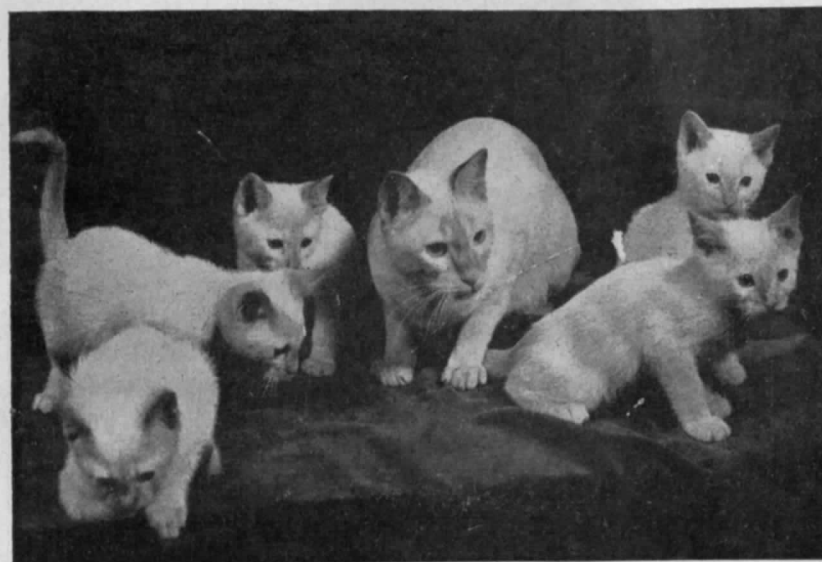
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American Associate Editor:

MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

THE MAGAZINE THAT SPANS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS



This interesting picture supports the article on Red Pointed Siamese breeding which appeared in our March/April issue and concluded with the announcement that American breeder Mrs. Alyce De Filippo had produced at her "Sundust" (Brookfield, Illinois) Cattery a litter of six kittens from a Red Point to Red Point mating. Here is the Red Point Siamese queen Sundust Isis with her family — one of the kittens is outside the picture. The kittens are registered foundation stock, 1st generation, new pure breed, the result of much careful and patient breeding.

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My Strange Cat

By JAMES PIRIE

THE genet came into my life—and I into his—at a time when I had been very ill and was still feeling weak and depressed. I was working in the Gold Coast, in the forest country of Ashanti, and was just beginning to recover strength after an attack of malaria. What I needed was a diversion, something fresh and amusing. The queer little cat fitted the bill exactly.

It was brought to me one morning by my servant, a cheerful youth named Issaka. Whether he

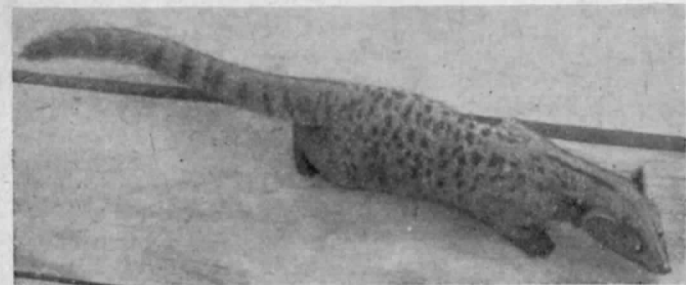
what he said when he held it out for me to see.

At first glance it did not look very much like a cat at all. It was a small creature with a pointed face and a tail quite as long as the rest of its body. It seemed very weak, either from fear or from hunger, and it lay quite peacefully in my arms while I stroked it. While Issaka went to the kitchen to get it something to eat, I examined it more closely.

It certainly resembled a cat in some ways, but it was still very



Their First Dip!



"A more fascinating pet than the genet I cannot imagine."

captured it himself, or whether he obtained it from a hunter, I was never able to discover. He spoke very little English, and I did not know a word of his language, so we had to talk in Fante, a language of which we both knew a little. This made conversation difficult, and it confined us to the simplest topics.

I had just finished my breakfast when Issaka came in carrying a curious bundle of fur, grey-brown with darker almost black spots. The Fante word for cat is "agynambowa," and that was

different from any cat that I had ever seen. The sharp face and the bright brown eyes were not at all cat-like, but they certainly expressed a lively intelligence. As I have said, the fur was greyish brown, with a pattern of small dark spots. There were two light patches on the shoulders and the tail was marked with black rings.

Its feet, which were black and furry, were perhaps the most remarkable things about the little animal. The forefeet were like little hands, perfectly adapted to climbing and grasping, while the

hind ones were long and narrow, rather like the feet of a monkey. All four were armed with sharp, retractile claws. This was certainly a most curious cat; I had never seen anything like it.

Issaka brought some milk in a saucer, and some fruit. I had never known a cat that liked bananas, but this one did. It seized a piece of banana and gobbled it up with great relish. After it had drunk some of the milk it began to prowl cautiously around the room, examining all the furniture and peering into every corner. When it had satisfied itself that no enemy lurked anywhere in the room it scrambled into a low armchair, wrapped itself in its tail and promptly fell asleep.

It slept all morning and did not stir at all till lunchtime, when the rattling of crockery aroused its interest. Then it yawned delightfully, showing a long pink tongue, washed its face with the greatest care, and prepared to take an interest in whatever was going on.

Full of Fun!

For quite some time I had no means of finding out exactly what kind of cat this was. It was not the right colour to be a mongoose, although it looked very much like one, otherwise, and it was too small and much too good-tempered to be a civet. Meantime it prospered on a diet of fruit and milk. It refused meat, but often pounced on beetles or moths when they came out at night. It also made fruitless efforts to capture the little geckos which appeared on the walls of the bungalow every evening.

From the first it was as tame and playful as an ordinary kitten. Its curiosity was insatiable: there

was not a corner of the bungalow that it did not explore daily. Its favourite place for a morning nap was on the mosquito-net over my bed, and to reach this it had to climb one of the narrow metal supporting rods—a feat which no domestic cat would have attempted.

It learned lots of other tricks. To reach my shoulder it simply began with a flying leap, and if I happened to be wearing shorts I learned to watch out for this. The first leap usually carried it to my knees, and those claws were as sharp as fish-hooks. I often wore native sandals indoors, and on such occasions my curious cat took great pleasure in leaping from some hiding place and seizing my toes.

And Useful, Too

I became more convinced, as time went by, that this was surely a cat of some kind. It purred when it was pleased and mewed when it wanted to attract attention. But it could also produce another sound, a somewhat eerie hooting; this indicated distress, as when it found itself shut out of a room. After the first month or so it was free to come and go as it pleased. It was no longer in captivity, but it had become perfectly domesticated. I cannot claim to have tamed it, for it was quite tame from the first.

The rainy season brought the usual discomforts of all-pervading damp and gloom. Many unpleasant visitors were driven indoors; I had to be on the lookout for scorpions and large spiders. All those pests the little cat tackled with devastating effect. It searched every cranny, pouncing delightedly at the slightest sign of movement. So that when

(concluded on page 6)

Three Months a Prisoner

Yet Puss Saved Her Family!

MANY of our readers will remember the remarkable story we presented in our issue of June 1949 concerning the adventures of Tinker, a black-and-white Shorthair cat who lived in South Croydon. Tinker was trapped for 35 days without food and water in "the black hell" of a coal bunker. When by the merest chance he was found lying on top of the coal, having pushed his way up from the flap at floor level, he was nothing more than a skeleton held together by loose folds of skin. After several weeks of inspired nursing by Purley fancier Mr. Fred Carman, Tinker's terrible sores were healed and he became a happy, healthy cat once again.

Now from Australia comes another sensational account of a cat's powers of endurance and the will to live. It is told in a letter to "The Garage and Motor Agent" from Mr. H. B. Light, a Supervisor at the Birmingham works of the Rover Company Ltd., makers of the well-known Rover cars. We quote:

"Mr. Paul Odenthal, a senior member of the staff of Regent Motors Pty., Ltd., Rover distributors in Melbourne, Australia, who paid a short visit to the Rover works at Solihull recently, told me the following true story, which must surely warm the hearts of all animal lovers:—

'A shipment of crated Rover cars duly arrived at Melbourne and the work of opening up the cases began soon after the consignment had been off-loaded at the docks. During a pre-

liminary inspection of the crates workmen on the job were troubled by the persistent crying of a cat in distress, although a check around the crates failed to locate the animal.

'Mr. Grenville Spencer, a director of Regent Motors, joined Mr. Odenthal in the investigation and the miaowing was finally pinned down to one particular crate. The confusing part, however, was that the noise could be heard coming from all parts of the crate and a decision was then made to open it up at once.

'You can imagine the surprise when the first opening in the case was made, to see five kittens tumble out and their mother—weak and emaciated—follow them into the sunshine and freedom. Such remarks as "How the devil did they get in?"—"What have they been living on?" and "It's amazing!"—were only a few.

'The period during which the cat had been in the case can be fairly estimated as three months at least, and she must have crept into the crate just prior to the completion of packing in London.

'For the animal to have survived at all is in itself a miracle, but more wonderful when one knows she gave birth to five kittens during her confinement—without food or water, in a closed and stuffy crate—her only companion being the new Rover car destined for service in Australia, a journey of 12,000 miles.

'How the cat lived was explained when the crate was broken down. All the protective grease and such-like which is normally applied to plated parts of new cars prior to shipment had been licked off by the cat. The bumpers, lamps and other chrome parts

had their showroom finish and there was not a trace of grease to be found. To live, the cat had licked the grease off the car and lapped up any moisture which formed during the voyage!

'Mr. Odenthal says the cat was a "bag-of-bones" with its fur hanging loosely in little clumps. But the kittens (about five weeks old) were in reasonably good shape and had fared better at the expense of their mother. The staff at Regent Motors adopted this little family and cared for them and they all picked up wonderfully well in a short space of time.'

Can you beat it? Personally, I think the cat deserved a V.C., don't you?"

Thank you, Mr. Light, for giving us this fine story which, as you rightly say, will warm the hearts of cat lovers everywhere.

My Strange Cat (from page 4)

I found it in the bathroom one day, playing with a dead snake,

I was not really surprised. I recognised the snake as a night adder, a very dangerous snake—small enough to escape notice, but highly venomous.

After that I would not have parted with my little cat for anything. When at last I found out what it really was, and that it had some slight claim to membership of the cat tribe, I named it Felix. It seemed a very suitable name.

Since then I have found out a lot more about the species. They are still to be found, it is said, as far north as the extreme south of Europe, and were at one time highly prized as domestic animals in Constantinople.

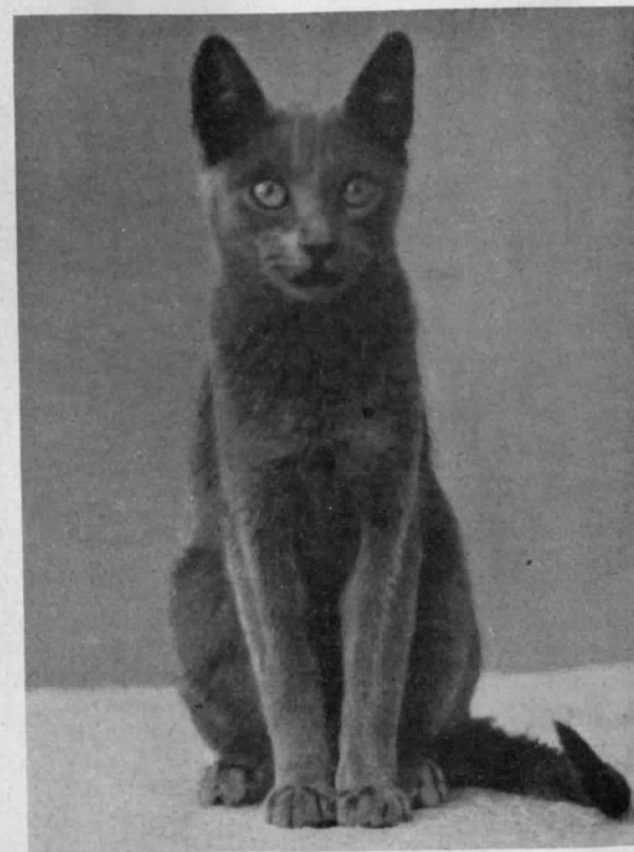
A more fascinating pet than the genet I cannot imagine. I shall certainly waste no time in finding another when I return to Africa.

On Russian Blues

DURING the past few months an organised attempt has been made to promote the interests and pure breeding of Russian Blue cats in this country. A few enthusiasts have got together, a Club has been formed under the presidency of Miss Kit Wilson and energetic efforts are now being directed towards popularising a variety which, to say the least of it, has charm and character well above the average. Some of the best Russian Blues in the world today are to be found on the Continent.

It is therefore good news that a fancier plans this year to defy the risks of quarantine and import an unrelated pair. Let us hope this enterprise meets with the success it deserves as the new blood cannot fail to give a much-needed boost to the standard of the breed in this country.

Writing of the Russian Blue in a promotion piece she has prepared for the Club, Miss Wilson emphasises their delightful characteristics as pets. Very hardy, they are capable of great devotion



MICHIFER MOONLIGHT, Russian Blue at 10 months belonging to Mrs. Cowen.



Guy Withers

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A page for the proletarian puss No. 24



Associated Press

DAGWOOD, as you see, has developed into a table tennis player of some style and ability. How's this for a two-handed smash — if they have such strokes in the game! It all began several years ago when Ted Mason, the human on the left, tried to get in a quiet and uninterrupted game now and again with some friend or neighbour. Dagwood simply would interfere and make herself such a nuisance that serious play was impossible. So Ted hit on the novel idea of training his pet to play the game strictly according to the rules of the Feline Table Tennis Association!

to their owners. They are good travellers and can easily be taught to go on a collar and lead. Having a short coat they need very little attention except for the daily brush and polish. True to their racial background, they are silent. They are also fearless and can be relied on to live amicably with dogs and other pets.

The Russian Blue, formerly called the Archangel cat is (we continue to quote Miss Wilson) one of the earliest of known breeds. Its ancestry can be traced back to the Vikings and it can still be found wherever the Vikings blazed a trade route.

In the last century many came to this country in ships trading between Russia and the Northern ports. In fact, the first one to appear at a show had been exchanged by a docker with a Russian sailor for a leg of mutton. Before the revolution, these cats were inhabitants of the Czar's palace and one at least found its way to this country nearly a century ago as a gift to an English diplomat.

In shape, the Russian Blue is very similar to a Siamese. The body is long and svelte, the tail thin and whipped and the head wedge shaped. The eyes, however, are not so oriental as those of the Siamese and instead of being blue they are deep grass green. The coat is pure unmarked blue, rather of a plush-like texture.

In the North, the Russian cat is no doubt as ancient as the Egyptian cat is in the South. A popular belief among Russian peasants is that one of these cats placed in the cradle of a newly-born infant is a harbinger of good luck.

Until 1948 Russian Blues were classified by the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy as "Foreign Blues." To-day however, as a result of representations by breeders, they are classified as Breed No. 16a.

The Standard of Points is set down as follows :

Colour : Blue. Even throughout and free from tabby markings or shading. Medium to dark shade of blue. No white permissible.

Coat : Very short, close and lustrous, of a seal-skin-like texture.

Body build and tail : Body long, lithe, graceful in outline, with tail long and tapering. The legs are decidedly longish, the feet small, neat and well-rounded.

Head and neck : The skull is flat and narrow, the forehead receding, the face and neck are long, giving with the long, lithe body the desired "snaky" appearance.

Eyes : Large and full, set rather wide apart. In colour as vividly green as possible.

Ears : Rather large, wide at the base, with very little inside furnishing, skin of the ear thin and transparent and not too thickly covered with hair. The tips of the ears should be pointed, rather than round.

The Hon. Secretary of the Russian Blue Cat Club is Mrs. de Clifford, 46a Holland Park, London, W.11, who will be interested to hear from any of our readers at home and overseas on matters affecting the breed.

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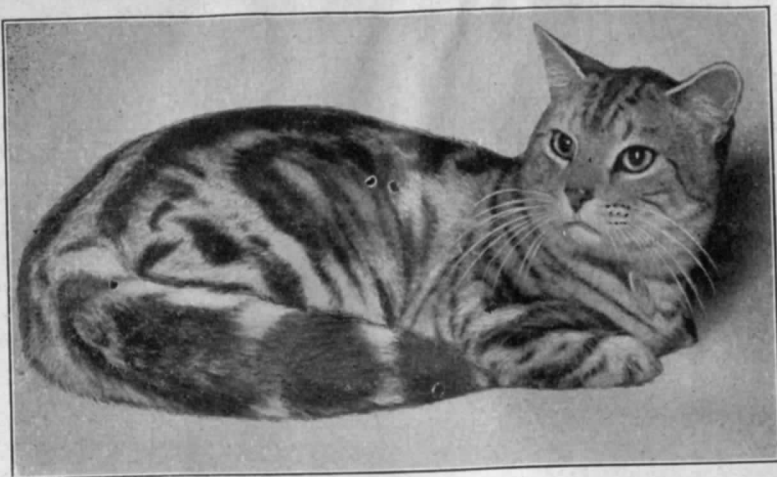
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CHAMPION DON OF SILVERLEIGH

MRS. HILDA JONES of 5 High Street, Staple Hill, Bristol, Glos., writes:—

“At the end of the 1951-52 Show season I thought you might be interested to know of my success with my Short Hair Silver Tabby, Champion Don of Silverleigh.

He has won 4 Challenge Certificates, 11 Firsts, 8 Seconds, 2 Thirds and 14 Special Prizes. He has also been twice Best British Short Hair in the Show and has won two Silver Cups—one for the best short hair silver tabby and the other for Best British Short Hair in Show . . . so you will see he has had a wonderful season.

Don's mother, Champion Hardrift of Silverleigh, was given Kit-zyme by her owner, Miss B. V. Bracey, prior to his birth and Don himself has had the tablets from kittenhood.

I attribute his success to Kit-zyme and I cannot speak too highly of it. The tablets supplement the diet, keeping a cat always in Show condition and avoiding sundry ailments. I also use Kit-zyme for all my cats and it is very rare that I get any sickness. And when I meet any cat owner who has not tried the tablets I always recommend them to do so.”

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Problems of Cross Breeding

By A. HARGREAVES, F.Z.S.

THERE is at present a good deal of interest in breeding experiments among certain members of the Cat Fancy. Cross-breeding is being undertaken with various aims in view. It may be with the desire to produce new colour varieties, to increase stamina, to improve show quality, or merely to satisfy curiosity.

This seems to be causing an uneasiness in certain quarters. There is a feeling that pedigree kittens of mixed breeding are being let loose on the market, and will produce all sorts of unexpected progeny to the surprise and distress of the purchaser and the detriment of the Fancy. The answer to that is that those who experiment ought to have some knowledge of genetics whereby they can forecast the possible results of most crosses, and be able to give a careful explanation with every kitten sold. Buyers of kittens for breeding should always study their pedigrees beforehand and demand further information whenever cats of different breeds are shown therein.

For instance, all the kittens from a pure Russian Blue mated to a Blue Pointed Siamese will be Russian Blues. But these kittens if mated back to a Blue Pointed Siamese are able to produce Blue Points as well as Russians.

But there are many factors which a pedigree does not record. There are both desirable and undesirable qualities about an animal which cannot be deduced from a mere list of ancestry, which is all a pedigree really is. Undesirable traits which are obscured could produce more havoc than a cat which is capable of having a litter containing three or four varieties.

A Siamese with a visible kink in his tail will sire a number of kittens with kinks, but two Siamese with perfectly

straight tails might also produce such kittens. These things are not found on a pedigree and it would be no easy task to trace them back. Suppose there is a champion who is bad tempered. He may have bad tempered offspring; or his temper may have been caused by something environmental and all kittens he sires are gentle and sweet. Take eye colour. If two cats with excellent eye colour are mated together will all the kittens take after them? Or is a litter of champions expected when both parents have attained this status! All this applies to pure breeds (a pure breed being a group of animals bred within itself for many generations, whose characteristics remain more or less constant) and crosses alike. Success in cross-breeding should not make us slow to recognize that undesirable qualities may turn up.

The Siamese Voice

Several breeders are at present trying to improve the show quality of the Russian Blue cat. To accomplish this they are out-crossing with Blue Point and Seal Point Siamese. Does this mean that the Russian Blue of the future is going to have Siamese qualities that may be very undesirable? Are Russian Blues wanted or “Blue Siamese”? Is the raucous voice of the latter a pleasing feature even when confined to its own breed? Is it wanted in the Russian?

With little or no knowledge about the heredity of voice, what is to be done about it? The Siamese voice could be either dominant or recessive to the small voice of other domestic cats, it may even mix and produce cats whose cries vary considerably in tone and volume. Has the effect of the Siamese's desire to ‘talk’ on the almost silent Russian Blue been considered, or the possibility of females

of that breed calling like a Siamese in season?

To record accurately the loudness or softness of sound together with the tone, etc., would be very difficult outside a laboratory. But if those who own or breed Russian Blue kittens possessing one Siamese parent could make notes about their voices it would be of great value. It would be especially useful if records containing exactly the same information about each kitten could be sent to someone who would keep them and report on the results. I would suggest the following:—

SEX :

TALKATIVENESS :

- (1) Voice seldom used.
- (2) Voice used moderately.
- (3) Very talkative.

LOUDNESS :

- (1) Russian voice.
- (2) Moderately loud voice.
- (3) Siamese voice.

Caution Advised

There are at least two ways of dealing with a Russian Blue cat possessing a Siamese voice if such a voice is considered undesirable. One is, of course, to have it neutered. The other, if the cat is in all other respects a credit to the breed, is to eliminate the voice again by backcrossing to pure Russian. But to do this and still maintain the improvement in type, might take considerable understanding and patience.

Those who achieve some of their aims through breeding experiments should not be blinded by success, but be on a constant watch for what is considered undesirable and in particular when dealing with Siamese crosses. The Secretary of the Russian Blue Cat Club is willing to receive any data sent to her at 46a Holland Park, London, W.11.

The Glasgow-bound bus from Balloch stopped to take on passengers at Dumbarton. Unseen by the conductress one

passenger quietly slipped aboard and hid beneath the stairs. When the bus reached Old Kilpatrick the stowaway was discovered. But by this time four other ticketless passengers had joined her. The stowaway was a little black cat who had chosen to have her family en route. They were taken good care of at the depot.

Five kittens born in her nest are being mothered by a Rhode Island hen at Wells, Norfolk. The mother cat takes "turn and turn about."

A London correspondent to a well-known Sunday newspaper reports finding an injured starling, which he put in a tree. Next day his cat sat for hours quite near to the bird, just watching. That same evening the starling had recovered sufficiently to fly down to the middle of the lawn. The cat, growling and spitting, was protecting the bird from the attentions of another cat.

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Whither the Siamese?

By P. M. SODERBERG

I HOPE I am not a pessimist, although one can never be too sure, but at the moment I have a definite feeling that the Siamese cat is at the cross roads. During the past five or six years so many Siamese have been bred that there seems to be a real danger that this most attractive breed may take the wrong turning unless breeders become much more ruthless in the selection of stock for breeding.

I have no real wish to grasp a handful of nettles, but I intend to make statements which may not be too complimentary. Nevertheless, I believe them to be true.

Since the war I must have seen a round thousand different Siamese cats and kittens at the shows. If anything this is an understatement. Of that number not one in ten was really good enough for breeding, yet several times that proportion were eventually used to perpetuate the species.

I have seen classes of adult males where by no means even all the cats in the cards were fit to be sires, and the same remark could with equal truth have been applied to the females.

Other than Seal Points

The heading to this paragraph nearly became "New Colours," but on second thoughts I changed it, for the Blue Points and Chocولات have been known for many years and it is only the Red Points which can be regarded as new.

Blue Points are a most attractive variety, but few fanciers will

deny that the type of most of them leaves much to be desired. There are Blues of real quality, but they are few and far between.

On the whole the Chocolate Points are better in type than Blues, but there are so few Chocولات that this very fact may be an added danger.

Red Points are only of recent development and so far have not received official recognition.

Now the real danger with these "other colours" is that many breeders use Seals to improve their type. This method of breeding may be necessary for some time to come, although there are probably enough Blues about now to make cross-breeding unnecessary for them.

Menace to Breeding

Here is the point. What happens to the Seal Points which are bound to turn up in litters where one parent is, to the eye at least, a Seal Point? I refer to the eye in this case because it is not possible to tell from appearance alone what the cat's colour inheritance really is. Scientific terms such as "dominant" and "recessive" must be borne in mind, and, if you do not know of these factors there are many books which explain their significance.

Seal Points produced from matings with other colours should never be used for Seal Point breeding! If this is done, there will certainly be loss of type, and eye colour must deteriorate. To

my mind all such cats should be neutered, for they can become charming pets, but if used for breeding become a menace.

It is easy to utter a warning, but unless practical advice is also offered one might as well say nothing. In principle everyone who breeds Siamese is anxious to produce outstanding kittens which will in time become adults as good as, if not better, than the best to be seen on the show bench to-day. But how many breeders put their principles into practice? Some do just nothing for the simple reason that they have no clear idea of the cat they are trying to produce.

Choosing a Stud

There is an official standard for the breed setting out in detail the qualities required and emphasizing their respective importance by the number of points allotted to them.

More than a third of the points are given for colour of eyes, points and body. The standard recognizes that eye colour is one of the greatest attractions of the Seal Point. This standard demands a sapphire blue; a description may not be very precise, but we all know the right colour when we see it in the living cat. Few Siamese to-day show eye colour with the richness of hue which is desired, and outstanding cats in this respect are *VERY* few and far between.

Before you choose a stud, make it your business to check up on eye colour. If he should fail in this respect, do not use him unless he has other qualities which you must have in your kittens. Even so, any stud with poor eye colour should never be used.

Cream shading into pale fawn, which is the ideal, frequently disappears when the cat is over a year, and it is a great pity that there are so many adults which have developed the dark brown coat which is far less attractive. There are adults which retain pale body colour, and if you can find one of these you should not fail to make use of this quality. It is all too rare, unfortunately.

To-day one sometimes even sees kittens which have become dark before they are six months old. This is more than a pity, for few Siamese grow lighter with age.

The typical Siamese head conveys the impression of a marten face. How many of you know what a marten looks like? If marten is a name, but not a shape, how can you hope to produce correct type by selection? You cannot know what to select.

Quality in Danger

Just look at your own stock to see if there is breadth between the ears with a face which develops in straight lines to a fine muzzle. Does the face of your cat give an impression of roundness? If it does, then it fails in head type and when you breed from this cat you must try to rectify this fault. Very rarely do we see an over-typed Siamese, which is perhaps a pity. A few over-typed animals might do much to improve the vast majority which fail in this respect.

Svelte is the word used to describe the correct body type of the Siamese which must be lightly built and lissom. This perhaps is the one point in which present-day Siamese do not fall too far below the standard.

Having started with eyes it is only fitting that I should finish

at the other end. Far too many Siamese have short tails which are thick at the base. There is only one way to remedy this. It is to look for studs with long tails and to mate your queens to them. There is no other method by which the attractive whip tail can become the rule rather than the exception.

I know that I am not alone in thinking that the quality of our Siamese is in danger, but I am hopeful that when the present spate of indiscriminate breeding is over things will rapidly improve. By breeding to the standard and refusing to use unworthy specimens, we shall produce cats better even than the best we have to-day. To achieve that end is well worth all the effort.

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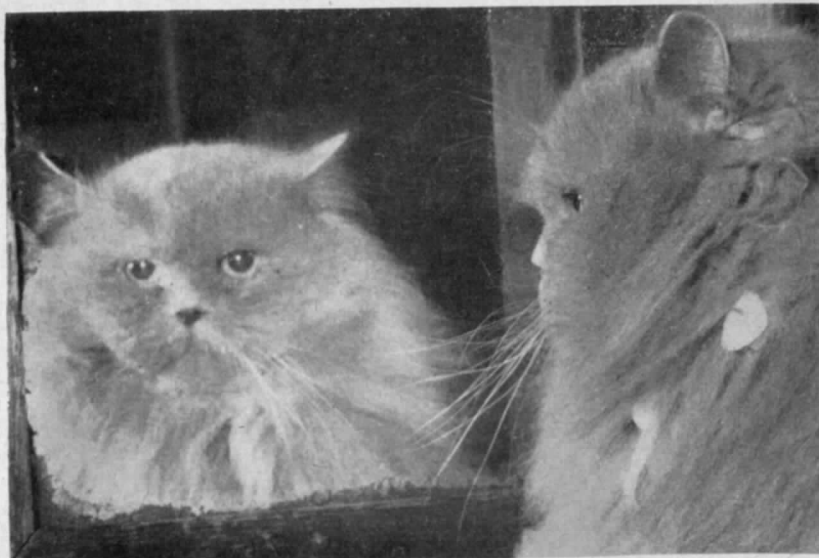
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Little RONADA ONAWAY (by Southway Echo ex Ronada April) is one of the many Blue kittens exported by Mrs. Brice-Webb. Onaway now belongs to Miss R. Lansdotter, who won "Best Blue Female" with her at the March Championship Show of the Swedish Cat Club.



By courtesy Nottingham Journal

Full face and profile presented by OXLEYS SMASHER, Mrs. Brice-Webb's Blue Longhair stud.

Meet the Breeders

MRS. DORIS BRICE-WEBB

RIGHT from my childhood days, cats have always been my favourite animals. I just couldn't resist them! Indeed, I can never remember the house without a cat—the only "interloper" was a rather sweet Yorkshire terrier which we had for a number of years.

When I got married in 1933 I went to live with my husband's people in North London, where a lovely half-Persian named Fluffy reigned supreme. He was an entire male, very intelligent, and adored by the whole household. He seemed to know every word that was said to him. The same year we had the misfortune to lose our parents and Fluffy was left to my care. He was then about 12½ years old and I think he fretted after the old people who had been with him for such a long time. Very soon he developed a lump on his leg which the vet. couldn't clear up and eventually we had to decide it would be best to put him to sleep.

My husband and I tried for a long time to find a second Fluffy, but it was no use. Then one day we were passing a pet shop in Stoke Newington where we saw a glorious Persian in the window. We had no idea what breed it was until we went in to enquire the price. We were told it was a Blue Persian female and the price three guineas which, in those days, was quite a sum. However, she was so lovely she won our hearts and my husband bought her for me.



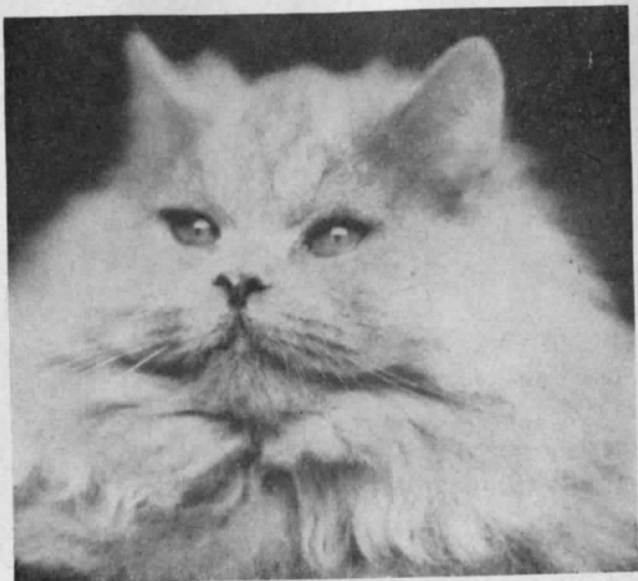
Mrs. Brice-Webb (who contributes the intimate feature on this page) has consistently bred Blue Longhairs of quality at her Ronada Cattery at Bramcote, Nottingham.

Her name was Bonne Yvonne and she was destined to be the start of my cattery. She was a grand-daughter of Caesar of Wise Folly and had a beautiful head with large round copper eyes, lovely snub nose and good chin. Although we knew nothing about pedigree stock we realised she was a lady of fine birth and decided to show her.

Miss Jane Fisher probably won't remember, but I wrote to her as the Secretary of the Blue Persian Society (a position she holds to this day) and she replied with an invitation to join the Society and exhibit at their October Championship Show. That was in 1935. This we did and Bonne, to our great delight, won a third prize. It was during this show season we met the late Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Yeates who were exhibiting that grand cat Town-

field Harmony at the National Show. Also at this Show we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Joan Thompson, who kindly took us round and told us what to look for in a good cat.

Bonne was mated to Townfield Harmony and produced seven kittens, all males. She only reared three, one of which we kept on the recommendation of Mr. Yeates. This kitten turned out to be that well-known cat King Kong, a



The late KING KONG was for many years rated as one of the best Blue Longhair studs in the Midlands. His many sons and daughters remain to remind us of his quality.

most prolific sire and prize-winner. In 1938 at the Southern Counties, he won 1st prize and Ch. Best Blue Cat. Then came the war to check his show career and, as was the case with many other lovely cats, to deny him the chance to win full Championship honours.

King Kong won many prizes, including Best Stud Cat, Best Blue Junior, etc. He lived a full and happy life until last year,

when he passed away at the age of 14½ years. A noble cat, still sadly missed. His name is preserved on many pedigree forms.

I exhibited a very nice daughter of Kong's out of Urania of Hadley, bred by Miss Fisher. This little cat, Ronada Vegene, won consistently. She was a heavenly shade of powder blue with a glorious pair of copper eyes and after making a successful debut at the Kensington Kitten Show in 1939

under the late Miss Adams, she won a First in every class in which she was entered at Sandy Show. That year we were at war and so another show career was nipped in the bud.

During the war I owned many lovely Blues including Joy of Pensford, a good mother, The Peacemaker of the Court and Nenutchka of Henley. A germ was brought into the cattery

and I lost this fine trio. Joy died the day she was due to kitten to the Peacemaker; such a tragic loss. The Peacemaker was just two years old and had just proved himself a sire. Two of his progeny are alive today, Westbridge Angela and Rexina Minette.

The cats I own to-day are headed by Oxleys Smasher, who has been a big winner in the show pen. He carries a pale coat and is typey in the fullest sense of the word. He is a son of The Playmate of the Court and was bred by the late Miss Albrecht. My females are Ronada Peach, a worthy daughter of dear old Kong, and Thiepval Elf, by Champion Southway Crusader and bred by Mrs. Crickmore. Unfortunately, Peach refuses to breed but Elf mated to Smasher has produced a number of prize-winning kittens. Newcomers among the females are Ronada April, Ronada Susan and Rookery Nook Puff, a grand-

daughter of Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas. Puff, a sweetly pretty queen, has been mated to Ch. Astra of Pensford and I am hoping for something extra special as a result of this union.

My cattery is conveniently situated opposite my back door so that the cats can always see me and I them. It is an asbestos building double lined, 12ft. long, 6ft. wide and 8ft. high, fitted with electric light and tubular heating, with three large windows. A run adjoins the house so that the cats have plenty of fresh air and exercise. These conditions plus good food make for health and contentment in the feline family.

I hope others will be encouraged to make a start as I did from modest beginnings. A cattery can be a worthwhile and absorbing interest guaranteed to widen one's circle of friendship and to teach one how to take the ups with the downs.

PRIZE-WINNING BREEDER'S TRIBUTE TO LACTOL



Photo shows prizewinning Siamese kittens, the property of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Terry, Camier's Cattery, Green Farm, Stebbing Green, nr. Chelmsford, Essex.

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Lethal Factors

By ALBERT C. JUDE

IN several articles about cats and other small live-stock, I have seen references to lethal factors. These references have been short, but usually impressive enough to convey importance of the subject in animal breeding. Please enlarge on the matter for us. Through conversations, I gather there is little general knowledge in the Fancy about lethals, but there is a desire for help in this direction.

A lethal factor is one which causes the death of the individual receiving it in duplex—the state usually referred to as homozygous. On the other hand, when the factor is present only as a single “dose” — the heterozygous state — there may be no serious harmful effect to the individual concerned. Obviously, however, it is this carrier of a lethal factor who is so definitely dangerous in a fancy, for when two such animals are paired, unsuspected by their appearance, there is trouble with a big T for the owner of the queen. It will mean death of kittens and quite often disastrous effects on the queen herself.

Very definitely, the greatest curse on all breeding is the stud animal who may be good looking enough to maybe sweep the board at some show or other, but who, nevertheless, may be the carrier of a lethal factor. Through his winnings, owners of queens will fly to him for service to their queens, and in so doing will cause trouble for themselves, and, unfortunately, for many others as well.

The cause of the deaths of the homozygous individuals is probably the inability of the organisms to carry out vital functions. The deaths may occur either before, or after birth.

There are two general classes of lethals; one dominant, the other recessive. A recessive lethal, as already said, does not show in the individual which is heterozygous for the factor, but kills it when homozygous, just as will a dominant lethal. But in the case of a dominant lethal, the phenotype is altered.

Probably the first lethal discovered in animals was one in yellow mice. Yellow mice are all heterozygous, and therefore do not breed true. They produce yellows which themselves are heterozygous, and some other colour. The litter from two yellow mice will consist of two yellows, to one of the other colour; this is a modification of the Mendelian ratio of three to one. The other one, the homozygous dominant yellow, dies before birth.

Another interesting dominant lethal is found in rabbits. This is a “dwarf” mutation. These heterozygotes are usually about one third smaller than normal, and remain at the same comparative level throughout their life. As a rule, these are not sterile, and if paired, will produce one in four which are homozygous for the “dwarf” factor, and die a few days after birth. They are less than half the size of normals, and because they are short in the upper jaw, are unable to feed, and so die of starvation in a matter of a day or two. The factor operates through reduced activity of the pituitary gland.

“Dwarf” also occurs in mice, and cases have been reported in cats. In mice, the homozygotes are sterile, but have been made to increase to normal size, and reproduce by means of grafts of pituitary glands from normals, or by the injection of secretions from such glands.

It is found that most lethals are recessive, which, from the breeders point of view, is unfortunate. Lethals in cats have not received much separate study so far, but detail is being collected from wherever possible. But the number of lethals known in all animals is truly amazing.

There is a lethal which occurs in both mice and rats which probably also occurs in cats. This is an anaemic gene. The homozygotes are distinctly paler at birth than the normals, and are lighter in weight, even though they often enjoy healthy appetites, and suckle large quantities of milk. But they soon get into a state of extreme emaciation and die, or are eaten by their mothers (mice especially) during the first week of life.

Kinks and Clefts

The lethal gene for “kinky” tails occurs in mice, and experiments in breeding show that the homozygotes are in-viable. The “kinks” vary from slight bends to corkscrew twists, and in extreme cases, the tail-lengths are reduced to about one-half. There is another tail abnormality in mice closely connected with “kinky.” It is named “flexed,” and is very similar in appearance to “kinky.” “Flexed” is recessive, and is associated with a transitory anaemia, which may disappear in 3 or 4 days after birth. It would appear that it is the anaemia which is responsible for the tail abnormality. The difficulty with tail abnormalities is that these are not confined to the tail itself, but also occur in the complete vertebrae. This makes selective breeding more difficult.

In cleft palate there is no doubt that more than one gene is involved. In extreme cases, a bilateral cleft extends from the upper lip, through the premaxilla, just lateral to the upper incisors, throughout the whole length of the hard palate. The oral cavity is thus in open communication with the nasal passages, and in consequence, the animals are unable to suckle, and die of starvation within 24 hours or so. Many are still-

born. Males are rather more often affected than females. An associated anomaly of the eyes — eyelids open at birth — with more or less severe damage to the adult eye, also manifests itself rather more in males than females.

It will be noted that besides genes which are lethal, there are others which may have very harmful effects without actually causing death. These frequently take the form of hereditary diseases — pathological effects. Usually in mammals they are manifest in various organs and ways — the nervous and sense organs; the muscular and blood systems (including the heart); the excretory system (kidneys); or the reproductive system.

Occasionally one meets with what are known as “balanced” lethals. An instance concerns the tail-lengths of mice. In this case three different genes are involved. Any of these is lethal if homozygous. T^1 is a dominant lethal, which in a heterozygote with normal tail (T) produces a short-tailed phenotype. The other two (t^0 and t^1) are recessive lethals and have no visible effect in heterozygotes with normal tails. (Tt^0 and Tt^1). But in heterozygotes with the dominant lethal, they enhance the effect of the latter to complete taillessness (T^1t^0 or T^1t^1). It has been shown that the two recessive lethals have different degrees of deadliness. One perishes at the 11th day of gestation, while the other perishes before implantation.

It is not for me to tell fanciers what to do, except that the performance of males to various queens should be noted, and if there seems anything abnormal with the litters of queens mated, this must be taken as significant. On the other hand, no blame must be placed from just odd cases of faulty litters. The matter of apparent lethals in any stud animal is of tremendous importance in a fancy, for quite obvious reasons. My correspondence from quite a wide area from cat fanciers on matters of litters has been both instructive and enlightening.

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Correspondence Invited

Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

THE Cat Fanciers' Federation "Annual" held in April was well represented by the associate member clubs. The same set of officers were re-elected to office—proving that they must have given complete satisfaction over the previous year.

* * *

Mrs. C. F. Rotter was again elected President of Twin City Cat Fanciers' Inc., of Minneapolis, Minn. She was President of this Club for six years and follows in the footsteps of Mrs. Finch, who was a very able, capable as well as an extremely popular officer.

* * *

One of the most interesting books out this year is "Just One Cat," by Asa Wilgus (New York City, A. A. Wyn, Inc). It is well written, strong, masterful in authority, potent enough to twist your heart, full of interesting phases plausibly argued for the cat. No baby-talk here. I find it an analysis of the cat so admirable in its clarity and so judicious in its estimates of understanding as to persuade the reader that "Bill" is dignified, affectionate and intelligent. The chief merit of Mr. Wilgus' book is not the factual information it conveys but the way it highlights the basic problem of the cat. This book offers a score of ideas on the cat each worth a long chapter and some even a volume. Most books are buried under masses of unnecessary verbiage through which the reader has to dig to exhume ideas that too often prove not worth the trouble. This is not true with "Just One Cat," which is simple and direct. I find this book gives off sparks that burn the emotions. The conclusion one reaches

is that it is inconclusive—there should be a sequel telling us what happened to the old sea Captain and his good wife. I have read many books—I possess a library dating back to the seventeenth century—and I can truthfully say that the ending of this book is truly masterful. I am not an emotional person but I cried myself to sleep the night I finished "Just One Cat." I consider this book a MUST.

* * *

Mrs. T. R. James, of Minneapolis, is recovering from a very serious illness. Mrs. James, you will remember, is the very well-known breeder of White Persians and Postman Blues. Postman Blues, I believe, is a trade name for her Blue cats.

* * *

A new cat magazine is in the making. Little appears known about it as yet, but it promises to be a "conversation provoking topic" if all the subjects are handled that are now under consideration. The home location of this new periodical is in Indiana (Midwestern).

* * *

Mrs. Alice Clark, Pacific Cat Club, San Francisco, California, tells me of an incident. It seems her little Blue Manx queen dislikes callers who wear hats. She has figured out that every time one of these hatted visitors look over her babies one of them is missing. When all the kittens were gone but one a lady came to visit. Yes, she wore a hat! The little mother took one look—grabbed her baby—and ran. She hid it and it was some time before the little one was found. Another time when all her babies disappeared she figured in some way that it

was all Mr. Clark's fault—so she bit him on the leg.

* * *
May I thank all you kind people who have written me regarding your shows, show rules and cats. I wish I had time to answer each of you but the fact is I am a newspaper woman who works at her job—ten hours a day—every day in the week. I never get through but do stop once in a great while. Also thank you for the London papers you have been sending me. I do enjoy them.

* * *
Mrs. Coreen Petta is excitedly happy over the arrival of her little Dutch girl, a Cream, ten months old, she refers to the little lady as "Pinkie." Her authentic name, I believe, is Bentveld Pink Lady, bred by Miss Posthuma of Holland. This little beauty is backed by Int. Ch. Jonathan of Shatterway (Cream) and Int. Ch. Theydon Heather, a Blue Cream. Her sire is Sedan Cocktail and her queen mother is Bentveld Love-in-a-Mist. Mrs. Petta tells me this little Cream queen is all that a show-type cat should be. I'm looking forward to seeing her. Mrs. Petta is Secretary of the Mid-West Feline Club. Her husband Dr. Andrew Petta, is President. This husband-wife combination seems to be a good setup.

* * *
Already various clubs are planning garden parties to swell the funds. Kitten matches are seriously considered, too. There has been a suggestion that the various felines put their owners on the stand to be judged. This would really be something! I think that disposition should rank in the top-bracket for points, also kindness, conformation to rules of the various Associations and condition. How many of us would be too fat, too thin, eye color wrong? Coat would be a stylist point to consider. This idea was suggested by a very well-known novelist, three of them in fact. Well, there is publicity value in the idea—if nothing else. It has been considered for two years or more. Maybe this year it will go over.

American Personality

MRS. C. F. ROTTER

MATIL ROTTER, probably better known as Mrs. C. F. Rotter, is prominent among our judges in the western part of the United States.

She has been described as rather shy and modest and anyone would at first meeting decide she was on the diffident side. On the contrary, she is quite dynamic in her very quiet way. Tall, willowy and slender, she makes a beautiful picture when on the judges bench. The way she handles her cats, sometimes holding them aloft for all to see (especially stressing the stream-lined loveliness of the Siamese) is worth waiting to see. She is always positive and firm in her decisions.

Judge Rotter has been associated with feline friends all her life. The first word she lisped was "kitty"! Her chief hobby is probably her collection of miniature figurines of cats. At this particular time there are more than one hundred of them—and the collection is growing. Her second love is probably antiques, any and all kinds. She also has an exceptional collection of original specimens of milk glass. Incidentally in her cat collection, there is one she prizes above all the Dresden china and others. It is a life-size miesen. This is an unusually choice object.

Judge Rotter is both a Persian and Siamese breeder. She honestly feels that the Siamese is the most difficult to judge and that none should try to judge this particular kind of cat without first raising them, living with them and studying their habits. She has been judging for eight years, working under The Cat Fanciers' Association. She is an officer in this Association as well as belonging to the Central States Solid Color Cat Club, Milwaukee Cat Club, Blue Cat Society, and the Minnesota Siamese Cat Club. She remains President of the Twin City Cat Fanciers, Inc.,

Minneapolis. Preceding her administration at the Twin Cities Cat Club, her husband, Mr. C. F. Rotter, was President for four years. Judge Rotter has established herself well with her Association in the impartial decisions she has made. This last season she had twelve shows to

has the courage of her convictions in all that she does. She has tremendous composure and poise while on the judging bench. Nothing seems to effect her emotionally. It has been explained to me by a breeder of many years, that the unthinkable is always happening in cat



Mrs. C. F. Rotter with her Black winner, Briargates Satan.

her credit and her largest was in Long Beach, California, where there were 307 entries. Her "Briargate" cattery is quite well known all over America and only the best stock qualify for "Briargate."

In New York last year, she brought everyone on tip-toes when she awarded her top honors to the Blacks. Truly she

shows. This is probably why Judge Rotter is appreciated for her intangibles.

The Black Persian pictured with her is her homebred Briargates Satan, who was Best Novice in the All-Breed Show under Deans Henderson, Milwaukee, 1951. He has made outstanding wins every place he has been shown since.

BILLIE BANCROFT

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Care at Kitten Time

By EMILY DE HAAS

LAST month we got the new kittens safely born and, we hope, are now enjoying a period when the queen takes full care of them. Inspect the kittens carefully every day, not only to see that everything is all right, but also to get them accustomed to human handling. Talk softly to them and stroke them and they will soon begin to speak as soon as they hear your voice.

Contrary to some breeders, I do not try to feed or wean the kittens very young. At about the age of three or four weeks they begin to come out of the nest and show some interest in the mother's food. I then begin offering small quantities of scraped raw meat, with some of the juice squeezed out and added to it. I also add a very small quantity of Pabulum, which is a cereal food with added vitamins much used for babies in America. This has been moistened in hot water. *The young kittens cannot tolerate any kind of rough or coarse cereal.* They will often take fish, before meat. However, don't worry, for when they begin to get hungry, they will start to eat.

About this time the queen may be removed for a period of two or three hours and the kittens fed before she is returned to them. Some queens will voluntarily leave the kittens while others are disinclined to let them out of their sight. It is safe to plan, that when the

kittens teeth are through the gums, they are ready and should begin to take food.

I never give but one milk feeding daily to young kittens; the milk from the queen is enough as long as she nurses them. Here again I differ from many breeders who wean the kittens, feeling that those sharp little teeth will injure the nipples. My queens soon begin to permit nursing less frequently and wean the kittens themselves. However, if the breeder plans to have another litter soon, the queen should be given every opportunity to regain her strength. I do not allow more than one litter a year.

Kittens may be started on some form of concentrated codliver or fish oils at a very early age. I start at about one month putting two drops in the mouth with a dropper. The dose, of course, depends upon the preparation used. This period is a very critical one in the kitten's life, and progress must be watched carefully.

If the kitten refuses to eat, there is great danger that something is the matter. I feed only four meals daily, the fourth being milk. I remove all food after a reasonable time and do not give anything until the next regular feeding time. Kittens should preferably be fed separately or the stronger and faster eating ones will gobble it all up from the others.

All fanciers should read

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A corner of the Bob Martin laboratories where 'Tibs' Cat Powders are being discussed with visitors.

H.Q. OF CAT HEALTH

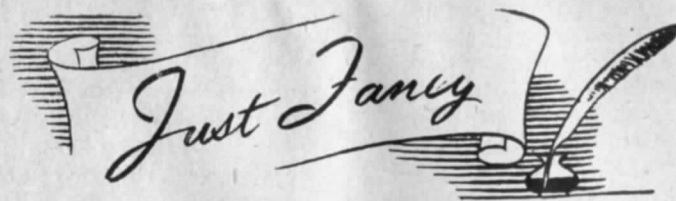
All 'Tibs' preparations are under constant analytical control in the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport. Veterinary surgeons and pharmacists who are welcome visitors, have expressed their admiration for the research and care that go into every 'Tibs' product.

Visits from the Cat Fancy to the Bob Martin laboratories and factory are cordially invited. Cat Club Secretaries who wish to organise parties should write to the Advertising Department for possible dates.

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KEEP CATS KITTENISH



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.

IN my diary last month I referred to my meeting in Stockholm, on the occasion of the Championship Show of the Swedish Cat Club, with Mr. Bengt Danielson, who took part in the famous Kon-Tiki Expedition. Mr. Danielson was exhibiting two very interesting Shorthair cats, Snovit and Ophelix, which he had brought back with him from Tahiti. He now sends some welcome news about his unusual pets and their fascinating background. He writes:

"In pre-European times, there were no wild animals in Tahiti except rats, and the only domesticated ones were the pig and the dog. The island was discovered by the Englishman Samuel Wallis, a naval officer sent out on exploration by the Admiralty in 1767, and according to the account of his voyage he left as gifts some turkeys, a goose, a gander and a cat, which, being entirely new to the natives, were highly prized. This was the first cat in Tahiti but nothing further is known about his destiny.

"Wallis gave the cat to Porea, a district chieftainess, but her district was ravaged by enemies from the peninsula and she was dispossessed. When Captain Cook arrived in Tahiti in 1769 the

natives showed him among other trophies taken from Porea the turkey cock and the goose, but the cat is not mentioned. I suppose it perished and that new ones were brought by explorers, probably by Cook himself in 1773 or 1777.

"To-day there are numerous cats in Tahiti and on all other islands in French Oceania. There is even an island which the owner once 'peopled' exclusively with cats in order to exterminate the rats which ravaged the coconuts. Nearly all cats must be deserters from ships because as far as one can ascertain no one has ever brought pedigree cats to the island. They are principally from North America, South America, France, Australia and New Zealand, countries from which the ships originate. They are of all colours and usually semi-wild as the natives never take care of them and feed them properly. They live mostly on rats and lizards and are very useful as the former abound and eat a large quantity of valuable nuts and copra.

"Our two cats were born in the house we rented on the western side of the island in the district of Punannia. Their mother was striped like Ophelix but darker, and their father was entirely white. There were five kittens of which Ophelix was the smallest and feeblest, but he was the most beautiful with a bluish tint. When we left for the Tuamotus to live with our native friends at Raroia, the island where the Kon-Tiki raft landed, we became attached to these two kittens and brought them with us. They became extremely useful as they cleared our house from rats, and always discovered the scorpions and centipedes.

"The two cats had complete liberty but didn't disappear as did nearly all the other cats born in the village. When we went to the Marquesas Islands they were about twenty months old and able to take care of themselves aboard the schooner. They were perfect sailors and were the only beings — men and animals — who were not sea-sick. In the Marquesas they also cleared the house of unwelcome creatures and enjoyed a

to leave. The father of all Snovit's kittens has been Ophelix and she has had twenty-two in all. Nine have been white, one grey, twelve striped and once she had a kitten with one blue and one green eye.

"Snovit and Ophelix will be three in September. When we left French Oceania in September 1951 we couldn't leave the cats, so took them with us on the French ship. From Nice they flew



Mr. and Mrs. Bengt Danielson with Snovit and Ophelix, the pair of interesting Shorthairs which Mr. Danielson brought home to Sweden from Tahiti after he had taken part in the famous Kon-Tiki Expedition.

happier life among the bushes and mountains than on the barren coral island of Raroia.

"Ophelix disappeared just before our departure but thanks to the devotion of a native we got him back. This native crossed the island of Hiccoa on horseback and arrived after 30 miles in tropical rain with Ophelix just as we were about

with us direct to Stockholm. They have shorter fur, as you observed, than Swedish cats and could not stand the cold outdoors so they have lived in the house with us ever since. They appear to like it and find all civilized gadgets which they have never seen before enormously interesting. Ophelix has already learnt to open doors and sleep on the hot air

system. We are leaving for Hawaii this summer and hope some member of the Swedish Cat Club will take care of them so we can have them back when we return in a year or two."

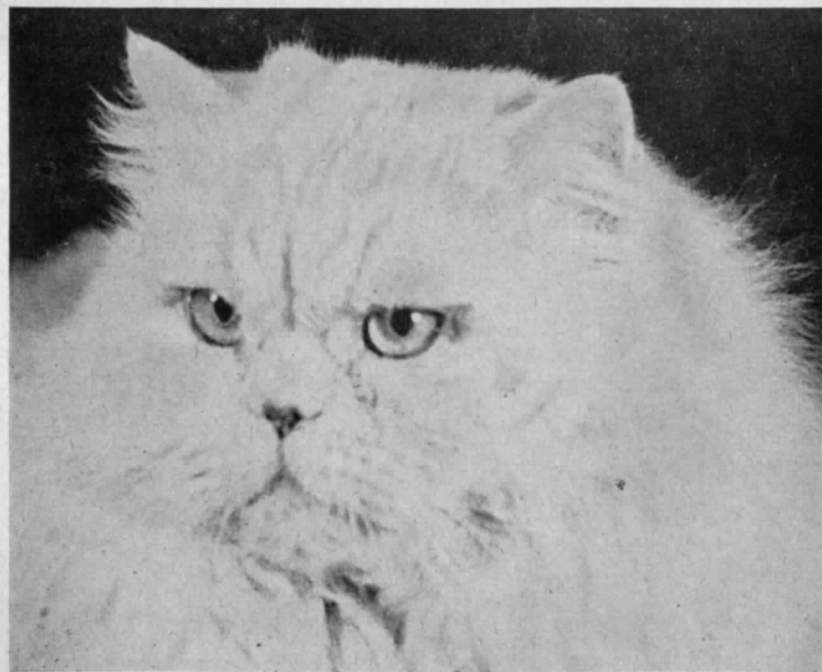
Essex Journey

Have spent an enjoyable day with Mrs. Ella Martin of Chelmsford. Her Queen Sima of Shrublands was nursing a bonny litter of six by Ch. Prestwick Penglima-Pertama. Sima, and a very affectionate intelligent neuter are both house pets. The kittens live in the lounge and, I was amused to hear, are put into the bathroom for two days sanitary pan training when about four weeks old and emerge properly house trained.

This Queen has produced many winners and the pick of her kittens often go abroad, Mrs. Duncan Hindley's Champion is her usual mate.

After lunch I visited Mrs. Sheppard, at nearby Dunmow, breeder of one of the loveliest Cream males I have ever seen, Ch. Widdington Warden, who passed away last spring in his thirteenth year. Exhibited when nine months of age at Kensington Kitten Show in July 1939, he won firsts under the late Miss Adams, Capt. Powell and myself, and the promise of maturing into a beautiful adult was generously fulfilled. He had to wait a long time for his adult honours, however, as owing to the War, he did not appear again until November 1946 at Croydon Cat Club Ch. Show. Mrs. Bazeley, herself a breeder of many lovely Creams, then wrote in her judge's report :

"A real champion massive cat of lovely type, tiny ears well placed on a very broad skull, good wide muzzle and short nose, wonderful sound coat of good



CHAMPION WIDDINGTON WARDEN, who died in the spring of this year, will long be remembered as one of the finest Cream males ever bred. See notes above.

colour, best Cream I have seen for a long time."

Ch. Widdington Warden won his other two Certificates at his next two shows and was deemed by all a lovely representative of his breed. Among others, he sired the Cream males Ch. Widdington Whynot, Ch. Widdington Whiskers, Ch. Widdington Wintersweet and the Cream female Ch. Widdington Wincette and several other big winners. Mrs. Sheppard has some of his handsome daughters and each season produces a Cream or Blue-Cream of quality. She has kindly been taking care of Mrs. Vize's Myowne Gallant Homme whilst she was in South Africa. He was looking lovely and in wonderful coat for the time of year. He has been enjoying lashings of goat's milk plus ample meat and has matured into a very refined male. Four fine neuters were parading about the Sheppard's lovely garden, all of unknown origin with the exception of a Blue brother of Ch. Widdington Warden.

Show at Bale

Delighted to receive a p.c. from Bale, Switzerland, announcing that Mdme. Bridgett's Blue male Ch. Southway Reveller (bred by Mr. Martin) was Best Cat in Show and Mdme. Laura Paganini's Twilight of Pensford, Blue-Cream litter sister of Twinkle of Pensford, the Copenhagen winner, was Best Kitten in Show. Mlle. Perrin was delighted that our Mrs. Brunton and Mr. Braeckman from Ghent were able to judge. On her return, Mrs. Brunton told me it was a very enjoyable Show and after it she returned to Lausanne with Mdme. Bridgett and Mlle. Perrin. She was able to pay a short visit to Mdme. Sarrazin in Paris before flying back to England.

American Ratings

Mrs. Arvid Ohlin, with whom I spent some happy days at Westerly, U.S.A., writes that Ch. Mair of Allington's litter sister, Myfanwy of Allington

(whose picture appeared in last month's issue) is now a Grand Champion. This is a rare honour for a Blue female in the United States as there are only one or two others and about five Blue male Grand Champions. Referring to the Show Rules, Classification and Standard of the Cat Fanciers' Association 1950 U.S.A. it is interesting to note:

"Section 4. The Open Class is for cats of either sex over eight months old. Cats that have completed championships in this Association shall not be entered in the open class."

Grand Champions are also not eligible to compete against Champions but compete for the Best Cat of their colour and Best in Show, etc. The Scale of Points is the same for all breeds and colours except Siamese and Manx, viz. :—Colour, 25 ; coat, 15 ; condition, 10 ; head (including size and shape of eyes), 20 ; type (including shape, size, bone and length of tail), 20 ; colour of eyes, 10. A uniform standard of points has in the past been suggested in England but so far nothing has been done about it, and we have the anomaly of 50 points for coat in Longhair Cream selfs and only 20 points for coat in Blues. To return to Mrs. Arvid Ohlin's cats. Myfanwy's other sister, Morfydd, is also a Champion. Unfortunately neither have had living kittens. Both come into season and mate easily and are fit and well. One hears of many similar cases with pedigree cats, but how seldom one can ascertain the cause! A Blue male of her own breeding, Wimauma Wilful, which I admired, went to the West Coast and is now a Champion. A daughter of Ch. Southway Crusader and Ch. Mair of Allington bred by Miss Langston is now installed and it is hoped will have a big future.

The Soderberg Family

To Caterham to visit Mr. Soderberg. His cat family is a small one. Sheena, a pale nicely intermingled Blue-Cream, has complete freedom and in such rural

surroundings her escapades lead to many kittens of doubtful paternal origin. Herries Helga has a very lovely year old daughter by Ch. Harpur Blue Boy. She is pale with glorious deep eye colour and as Mr. Soderberg does not exhibit she may go abroad. She is a potential Champion.

What a blessing female cats can be so safely spayed. Here again I met a contented, matronly queen who is the special pet of Mr. Soderberg. She sleeps on his bed and the night before he was awakened by hearing her chewing. On investigating he found she had nearly finished a rabbit she had caught. She positively bulged and spent the next day sleepily but was ready for her supper. A five year old neuter Siamese male completes the family.

Mr. Soderberg's small book published by Cassells is the only one I have seen on sale at Boots the Chemists with the exception of the small paper covered ones published by manufacturers of cat products.

A Show for Kent

To Sevenoaks to a Committee Meeting of the Kentish Cat Society. It is proposed to hold a Show in early September in the Pump Room, Tunbridge Wells, which has been acquired by a new Company with Admiral Sir Cecil Harcourt, Lord of the Manor, as Chairman. His co-directors are Mrs. Louis Kentner, wife of the famous pianist, and Mr. S. Thorpe, secretary of the Rusthall Estate. From 1939 until 1950 it was used as the Regional Petroleum Office but now every endeavour is to make it a social centre again. Many of us have happy recollections of pre-war shows there, and the Committee are confident Mrs. Vize will make a success of the Society's first post-war show.

Miss Kathleen Yorke is being invited to judge all Longhair adults and Mrs. J. Newton all Longhair kittens. Miss Kit Wilson and Miss Val Prentis will, it is hoped, judge Siamese, British

and Foreign Shorthairs and household pets. Thanks to Mrs. Varcoe organising a raffle, the Club is in a more secure position to organise its show.

The Way Up

To Mr. and Mrs. Dunks at Acton for a Committee Meeting of the Herts and Middlesex Cat Club, passing en route the Town Hall, Acton, the venue of the Club Ch. Show on, Friday, September 19th. It is a spacious modern building with splendid lighting. Mr. Dunks, the new Club Secretary, and Mrs. Dunks are teeming with ideas and enthusiasm and appear to be another of those husband and wife partnerships which have in the past accomplished so much in the Cat Fancy. A notable example is of course the late Mr. and Mrs. Yeates.

After the meeting I was very interested to see the family of Siamese, especially the Tortoiseshell Pointed female bred by Dr. Archer from Somerville Scarlet Pimpernel, a Red Pointed male and Doneraile Dew, a Seal Point. Her litter of two Tortoiseshell Pointed females and two Red males were most interesting. One could already see the warm colouring on the ears and tails of the Red Points which had very promising heads. Mrs. Dunks is anxious the Tortie Points should go to a breeder who will carry on her experiments.

Gracedieu Lu-an, a Seal Point son, one year old by Mystic Dreamer, will be their future stud. He is moulting at present and in the hobble-de-hoy stage which so many young males go through, but when mature should give a good account of himself. His first litter is Doneraile Dew's family. Sheesha, an adorable daughter of Inwood Ching captivated me. She has such winning ways. Twinkle, a spayed female and Nunk, a neuter who is a local celebrity, complete this family kept under such happy conditions.

Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Dunks had a half-bred Siamese and he decided to purchase a pure bred one as a surprise

for Mrs. Dunks. So he dashed into the Siamese Cat Club Ch. Show in 1947 on his way home from business. Seeing a litter of six he was uncertain which one to have so the owner offered to take them all home in her car for Mrs. Dunks to see. She chose one because she thought the tiny dark spots in its ears so quaint. How little they dreamed that in five years they would be organising a Championship All Breed Show at Acton !

Kensington July Show

The Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club Show on July 30th at the Royal Horticultural Hall will shortly open the season. Although many members are disappointed it is not to be a Championship Show this year, it is hoped many lovely representatives will be present. The venue is ideal for cats and owners and very convenient to all the London termini. Neuters will have Premier Certificates granted and if they are as good as they were last year, they will be a show in themselves.

An innovation will be a show of posters and advertising material depicting cats and kittens, some from abroad. Many of our most popular judges will officiate so here's wishing a lovely day and a good attendance.

Through clever advertising, never easy to obtain so inexpensively, and for which we have to thank Mr. and Mrs. Williams, last year's show made a handsome profit, thus enabling the Club to again book this fine Hall which beyond doubt is one of the best venues in the country for a cat show.

A rare newcomer to the Zoo is a young sand-cat from Aden. It is reported to be the first of its kind the Zoo has had and the donor is a R.A.F. Wing Commander who caught the animal in the West Aden Protectorate. Although savage, it is a beautiful animal that wears a kind of a ruff round its neck. It is somewhat smaller than the average domesticated cat, with short legs, thick pale sandy coat and amber eyes.



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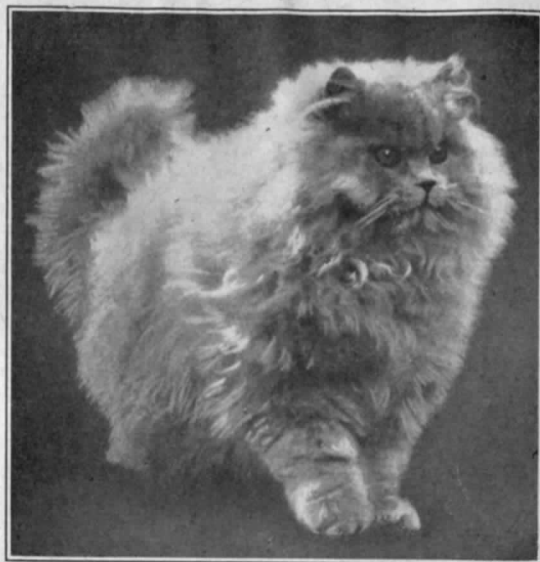
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MISS CONSTANCE PAGE, of Woburn Lodge, 92a Gammons Lane, Watford, owner of the Woburn Cattery, writes :—

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Then you started manufacturing Kit-zyme specially for cats and I am never without it. All my cats just love the tablets and look for them each day.

I am sending you a photograph of Woburn Sunshine, one of my Blue Persian kittens, who, at 7 months of age, had won 13 First Prizes under nine different judges. He was Best Male Long-Haired kitten at three Shows this season ; Olympia, Croydon C.C.S. and the National C.C.S. At Croydon he also won the Putchina Cup and at the National he won the Blue Cap Challenge Cup and the Stephenson-Herries Kitten Trophy.

Everyone remarked on Sunshine's wonderful condition which I attribute largely to the regular use of Kit-zyme."

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Tailpieces

A regular newsy feature
with a selection of the best
items from home and overseas



A NEWS item from The Hague tells of a tragedy that ended a series of quarrels between a retired civil servant and his landlady over the former's two pet cats. "Finis" was written when the worried man strangled the landlady, hanged the cats and gassed himself.

A cat is raising a family of four kittens 40 feet up on the roof of a derelict building in the West End of London.

Thomas Beard, a 54-year-old railway crossing keeper, of Stone, near Dartford, was fined £5 for causing unnecessary suffering to two cats. The R.S.P.C.A. Inspector who gave evidence for the prosecution stated that the cats were found in a deplorable state of neglect and Beard had shown utter callousness.

Here are some more seasonal tips from a fancier friend: Do remember with the arrival of the hot weather to partially cook meat and fish as soon as bought. And remember, too, to keep the flies away. It is a good idea at this time of the year to introduce a little chopped green vegetable into the cat's menu.

Lt.-Col. George Tagg, looking forward to his 90th birthday, lived a lonely life at his East Molesey home, where his sole companion was a black cat. When it was missing he used to go out and look for it. But one day when he was searching for his pet he had a fall in the garden which resulted in his death. The inquest was held on his birthday.

The 18 mobile hospitals of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals travelled over 190,000 miles last year and treated 154,521 animals.

The Melbourne (Australia) Cat Club is holding a Show on July 19th. The judge will be Mrs. Whyte, daughter of Mr. E. J. Lonsdale, who met many English fanciers whilst on a visit in 1950. Mr. Lonsdale is prominently associated with feline activities in New South Wales.

Visitors to the Chessington (Surrey) Zoo recently saw the tragic end to a friendship between a tiger and a lioness who had shared the same cage for several months. George, the tiger, suddenly attacked Tessa, the lioness and a fierce fight ended with the defeat and subsequent death of the last-named.

A news item from Victoria, British Columbia, says that a Mrs. Berger kept 100 cats on her estate. She let them roam about and fed them on chicken, fish and 14 quarts of milk at a cost of £50 a month. She directed before her death that the cats should die with her.

The Hon. Victoria Bruce, whose recent death was a sad blow for the Scottish Cat Fancy, left £33,355 (duty paid £6,568). She was Scotland's first woman prison governor and sister of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. Miss Bruce was President of the Scottish Cat Club, and on occasion, a welcome contributor to this Magazine.

Employed as a typist at £5 17s. 0d. per week by the Post Office, 56-year-old

Miss Cecilia Moeder has for many years spent a goodly part of her earnings on feeding the cats who live in the bombed ruins of the City of London. She prepares the food — fish, rabbit, meat and rice — in her tiny kitchen in South Lambeth. Miss Moeder has only one worry: She dreads what would happen to the cats without her.

A cat burglar who really was mistaken for a cat got away with a £1,000 haul at a Cookham Dean (Berks) home. "The dogs suddenly started barking," said a friend of the occupier, "but unfortunately we thought it was only a cat."

Penny, the pet cat of the Zoo children's section who has appeared on the television screen, has a special friend in Wendy, the llama. Penny is on affectionate terms with many of the animals in the Gardens but she reserves a special "Good morning" nuzzle for Wendy.

Mrs. Ruby McVean, of South Queensferry, writes to the Editor of the *Sunday*

Express: "I bought a clockwork mouse for my two Siamese cats. When I put it on the floor, Mingel jumped on the table and Meika ran out of the door. It took more than an hour to persuade them the mouse was not real.

Among the many cat and dog patients which have visited Our Dumb Friends' League Animals' Hospital at Victoria, S.W.1, during the past five weeks have been a baby rabbit, tortoises, canaries, budgerigars, a mouse, a pigeon, a parrot and a sparrow. The average weekly attendance of cats and dogs for treatment was over 280. In addition during the five weeks the hospital dealt with more than 500 cats and dogs.

Sidney, a three-year-old buck rabbit who lives in Mabey Avenue, Bournemouth, is the terror of the local cats. He chases them out when they trespass in his garden. Sidney was bought for 6d. and is fed largely on bread and milk. But he's no milk sop!

Bo'sun - Sailor Siamese

By DEE BLACKBURN (Skipper's Mate)

STOP PRESS: It appears likely that Bo'sun's happy days in Portugal will be over by the time these lines appear in print. There is great activity on board the little yacht "Mary Hillier" as Skipper George Blackburn and his "mate" get her ready for the next stage of their sailing adventure. Where and when they next make port is as yet uncertain, but Mrs. Blackburn has promised to send more news about Bo'sun at the first opportunity. It may or may not reach us in time for the July issue.

BO'SUN has gone completely Latin on us. Immediately after his lunch he turns in and doesn't stir until about 4 o/c in the afternoon. And a wiser thing couldn't be done—as the heat during these hours can be extremely uncomfortable. Most of the natives stop work at noon-time and have a two or three-hour seista.

Neither George nor I mind the hot weather, fortunately, but if the sun gets too domineering we dive over the side to cool off — not caring to miss any of the daytime hours in sleep. Bo'sun got an awful shock the first time he discovered us in swimming. He was most perturbed, and went bounding around the deck crying in a most perplexed manner and appeared to be trying to attract someone's attention to our plight. We quelled his fears by coming aboard and diving off again to assure him that we were quite in control of the situation. Now he enjoys watching us in our aquatic stunts and gets so enthused at our antics that one day we feel he is going to join us in our fun.

A few weeks ago during one of Bo'sun's walks ashore a strange thing happened. He always walks along sniffing at all the wonderfully strange earthy smells which he doesn't get aboard. On this day he tarried longer than usual in a small tuft of grass. Suddenly, his fur stood out on end and his tail went as bushy as a racoon's. He wasn't frightened, but stayed as if glued to the spot. It was

several minutes before his fur went back to normal. He looked more fluffy than a full-furred Persian. Since that day this reaction has happened quite frequently, and we think that hidden somewhere in the undergrowth are either nests of birds or some tiny animals.

Bo'sun adores flowers, too! He never fails to spend several minutes enjoying the aroma of pleasant smelling posies when out for a stroll. I always try to keep a little bunch of blooms aboard for his special enjoyment. His sense of smell is only exceeded by his sense of hearing. All day long dinghies are being paddled about the harbour and past our ship. Yet Bo'sun knows the sound of our own dinghy approaching, which is more than I do! If one of us is away from the ship, long before we are in sight Bo'sun is up on deck to greet us in spite of the fact that probably several dinghies have passed since our departure to which he pays no attention.

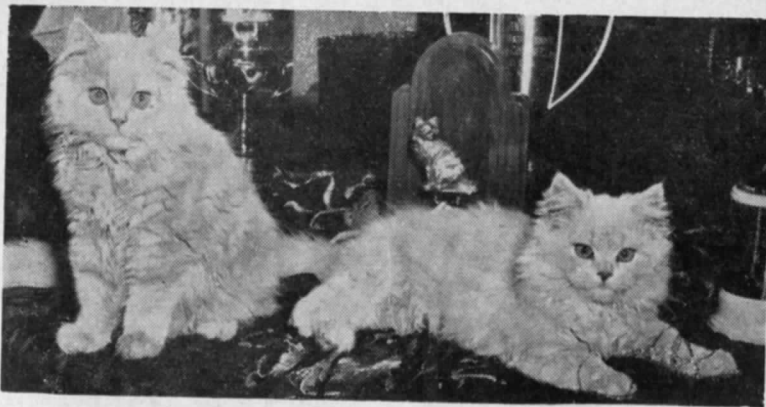
On our portholes are brass grills to protect the glass and one of his tricks is to put his paw on the lower grill and pull it back and forth which makes quite a clatter . . . his way of showing impatience if we don't open the hatch immediately he cries to be let in. It is a source of great amusement to us when we have friends aboard at night—as the sudden clattering noise at the porthole and two very gleaming eyes peering through the glass are always cause for considerable comment.

Bo'sun's new seista routine has helped us considerably this year in our painting

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and varnishing. We get all our work of this nature done during his nap and with the intense heat — it is all reasonably dry when he surfaces — so we haven't had to contend with little paw marks on our freshly painted parts. However, his long afternoon naps give me another problem. He wakes up at the crack of dawn and when it is obvious that we have no intention of getting up too he torments me by licking my face until there is no more sleep for me.

A Dinner Snatched

Some friends of ours from England are now in Lisbon having arrived a few weeks ago. As they are moored alongside us and are old friends of Bo'sun's — he visits them quite frequently. Bo'sun knows them as Auntie Sheila and Uncle Bill. For a few days after their arrival, I became quite concerned about Bo'sun's loss of appetite until I discovered that Auntie Sheila was feeding him little titbits all through the day. I explained that Bo'sun had very regular eating habits — and that I would prefer to send him over at a specified time if she had any bits she thought he'd like. So now Bo'sun occasionally has a meal aboard the yacht "Sylla" and his appetite is back to normal.

One night our neighbours were having company to dinner. Just before the guests were scheduled to arrive I heard a shriek from Sheila. When I poked my head out of the hatch Bo'sun was returning aboard with a small fish dangling in his mouth. Then I heard the sad tale of woe. Sheila had her table nicely arranged with crisply cooked caripau for the first course. Bo'sun had found them — had consumed all but the one when he was discovered and had snatched this one when he was caught in the act.

You will recall that I mentioned the numerous cats that lived in a shell of a building close by. The wee ones have all arrived and there are more than I can count. However, we feel that the babies do not fare as well as the older cats,

perhaps because they are not big enough to hold their own when the food parcels arrive. They all look quite thin and undernourished. Now when I take them food, I only feed the kittens. One particularly tiny one was timid about coming down when I called, so I took some little pieces up to the wall for him which he lapped up with great appreciation. A small piece was still stuck to my finger so I offered it to him to lick off and to my surprise he sank his four needle sharp little teeth into my finger. He wasn't vicious, but merely too young to realize the tasty bit should have been licked instead of chewed.

Enter Lisbon Liz. Recently a mother cat belonging to a friend of ours had a litter of kittens. One was a dear little thing and in colouring just the reverse of Bo'sun. For some time George and I had been thinking that Bo'sun would enjoy a companion and mentioned to our friend that we would like to have this kitten when she was old enough to leave the mother.

He was Horrified!

The day arrived and we took her to our friend the vet. for a check-up and found her to be very clean and healthy. The owners of the kitten came aboard with us to witness the introduction to Bo'sun, and while they were here Bo'sun was a pleasant host — showing a bit of curiosity — but no great friendliness. However, when they departed and left the kitten behind, he was aghast! He kept looking at them and back at Liz as if he were trying to remind them that they had forgotten something. When it was obvious that Liz was staying — Bo'sun was horrified. He wailed and moaned and looked thoroughly dejected. Seeing this reaction, I paid no more attention to Liz, leaving it up to George to make her comfortable for the night. Bo'sun wouldn't leave me for a second, but nuzzled his little nose into my neck and whimpered and sobbed the night long.

Liz was as good as gold — seeming to sense her intrusion into the King's domain. She stayed wherever she was put, and made no attempt to take advantage of her situation. Next morning Bo'sun was no better. He wanted me to hold him constantly, and I found his Mickey Mouse all chewed up and strewn about the floor. We think he did it so Liz wouldn't play with it. We were in a plight. It was obvious that Bo'sun desired no companion.

So we reluctantly told our friends who said that a baker close by had registered an interest in Liz and would like to have her. Forthwith Liz was taken to her new owner, apparently happy to be relieved of the presence of our whimpering, sobbing Bo'sun.

But Liz is now happy with the baker and is showing every sign of becoming a very attractive cat. She sits at the doorway prettily dressed in a tiny red collar, and assumes a very proprietary air over her new domain. Exit Lisbon Liz!

(To be continued)

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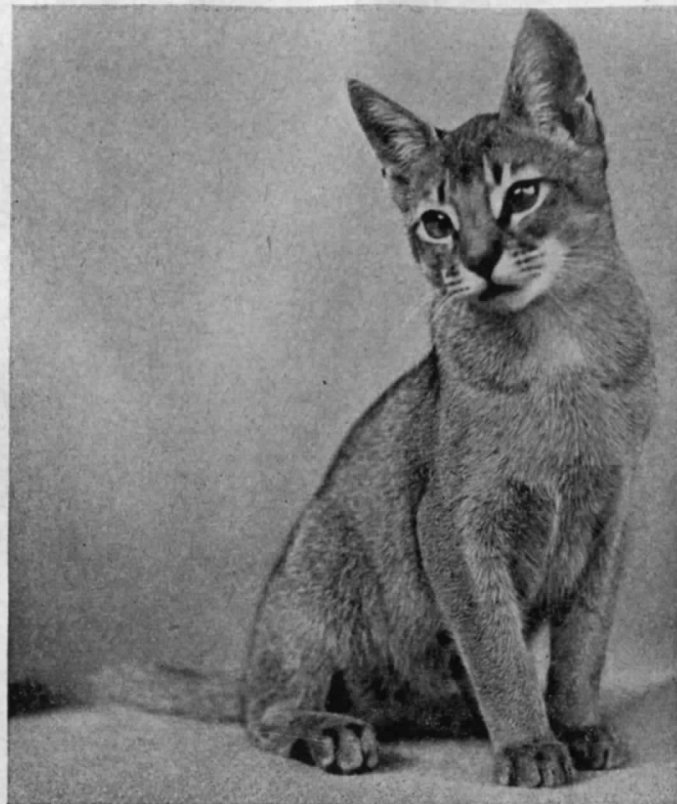
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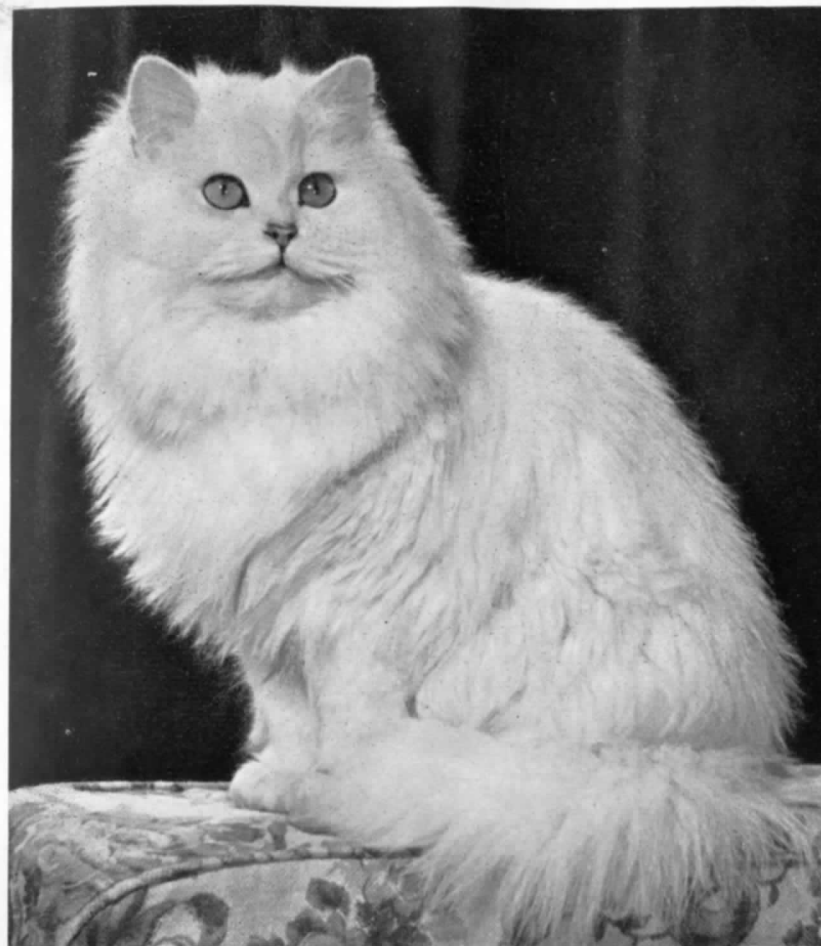
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