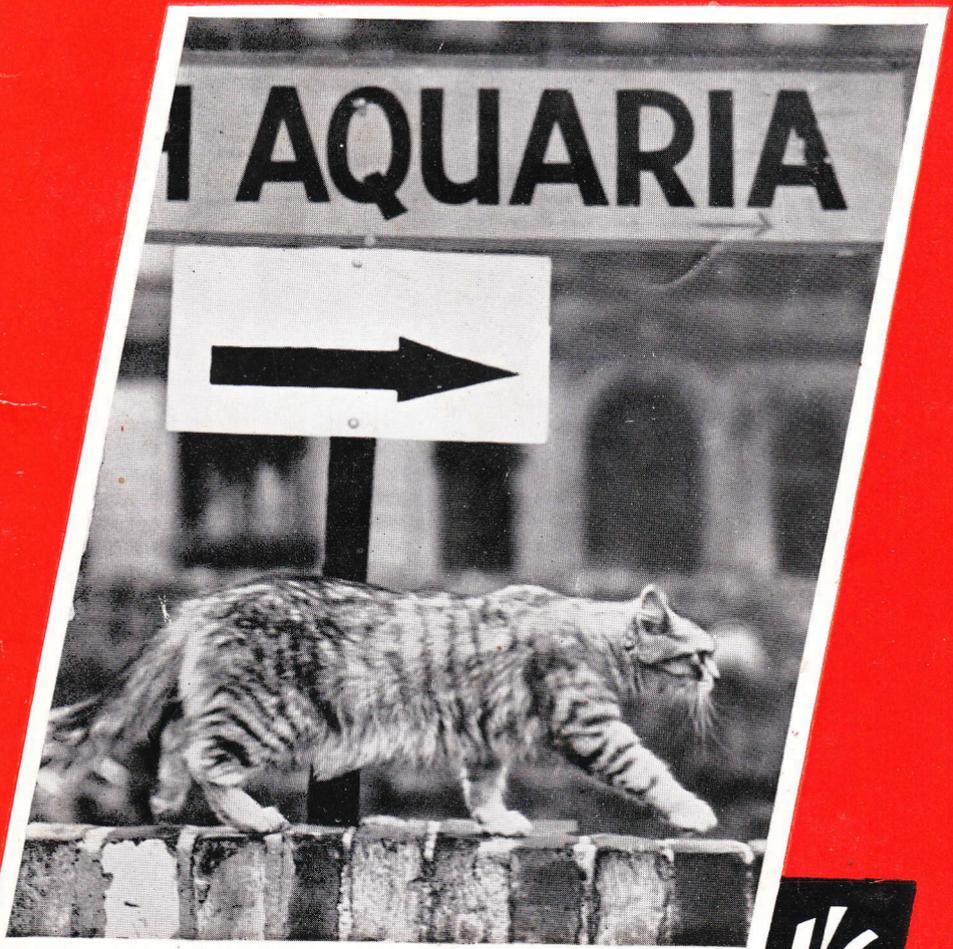


# Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



"They MAY be giving away some  
free samples!"

(photo by Associated Press)

DECEMBER 1952

1/6

"THE STORY I NEVER FORGET" - page 3

# Kit-E-Kat feeds

## a cat



KEEPS A  
CAT HEALTHY!

Healthy cats, happy kittens, all as fit as fiddles, thanks to the finest, richest food they've ever eaten — Kit-E-Kat. A rich food, yes — and economical too! Here's a good, big tin packed with all the vitamins and minerals a cat must have for complete nourishment. Ready cooked Kit-E-Kat, ready to serve Kit-E-Kat, and *only one shilling!* What a treat for a puss. Eyes half closed, purring with contentment. Mmm — what a meal! Buy some for *your* cat today.

KEEPS A  
CAT FIT!

# KIT-E-KAT

THE COMPLETE CAT FOOD



CHAPPIE LIMITED OF MELTON MOWBRAY

# 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. 12

DECEMBER 1952

Managing Editor :  
ARTHUR E. COWLISHAW  
4 CARLTON MANSIONS  
CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

American Associate Editor :  
MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

## THE MAGAZINE THAT SPANS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS

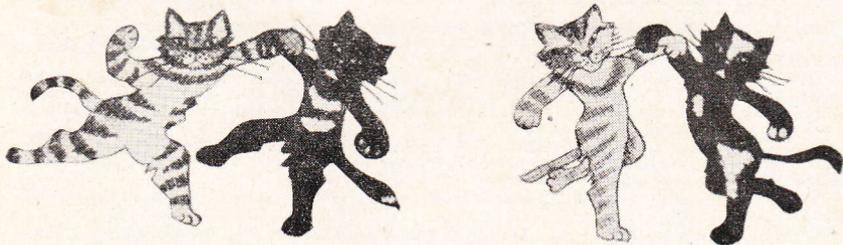
*"The same old wish for the same old Season,  
"The same kind thoughts for the same old reason."*

The Happiest of New Years to you all

THIS issue of OUR CATS is the 46th marking the end of our fourth year of publication. So we have travelled quite a way and although the journey has been bumpy in parts we have contrived to keep out of the ditch !

The year now passing has been another one of marked steady progress for the Magazine and I am particularly gratified that the last three months have produced a surge of new interest and support such as we have never before experienced. If this can be taken as an augury for the eventful year ahead, then we can indeed start thinking about that regular 48 page issue which has for so long been a dream of mine.

However, it is not my intention within the space of this brief editorial to become nostalgic about the past or to indulge in flights of fancy about the future. The way ahead is straight enough—we shall continue to live up to our slogans hoping that our efforts will win ever-widening appreciation and support.

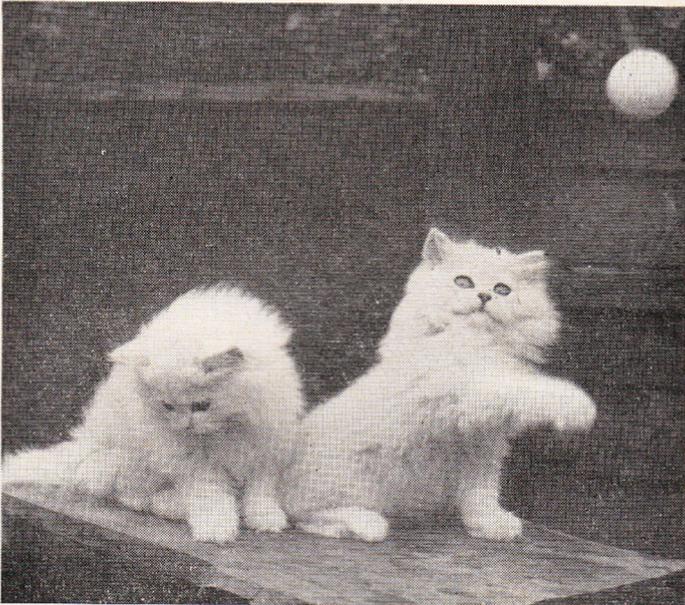


*These happy little cats by Jean Cocteau are reproduced from "Le Chat Beauté."*

My main purpose here is to extend my sincere thanks to all those who have helped with the production of the Magazine during the past twelve months. I count myself fortunate to have such a team of loyal and enthusiastic writers and correspondents here and overseas. I am particularly grateful to all those who have helped over the months in a variety of ways—by advertising support, by supplying photographs, newspaper cuttings and local items of news, etc., and by introducing the Magazine to their cat loving relatives and friends.

Nor must I omit to thank the senders of the wonderful collection of greeting cards and encouraging messages which reached me this month.

EDITOR.



*Francis Butters*

There is something specially attractive and seasonal about these Chinchilla kittens BONAVIA FAY and FIFI, bred by Mrs. Molly Turney, of Forest Green, Berks. They have appeared at the Championship shows this season to gain striking successes in the face of strong competition. Chinchilla breeding is definitely a growing interest.

 **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 (Macauley 1462).

OUR CATS is published monthly and closing date is the 7th 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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# *The Story I Never Forget*

By JOHN HETHERINGTON

The author is a newspaperman who served during the last war as a Special Correspondent for the "Melbourne Herald." His remarkable story first appeared in this country in "The Inky Way Annual" for Christmas, 1951.

I SUSPECT that most newspaper men have one story which qualifies as the most unforgettable in their experience. I have. I covered it more than twenty years ago.

I also suspect that for most of us, the story that stays with us is not our biggest or most important. Mine isn't. It is the story of an old man whom I never saw, and a black and white cat I saw only once. Their actions made no impact on the history of our times.

It happened like this. E. G. Bonney, *Melbourne Herald's* chief of staff (Australian equivalent of the Fleet Street News Editor) said to me one morning in December, 1930: "I heard a queer yarn last night about an old man and a cat. I could not make head or tail of it, but it seemed to hold the germ of a story. Here's the address!"

I went to the address he gave me and found a villa in Clyde Street, St. Kilda, a sea-side suburb about five miles from the city. A pleasant-faced woman in early middle-age opened the door. She told me her name was Mrs. King. Her eyes wrinkled in puzzlement when I cautiously asked if she knew anything about an old man and a cat. Then a light broke through.

"Of course," she said "that would be Dad and Felix... Don't tell me any newspaper is interested in that!"

I assured her that the "*Herald*" was interested. She laughed. All right then, she'd tell me, if I didn't mind wasting my time, and this was her story.

Two years or so earlier, a friend had given her a black and white kitten about

five or six weeks old. He was a cute little fellow, but nobody in the King household took much notice of him except Mrs. King's father, Thomas Lynan, a north of Ireland man nearing ninety years of age. "Dad just loved that kitten from the first," Mrs. King told me, and the kitten was mad on him. "You never saw them apart. It was Dad who named him Felix."

The old man fed Felix, never failing to save a choice bit of his dinner. Felix trotted beside him when he went to the corner tobacconist's or the nearby newspaper shop. The old man taught the cat to box, and Felix learned to balance on his hind legs and weave like a pugilist with his forepaws.

Then on June 28th, 1930, Mr. Lynan died. He had just turned ninety. Felix watched the funeral procession move off, never dreaming they were taking his friend away, then slunk into the house and mourned in solitude.

He was inconsolable. He ate, but only enough to keep alive. By day he crept about the house seeking the old man who had been his constant companion for eighteen months; by night he lay on the front door-mat watching for the return of his lost friend.

Nearly five months went by and Felix's melancholy showed no sign of lifting. The Kings were worried. They feared the cat would fret to death. One sunny afternoon they went driving and took Felix with them in the hope of waking him from his despondency. They were driving along St. Kilda' Road, a broad and busy thoroughfare, the chief highway linking St. Kilda with the City.

The car halted to let cross traffic pass at one of the intersections and Felix, who had been lying inert, got to his feet, coat bristling. He stood trembling for a second and then sprang to the open window of the car and dived to the roadway. The Kings watched him scuttle through the traffic and disappear at full speed, his tail waving like a black banner.

The Kings went home and watched for Felix day after day. He did not appear. After a week they gave him up for lost.

### Found Again

It was about ten days after he dived from the car and three weeks or so before my call on Mrs. King, that the Kings and their five-year old daughter, Valerie, went to see Mr. Lynan's grave in Melbourne General Cemetery, which lies on the other side of Melbourne, nine or ten miles from their home.

"I couldn't believe my eyes" Mrs. King told me. "There was Felix, walking up and down on the grave-stone, like a sentry. He nearly went mad when he saw us. He jumped at Valerie and started to box her the way he had played boxing with Dad. How he got there I do not know. He had never been within miles of the Cemetery in his life."

The Kings knew beyond doubt that the cat was Felix. He carried two unmistakable identity badges—a scar near

one eye where an air-gun pellet had wounded him in kittenhood, and a kink in his tail which had been broken in early youth.

The Kings tended Mr. Lynan's grave and laid flowers on it and then picked up Felix and carried him to the car. Twice they got him as far as the Cemetery gates, and twice risking his neck he jumped from the moving car and raced back to his old friend's grave.

"In the end," Mrs. King told me, "we decided it would be kinder to let him stay behind." They arranged with the grave diggers to feed him and anyway they knew that an active cat like him could live by catching rabbits and birds that made their home in the Cemetery.

I drove over to the Cemetery after hearing Mrs. King's story. There on guard over the grave stood Felix. At all events, the cat I saw was black and white, with a scar over one eye and a kinky tail.

I have covered bigger stories, but I still remember the tale of Felix more vividly than any of the others, including the events, say, of the retreat in Greece, the battle of El Alamein or the Normandy landing. Perhaps I am a sucker for cats, or perhaps the story haunts me because there are in it features beyond the frontiers of human understanding.

## Let's go to a Show

We urge our readers to attend as many Cat Shows as possible. There is no better place at which to meet old friends, to make new ones and to pick up useful points about cats, their breeding and general management, from experienced fanciers and exhibitors. Brief details of the show programme for the 1952-53 Season are provided below for the information and guidance of readers. The list may be extended and revised from time to time as fresh information becomes available.

1953	Promoted by	Venue
9 January ...	*Notts. and Derby Cat Club ...	Derby
24 January ...	*Lancs. and North-Western Counties Cat Club ...	Manchester
6 February ...	*Southern Counties Cat Club ... (See displayed advertisement in this issue)	London
14 February ...	... Yorkshire County Cat Club ...	Leeds

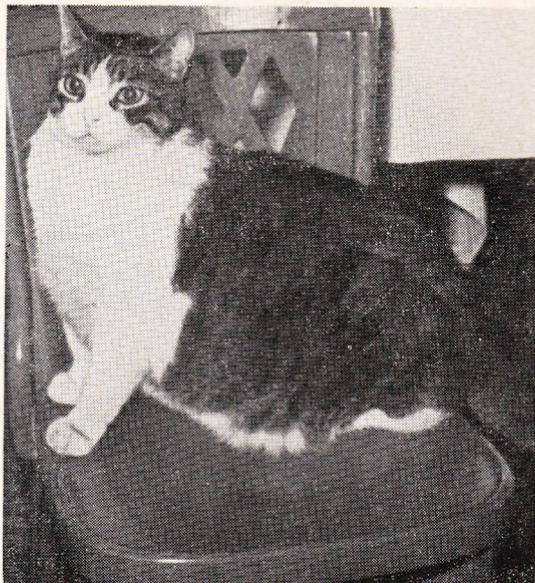
\* Denotes Show with Championship status



*Keystone Agency*

### **THIS CAT HATES FIRES !**

Meet a novelty in felines. **TEDDY** is a Siberian cat with five toes on each paw. One of these is almost like a big toe which would facilitate walking on snow and ice. Teddy has won show awards for his owner, Mrs. Dorothy Miller, of Richmond, Surrey, who says : " Give him a good snow storm and Teddy is just in his element. He won't go anywhere near a fire."



## ***Fufi — Italian Heavyweight***

By JOANNA MACKAY

**I**S Fufi (whose picture appears above) the fattest and heaviest cat in Italy?

Fufi lives at the Taverna "La Fenice" near the Fenice Theatre, Venice, and might be considered a good advertisement for the restaurant since "La Fenice" provides a wonderful meal for anyone who has been careful enough with the travel allowance to manage one grand gastronomical splash. Actually, Fufi confounds diet faddists. He eats no more than other cats. He likes protein foods such as shrimps and raw livers, which are his favourite dishes, and, far from being lethargic, is an excellent ratter.

His owner, Signor Alfredo Zoppi, has always kept cats, not only because he likes them but because they are needed in Venice to keep down the rats. Three-and-a-half years ago, Fufi, then a tiny tabby-and-white kitten walked into the Taverna and was adopted. An operation was thought necessary to keep his mind concentrated on ratting.

Fufi lost his figure in a big way afterwards, mostly round his tummy. His head and paws remain comparatively small. He keeps himself spotlessly clean and in September had a thick, glossy coat in spite of the sultry heat, which is never kind to cats.

Fufi is not exactly the matey type. He is conscious of his public position and will always eat shrimps at the table of any diner who shows an interest in him. In fact, he enjoys the limelight and shows a tendency to smack a companion who threatens to interfere.

**Editorial Note : Fufi is unquestionably a worthy contender for the title of Italian Heavyweight Champion. His actual weight is not known to us but clearly he has some way to go before he can challenge Klaus, the famous American cat who tipped the scales at 40 lbs. and had a girth measurement of 36 ins. We published a picture of Klaus in our July 1950 issue.**

# Quiz!

In which "thirsters after knowledge" are handed over to our panel of experts. Readers are invited so submit their questions—by post, please, marking their envelopes "Quiz" in the top left-hand corner.

**I RECENTLY purchased a Siamese kitten from a breeder who assured me that it was house trained, yet from the day I brought it home it has been dirty in the house and refuses to use its tray. What can I do about this?**

It is unusual for a kitten which has been house trained to blot its copy book except upon the rarest occasions, but there are Siamese which are perverse little creatures by nature.

Are you sure that you are using in the tray the same material that was used by the breeder? That is a most important point, for cats as a race are conservative in outlook. You can use newspaper, peat moss, ordinary soil or just nothing at all, but the first thing to do is to ask the breeder what she used. If you supply the same material you may find that the problem is immediately solved.

If this fails you must watch the kitten so that you can catch it at the very moment when it is going to misbehave. Pick it up and place it in the tray and at the same time scold it, but do not shout and certainly do not beat it. A confident kitten can be persuaded to do most things that are reasonable, but a terrified kitten will always do the wrong things.

**I have a Chinchilla male which is in perfect coat apart from the hair on the tail. This is an unpleasant yellow in colour. Powder and brushing seem to have little effect. Can you tell me what causes this trouble and how it can be cured?**

Light-coated cats such as Chinchillas often develop this disfiguring yellow tinge in the tail fur. It is largely due to grease and is much more common in males than females. Obviously this trouble would not be so apparent in cats which were darker in colour, and powdering and brushing would certainly help to remove the grease. In the case of Whites and Chinchillas it is the fact that the hairs are actually stained which makes powdering and brushing an inadequate remedy in itself.

The only real cure is careful washing with good green soft soap and warm water. If this is done with several changes of water, the yellow tinge will disappear. After washing, the tail must be thoroughly dried and then carefully brushed. If afterwards the tail is powdered about once a week it should not be necessary to wash again for at least a month.

It is due to the fact that nothing is done when this greasy condition is first noticed that the colour of the tail becomes unpleasant to the eye.

**I have a Blue-Persian kitten now six months old. Several well-known breeders have told me that this kitten is so good that I ought to show it. I have a feeling, however, that showing cats may be cruel. What do you think?**

I am afraid that there can be no absolute "Yes" or "No" to your question for the simple reason that whether showing is cruel or not depends

entirely upon the temperament of the cat.

I will say this, that I believe that the showing of young kittens is both cruel and dangerous. It is for this reason that the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy have made a rule that no kittens may be shown until they are over eight weeks. Perhaps one day this age limit will be pushed even higher and that will be by no means a bad thing.

At the shows the exhibits seem to divide themselves clearly into three classes. There are some which appear to enjoy every minute of the experience and will play with the finger of the visitor who should know better than to put a finger into the show pen. There are others which seem bored with the whole proceeding and just curl up and go to sleep, taking no notice of anything that goes on around them. The remaining few seem terrified by the general noise and confusion and may even be so frightened that they become spiteful. Such cats should never be shown!

You can judge into which category your kitten falls from the way in which it reacts to noise, how it behaves when strangers take notice of it and finally whether it seems distressed when it is confined in a small space similar to that of the average show pen. If you can satisfy yourself that the kitten is not unhappy in any of these circumstances, it may safely be shown. The final answer to your question will be apparent when you have actually taken your kitten to a show.

**I understood that it was an entire male which could not be kept in the house because it would be sure to "spray" and thus produce that very unpleasant "tom cat" odour. I have a neuter which acts in the same way. What can I do to prevent this nuisance?**

It is a fact that there are very few entire males which can be safely allowed in a living room, but there are some

exceptions. Quite a number of males will not disgrace themselves during the winter.

It is unusual for a neuter to "spray" but by no means exceptional. Rarely is the odour as unpleasant with a neuter, but it is unpleasant enough. A 5 per cent. solution of formaldehyde will usually put matters right, but the real essential is to cure the cat of this unpleasant habit.

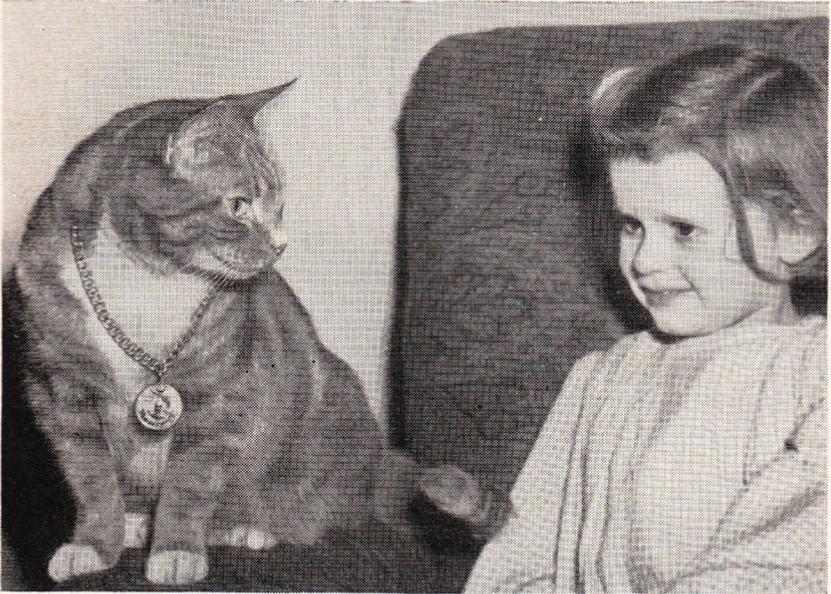
This can sometimes be achieved by firm but kindly treatment of the offender. Cats have a sense of shame and the right tone of voice will produce this state of mind in the delinquent. If you can catch "him" in the act, banish him outdoors at once and scold him as you do so. Patience may effect a cure, but it cannot be guaranteed.

This trouble usually occurs, but by no means always, with neuters which have been left too long before neutering. They have acquired the habit when they were entire males, and, although neutered, have not ceased to be males in this respect.

Males ought certainly to be neutered by the time they are six months old. Some veterinarians strongly recommend that this minor operation shall be performed as early as possible. This will usually mean that the operation can be satisfactorily performed between the third and fourth month.

**CORRECTION:** We are sorry that one of our experts was guilty of "nodding" in our first "Quiz" last month. In dealing with the question: "What results can I expect when I mate my Longhaired Blue-Cream female?" he stated that the expectation is Blue-Cream females, Blue males and Cream males and females. This answer was incorrect and we are grateful to those readers who pointed out the error. The correct answer, of course, is Blue males and females, Cream males and Blue-Cream females.

## A page for the proletarian puss No. 30



### FOR SERVICES RENDERED.

After an absence of five years on special duties in the employ of Chappie Ltd., of Melton Mowbray, WHISKERS, a handsome ginger male, has retired and returned to his home in South West London. He was on the payroll as an official food taster and twice a day he tested the acceptability of the firm's products. Upon his "say-so" has depended the gastronomical happiness of many hundreds of thousands of fastidious cats throughout the world. Whiskers, who has left behind three of his offspring as trainees, was presented with a gold medal and chain by grateful directors. Little Terry Watkins, aged 3, was not born when Whiskers left home. She now sees him for the first time, looking fit, contented and resplendent.

### *This is worth thinking about . . . .*

A Subscription to this Magazine makes the ideal present for a cat loving relative or friend . . . . for the New Year, a birthday or any other occasion. It's a gift that lasts the whole year through.

We shall be pleased to send OUR CATS to any part of the world and, if desired, to enclose your personal greeting or message to the recipient.

Our Subscription rate is 17s. 6d. (which includes postage) for twelve monthly issues. Readers in America should remit Three Dollars (by check or bills) and those on the Continent can obtain an International Money Order through their local post office. The address for subscriptions is OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W. 9.

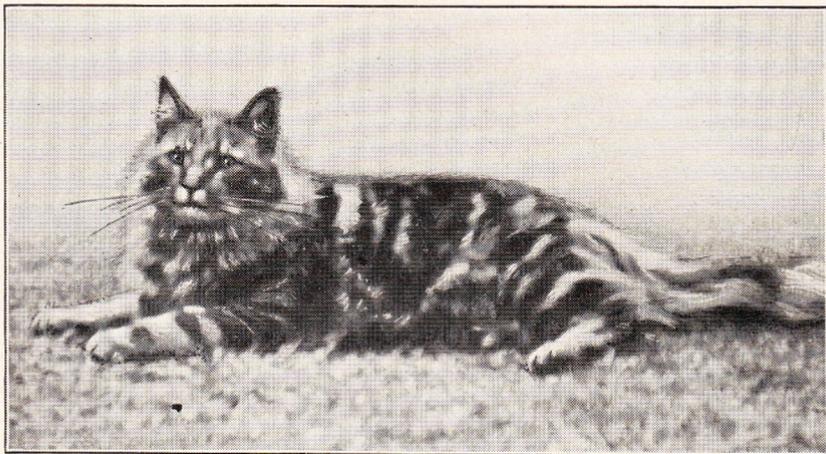


Nicolas Bentley gives this amusing conception of "a cat in profound meditation" in T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" — see extract on the next page.

## THE NAMING OF CATS

The Naming of Cats is a difficult matter,  
It isn't just one of your holiday games ;  
You may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter  
When I tell you, a cat must have THREE DIFFERENT NAMES.  
First of all, there's the name that the family use daily,  
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo or James,  
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey—  
All of them sensible everyday names.  
There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter,  
Some for the gentlemen, some for the dames :  
Such as Plato, Admetus, Electra, Demeter—  
But all of them sensible everyday names.  
But I tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular,  
A name that's peculiar, and more dignified,  
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular,  
Or spread out his whiskers, or cherish his pride ?  
Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum,  
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo, or Coricopat,  
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum—  
Names that never belong to more than one cat.  
But above and beyond there's still one name left over,  
And that is the name that you never will guess ;  
The name that no human research can discover—  
But THE CAT HIMSELF KNOWS, and will never confess.  
When you notice a cat in profound meditation,  
The reason, I tell you, is always the same :  
His mind is engaged in a rapt contemplation  
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name :  
His ineffable effable  
Effanineffable  
Deep and inscrutable singular Name.

*We hope you will enjoy this little bit of nonsense from " Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats," by T. S. Eliot (Faber & Faber Ltd., 10s. 6d.). Mr. Eliot's book of chuckles has just attained a well-merited sixth impression. It must surely endure so that coming generations of cat lovers may read about Gus, the Theatre Cat who " sat by the bedside of poor little Nell," Mr. Mistoffeeles, the Original Conjuring Cat, Old Deuteronomy and the other Practical Cats who live in its pages alongside the delightful sketches in colour by Nicolas Bentley.*



## 14 YEAR OLD TEDDY

**MISS E. M. NOAKES**, of 21 High Street, Highgate,  
London, N. 6, writes :—

*“I used to give Teddy, my half Persian tabby, ordinary ‘human’ yeast and I was very pleased when you introduced Kit-zyme, your special veterinary yeast tablets.*

*He loves them so much that he always asks for more when I give him his daily dose and they really do him good.*

*Teddy is now 14 years old.”*

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



# Kit-zyme

## VITAMIN - RICH YEAST

Promotes resistance to: **LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES**  
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-

**KIT-ZYME** is sold by Chemists and most Pet Stores  
*Literature Free on Request*

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:  
**PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10**

# ***Perversity - thy Name is Misty!***

By P. M. SODERBERG

I HAVE always thought that I was a man of character and possessed of a certain amount of personality. I don't think I was entirely wrong, but I have recently learned a lesson. It is this: However much one may impress one's fellow men, that counts for nothing in the eyes of a Siamese kitten!

The young lady's name is Misty and she has lived with me for just a fortnight. I will not put it any stronger than that, for the blue-eyed damsel is sitting on my desk at this moment and with extended claws is endeavouring to knock the pen from my fingers. Of course, it is all in good part, but she refuses to be ignored and the writing of an article means just that. I shall finish her short story, but it will no doubt take much longer than usual. That is the penalty which has to be paid when one decides to hitch up one's fate with that of a lady of character.

Misty cannot read, I know, but I will not put anything down here which might be hurtful to her fundamental beliefs. I paid for her with good money; she has already been transferred to me, but I must not create a wrong impression. I am not her owner for the simple reason that she refuses to be owned. She shares my room and at times my bed, and she would like to share my meals, but that I will not permit. This understanding, or perhaps lack of it, was apparent within the first few minutes of our meeting.

I made a journey into the heart of the country through winding lanes, where several times I got lost, just to see a litter of Siamese kittens, the children of a

Siamese lady I knew and admired. Several times I had seen her at the shows and had made up my mind that one day a daughter of hers would belong to me.

The choice did not take long although there were three young ladies to be seen. I don't really know whether I picked the best kitten because that depends upon the point of view. I do know, however, that I picked the kitten I wanted.

The clash of personalities was at once apparent. I wanted to look at her, but Misty thought otherwise. We didn't quarrel about it. You don't do that sort of thing when you first make acquaintance with a young lady, but with calm persistence I put her where I wanted her so that I could make up my mind about the future home of this particular kitten. The decision was soon made.

Then, as a person who tries to do the right thing by any kitten he buys, I asked about her diet. That is the only sensible thing to do, for, if you start off with your own feeding ideas, which may be quite different from those of the breeder, you are just asking for tummy trouble. A young kitten has a conservative stomach and can only be altered in its habits by a process of slow change.

When the time came to leave the maternal home, Misty had no wish to travel in a box, but preferred to insert herself between an overcoat and a human body. That was the way to travel warmly, and there was no sound reason to quarrel with such a decision.

It was a Saturday afternoon and by the time we reached Westerham it was nearly closing time for the shops and there were several articles of diet to be purchased if the accustomed diet was to be continued without a break. The overcoat and the human body were removed from the car to the accompaniment of loud lament from the Siamese lady who immediately

decided to perch herself on my head. From this exalted position she shouted to all and sundry of the passers-by that here was a lady left with a strange man in a car, a set of circumstances which she did not appreciate in the least.

The food was purchased, the journey completed and Misty was finally installed in a bedroom where for a time at least she would not be disturbed by the other cats and dogs who already inhabit the place.

It is true that she showed no sign of fear, but with a nonchalant sniff here and there finally installed herself on a hot pipe and there purred with satisfaction.

### **Firm Handling**

Meanwhile the evening meal was being prepared with great care according to the prescribed formula. Just the very things she liked to eat were mixed together. In due course the meal arrived and was greeted with shrieks of obvious hunger. The dish was approached, the food was sniffed, and then, with an angry howl of scorn and a flick of the tail, the sweet little creature went off to complain loudly from behind the largest and most unmoveable piece of furniture in the room. No doubt she objected to the colour of the dish. Some kittens are like that.

No cat owner of any self-respect can stand for that sort of thing, however. The kitten must be left to get on with its supper or be permitted to go without. That is, of course, the correct treatment. To return more than an hour later to find the food still untouched and a protesting kitten still hungry but uncooperative is enough to soften the heart of any Siamese lover.

With great effort the furniture was moved, the kitten was brought out and placed upon a table while the idiot man gently held between thumb and finger succulent morsels of meat which were taken with pleasure and purred appreciation until all was eaten.

We have got past that stage, but even now no food will be eaten until it has been presented with due decorum. Seven times must the head be bowed as a sign of humility and affection and then will my lady deign to eat.

Sanitary arrangements as known by normal cats do not apply in this case. Misty was introduced to her peat moss which was at once scattered in all directions with contemptuous kicks. The lady had never heard of such conduct. There is a time and a place for everything and this was neither the time nor the place. Hours went by, even a day passed, but as you know you can take a horse to the water but you cannot make it drink. With a Siamese of character the reverse process seems to be equally true. Of course, Nature had her way in the end, but I can claim no credit for that.

### **Affection Indeed!**

I wanted an affectionate kitten. I've got one, but not quite in the way I had expected. I pick the small morsel of feline determination on to my knee and stroke it, but without more ado this bundle of energy, and it is that, hurls itself to the floor and parks itself on the hot pipe. I give it up and sit down to write. Within a minute this small kitten leaps on to my back, rubs itself round my face and purrs like the most efficient of aeroplane engines. This is affection indeed, but it has to be given and may not be demanded.

I cannot imagine what our relationship will be in the end, for I shall certainly not be allowed to decide the matter. This fact I do know already: Perversity thy name is Misty, and, noisy little wretch that you are, you seem to gloat over your own perverseness.



## More about Bo'sun

DEE BLACKBURN reports the latest adventures of the Sailor Siamese from Palma, Majorca, where the little sailing yacht S/Y "Mary Hillier" is in harbour.



HERE in Palma, as in Gibraltar, there are several cats who call on the visiting yachts for hand-outs. I'm afraid that Bo'sun made himself quite unpopular with them on our first night here. He not only chased the visitors from our yacht, but kept sentinel duty all along the quay and wouldn't allow any of them to come near their sources of supply for food.

One had the temerity to come aboard "Mary Hillier" and Bo'sun saw him off, but quick! So quickly that the little fellow jumped into the water instead of on the quay. I was panic stricken at first, but he swam right over to the steps, shook himself and walked away. Later we were told that this cat apparently likes the water—and when food which is to his liking is thrown into the water he dives in to get it. Apparently he has no fear of "el agua"! However, I haven't actually seen this happen.

Bo'sun kept up his guard duty for several days. Then, one night (when George and I were asleep on deck) we were awakened by Bo'sun dashing over us with three or four cats in tow. When the cats saw us they dispersed themselves and made for shore again. We feel that the little group ganged up on the interloper who was depriving them of their meals. Now Bo'sun goes ashore,

but we notice that the cats are allowed access to all ships but "Mary Hillier." Bo'sun pretends he doesn't see them and they completely ignore him. The only time he asserts himself is when one tries to come aboard his ship—then he makes no bones about the fact that the ship belongs to him—and they don't stay long!

We now sleep on deck under the awnings as it is extremely warm below. The first night Bo'sun was most curious about the preparatory activity. He kept us awake most of the night visiting each of us in turn. He just couldn't understand this new set-up. Now that he is used to it, he sleeps half the night with skipper George and comes to me the other half.

One morning I awoke to discover that it was raining—and hard. So hard that it came right through the awning and drenched us both. It had apparently been raining for some time—the first rainfall here in months. After the panic of getting our gear below, I remembered Bo'sun. No sign of him on deck. I expected to find him drenched through under the dinghy which is stowed on the cabin top. Not a bit of it! We found him below, nicely curled up warm and dry in his usual sleeping place before the new routine of outside sleeping. He evidently awakened at the first fall of rain and retired below like a sensible cat should.

Bo'sun has made another friend here in Palma. We call her Petunia because

we don't know her real name or who she belongs to. A sweet tempered little bitch, she was ambling along the quay one morning as Bo'sun and I appeared on deck. When she saw us she wagged her tail, her eyes seemed to register a glint of recognition for friends and she promptly came aboard without invitation.

Bo'sun was congenial. He usually is with dogs. They followed each other around the deck feeling the situation out and then became fast friends. Now she visits us almost every day and they usually have their siesta together. We still don't know to whom she belongs but she's well cared for and apparently quite well known in the vicinity of the Club Nautico. Bo'sun has become quite attached to her.

### **1,000 Shopping Miles !**

We are planning to go back to Gibraltar to stock up the ship for another year's sailing into the Mediterranean. Fresh meat and vegetables on these islands are plentiful and not expensive, but the cost of tinned and prepared foods is out of all proportion. Furthermore, there are many things we like to eat on board which are not procurable here, particularly those that can go to sea for long periods without deterioration. So, at the moment, we're in the process of preparing for the return 500 mile sail back to the "Rock." In a sense, it's travelling some 1,000 miles to do our marketing.

In the meantime, Bo'sun has been cutting up in such fashion that we are afraid he is going to be recommended to an approved school. We've warned all the yachting types to discourage his visiting their ships uninvited because of his tendency to steal. But, because he has such winning ways, our friends have paid no heed to our request, much to their own loss ! Many bits of food have disappeared or been mutilated to the point of complete destruction and I'm afraid, in the main, friend Bo'sun has been the culprit. His reputation is such

now that he gets blamed, I'm sure, for many bits of petty larceny in which he has really had no part.

There was the half ham that disappeared from the Yacht Palladin. In the first place Bo'sun doesn't care for ham. Secondly, he couldn't have consumed bone and all without leaving some tell-tale marks. Methinks it was a bi-ped in this case who felt the blame could easily be shifted on to our Bo'sun.

We were particularly emphatic in telling the stewards at the Club Nautico not to encourage Bo'sun in his visits to the kitchen. Consequently, the night Bo'sun came aboard with a very large piece of "Chateau Briand" (a wonderfully tender and very large piece of steak) we couldn't get too upset about it. Naturally, we couldn't return it, but we were quite prepared to pay the cost of his misdeed.

Lying next to us here is the English yacht "Sentinel" and on board are two budgerigars and a canary. Bo'sun gave us not a little trouble when he first discovered them. We were terrified that one day we'd find him in the role of the three little kittens sitting in front of an empty bird cage saying "No, mam, we ain't seen your birdie." Fortunately, for the birds, the yacht Sentinel is so constructed that it was possible to put them out of Bo'sun's reach by hanging them in the glass enclosed raised cabin roof. But whenever possible, Bo'sun sits outside and torments them by constant staring and quivering his mouth.

When I catch him in the act I quickly take him back aboard, but George Cross, the owner, always knows when Bo'sun has been teasing. He later told me that when the bird seed was scattered all around the floor he knew friend Bo'sun had paid the birds a visit.

We—Bo'sun, Skipper George and myself—join in sending sincere New Year Greetings to all cat lovers and their pets. May 1953 bring them fair weather and favourable winds.

(To be continued).

# Watch the birdie, kittens!

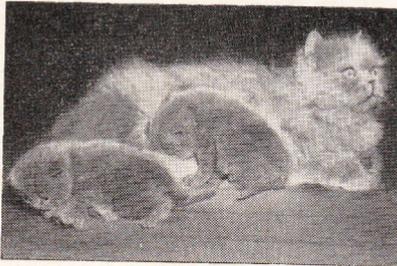
ROOKERY NOOK CAROL, prize-winning Blue Persian, wants her new family to make a good photo. With her mistress, Miss C. I. Davidson, she has just received the Tibs Reporter at the Rookery Nook Dog Bureau, Cranleigh, Surrey.



Here's the proud mama with her owner and breeder. Miss Davidson has the distinction of having bred Ch. Harpur Blue Boy, last year's supreme champion.

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# Correspondence Corner

Readers are invited to send contributions to this feature and so to join in the useful exchange of ideas, experiences and knowledge. Letters should be concise and deal preferably with items of general interest.

## HUSBANDS DO COUNT !

Lately, I wrote rather smugly in this Magazine about the possibility of combining cat breeding and a theatrical career with the help of an understudy in event of a crisis. Well, yesterday was crisis Sunday !

I was broadcasting and was therefore away from home all day. During the morning our Peke decided to upset arrangements for taking her to a maternity home by producing five bouncing puppies two days too soon.

My husband dealt with this emergency and snatched a meal before taking up his station beside my queen Mill Feather, who is partial to having her hand held while kitting. During my broadcast I was relieved to get a telephone message telling me that four more young things had entered the nursery and that mothers and children were all doing well. My husband added that he was going to bed early ! I am now hoping my understudy won't give notice because obviously I couldn't do without him.

Rather inappropriately, I am playing in "Husbands Don't Count !"

Ann Codrington,  
East Whinell, Crowborough,  
Sussex.

## MUSICAL CATS

Your recent letters about musical cats prompt me to write you about Roxanna, my oldest Persian, a Blue Cream.

When she was a very young kitten I began to observe that she took notice of music. Whenever anyone played the grand piano she would come running in, jump on to the little shelf beside the keys and sit in rapt attention. At first I thought she was interested in the movement of the keys, but this was not so.

When I stopped playing she would tap my fingers, a signal for me to continue, and later she began climbing into the strings and sounding them with her claws.

She showed the same interest when there was piano music on the radio. She will settle herself right in front of the radio on Saturdays when we have a broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera. There she stays for the full three hours, unless there is something she does not like. I noticed her leaving when the music from the torture scene in La Tosca was played ! She loves Strauss waltzes and Brahms lullabies, but most of all she prefers the piano.

Of the dozens of cats I have had in the house, Roxanna is the only one that has had a really musical ear.

Mrs. Emily de Haas,  
Claremont, California, U.S.A.

## NEW SWISS CLUB

I have pleasure in informing you that I have founded in Lausanne, Switzerland, a Club Des Amis Des Chats De Lausanne (Friends of the Cats' Club of Lausanne), similar to that already existing in Geneva, Berne, Paris, Antwerp, Brussels, etc.

It is my wish to rally to the feline cause which is so dear to us, all breeders and other persons taking an interest in pedigree cats, by organising conferences, exhibitions, etc. The Club has applied for affiliation to the Swiss Federation of Breeders and to the Federation Internationale Feline.

The start of our activities was marked by a conference at which Mr. A. M. Chamonin spoke on the "Mystery of Cats," illustrated by coloured photographs projected on to a screen.

I feel sure that friendly relations will

grow between our Club and your esteemed Magazine for the good of cats generally.

Mlle Georgette Curchod,  
Av. d'Ouchy 30, Lausanne,  
Switzerland.

### THE CRUEL GIN TRAP

I'm glad you published the photograph of the cat in the gin trap though it made me quite sick with misery. In fact, I was quite unable to enjoy the November issue.

It has always been beyond my understanding why these barbarous contraptions are allowed in a so-called civilized country. As long as our Government countenances them, what right have we to talk about the cruelty of people like the Mau Mau, etc., which is no worse—a strangled cat suffers far less than the poor pathetic creature in that trap.

Miss G. M. Williams,  
Chester.

May I congratulate you on having the courage to print the tragic picture of the poor cat caught in a gin trap. So many people wish to blind themselves to these horrors that one hesitates to force them to realise that such things are happening daily.

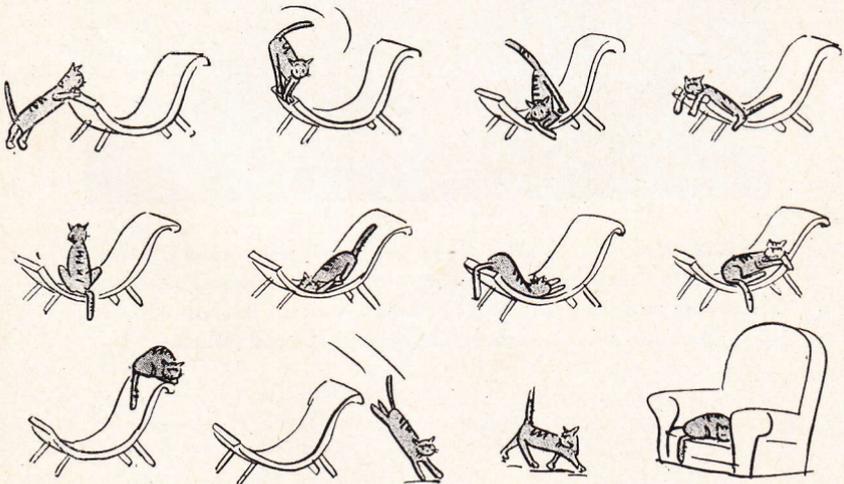
When I first came to Suffolk, I was thrilled by the beauty of the countryside.

All too quickly I came to realise that every hedge and bank might hold tortured rabbits, cats, birds and small dogs. To quote one instance : Taking a walk one hot summer's afternoon, I came across twenty rabbits and a cat caught by smashed limbs in gin traps. As some of the rabbits were dying it was quite obvious these instruments of torture had not been visited.

Many of the village cats walk on three or even two legs. It is impossible to keep pets away from these devilish things. How can they be taught to know these dangers exist. For me the beauty of Suffolk is marred completely by this suffering.

Mrs. C. Coldham,  
Tattingstone, Nr. Ipswich.

**Editorial Note : There are hopeful signs that the gin trap will soon be made illegal and its manufacture prohibited. Thousands of people are making their voices heard by petition to Parliament. Early next year the new " Imbra " rabbit trap designed by Mr. F. E. Sawyer will be available. This trap is claimed to be humane, unlike the gin trap, efficient and easy to handle. Whether or not it completely resolves the problem remains, in our opinion, to be proved.—Editor.**



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**Vanessa Lee, the popular stage and radio singer, is starring in the pantomime " Dick Whittington " at the London Palladium. Here she is during an off-stage break making friends with the famous Blue Longhair Champion Harpur Blueboy.**



Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

**R**EGULARLY 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.

### Copenhagen Show

THE President, Mrs. Rudy Eisenhower, organised a very successful Show on behalf of the Racekatten Club at Copenhagen, Denmark, on November 7th, 8th and 9th. It was held in the Forum annexe, a large low building with brilliant strip neon lighting on the ceiling. Two glass doors which opened on to the street were very useful for determining eye and coat colour when there was any element of doubt. The new pens of the Club were strongly made and some of them appeared about five feet in length, allowing a fine romp for the litters. Pots of lovely rose-coloured begonias were arranged on top of the pens and elsewhere bowls of cyclamens and chrysanthemums made a cheery display. After the Show these were given to exhibitors. Pens were decorated with coloured plastic curtains; very practical for the purpose, being washable and unlikely to harbour germs.

Miss Kathleen Yorke judged all Longhairs and I was responsible for the Siamese and European Shorthairs. We had a large platform and two long tables in one corner and the cats were brought to us by our stewards. Mrs.

Lorentzen, a pupil judge, Mrs. Hamann and Miss Pedersen assisted Miss Yorke and Mr. Jorgen Hansen (also a pupil judge), Mrs. Svenningsen (President of the Norwegian Cat Club) and Mrs. Saeter, the young English wife of a Norwegian living in Oslo, were my willing helpers. As four of the stewards spoke fluent English, this was a great help to us.

It is three years since I last judged in Denmark and I found a vast improvement in the cats. The progeny of the good stock sent from England since the war are now breeding and with good Scandinavian bred males available in addition to the English males such as Mrs. Poulsen's Int. Ch. Morris Sable, Mrs. Magnusson's Sabukia Sinbad, Mrs. Tingwall's Blue Baralan Challenger, Mrs. Konigsson's Ch. Gippeswyk Darby and Baroness Lily von Bach's Ch. Dandy of Pensford, I can foresee Denmark challenging comparison with any European country.

Mrs. Eisenhower is a gracious and generous patron and under her Presidency the Club is progressing by leaps and bounds. The Show was advertised in all daily papers and many weekly periodicals and over the radio the evening before. A brilliant publicity idea on Saturday and Sunday, both clear and sunny afternoons, was the airplane writing in the sky: "Come to the Forum annexe to see the Cats and Kittens." The gate of 12,623 spectators was a record for a show in Scandinavia and the Club reaped a nice harvest which will be utilised for its future activities. Price of admission was 1 kroner, 50 ore, about 1s. 6d. in our money.

After much careful consideration the major honours were as follow : Best Cat in Show : Mrs. Ruusunen's Blue-Cream Longhair, Twinkle of Pensford, now an International Champion as at each of her three adult shows she has been awarded C.A.C., I.B. Twinkle commenced her winning career last November under our Mr. Felix Tomlinson, who made her Best Kitten. This November she competed in her Open class with three other Blue-Creams all bred in England and exported. A brave sight and a happy augury for Creams in Scandinavia. My nominee for Best Cat was Mrs. Anna Poulsen's Siamese male Ch. Morris Sable (by Ch. Hill-cross Song), bred by Mrs. Richardson. I awarded him his fourth Certificate and he is now an International Champion. He is a lovely cat with a svelte body, slender legs and the neatest of oval paws. His points are all a rich deep seal brown especially commendable on his front legs, his head harmonises with his fine body and to complete the picture he has lovely eyes. After judging, I saw him seated in a quilted hooded basket with his three children disposed gracefully round him ; the perfect patriarch. "Mum" sat at least four feet away with her paws tucked in and back to the family quite content to allow father to wash the children. To decide between Twinkle and Sable, Mrs. Eisenhuth at our request appointed a referee judge so Mrs. Haldis Rohlf had this difficult decision to take. When her slip was handed in her choice was Twinkle and she kindly gave us her reason. Ch. Morris Sable, she said, had some faint shading on his flanks, probably temporary but just sufficient to turn the scales on the day.

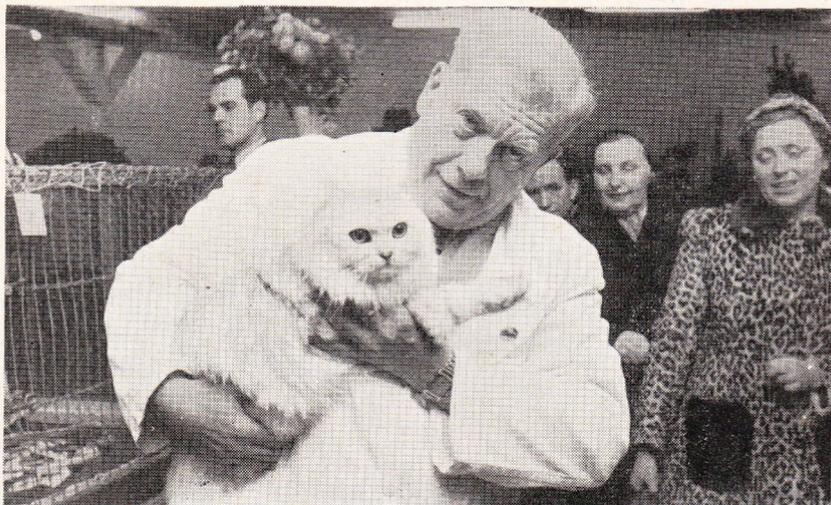
### Handsome Russians

Best Kitten in Show was a Seal Point Siamese Female, Silken Rosy Rascal (by Mr. Peter Pope's Proud Pedro), bred by Mrs. Denys Highton, a lovely kitten at eight months, excelling in type, dense points and exquisite pale creamy

body colour and glorious sapphire blue eyes. Best Longhair Kitten was Mrs. Karen Smith's fine well-grown Cream male, Mascot of Pensford, by Mrs. Davies's Elmwood Cavalier. Another exhibit excelling in type, this time from Sweden, was Miss Larsdotter's sweetly pretty pale Blue queen, Ronada Onaway (by Southway Echo), bred by Mrs. Brice-Webb. She became an International Champion and well deserved the honour. Mrs. Konigsson's Gypseywyk Darby, a fine young Blue male (bred by Miss Alexander), also from Sweden became a Champion ; also Mr. and Mrs. Ruusunen's lovely Black female, Chadhurst Linda (bred by Miss Rodda). These owners were also awarded Best Longhair Neuter with a White with a coat which excelled in length, density and purity. The Russian Blues were excellent with fine short coats, beautiful green eyes and handsome heads. Their Roman noses added dignity to their appearance. The winning Silver Tabbies, one with fine mackerel markings, were an imposing pair. An outstanding exhibit (not for competition) was the Chinchilla neuter, Boy Ankara. He has quite the largest eyes I have ever seen in a cat. The Chinchillas in Scandinavia excel in this respect and have the long flowing coats we like, but do not always see in this variety nowadays.

Well known visitors from other parts of Scandinavia were the President of the Jydsk Racekatten, Mrs. Skytte-Birkefeldt, from Aarhus, Mrs. Karen Hast, from Sweden, also Miss Larsdotter, Secretary of the Swedish Cat Club. Mrs. Hjelde Anderson exhibited her famous White Longhair Champion, Tussa. On Monday, Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhuth took us on the lovely trip to Kronberg Castle, and in the evening we dined with them. Tuesday we said "goodbye" at Kastrup Airport to conclude a delightful visit. Twice before I have travelled alone to Copenhagen to judge but this time I had the congenial companionship of Miss Yorke. This and

## Pictures from the record Copenhagen Show . . .



Mr. Holger Grib, Vice-President of the Racekatten Club, displays one of the many lovely exhibits,



Scene at the judging table. Reading left to right, Mrs. Lorentzen, Miss Kathleen Yorke, who judged the Longhairs, Mrs. Hamann and Miss Pedersen.

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the pleasure of renewing so many acquaintances with those I met in 1947 and 1949 made the visit a memorable one.

### **Croydon's Heavy Entries**

Many lovely exhibits awaited the judges—326 to be exact—at Croydon Cat Club Championship of November 13th. Entries numbered 1,326 and in addition there were 18 litters. Seymour Hall has a splendid light with its lofty glass roof rising in tiers and I thought how lovely it looked from the tea room in the balcony. Some of the main awards were : Best Longhair Cat, Mrs. Crickmore's Chinchilla Female, Ch. Thiepvál Snowcloud ; Best Shorthair Cat, Master R. Parker's Blue-eyed White Pinewood White Heather ; Best Longhair Kitten, Mrs. Denton's Blue male Anson Eros (who continues on his winning way) ; Best Shorthair Kitten, Mrs. Fawell's Red Tabby, Barwell Inez ; Best Foreign Shorthair Neuter, Mrs. Fabian's Seal Point Siamese Hielan Sprig. Best Shorthair Neuter, Mr. A. Towe's Silver Tabby, Hillcross Danny Boy, who was also the winner of Lady Aberconway's special prize for the cat chosen by herself. Mrs. V. Pullen's Blue adult female and Mr. McVady's Blue male each won their second Challenge certificate. Mrs. Marshall's Seal Point Siamese adult male, Martial Miu won his Open class and in Seal Point female adults Mrs. Gunn the judge, had 19 to sort out before awarding the Challenge cert. to Mrs. Macpherson's Banchor Panya. Many of the Club and side classes had excellent entries and only cats and kittens on top of their form had any chance of winning firsts.

When so much devoted and concentrated effort has been put in by the Show Manager (Mr. A. Towe), Mrs. Towe, and the Committee, one cannot help regretting there were not more members of the general public to see the lovely exhibits. But we have to face the fact that publicity on a grand scale is beyond the financial resources of our

Clubs and without it we cannot hope to attract really good "gates." Coming fresh from the Danish Show, I missed the spectators and when one considers the population of London and Greater London is about eight million and Copenhagen only just over a million it makes one think The number of the general public who know about our shows before they take place is negligible but when they have been informed through adequate publicity such as we had for the three Olympia Shows the result has been "gates" varying from over 8,000 to 12,000.

### **Winners at the National**

A lovely sunny December day coming amid the worst weather we have had at this time of year since 1925 was gratefully received by management and exhibitors for the National Cat Club Ch. Show. The Royal Horticultural Hall, with its vast expanse of glass roof gave perfect light. Mrs. Speirs made an auspicious debut as Show Manager and one sensed the immense amount of work which had taken place to make the fixture such a success.

The Longhair cats were in full pomp and very lovely they looked as they reposed in the excellent pens.

Best Exhibit in Show was the Croydon winner, Mrs. Crickmore's Chinchilla Ch. Thiepvál Snowcloud by Macduff of Allington. In full coat, she was looking lovely. Best Shorthair Cat was Mrs. Towe's Seal Point female Hillcross Melody, who thus became a Champion. She excels in type and well deserved her high honours. She had 23 Seal Point females to compete against to win her Open class. Best Longhair kitten was Mrs. Dallison's Orange-eyed White Dalmono Damarette by Ch. Carreg Cracker. A picture of this winner will appear in next month's issue. Other winners were : Best Shorthair Kitten, Miss Hardman's Red Tabby, Barwell Cherry, by Ch. Vectensian Anaconda, Best Longhair Neuter, Mrs. Minter's

CONTENTMENT



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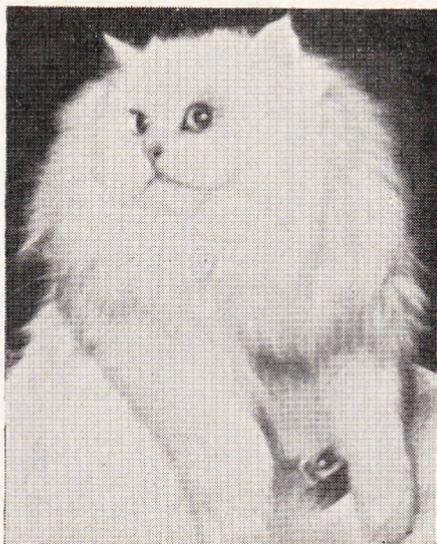
Red Tabby, Hendon Orlando, by Ch. Hendon Sir Roderic ; Best Shorthair Neuter, Miss German's Russian Blue, Premier Dunloe Pavlovitch ; Best Siamese Neuter, Mrs. Cornish's Seal Point, Dinki Lee. An innovation in the catalogue was (M/N) or (F/N) beside each neuter. It was interesting and helpful to know the sex of each one.

361 exhibits, nearly all on top of their form, provided a lovely array. If individual kittens in the litter classes had been counted over 400 were present. Shorthair adults and kittens were well represented with an entry of 30 adults and 19 kittens, excluding Siamese.

Mrs. Pullen's beautiful Blue queen, Jewel of Dunesk, attained her final Challenge certificate. She is a grand brood queen to possess and Mrs. Pullen is to be congratulated on re-starting in Blues with such a female. Mrs. Mac Vady's Blue male, Gaydene Rudolph, bred by herself, also attained his Final. He is a massive fellow by Thiepvál Beau Ideal, with beautiful copper eyes. The death of Beau Ideal at an early age was a loss to the Fancy as he sired two Blue male champions from the very few queens he mated. A class of 10 Blue-Cream adults is the most I remember seeing in this variety. It was headed by my Dawn of Pensford (pictured in OUR CATS, November 1951, issue), litter sister to Int. Ch. Twinkle of Pensford and Signora Paganinis Ch. Twilight of Pensford.

The interest in Creams is rapidly increasing and in a class of ten Cream males and eight Cream females Mrs. Sheppard won with her lovely exhibits ; Ch. Widdington Whiskers and Wonderland Honeybunch. An outstanding exhibit was Miss Lelgarde Fraser's brilliant Red Tabby male, Hendon Orsino.

The quality of the Blue kittens was admirable and it is good to know that Mrs. Denton's Anson Eros, appearing at his sixth show and unbeaten in his Open class by a Blue male, is staying in this country. Mrs. Brunton's Blue kittens, first in their Open classes—Derry of Dunesk and Gaydene Wild



**CHAMPION THIEPVÁL SNOWCLOUD, lovely Chinchilla female, has been one of the outstanding show winners of 1952 for Mrs. Crickmore, of Lowestoft.**

Rose—were in lovely coat and so well presented.

Admirers of Mrs. Vize's beautiful pale Blue Champion, Myowne Gallant Homme (cover picture, OUR CATS, November 1951), bid him farewell with many regrets that his services will no longer be available to us. He has been sold to France for the highest price ever obtained for a cat in this country. He is a great loss as through him we had an opportunity of obtaining pale Blues which are so few and far between nowadays. His dam, Trenton Verity, was bred by Mrs. Harrington-Harvard from her pale blue Ch. Oxleys Peter John.

Mrs. Sayer's selection for Best Siamese Kitten was Mrs. Keene's Seal Point female, Killdown Ivy, by Ch. Killdown Jupiter. Mrs. France won the Seal Point male Championship with her excellent male Chinki Ranya.

Mrs. Speirs organised a first-rate show and, I imagine, made such a success that it will be possible to have this fine hall again if the Committee so decides.

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Please mention OUR CATS when replying to advertisements

Shelagh Fraser and Billy Thatcher (featured in October issue OUR CATS), attended and gave the National Cat Club a lovely silver trophy to be called the "Tai-Lu Cup" for the best eyes in a Seal Point female adult.

Last but not least the judges. How devotedly they worked, all 14 of them, with the referee judge (Mrs. J. M. Newton) stewarding for Miss K. Yorke until Best in Show took place. Our judges' work is voluntary and we are well content it should be so. Distinguished visitors from abroad were Madame Ravel, Madame Sarrazin and Madame Marriani from Paris and Mr. Braeckman from Belgium. It was very nice to have them with us. Madame Ravel also attended the Croydon Club Show, flying from Paris in the morning and returning in the evening.

I have good news of British-bred cats and kittens exported to several countries but must reserve this for next month.

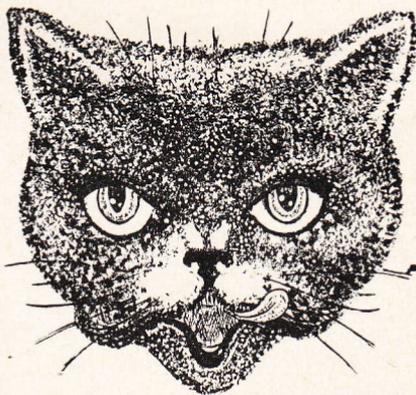
**New Year Greetings to Cat Lovers here and overseas and may 1953 be full of blessings for them.**

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# Tailpieces

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



A COLONY of cats has made its home in some ruins overlooking Brixham Harbour, Devon. The site is 100 yards from the fish market.

One of the speakers at a recent meeting of the Blackheath branch of the British Poetry Association was our contributor Lisa Gordon Smith, who is a member of the Critic's Circle and a well-known writer on matters connected with the theatre. Miss Smith read poems in praise of cats by such well-known cat lovers as T. S. Eliot, V. Sackville West and Harold Monro. She also included an extract from Jenny Laird's novel "James and MacArthur."

A 66-year-old man, William Shapley, was conditionally discharged at Bourne-mouth Magistrates Court, where he was charged with cruelly ill-treating a cat at Boscombe. Witnesses testified that the defendant was seen carrying a struggling cat, which he picked up by its hind legs and dashed on the pavement. A veterinary surgeon said that it was in a deep state of concussion when he made his inspection and as it could not live long he put it painlessly to sleep to end its misery. A post-mortem examination showed its skull was fractured. The defendant denied he had thrown the cat on the pavement or struck it. When he opened his coat it fell down on its face. It had been struggling and kicking and had bit him in the hand.

Bimbo is a handsome Tabby who spends most of his time in the cellars of a well-known firm of wine sellers in Stainer Street, London Bridge. He recently took a prominent part in the annual ceremony of tasting French

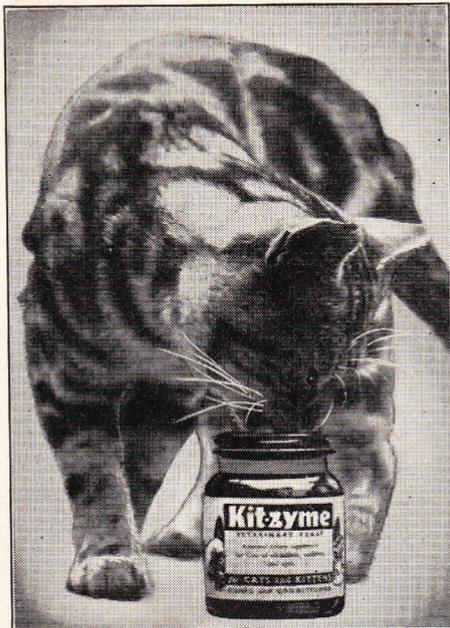
Wines, at which about 150 are available to experts from all over the country. The ceremony lasts three days.

A Bill to increase the maximum fine for offences of cruelty to animals under section 1 of the Protection of Animals Act 1911, from £25 to £100 has been presented by Mr. Frederick Harris, Conservative Member of Parliament for Croydon North. It has the support of all parties.

Mrs. Olive Beatty, of Marion, Ohio, U.S.A., left more than £14,000 to a non-profit corporation for the care of cats, birds and other animals.

Rochester, a handsome 16 lb. "pin-up" Tabby decorates the 1953 calendar of a Birmingham manufacturing house. The firm are of the opinion that their mascot has earned this honour. For years they spent hundreds of pounds trying to get rid of the rats which damaged stocks and held up valuable export orders. Then in walked a lean and hungry-looking Rochester from nowhere. In no time at all he had the situation well in hand. At night he hunted and every morning he displayed his catch. Now the factory is reported all clear of vermin. Rochester's upkeep is a charge on the firm and he has let them know in no uncertain manner that a fellow can't work night shifts unless he is provided with a regular supply of milk, meat and fish.

A reader kindly sends me a cutting from a provincial newspaper which tells in words and pictures the story of Tiddles, a Tabby cat with decided musical taste. Tiddles lives with Mrs. Barbara Want,



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## CHAMPION HILLCROSS SILVER FLUTE

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MRS. F. I. ROBSON, of 76 South Croxted Road, Dulwich, London, S. E. 21, writes :—

*“ You may be interested in this picture of my male Silver Tabby, Champion Hillcross Silver Flute, making sure of a little extra Kit-zyme—off the ration !*

*In addition to his own successes on the Show bench, Flute has already sired many prize-winning kittens, including the Best Kitten in Show, Olympia 1952. As a stud cat it is, of course, essential for him to be in fine condition at all times, so I give him his daily ration of Kit-zyme tablets as a matter of routine. But during*

*the spring and early summer of this year Flute—as the result of a bite from an intruding tom—developed a very severe abscess in his right front paw. This necessitated veterinary treatment over a period of ten weeks, during which time the abscess had to be opened for draining no less than three times and M. and B. tablets had to be administered. Knowing the lowering effect of this drug and the strain that the continued sepsis must be putting on Flute's constitution, I doubled his Kit-zyme ration, with the excellent result that his appetite and temper remained unimpaired, and his general condition was extremely good throughout his illness. Now that he has completely recovered, his shining coat and hard, muscular body bear ample testimony to his splendid condition.*

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of Swinton. He will listen contentedly to any kind of music, from symphony to the "Puddy Tat" song. One tune only makes him really hopping mad—the American number "Music, Music, Music." Immediately he hears this he jumps on the radiogram and tries to stop the record with his paw. Mrs. Want says she has tested Tiddles's reactions over a long period and after three months the tune continues to have the same effect on him. Pictures show Tiddles doing his best to stop the record going round on the turntable.

A little grey and white cat stole the show when amateur mannequins paraded as part of a trade fair in Heacham's Public Hall. As each girl paraded on the raised platform puss stalked back and forth with her and finally sat and washed herself near the compere of the show. The compere was equal to the occasion and he raised a general laugh when he announced "And the next model is wearing grey and white fur."

The Cat Week held in October by the Cats' Protection League resulted in a profit of £296, including £179 proceeds from a bazaar at Slough, Bucks.

Two of our enthusiastic readers, Miss Doris Woods and her sister Aileen, had the honour of meeting and talking with the Duchess of Kent when she recently visited Hong Kong. The Duchess mentioned her great interest in animal welfare work and said that her mother was always helping friendless animals in Athens. The Woods sisters are ceaseless in their work of finding and caring for these poor unfortunates in Hong Kong.

"Many thousands of years ago, the Cat made a pact with humanity. She has kept her bargain. We must keep ours—with all Cats." From Guy Bogart's "Purragraphs and Furbaby Verses."

A Northern Counties Cat Club has been formed in Middlesbrough and

those interested should communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mr. M. W. Hunter, 26 Thorntree Avenue, Middlesbrough. Miss Kathleen Yorke is President of the Club, which aims to promote efficiency in breeding, care and welfare of cats by providing lectures, demonstrations and educational facilities.

Thirteen-year-old Jacqueline Lowe climbed on to a glass roof to rescue a cat which was stranded near her home. The roof collapsed and she sustained severe lacerations and shock when she fell 15ft. to the ground. Jacqueline was detained in hospital.

Minnie has been the mascot at Teddington Police Station for six years. Thirty of her kittens have gone to other stations and Minnie herself recently took part in a film.

Recent efforts to round up the semi-wild cats which haunt the bomb sites of London met with little success. They were too wily for the trappers with their special cages and ran off to their hide-outs in the debris and cellars. Many of these cats are in need of veterinary attention.

An American officer paid a return visit to a village in North-East France to exhume the body of a cat from a grave by the roadside. He placed the body in a metal box and reverently buried it again. The officer, who declined to give his name, explained that the cat had saved one of his children from being bitten by a mad dog. Since then it had accompanied him on service in several countries only to be killed in a car crash in which the officer himself was injured.

MICKEY

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# *Paws across "The Pond"*

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

ONE of the earliest Championship Shows was held in Philadelphia in late October—Penn. State Cat Club (C.F.F.). In connection with the All-Breed that Mrs. Earl Nack was judging, there was also a Siamese Specialty as well as a Tabby and Tortie Specialty. Mrs. Mabel Erdman judged the Specialties. Four cats seemed to dwarf most of the entries. Imported Bentveld Pink Lady (Sedan Cocktail, ex Bentveld Love-in-a-Mist) bred by Miss Posthuma, Holland, and owned by Coreen Petta, Wisconsin; imported Moonbeam of Gayland's, out of Ch. Astra of Pensford ex Souvenir Annette, over two years of age. Badly out of coat but showing wonderful type, this big Blue boy was shown by Miss Verner Clum, of Florida. Moonbeam was bred by Miss L. Cottell. Then there was Triple Ch. Lee's Hi-Hat Champion, six years of age and owned by Marie Wilson, Detroit, Mich. Truly a wonderful very light, evenly coloured Cream. I have only seen two such Creams in my lifetime. The fourth outstanding cat was an Orange-eyed White Persian, Adonis, owned by a novice judge, Mrs. Helen Jean Hildebrand. This boy is remarkable, deep eye color, cobby, very short tail and the sweetest disposition any judge could want. Moonbeam was Best Cat in Show. Bentveld Pink Lady was Best Cream in the Solid Color Show. "Pinkie," a year and a half old, was really in wonderful coat and "to see her was to love her." She wrapped the Solid Colour Judge right around her short bushy tail. Coreen Petta has not been a breeder very long but she has made wonderful strides in the short time she has been in the Fancy. The Silvers made some nice wins as well. Judge Nack has been a breeder of Silvers for

many years. She has other colours as well but, I believe, she is known more for her Silvers.

\* \* \*

One thing is hard for me to understand: Why does a breeder who has purchased a cat from a judge always make a point of showing said cat under that judge? In the C.F.F. Show Rules and Classification it states (Article IX, Sec. 2), that "Judges may not judge entries at shows which have been their property or in their care six months prior to the opening date of show. For violation of this rule, wins of such entries will be forfeited." While this rule is strictly enforced in most cases, I do not believe there are many judges who do not *know* their stock not six months, but six years after it has left their hands. The breeder in this case is at fault, so *why* put the judge over a barrel, even if it is best in its class. That judge will forever be condemned as giving her own stock best. This is unfair and the owner is unsportsmanlike to force such an issue. Most of the Penn. State members are Siamese breeders, perhaps there are ten or eleven Persian breeders, but the outside Fancy make up for the Longhaired cat when it comes to entries.

\* \* \*

The Atlantic Cat Club, the mother Club of all Clubs in C.F.F., held their 51st Championship Show the latter part of November. Miss Doris Hobbs was the All-Breed Judge. Moonbeam again went Best Cat in Show. The Silvers were very favorably considered by Miss Hobbs and made some nice top wins. Miss Hobbs at one time was breeder of Silvers and when a very young girl took a Silver boy up to his Grand Championship. She is also an officer in the Silver

Society. Mrs. Gertrude Hamaker, judged the Solid Color and the Tabby and Tortie Specialties. The Atlantic was held at the Hotel Martinique, in the center of New York. There was an excellent gate.

\* \* \*

The C.F.A. out in Chicago, held their Annual Championship Show, the first of the season. There was a very large entry and the gate was indeed good. Mrs. John Revington was the All-Breed Judge. I believe there was a mid-westerner for the Specialties.

\* \* \*

Kenosha, Wisc., was very well attended. The All-Breed Judge was Mrs. Crystal Small who gave Best in Show to a Red Peke male. This of course was most unusual and brought everyone up on their toes. Judge Small has the courage and strength of her convictions when it comes to placing her decisions. We who love the Reds deeply appreciate this. Mrs. Mabel Erdman, from the state of Pennsylvania, judged the Specialties.

\* \* \*

By the time you are reading this column, Garden State will have had their Show. The largest, so far, ever held in America. Miss Kathleen Yorke, Chairman of the English G.C.C.F., will be the All-Breed Judge. The entries have been closed—a great many were turned away on account of space in the Wide-A-Way Hall. Not only the main floor but the balcony will be used for placement of entries. Mrs. John Revington will judge the Specialties. Mrs. Francis Herms, of Tarrytown, New York, was slated for this but has been unavoidably prevented from taking the assignment. Mrs. Herms has an enviable reputation for so young a judge. She has been a breeder of Black Persians for many years and has achieved a niche in this particular variety that definitely stands for tops.

Miss Yorke will have many social engagements while visiting America. There will be radio engagements, TV dates and other affairs planned for her. Entries are coming in from not hundreds but thousands of miles away. Mrs. Joan Thompson created such a goodwill

---

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feeling of appreciation of the English Fancy that everyone is going all out to greet Miss Yorke, who will be quoted for some time to come.

\* \* \*

Los Angeles has just finished a very large show, 118 entries to be exact. Garden State is topping this number by quite a few extra entries. Miss Elsie G. Hydon is managing.

\* \* \*

The judges at the C.F.A., Los Angeles Show were Mrs. C. F. Rotter, who has been introduced to you through our American Personalities series, and Mrs. Edith Schulte, Specialty Judge.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Howell Mueller, of San Antonio, Texas, has reason to be going around on tip-toe, probably holding her breath for fear it is all a dream, which, of course, it is not. Helen Mueller started out with the best stock obtainable, and it is not surprising to find that she is getting results. Her Bentveld Rosemary of Flagstone, was Best Cat in Show at Los Angeles, under the All-Breed Judge, Mrs. Rotter. One hundred and eighteen entries, too! Miss Posthuma, of Holland, was the breeder. She has been sending some very wonderful cats over. Each I have seen has been simply out of this world as to type, coat, eye color, etc. Come over, Miss Posthuma, bring all your cat-children and live at Cloud Top! Helen Mueller has a lovely queen, Melanic of Allington, also an import.

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### *American Personality*

#### MRS. JOSEPH MARSHALL

**D**OWN in the state of Texas there is a novice breeder who has been making history in that particular section, and it is a very large section of our America, Texas being the largest state in the Union. I refer, of course, to Mrs. Joseph Marshall of San Antonio.

When I interviewed this charming lady she very honestly told me that the secret of her success was the encouragement and enthusiasm given by her husband and children. They are as much interested as she in promoting the feline Fancy, always on the search for "better than the last kitten."

Mrs. Marshall's friends consider her a hopeless aelurophile. As long as she can remember "cat" has been a magic word to her. She hastens to add, however, that her chief interest in life is her husband and her children—and that cats are her hobby.

Mrs. Marshall is a leader of outstanding quality. She is President of her local cat club and with all her other activities finds time to edit "Cat Tips from Texas," which has a wide circulation, not only in her home state but all over America. You can always look for the latest in cat news in this small monthly publication. (Shhh—shhh—on the side she writes poetry—very good poetry, too, which is much appreciated by her many friends).

She is an ardent supporter of her special Association, which happens to be C.F.A. She has dramatically underscored her likings for this particular Association, too, which of course, is noticed, and appreciated by the high brass in C.F.A. Her writing in "Tips from Texas" is done in a fluid, coordinated manner, words are simple, nothing "cluttered up" about her style. As to breeding, well, most of the observers in the Fancy who know her claim that she is the near-perfect replica of a long-time breeder instead of one with just a few years in the Fancy.

Mrs. Marshall does not always win, but I notice that each year she does better than the last—and she is a good loser. There are splashes of colour in her conversation that double you up at their insight and wit. She impresses me as a person who always has had wit and truly a remarkable amount of energy; she is blessed with concentration and patience and is quite dependable in a



**Mrs. Joseph Marshall with her Russian Blues**

very meticulous manner. To her, every show is an event, a roller-coaster ride, replete with thrills, near disaster, suspense, and happiness (wins). In her earnest, high-spirited and vital way, she will tell you that she would not enter a show if she did not want to win but that there is such a thing as a good loser.

We all feel that the Fancy has gained a breeder who will make her mark in the annals of breeding. Almo City Cat Club, Inc., is indeed fortunate in having Mrs. Joseph Marshall for president. The first cat this remarkable breeder possessed was a Siamese given to her by a friend, named Cobina Wright, Jr. She was and still is the Boss of Mission City, ruling with tooth and nail. After Cobina came more Siamese, both Blue Point and Seal Point, also Russian Blues and a few Persians, a few Blues, colour-bred from the Revington stock, Orange-eyed and Blue-eyed White Persians and a "Redhead" who is called Lucy (from the "I Love Lucy" TV programme).

Last year at the Houston (Texas) Show, under Saxby-Mabie, she placed eleven cats and came away with eleven wins. There are no she-nanigans about

this grand addition to the Fancy. She is honest, sincere and a very genuine person to have as a friend and adviser.

BILLIE BANCROFT.

Reference was made in the above profile to the activities of Mrs. Joseph Marshall as a writer of verse. Here, specially contributed to OUR CATS Magazine, is her

#### ODE TO A CAT

To a wind-tossed, sun-kissed bundle of fur,  
Emerald eyes softly, brightly, shining.

To a gay young heart, full of mischief and  
charm,

Fresh and full of adventure as a summer's  
morn.

To an ageing, time-worn bundle of fur  
Emerald eyes with love still shining bright.

To four soft paws, padded and quiet  
As drifting snow on a winter's night.

---

#### Next Month !

**Miss Kathleen Yorke sends her news from America.**

**Mr. A. C. Jude resumes with what he aptly describes as "a mincepie" article.**



*London "Evening News" photograph*

### **WELCOME, MRS. DUKE !**

From a charming old-world (A.D.1685) cottage with low beams, latticed gate, frilly white curtains and, in the summertime, patches of vividly-coloured flowers, emerges a popular and welcome newcomer to the Cat Fancy. She is Mrs. Gwendoline Duke, the attractive young wife of Squadron-Leader Neville Duke ("The Duke"), D.S.O., D.F.C. and two bars, A.F.C., and the Czech M.C., famous breaker of the sound barrier as chief test pilot for the Hawker Aircraft Company.

Geographically unique, the cottage stands in a meadow at the end of the runway at Dunsfold Aerodrome, Guildford, and from its windows Neville Duke can look across and see the gleaming silver of his latest model as the ground staff wheel it out in the morning sun. Inside the cottage, all is comfort, with a score and one tributes to the efficiency and industry of Mrs. Duke. It is really wonderful what she has achieved.

"I try to keep myself so thoroughly busy," said Gwen Duke, "that I haven't got time to worry. Besides, my nearest neighbour is a long distance away. We are both very fond of cats and I am finding that breeding them is an additional interest. I go to nearly all the shows in the London area and exhibit if I have anything to show."

Mrs. Duke's approach to breeding has been along rational lines. She began with two Longhair queens of good pedigree—Bourneside Felicity, a Cream by Pelham Puffball ex Bourneside Fifi, and Sweet Rosemary of Dunesk, a Blue by Champion Southway Crusader ex Cherry Blossom of Dunesk. The last named presented her in the summer with a litter of seven by Ch. Baythorne Minton. There were six Blue-Cream females and one Blue male. Homes were found for six of the kittens and one of the females was retained for future breeding. The litter was voted Best Longhair Litter at the Crystal Cat Show in August and other awards were won by the individual kittens. Something of a jet-propelled start for a novice !

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Kittens usually for sale

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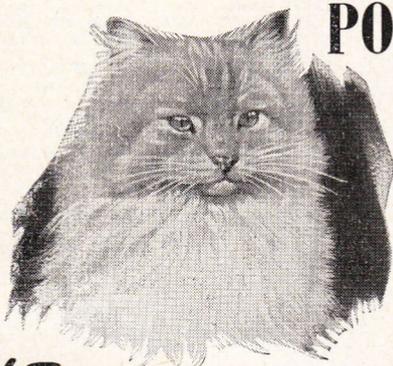
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Mr. William Joseph Haines, of Long Buckby, Northants, expressed a wish in his will that on his death his two cats should be provided for. In the Chancery Court recently Mr. Justice Danckwerts was asked to decide whether this created a valid trust. Counsel for the executors explained that the question might seem trivial, but he was told that whereas it cost 7s. 6d. a week to keep a cat at home, if it is boarded out it costs 17s. 6d. The Judge, who took judicial notice of the fact that 16 years is a long life for a cat, held that the executors were entitled to provide for the maintenance of the two cats.

We are sorry that in our paragraph last month concerning the appointment of Mr. G. Dugdale as Hon. Secretary of the Crystal Cat Club the wrong address was printed. Mr. Dugdale's correct address is 48 (not 45) Nevern Square, London, S.W.5.

"Whenever a playwright wants to keep a character at home," writes Beverley Baxter in *The Sunday Express*, "he makes him an author. There he is, like a tabby cat by the fireside, an integral part of the household."

A report of the Scottish Cat Club Show—Glasgow is unavoidably held over until next month's issue.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

The rate for prepaid advertisements under this heading is 3d. per word per insertion (minimum 12 words) and instructions must be received by *not later than the 7th 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. Use of Box No. costs 1/- extra.

### At Stud

SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT (Blue Persian), sire Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, dam Sco-Kalisa. Fee £2 2s. and carriage. DANEHURST GORDIE (Blue Persian), sire Sco-Ruston Ravisant, dam Hendon Lady Griselda. Fee £2 2s. and carriage. CH. REDWALLS JACK FROST (Chinchilla), sire Ch. Foxburrow Tili-Willi, dam Redwalls Snowstorm, prizewinner every time shown 1948/52. Fee £2 2s. and carriage. MOLESEY ALI BABA (Cream Persian), sire Tweedledum of Dunesk, dam Molesey Mischief. Fee £2 2s. and carriage. Registered queens only.—Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst Cattery, Old Lane, St. Johns, Crowborough. Tel.: Crowborough 407.

BOURNESIDE CATTERY, Aitken, 2 Comptonfield Road, Barnstead, Surrey. Tel.: Burgh Heath 2754. CH. BOURNESIDE BLACK DIAMOND (Black Longhair) and WIDDINGTON WEAVER (Cream Persian).

S.P. SIAMESE PROUD BRUTUS. Sire Ch. Slades Cross Shahid, Dam The Tschudi Nun. Very affectionate, deep blue eyes. Fee £2 2s. plus carriage.—Mrs. Walters, Milbury Lodge, Ferring, Sussex. Tel.: Goring-by-Sea 42449.

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### Miscellaneous

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THE TAIL-WAGGER MAGAZINE, the monthly British Dog Magazine for dog owners and dog lovers everywhere. Fully illustrated and complete with informative features and instructive articles, Annual subscription 11s. (inc. postage) for twelve issues.—The Tail-Wagger Magazine, 356-360 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

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LADY (40) wishes Female Pen Friends, must be animal lovers, Great Britain and Overseas.—Box 34, OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, S.W.9.

YOUR CAT'S GRAVE. Memorial Plaques in seasoned Sussex timber, Specimen prints free from Blackthorn Cottage, Goddards Green, Hassocks, Sussex.

### For Sale

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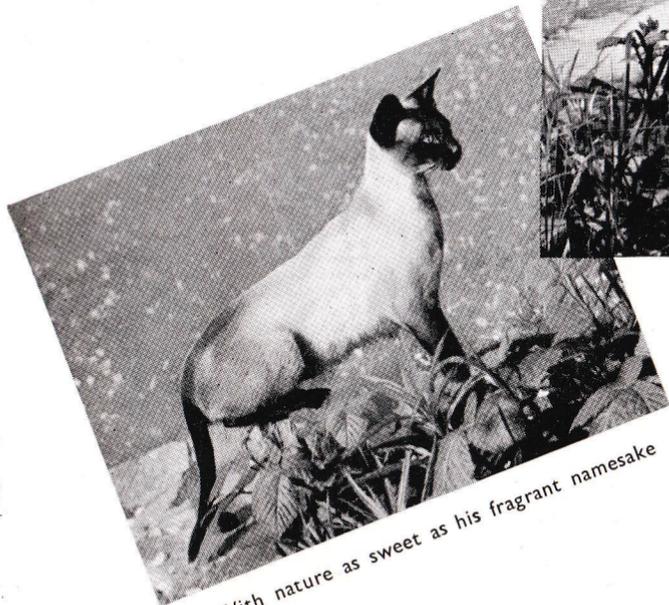
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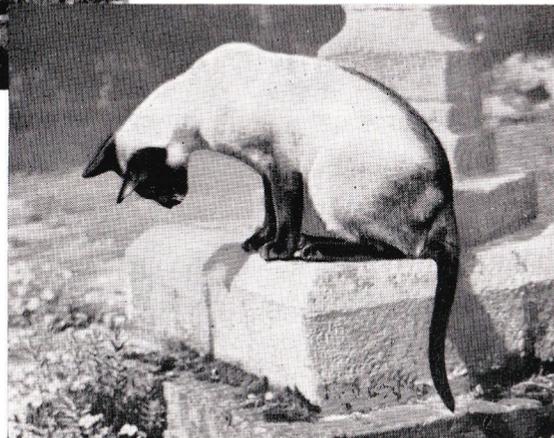
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