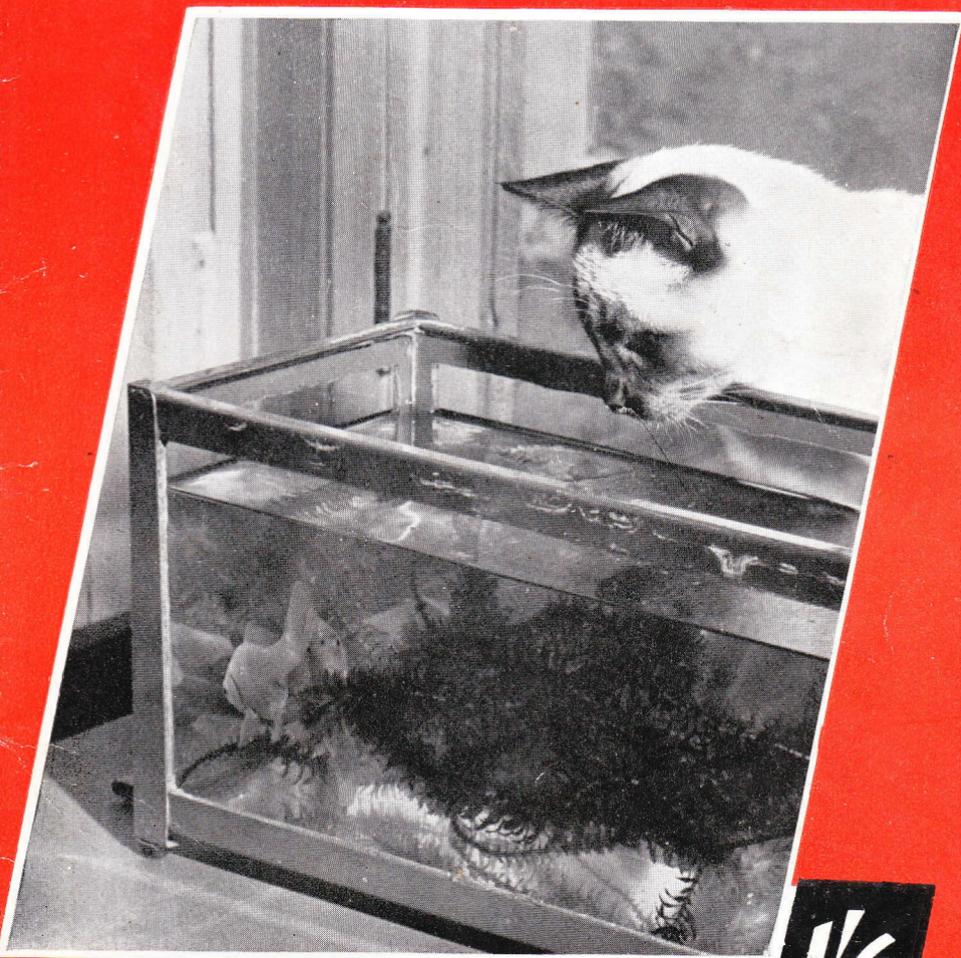


# Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



TO-DAY IS FRIDAY!

*Photo by Associated Press.*

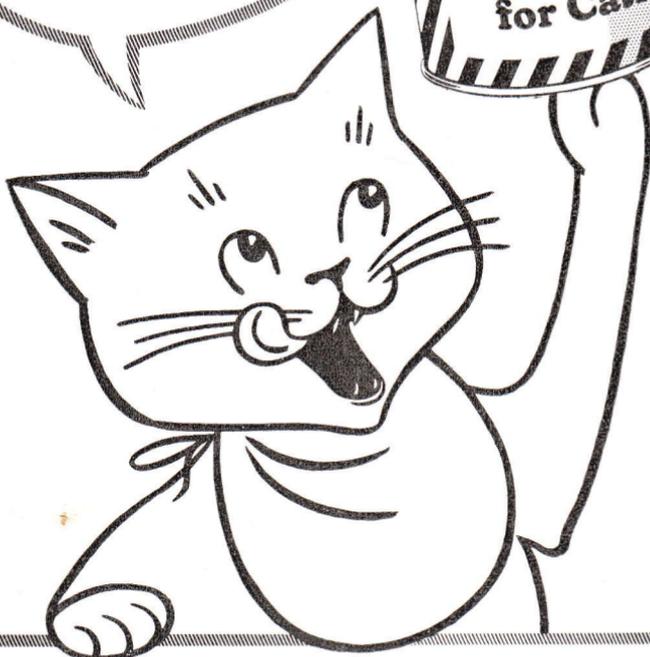
SEPTEMBER 1953

1/6

**A FEELING FOR FELINES** (See page 3)

**Simply delicious-  
I can't wait  
to begin!**

- Kit-E-Kat is chock-full of fish and liver—plus extra vitamins and minerals for perfect health.



**Deliciously simple—just  
open the tin!**

- Kit-E-Kat is absolutely ready to serve: and there's enough for several meals—only 9d.

**KIT-E-KAT** the complete and nourishing cat food

# 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. 5 No. 9  
SEPTEMBER 1953

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



Vicki

A pair of baby Creams at four months from the Shanna Groith cattery of Mrs. Colleen Aslyn, Bodega Bay, California. Their parents were imported from the Danehurst cattery (Crowborough, Sussex) of Mr. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S.



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Lines inspired by the Antics of a Shameless  
but much-loved Gold Digger

*My dearest Pandy, clever cat,  
Some folk might wonder what you're at  
As there you sit upon my chest  
Each morning, while I'm still at rest,  
And with your softly padded paw  
You pat my nose and jog my jaw.  
But (not surprisingly) for me  
This ritual holds no mystery.  
At six a.m. of every day  
You always start me on my way,  
Saying as plainly as can be,  
"Do hurry with the early tea."  
You know quite well that you will share  
The bread and butter cut with care  
The night before by cookie kind,  
Who always bears your wants in mind.  
Don't think that I am taken in  
By any hard-luck yarn you spin.  
This pose of "starving cat in need"  
Is solely prompted by your greed.  
Yet there is something I would learn,  
What makes you punctual in your turn?  
Why is your natural sense of time  
Much better, fifty times, than mine?  
I'll never know, so that is that  
My calculating, clockwork cat.*

*Contributed by B. A. Stirling-Webb, whose Champion Chirmon Lon ("Pandy" to her friends) is now in her eleventh year*

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

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

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# A Feeling for Felines

By THE EDITOR

A SHORT while back, one of our American readers, Mrs. Marguerite Chapman, of California, who is well-known among cat lovers for her clever animal sketches, sent me some pages from *The Family Circle* Magazine. They were slightly faded pages from an issue published fifteen years ago and they contained an amazing illustrated account by Stewart Robertson of the fourteen-hours-a-day unpaid labours of Rita Ross, a former showgirl and model.

Rita Ross had chosen a career which was peculiarly her own. Forsaking the show business and the photographer's studio, she began the service that was soon to establish her as one of the unique figures of New York. Every morning at 7.30, Sundays and holidays included, she would leave her Brooklyn home to scour the great city for homeless and hungry cats. She collected them at the average rate of ten a day.

Armed with a seductive tin of salmon and an authentic miaow, she would walk twenty miles of streets during an average day and frequently her stage training in acrobatic dancing served her in good stead when she had to rescue an animal from some precarious position.

During the course of an interview with journalist Robertson, Miss Ross said there were half a million homeless cats in New York. "Think of it," she added, "my work is practically endless. I know sections where scavenging cats only appear at night and they're so weak they can hardly crawl to the top of the garbage cans. They live in fear and misery and that's why I feel it is only humane to save them from their pitiful existence. People refer to hardship as a 'dog's life,'

but I guess they've never stopped to consider what it means to lead a cat's life."

Rita Ross revealed that on one occasion she found 86 cats in an abandoned basement. She borrowed a driver and wagon and all day long they made trips out to various corners of the city. At the end of that memorable day they had collected and handed in several hundred stray cats to the S.P.C.A.

## All in a Day

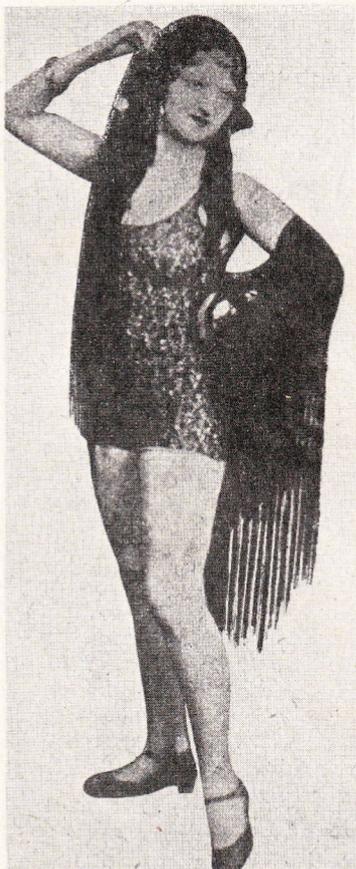
"Every day," continued Miss Ross, "is different. There will be a period of nice quiet work perhaps and then a rumpus, like the one I was in when I salvaged a wreck of a cat on First Avenue. A hardbitten man told me to leave it alone—for no reason except he was feeling tough—but I went right ahead putting the cat into one of my cases. Then the man knocked me through the window of a Chinese laundry. Up ran a young man to defend me and in two seconds there was a terrific fight on, with the Chinaman screeching an accompaniment. The upshot of it all was that the man was fined five dollars for hitting me."

On another occasion Miss Ross pursued an errant cat from the basement of a New York Hospital to one of the psychopathic wards. The cat ran to cover under one of the beds and doctors and nurses were astonished to see what they imagined to be a fully dressed patient on her knees, mewling to some unseen animal. They made determined efforts to get Miss Ross undressed and safely back to bed!

As a little girl, Miss Ross was always bringing strays home. And when she began touring as a chorus girl she noticed that every stage-door alley had

its quota of uncared-for cats; so she used to take them into her dressing room. This led to plenty of trouble, and on one occasion she was dismissed from her job for taking a miserable dirty white poodle in out of the rain. Eventually she decided that she would do some good in the world instead of being just decorative. And there she was, in those faded pages, with all the driving force and burning zeal which one associates with those persons who feel they have a mission in life.

Mrs. Chapman concluded her covering letter to me with: "It would be interesting to know what happened to Rita Ross." It most certainly would.



We are all only too acutely aware of the terrible conditions under which thousands of miserable small animals have to exist in the big cities and among the native races. These sores on the face of civilization will take a long time to heal. Meanwhile, the Rita Rosses emerge, brave determined women who devote their lives to the task of stemming the torrent of animal misery. These women are to be found in all big cities and it is only occasionally that their work comes to the notice of the public. All too frequently it is publicised in distorted form, as was the case some time ago of Miss Evelyn Dransfield, a 58-years-old former college lecturer.



(Left) Rita Ross in her "glamour puss" days.

(Above) A photograph taken about twenty years ago when she was busy at her work of rescuing unwanted cats and kittens. The "muddy" reproduction of these pictures is due to the fact that the blocks had to be made from the newspaper cuttings.



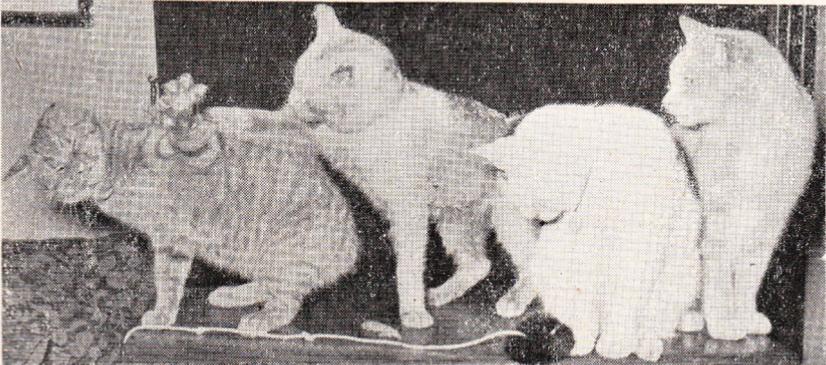
"The People" photograph.

**And here is Miss Dransfield—a modern Rita Ross—feeding some of her family of sick and unwanted. Four of her special charges are shown in the second photograph at the foot of this page.**

Miss Dransfield is the Rita Ross of Newcastle-on-Tyne. She lives at 21 Queen's Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2, and throughout the district she is known as "the lady who looks after cats." Her big worry is how to eke out a small income to pay for feeding, nursing and finding homes for her patients. For

fourteen years she has done without holidays and amusement and has denied herself even clothes and food in order that her charges shall be fed.

Miss Dransfield revealed to OUR CATS facts which confirm that the number of stray and unwanted cats in the Newcastle area is staggering. Many hundreds have



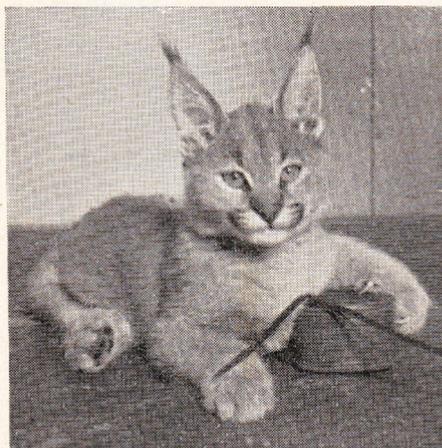
passed through her hands and she feels that so much more could be achieved if an animal refuge could be provided for the city and a mobile dispensary provided for sick and injured animals. All down the coast, she claims, sick animals—dogs, cats, kittens and puppies—are “thrown to the tide.” There is no official place where cats can be taken and boarded for a few days. The local shelter has no cattery and all cats taken there are destroyed at once.

Miss Dransfield takes the strays in for a limited period only, and if they are very ill or badly injured she puts them to sleep at her own expense. Every effort is made to find the owners and sometimes she is fortunate to find good

homes for some of the animals, many of whom (as our photographs show) are quite lovely creatures. At Christmas last year her accommodation was strained to capacity with twenty-five dogs and cats.

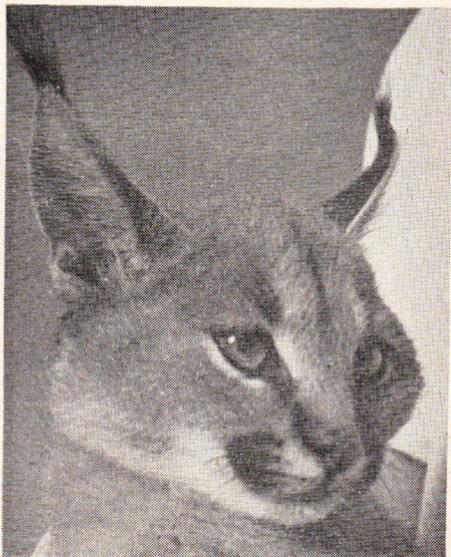
More recently the milkman brought her three mother cats, all with kittens. They were found in the grounds of a saw-mill and were nobody's charge.

So the good work of lightening the toll of cruelty and neglect is quietly carried on. If, in this particular instance, you would like to extend some aid, you have the address and my personal assurance that it will be gratefully received, acknowledged and put to practical use.



From South Africa come these appealing pictures of a pair of baby lynx, which were brought up on the bottle. Tony, on the right, did not survive but Chloe (above) is alive and well and is very devoted to her owners. Later, she will have to go to live at the Bloemfontein Zoo. Note especially Chloe's R.A.F.-type “moustache”!

★



Copyright photographs by Mrs. Marion Cave

# *His Excellency the Cat*

By HUMPHREY BULLOCK

**D**URING my thirty-five years in the India Army I heard many strange stories, natural and supernatural. Of them all my favourite is the one about the Governor and the Cat. Here it is . . . . told straight, for it needs no embellishment.

Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay under the East India Company, died of apoplexy in his official residence, Government House at Dapuri, near Poona, the summer capital of his province, on July 9, 1838. Twenty-five years later, another expatriate Scot, a Colonel Gordon, was serving on the army staff at Poona. Another forty years after that, as General Sir Thomas E. Gordon, he published his autobiography and in it he told the following tale:

As brigade-major it came to Gordon's notice that throughout the previous quarter of a century the written orders for the military guard at Government House had been supplemented by a verbal clause which had been regularly handed on from one guard to another, on relief, to the effect that any cat passing out of the front door after dark was to be regarded as His Excellency the Governor, and must be saluted accordingly.

Inquiry revealed an extraordinary tradition. On the evening that Sir Robert Grant died a cat was seen to leave the house and walk up and down a particular pathway in the garden, in exactly the manner and on the identical spot where Grant had been in the

habit of strolling to take the air after the hot sun had set and his labours were done. An Indian sepoy on sentry-go saw the animal and told his comrades. Discussing it, one of them raised the topic of transmigration of souls—a belief widely held in the Orient—and after due debate the soldiers on guard came to the conclusion that it was a clear case of "Governor into Cat."

## **Which Cat ?**

But the rambling mansion with its labyrinth of outhouses and servants' quarters gave shelter to a whole host of cats, and no one could be sure exactly which one of the feline multitude had walked out of the front door on the crucial evening. So, to be on the safe side, it was decided by the conference that every cat coming out of the main entrance after sunset was (in Gordon's words) "to be regarded as the tabernacle of the Governor's soul, and to be treated with due respect and all proper honours." This convention was accepted by all the soldiers and servants at Dapuri, and obeyed by every sentry with the same faithfulness as their official written orders.

When, in 1863, the practice came to the ears of the English officers, the guard was supplied in alternate weeks by each of the two Sepoy battalions of the Poona garrison. Gordon brought his discovery to the notice of the two battalion commanders, more as a quaint survival than as a matter

of military import. One of the colonels, a man of "sympathetic temperament and calm judgment," said he would laugh his men out of the custom. The other, "impetuous and arbitrary, a rigid disciplinarian and a severe commander," intimated that he would order his troops to desist from such folly. Parading his subedars (native lieutenants) he told them they must refuse to recognise and pass on the Cat Order, on pain of court-martial.

But as soon as the guard from the martinet's battalion returned from its next turn of duty at Government House, the subedar in command of the guard had to admit that he had too much respect for the Cat to fail to have it paid the time-honoured compliments, even though he jeopardised his commission and his pension by disobeying his colonel's command. The subedar was placed in arrest and the colonel asked for a court-martial on him; but the brigadier-general intervened, ordered the subedar's release, and counselled the colonel to bear "more patiently and gently with simple superstition."

Two years later a new Government House on a different site replaced the Dapuri mansion, but until the glory departed the Cat doubtless continued to receive full gubernatorial recognition.

## NO CAT

A correspondent from Walkden, Manchester, who signed herself "Miserable," recently sent the following letter to the editor of a London newspaper:

"My home is on a main road where heavy traffic is continuous throughout the day and fairly frequent during the night, and the fact that a cat or dog is killed almost every week has come to be accepted as just one of those things.

"My own well-loved cat had to be destroyed two weeks after a nasty knock that left her suffering . . . and this was the fourth cat of mine to go the same horrible way in ten years.

"My firmer-than-ever vow that this time I would not replace her was intensified three days ago when yet another beautiful cat owned by a neighbour was found dead in the roadway and more tears were shed. And yet—I am full of that sense of something missing, with no cat on the hearth. My children long for the friendly armful of sleek fur they have long accepted as a natural part of their lives. The small dog we have is obviously missing the companionship which was on his own plane.

"Dozens of things I do in a day are making me sad instead of glad, because I pull up short on the point of calling puss to 'Come for some of this,' or 'Run for the ball,' or some such things.

"Cats cannot be restrained from investigating beyond their own house or garden as can dogs, but I am wondering has any other cat-lover a solution to offer to the problems of owning a cat while living on a busy road?"

---

## ***A Record-Breaking Issue ! !***

### **OUR GRAND INTERNATIONAL NUMBER**

**will be available at our stall at the G.C.C.F. Coronation Show at the Royal Horticultural Hall on 9th October. Subscribers will receive their copies in the usual way and without any extra charge for this much-enlarged issue.**

# Great Expectations

By P. M. SODERBERG

Author of "Cat Breeding and General Management" and other books.  
Chairman of the Siamese Cat Club.

It is but natural for the novice who buys a pedigree female kitten to possess an inner conviction that in due time the lady will produce a litter of kittens which will be potential champions. Unfortunately, this is but the optimism of inexperience and future facts will inevitably produce a number of disappointments.

It is a reasonable expectation that a female will in course of time become a mother, but it has to be faced that there are sterile queens even if few and far between. The novice must realise that the female cat is as physiologically complicated as most mammals, and there will always be individuals who prove to be exceptions in either a good or a bad sense.

Always in the last resort Nature takes its own course and the cat owner can do no more than provide a suitable environment in which a young cat can develop naturally into a healthy adult. Environment covers a whole host of details, but perhaps the two that are most important are freedom of exercise and good feeding. If due attention is paid to these important details, the owner has done his best to produce a healthy adult that should become a good breeder.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to study records will realise that family history also plays its part in successful breeding. Some females always produce more kittens than others, and there are studs who are well known for their fecundity. Bearing such facts in mind, the novice who wants to breed kittens ought to make some preliminary enquiries before buying a kitten for future breeding.

To my mind a queen is suspect if she produces only two kittens in a litter.

Mind you, the word is "suspect" and not "condemned." The novice would be well advised then to make further enquiries before purchasing a female from any litter of two. If two happened to be a characteristic of a particular queen and the prospective owner wanted litters larger than this, then such a purchase would be unwise. On further investigation it might be found that it was the sire that rarely fathered large litters. That fact, too, should cause a beginner at least to pause and think.

The question is often asked, "What can be done to make a queen fertile if she is an indifferent breeder?" The honest answer is, "Precious little!" Quackeries and nostrums, even if they did produce some result, and that is doubtful, are not generally in the interests of future members of the race. Lack of fertility can be an inherited characteristic, and an immediate boost to produce extra kittens from a particular queen is rarely in the interests of the race as a whole. Cats are not machines and even the best breeders will not continue indefinitely to produce kittens to order.

## A Shy Queen

At a recent meeting the question was asked as to what could be done to restore the waning fertility of a seven year old queen who had had two litters a year since 1947. The answer to this question seemed obvious. No queen who had presented her owner with a minimum of twelve litters could reasonably be expected to do more than that. At the same meeting another breeder stated that a queen who had already produced eighty-six kittens was now fighting shy of child bearing. What a wise old lady this cat must have been!

I have a queen of my own who has been extremely prolific and who is only six, yet it appears that Nature has decided that she is to have a temporary rest even if it is not a permanent one. That is Nature's way and I shall certainly not interfere. My great expectations from this cat have been amply fulfilled, and if she has another litter she shall have the privilege of finding the gentleman of her own choice somewhere in the dark recesses of her own ample domain.

The second aspect of this article relates to the quality of the kittens that are produced. The enthusiastic beginner quite naturally expects that his queen will produce an outstanding litter. To most novices their own stock usually verges on perfection and there is nothing unexpected in this attitude, for there is also a strong sentimental attachment and after all beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Unfortunately such kittens frequently possess a type of beauty which does not catch the judge's eye.

Whatever one says, whether he is new to the game or an old hand, he always has great expectations from any litter which is produced by his queens. It is inevitable that such expectations are but rarely fulfilled, but it is only such an attitude of optimism that produces the real breeders and fanciers of any animal that is desirable for show purposes.

### Face the Facts

The fundamental thing for the novice to learn is always to face the true facts. When he looks at the new-born kittens he may be convinced that they are all potential champions, but in time he must learn to accept the imperfections which will inevitably appear as the kittens develop. To do this goes against the grain because it is the last thing one wishes to do, but it is nevertheless essential if the novice of today is to become the skilled breeder of tomorrow. No cat is any better in show points just because it belongs to me, but such a simple fact is

hard for some breeders to swallow.

The people who really disturb me, and there are quite a number of them, are those who think that potential champions can be produced by methods which are, in fact, sheer hit and miss tactics. Real champions have been produced by mere chance, but such cats have been few in number and it is doubtful whether they were desirable for future breeding.

### Planned Breeding Pays

The only breeder who is justified in having great expectations is the one who arranges his breeding programme with intelligence. He plans his matings according to a well thought out scheme because he intends to achieve a higher standard in his stock. He is never dazzled by the glitter of a name even if it is preceded by the word "champion."

It must be admitted that all the planning in the world cannot guarantee a desired result, but in the long run planning is inevitably more successful than chance methods.

A simple illustration of this point is not hard to find. The most desirable Siamese has good eye colour, well defined points and a pale coat. If your queen is dark-coated, have nothing to do with Champion Ting-a-ling (I hope no such cat exists) despite his many wins unless you know that he possesses the pale coat you wish to inject into your stock. If you do not consider your matings in this way you are just fooling yourself all the time.

Well, there it is! I have tried to give you "two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff"—perhaps you can find them.



# 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.

## ON BOARDING

I read with concern the letter from Mrs. Lee in the May issue regarding cat boarding establishments. How can she possibly prove that her cats caught their infection from the kennels? They might just as easily have been infected had she taken her pets on holiday or even had she stayed at home.

I have boarded cats for many years and have had some weird experiences. But my boarders have come again and again and in several cases have stayed with me for many months at a time. A cat breeder or cat boarder risks infection being brought into her establishment by visiting cats and it seems to me sheer nonsense to be so bitter about infections which are beyond anyone's control.

Before I boarded cats, and before I ever went to a show, I had the most appalling things happen to my pets. But these germs are airborne and it appears to me there is little one can do about it.

Mrs. Fegan, Exeter.

## LOUIS WAIN

I am writing a biography of the late Louis Wain (1860-1939), the artist whose humorous drawings of cats made him world famous, and I should very much like to hear from anyone who has letters, personal reminiscences or other material relating to him. Any material sent to me will be carefully copied and promptly returned.

Mr. Sidney Denham,

1/48 Elsworthy Road, London, N.W.3

## RADAR EQUIPMENT?

Every time I go out I find, on my return, that Champion Mockbridge Blue

Moon, my British Blue aged 5, is sitting inside the door leading from the garage, awaiting my return. She is rather a one-woman cat. My family tell me that they always know when I am on my way home because Moonie repairs to her post some ten minutes before I arrive. It takes me ten or twelve minutes to get back from, say, Goldalming, which is five miles distant.

What is this radar equipment which animals have? Is it what used to be called telepathy? Years ago I had a fox terrier who did the same thing. He would run to the low window ledge, put his front paws on it, cock up his head and make little excited noises. My parents reckoned that when he did this, probably from a deep slumber by the fire, I must have been about three miles away, or at any rate too far for him to have heard and recognised the sound of my car's engine.

I think it would be interesting to know if other cat owners have the same experience. It is not only puzzling, but deeply touching, I find.

Mrs. C. D. Bentley,

Elstead, Surrey.

## ABOUT JUDGING

In our Continental Cat Federations—both the FIF and the FIFE—there are quite different rules adopted for the attribution of CAC-Champion or CACIB-International Beauty title.

In order to hold the golden mean in this matter we would be very pleased to know about the procedure followed in England by the majority of cat judges at Championship shows:

1. When in the presence of a male and a female adult cat of ten months and more showing the same quality and the same number of points, which of them is given precedence and does any rule exist on this point?
- 2 Do kittens of three to ten months enter into competitions with adult cats for Best in Show Award at Championship shows?

Thanking your correspondents in advance for information on these points.

Mrs. M. A. Gay,  
Dianaweg 5, Liebfeld, Switzerland.

### MILK AND CHEESE

*Propos* of milk causing looseness of the bowel after eating, I have found that the substitution of cottage cheese not only provides the required nourishment but discourages and in time cures the condition.

This was clearly demonstrated in the case of a tiny stray kitten suffering from dysentery. Milk not only aggravated the condition but we were on the point of hopelessness when we decided to try the cottage cheese.

The little thing ate ravenously of this, indeed, it was ninety per cent. of its food intake, and the improvement was rapid and decisive. Tritita can now take cow's milk, which she loves, with no ill effect.

Catherine M. Livingston,  
Notomis, Florida, USA.

### NEUTERING AND DECLAWING

In the August issue of *OUR CATS* Mr. Soderberg suggests the adoption of general anaesthesia prior to the neutering of cats and kittens whatever the age. I find it hard to disagree with an expert of his standing but feel obliged to do so, nevertheless.

The administration of a general anaesthetic is always risky, a point on which all vets agree and taking into consideration all factors including both types of shock, I would say that there is a

definite advantage in not using general anaesthetics when neutering male kittens younger than three to four months.

On the question of declawing, I would say that such a practice would have no direct harmful physical effect if carried out in early kittenhood. I am of the opinion, however, that secondary factors tied up with the atrophy of related muscles and tendons may manifest themselves.

Furthermore, as in the now generally discontinued practice of removing healthy tonsils in children, it may be found that the declawing of cats results in little expected disturbance of both a physiological and psychological character. Considering the last factor, I feel that a lessened ability to defend itself would create in a cat a condition akin to inferiority complex in man and while like Mr. Soderberg, I have no positive knowledge on which to base a considered view, it is possible that the opinions expressed by me would find considerable acceptance.

I. Raleigh, B.Sc., Ph.D.,  
Mitcham, Surrey

---

France has been turning its attention from politics and strikes to "myxomatose," a disease that is rampant throughout the rabbit population of the country. In a normal year France consumes about £25,000,000 of rabbit meat. To-day, there is hardly a restaurant which dares to put rabbit pie on its menu and the fur industry may have to turn to imports. The plague, which has completely upset normal autumn shooting plans, slowly saps the vigour of its victims. Cats are not affected by the virus.

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**About that letter you were going to send us. Why not sit down and write it NOW? Correspondence Corner is YOUR feature. Please help to keep it interesting and of value to other cat lovers.**

## A page for the proletarian puss No. 39



*Leonard A. Wheeldon.*

### ME AND MY PUSSY

This delightful study of 4-year-old Danielle with her special pet was submitted by her mother Mrs. S. Salamon, of South Tottenham, in North London.

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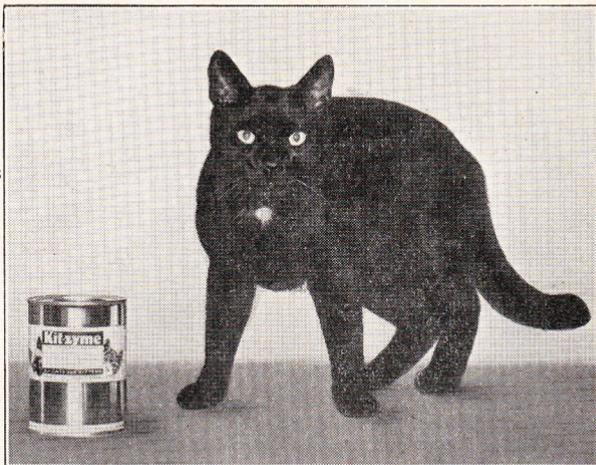
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## DUSKY

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*DUSKY of Hampstead is a very handsome black cat with a tiny white waistcoat and amber eyes. He doesn't claim a pedigree but although he shares his home with real aristocrats, such as visitors from Abyssinia and Stiam, he shows no embarrassment whatever about his humble origin. Of course, Dusky knows that he has got his mistress exactly where he wants her because she saved him from being destroyed when he was a week-old kitten and, according to Dusky's reasoning, this has put her permanently in his debt!*



*Not that Dusky takes advantage of this . . . much! But there are occasions—and the “Kit-zyme incident” was certainly one of them. For Dusky is crazy about Kit-zyme. His mistress dare not leave a jar anywhere within reach because he invariably smells it out, “paws” it until it falls on the floor and then rolls it about until the lid comes off. On this particular occasion Dusky's persistence was really handsomely rewarded because, undetected he ate exactly 224 tablets!*

*Stories like this should have a moral . . . perhaps about “tummy-aches” and “lessons learned.” But as Dusky had no ill-effects whatever beyond the usual “full meal” sleepiness the following day, the only possible moral is one concerning the advisability of keeping Kit-zyme under lock and key in order to save—not one's cat—but one's pocket!*

*Oh, by the way, we were so enthralled with Dusky's adventure, we nearly forgot to mention that his mistress is the well-known journalist and household expert, Miss Elisabeth Craig, whose articles on cooking, housekeeping, pets and gardening, etc., are so popular and eagerly read. “Court Favourites”—published by Andre Deutsch—is the name of Miss Craig's latest book which, we understand was written despite Dusky's well-intentioned efforts to assist.*

**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., London, N.W.10**



Ref. No. 77



# Tailpieces

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



CAT flu' is very prevalent all over the country and I have heard stories of some very sad losses. So be on your guard for those signs of listlessness and snuffling.

A classified advertisement in a recent issue of a London daily newspaper made cheerful reading. It ran: "Pleasant bed-sitting room offered to literary gentleman or lady. Schiedmayer for relaxation, Siamese cat for amusement, Wimbledon Common for exercise. £3 3s. weekly, including breakfast."

Now that those nice little tins of Portuguese sardines are in the shops once again, you may like to know that a little sardine oil is usually popular with cats. It is an invaluable aid to those with a tendency to constipation and to Long-hairs who are prone to fur ball. But please don't give stale oil.

West London correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* wrote: "I have nine cats and they laugh at each other with friendly humility. They also laugh in uproarious unison at mankind. For men toil and sweat and slave, whereas my cats live in comfort, wisdom and abounding liberty of mind."

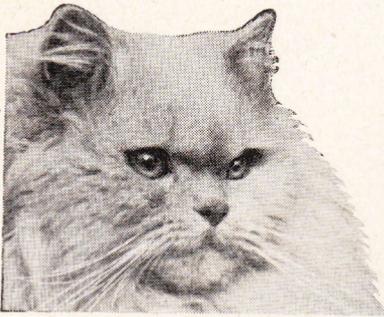
A man was fined 10s. at Greenwich for allowing a dog which was ferocious to cats to be at large without a muzzle. The dog was an Alsatian and one witness said he saw it attack and kill a cat. The defendant pleaded that the animal was not really ferocious, but that it had an

aversion to cats since it was scratched by one of them as a puppy.

Did you read about Sally, the plucky Tortoiseshell mother cat who belongs to Mr. Leslie Walker, of Bottom Hall Farm near Brighouse, Yorks? When a marauding fox stalked and killed her six kittens, Sally set about the killer and such was the fury of her onslaught that, although Reynard was three times her size, she eventually killed him. The fox's body was found near the dead kittens and his brush has been preserved as a memento of the occasion when a brave cat took her just revenge.

Clifford Morton, a young Hereford man, climbed 120 feet up a swaying fir tree to rescue a marooned cat.

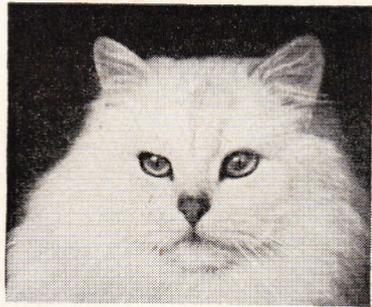
This year there were nearly 250 photographs on view at the fourth Cat Picture Show sponsored by the Bexhill Cat Club. The best non-pedigree cat in show was Mrs. Coldham's Faith, a handsome brown tabby, and the winning pedigree cat was Mrs. F. H. Stephenson's well-known Woburn Sunshine. The non-pedigree cat was given pride of place because the Club is primarily for the owners of ordinary pets. Mrs. Blackmore's massive Tabby Leo was voted the most popular cat and he was also the best non-pedigree local cat. Among the aristocrats the best local cat was Miss K. Bally's Siamese Wilversley Koko. Mrs. Major and Mrs. Fisher took several prizes with their lovely pictures and I understand that the judges—Mrs. Kirk-Bullivant, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. Sayers and Mr. G. B. Allt, F.Z.S., thoroughly enjoyed this assignment.



# Every inch a Princess

At the Danehurst Cattery, Old Lane, St. John's, Crowborough, Sussex, Mr. Gordon B. Allt's superb cream Persian Ch., Danehurst Princess, obliges with a pose that befits her regal name.

*And on the right, not to be outdone, is Chincilla Ch., Redwalls Jack Frost, another equally famous member of this well-known cattery.*



Mr. Allt, whose cats are bought by customers from all over the world—particularly from Canada and the U.S.A.—is a firm believer in the 'One Tibs a day' rule. He knows that cats find the liver flavour irresistible, whilst Tibs satisfies completely the normal vitamin A and B requirement.

*Famous breeders say:*

**TIBS** KEEP CATS  
KITTENISH



10d. and 2/-

One sunny Sunday morning, Merangis, one of a family of cats at Prior's Kitchen, Frimley, Surrey, selected the top of a customer's waiting car for a sun-bathe. The driver, unsuspecting, drove away without noticing the slumbering cat, and up the Portsmouth Road. A waiter saw Merangis disappearing into the distance. Miss M. K. Mason, his owner, enlisted the aid of A.A. scouts, but three days passed without any news. Then, on the following Wednesday, twelve-year-old Merangis arrived back, a trifle weary and footsore and probably a little angry at being thus "taken for a ride."

Three Bethnal Green boys were playing on the side of the Lea Canal at Bow when they saw a cat struggling in the water. They took off their shoes and waded into the water—in many parts feet deep—and got the cat out. One boy then ran and telephoned the R.S.P.C.A., but the poor creature was found, on examination, to be past aid.

Alley Cat Zero, the pet of the U.S. 62 Fighter Interceptor Unit, is stated to be the first cat to break through the sound barrier. Wearing his own crash helmet, Zero was a passenger in a Sabre jet machine flying over Lake Michigan, Illinois, at about 700 m.p.h.

The divisional sign of the 56th (London) Armoured Division of the Territorial Army is a black cat and when about 8,000 of these London "Terriers" take part in manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain this month, the name of the exercise will be "Black Cat."

Mrs. Violet Enticnap, who has served customers at a Richmond fishmongers for a number of years, is wondering what can happen next. One of her regular customers was an elderly lady who bought a little fish for her cat and the other day on leaving the shop, she said to Mrs. Enticnap, "I've had a little windfall,

and as you have been so kind to me, will you accept this little present?" She walked out, leaving a paper carrier bag in which were fifty £1 notes.

Veterinary graduates qualifying this year, who are accepted by the Colonial Office, can have their National Service deferred.

John Reginald Halliday Christie, the Notting Hill strangler, who was recently hanged for his misdeeds, left behind a pet cat. The R.S.P.C.A. stated that although they had received hundreds of offers of a home for the cat, they had been "reluctantly compelled to give it a humane end." It had become difficult to handle and was in a highly nervous condition.

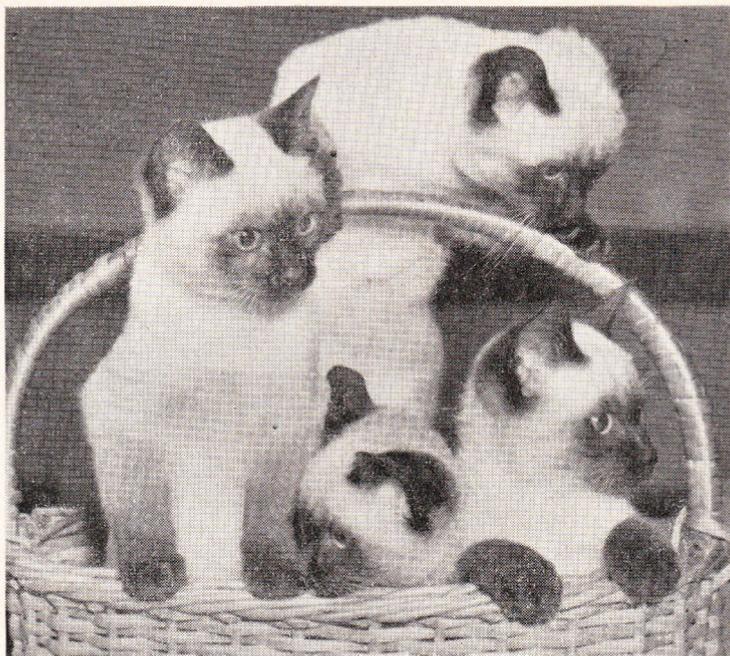
A Teddington labourer was fined £15 at Feltham, Middlesex, for causing a cat to be killed by his Alsatian dog, £2 for causing the cat unnecessary suffering, and £1 for having no dog licence. When asked why he did not go to the cat's assistance when it was seized by the dog, the defendant said he could not touch his dog because the crowd was so hostile.

The family of O'Flynn's sat down to lunch in their house in Stillorgan, Co. Dublin. At dinner they sat down on the same chairs, ate and drank from the same plates and glasses at their new home at Sudbury, Middlesex. Between meals they had moved all their household possessions, including two cats, by air freighter. The total cost for the family of five O'Flynn's and their four tons of belongings, was £100.

MICKEY.

---

**PEDIGREE FORMS of excellent quality with space for four generations are obtainable at 2/- per dozen, post free from OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.**



This bonny litter with their mother Ngeru Ataahua Suzette (which means "beautiful cat" in the Maori language) won the prize for the best litter at the Auckland, New Zealand, Championship Show in June. They were bred by Hamilton fanciers Miss Doris Menzies and Miss C. Henderson. Imported Ch. Spotlight Pride was the sire.

## 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 1953-54 Season are provided below for the information and guidance of readers. The list will be revised from time to time as fresh information becomes available.

1953	Promoted by	Venue
1 October ...	*Siamese Cat Club ... ..	London
9 October ...	*G.C.C.F. Coronation Show ... .. <i>(See displayed advertisement in this issue)</i>	London
17 October ...	Edinburgh and East of Scotland Cat Club ...	Edinburgh
21 October ...	*Southsea Cat Club ... ..	Southsea
24 October ...	*Midland Counties Cat Club ... ..	Birmingham
11 November ...	*Croydon Cat Club ... ..	London
28 November ...	Scottish Cat Club ... ..	Paisley
28 November ...	Yorkshire County Cat Club ... ..	Leeds
9 December ...	*National Cat Club ... ..	London
1954		
9 January ...	*Notts. and Derbys. Cat ... ..	
16 January ...	East Anglian Cat Club ... ..	
23 January ...	*Lancs. and North Western Counties Cat Club...	Manchester
2 February ...	*Southern Counties Cat Club ... ..	London

\* Denotes show with Championship status.



Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

**M**RS. JOAN THOMPSON —popular and active figure in the Cat Fancy for many years, breeder and International judge — turns the pages of her diary to reveal the most interesting entries concerning personalities, both human and feline.

**This month Mrs. Thompson writes about the concluding stages of her New Zealand tour and the interesting journey home from Wellington via the Panama Canal.**

**I**T was on 6th July that I journeyed to Dunedin to meet Mrs. and Miss Hunter-Weston, and later Dr. and Mrs. Fulton, four charming personalities with whom I found the time pass much too quickly. One talks about the "long arm of coincidence." Mrs. Fulton was visiting England last year and attended the Crystal Cat Show at Olympia with her daughter. She remembers seeing me there as a member of the quiz team but, not knowing each other, we did not speak. How strange we should eventually meet again in her home in such a remote place as Dunedin.

Dr. Fulton is very interested in cat maladies and, of course, his professional knowledge is invaluable, especially in New Zealand where so few qualified veterinary surgeons take a special interest in cats. Mr. Hill Motion, B.Sc., M.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.M., and Mr. Aberdeen, L.R.V.S., are notable exceptions. Mrs. Fulton has a lovely Siamese neuter

Simon and Miss Hunter-Weston a young neutered son of Ch. Spotlight Pride, a fine boy with a lovely pale coat. These two are great pals and know they have two homes where they are always welcome, as their mistresses live so near to each other. I was amused to hear that in hot weather they seek the coolness of the Presbyterian Church opposite.

In the afternoon Miss Hunter-Weston took me for a lovely drive among the hills and we looked down on Port Chalmers, from which Captain Scott left on his last tragic expedition to the South Pole.

### **Canterbury Lamb !**

On the following day I flew to Christchurch, which is the most English-looking of all New Zealand cities I have visited. The lovely river Avon wanders through it and the number of two-storied houses set in enclosed gardens such as we are familiar with, seem to predominate. Naturally one is always meeting with surprises when one travels, and my chief one has been that about 80 per cent. of Australian and New Zealand homes appear to be bungalows and nearly all have corrugated iron roofs.

The next day, Mr. Holmes, Hon. Secretary of the Canterbury Cat Club, called and took me for an interesting drive over the hills where we looked down on part of the huge fertile plain where the famous Canterbury lamb is raised. Mr. Holmes loves cats, especially Siamese, which he breeds in a small way. He would like to come to London to study to be a veterinary surgeon. I

hope he gratifies his ambition, as it would be a great asset for Christchurch to have a cat-loving vet. He hopes to organise a show next year, but it would have been premature this year as the Canterbury Cat Club had only been in existence six months and it is obvious there are not enough pedigree cats in South Island to hold a representative Ch. Show yet. Here's wishing them success in the future.

On the next stage of my flight to Wellington, the latter part of the journey was very bumpy, especially crossing the Cook Strait. However, I was fortunate to land at Paraparauma some miles from the capital as it had been closed for two hours owing to cross wind currents. Mr. Moran was there to meet me and we had a fine cat chat before we motored back to Wellington.

### **Fine Quarters**

On 10th July I visited Mr. Moran and his Siamese and was glad to see Inwood Willow (by Sealsleeve Petit-Gitto and Ch. Inwood Shadow) looking very well and quite normal after his trying journey from England last winter. His large house and spacious run have the sort of accommodation I should like to see provided for every male cat. They are such active and liberty-loving animals that even the best we can give them must be small consolation for the loss of their freedom and the human companionship they love so much. So it was delightful to see a really spacious run that we could walk about in and a tree with good, firm branches where he could have high-jinks with his wife Sabukia Stardust, one of the best Seal Point Siamese queens I have seen in New Zealand. Whisking about as we walked round was a neuter Mylynn Eros, a really lovely cat which unfortunately was neutered before his sire Killdown Apollo was tragically killed by a dog.

Mr. Moran regarded Apollo as almost his ideal and he was so shattered by his death that he was on the verge of re-

tiring from cat breeding. I am very glad he did not do so as he is a real cat lover; always thinking of something for their comfort, and that is the type we want to see breeding cats. Eros shares a house at night, and when he has to be shut up, with Chai, a young female. I believe this house was Mr. Moran's first attempt at carpentry; it is well made, damp- and draught-proof, and painted pale green, and the linoleum curves a few inches up the wall. I am all in favour of painted cat houses. They are so hygienic and easy to clean. My own two at Beckenham are enamelled white inside and every bit of them, except the roofing felt, can be washed. I only use them for kittens in the summer and early autumn, but one cannot expect to breed thoroughly healthy kittens unless everything they come into contact with is scrupulously clean.

The Blue Pointed Siamese kitten taken home from Miss Pat Powell's first prize litter was dancing about like a little sprite. The first Blue Points were taken from England to New Zealand by Sir Willoughby Norrie.

### **A Show Prospect ?**

Mr. Moran later drove me to The Deanery, Wellington, to see the Rev. D. J. Davies, Mrs. Davies and their Siamese female Fa-Ying, who won so well at Palmerston North. She looked very attractive sunning herself on a cushion in a large bay window facing the harbour. After a little chat, on to Mr. and Mrs. Odlin's at Lower Hutt to meet them and their two attractive neutered Siamese pets. I am wondering if a future show at Wellington will arise from our animated talk on the subject. They were very interested in the other shows especially valiant little Invercargill with its wonderful gate. After all, Wellington is the capital and with its population should be able to stage a very successful show. When we left with Mrs. Davies we were all thinking of ways and means. Mr. and Mrs. Odlin are toying with the

idea of having a female kitten, not necessarily a Siamese. Perhaps another variety would be advisable as so many in New Zealand appear to be breeding or contemplating breeding Siamese and however lovely, no Fancy can sustain public interest if it mostly consists of one variety, especially when so many beautiful breeds abound.

### **Creams are Missing**

One of my biggest surprises was the absence of Longhair Creams in Australia and New Zealand. There were a few so-called Creams but as they were mostly bred from Red Tabbies or Tortoiseshells, they varied from pale ginger to quite a deep shade of fawn, and nearly all those I handled failed in eye colour. And many lacked the type we have had in England in Creams and Blue-Creams for a number of years. It is the judicious way breeders use the best Blues which account for these qualities. It is quite possible to find Creams and Blue-Creams in England which have five or more generations of these two colours plus Blues in their pedigrees before one finds a Red or a Tortoiseshell. The two latter varieties are those from which Creams originated.

### **A Start for Home**

After a lovely sunny day, 11th July was cold and very wet as I embarked on *R.M.S. Ruahine*. Mr. Moran and his daughter Lynette came to see me off and we anticipated a final chat on board, but no one was allowed on except passengers so it had to be a brief goodbye and away to the shelter of my cabin where it was a joy to find lovely flowers and many telegrams from some of the delightful cat lovers I had met in Australia and New Zealand.

We steamed out of harbour with the seagulls wheeling overhead and a rough sea to battle with for the next few days, but on a warm still evening on the 20th we saw our first sight of land since

Wellington. It was Pitcairn Island, only two miles long and one mile wide, silhouetted against the dark evening sky. There is no proper landing place, so we anchored whilst four rowing boats came stealing over the water and soon their crews were climbing aboard, laden with oranges, bananas, avocado pears, grass skirts, coral beads and wooden models of flying fish. The passengers flocked round and soon we were in conversation with these direct descendants of Fletcher Christian who remained on the *Bounty* and was elected captain by its twenty-six men, when the crew mutinied in April, 1789.

### **Romantic Island**

I think seeing Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on the Bounty" made that part of the story the more realistic because he was the hero of that film (albeit a cruel monster) who was set adrift in an open boat only twenty-three feet long to sail the mighty South Pacific, and established an epic of endurance by surviving forty-eight days before landing at Timor.

I saw a Goliath of a man standing on the deck and he told me he was the great grandson of Fletcher Christian who took the *Bounty* back to Tahiti where he and his crew acquired native wives and eventually sailed away again to discover and populate Pitcairn Island, which can only support about 200 people. It has a picturesque issue of stamps, and a mail-bag was taken off so that letters and postcards bearing mementoes of this unique island could be picked up by the next ship.

After about two hours the islanders rowed away singing hymns and, as a final benediction, a chant "Good bye! God bless you one and all." It had a mystic quality on such a still moonlit evening in those romantic surroundings.

Arrived on 21st July at Balboa in the morning, in a turkish-bath atmosphere. Walked languidly round the shops and in

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FOR RELIABLE STUDS AND STOCK (Arranged alphabetically)

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**DANEHURST CATTERY**  
DANEHURST, OLD LANE  
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*Crowborough 407*

Enquiries invited for the popular  
Danehurst Longhairs — Blue  
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Blacks

See displayed and Stud advertisements in this issue

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## BAYHORNE KITTENS

**BLUES AND CREAMS**

*Bred in ideal surroundings*

MRS. DULCIE BENBOW  
WESTBROOK, LITTLE HEREFORD,  
LUDLOW, SALOP. *Tel.: Brimfield 263*

## THE ALLINGTON BLUE PERSIANS & CHINCHILLAS

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colour, coat and wide-awake eyes

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MISS EVELYN LANGSTON  
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Kittens of outstanding  
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MRS. CHAS. POLDEN  
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Kittens may be booked in advance to  
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## PRIORY BLUE & CREAM PERSIANS

At Stud : **GEM OF PENSFORD**  
Excelling in type and wonder-  
ful pale colour. Sire of Woburn Sunshine and  
many other winning kittens. Fee 2½ gns.  
Also at Stud : **ELMWOOD CAVALIER**. Lovely Cream,  
Challenge Certificate winner, Southern Counties  
1952. Fee 2 gns.

MRS. L. DAVIES, "THE JOLLY FARMER,"  
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## MRS. JOAN THOMPSON'S PENSFORD BLUES, CREAMS AND BLUE-CREAMS

Breeder of Ch. ASTRA OF PENSFORD, Ch. DANDY OF  
PENSFORD (Denmark). Ch. ROYAL OF PENSFORD  
(New Zealand). Int. Ch. TWINKLE OF PENSFORD  
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Ch. DAWN OF PENSFORD and many other winners.  
130 WICKHAM WAY, BECKENHAM, KENT  
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*Please mention OUR CATS when replying to advertisements*

the afternoon, with two companions, hired a taxi (mostly luxurious Buicks, by the way, in this part of the world!) and went for a long drive. What a place of contrasts! Quarters where the most delightful coloured children teemed in hundreds and miniature "mothers" who looked about six nursed the younger ones who appeared to be their brothers and sisters. It was striking how gay and contented they all looked—a contrast to some of the peevish youngsters we had on our ship!

Then we drove through the country where the wealthy Panamaians live in enchanting white or pastel-coloured villas with beautiful wrought iron grilles to the windows. These were of many designs and of Spanish origin, which language is universally spoken in this part of the world. The lush green of the gardens was indescribable, and trees with exquisite copper flowers added enchantment to this tropical scene. But oh! the temperature! It was about

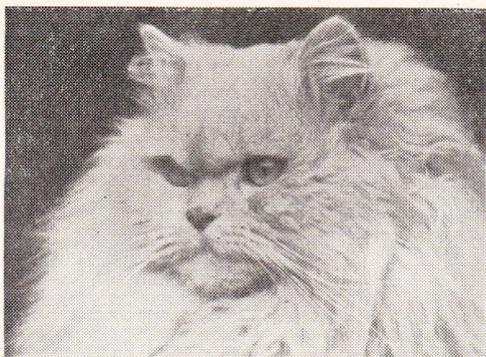
90 degrees with intense humidity, as this was the rainy-season, a veritable greenhouse for plants and trees. In the gardens of the Panama Hotel, a modern luxury hotel, bananas were growing on short, thick-set trees, and several beautiful varieties of flowers which I had only seen in greenhouses at Kew Gardens appeared to be growing wild. A lovely swimming pool, with the water shimmering over aquamarine tiles, and gay sun umbrellas over small tables made it a delectable spot even on a tropical day.

The *Ruahine* stayed overnight and the next morning began her eight-hour journey through the fifty miles of mechanical wonders of the Panama Canal. The United States Government exercises sovereign authority over the Canal Zone. At Balboa a representative came aboard and gave a running commentary as we went through the locks. Gatun Lake, with its area of 163.38 square miles and shore line of 1,100 miles, was the largest

## **DANEHURST CATTERY**

Owner: Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S.

**BLUE, CREAM, CHINCHILLA & BLACK PERSIANS**



**CHAMPION DANEHURST PRINCESS (Cream Persian)**

Prize Stud Cats available. Kittens by prize-winning stock usually for sale—to approved homes only.  
Can be seen by appointment.

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Crowborough 407

artificial lake in the world until the construction of the Boulder Dam. Various examples of the tolls big ships pay were given and it was surprising to learn that the *Ruahine* paid the equivalent of £3,036.

### Animal Suffering

Two days later we stopped at our only other port of call, the Dutch colony of Curacao. The heat was intense and, as the yearly rainfall is negligible, the dried up vegetation was a complete contrast to Panama. I was shocked to see how thin the goats were and the few cows. When one sees them nibbling at practically nothing, one wonders how they can ever produce young and give milk. Speaking to a passenger who embarked at Curacao I asked her if their grazing was supplemented by fodder, and the reply was, "Oh, no! very seldom. I have even seen them eating old books and newspapers!"

This indifference to animal suffering, hunger and thirst has been one of the heartbreaks of my four months' journeyings. I have travelled about 30,000 miles by sea, plane, road and rail and spoken to people of all shades of opinion and all animal lovers agree that there is room for vast improvement in the attitude of many people to animals.

No greater medium has ever existed than the radio to teach animal welfare, and yet how little has been made of the opportunities it offers.

I was glad I only had to say "How do you do?" to two cats in Balbao, one a sleek shiny black with beautiful golden eyes, sunning itself outside a café, and one tabby-and-white who looked in reasonably good condition. To England must be given the accolade for her humanity to animals, and may our wonderful animal welfare societies grow in strength from year to year, until they can spread their mantle over countries who need their help so much.

And now I come to the last phase of this wonderful journey, with its happy memories of harmonious shows and

meetings. It is my sincere hope that the shows which attracted so many people will have made a lasting impression on those who had never realised before how beautiful cats can be. My happy thoughts will remain with those sleek domestic pets who came to grace the shows in New Zealand, and I feel sure the prizes they won will encourage many others to care properly for their cats and exhibit them.

9th August. Have just had my first glimpse of England, and with what deep emotion one sees this cultured and lovely country after a long absence. And how perfectly Shakespeare expressed, in *Richard II*, the thoughts of returning travellers:

*This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle . . .  
This other Eden, demi-paradise;  
This fortress built for Nature for herself  
Against infection and the hand of war.  
This happy breed of men; this little world,  
This precious stone, set in the silver sea . . . .  
This blessed plot; this earth;  
This realm; this England.*

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## A Hotel for Siamese

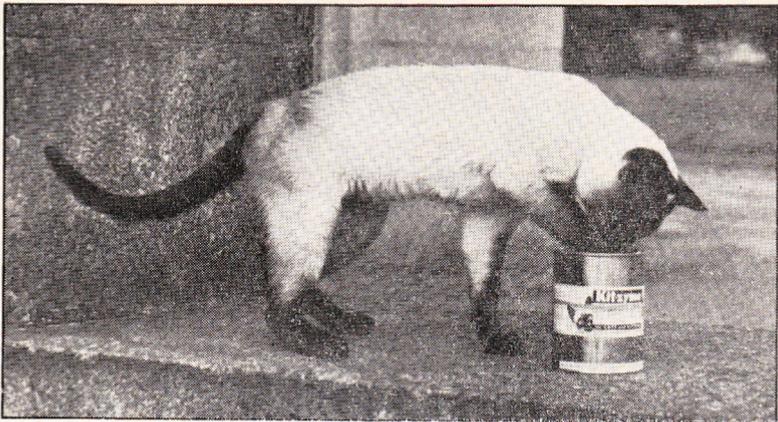
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## Bo'sun Still Ashore

While his home the good ship "Mary Hillier" is undergoing extensive repairs after being wrecked in a Mediterranean storm, our Sailor Siamese has had to get accustomed to a new life ashore. More of how he settled down as a landlubber is here narrated by DEE BLACKBURN.

THE middle of last month, Skipper George sailed back to Gibraltar with Lord Avebury in his yacht *Kailure* to buy foodstuffs and ship's gear to replace what we had lost in our yacht's disaster. Our servant arrived the day George left.

That night I was awakened from a deep sleep by the sounds of a blood-curdling cat fight. I dashed out of bed and the servant after me. I tried to open the door to the terrace, but she had removed the key. In panic, I couldn't think of the Spanish word for key—and kept yelling, "Where's the key; where's the key?" She shook her head and cried, "Madre Mio, Madre Mio" (Mother Mine). I tried to tell her my cat was outside having a terrible fight and I wanted to go to his assistance.

When I realised she couldn't understand me, I quieted down enough to say: "Mi gato esta con otra gato" (My cat is with another cat), and, because I didn't know the word for "fighting" in Spanish, I gesticulated in an attempt to make her realise what was happening, but she got terrified because she thought I wanted to fight her. Finally, I managed to convey the idea that Bo'sun was outside, and she said, "No, senora, Su gato esta domiendo en la cama!" (Your cat is sleeping on the bed.) I said, "No, no!"—and all the time the fight was raging.

I was beside myself for fear of what was happening to poor Bo'sun. She finally insisted that I follow her to the bedroom—and there was Bo'sun sleeping peacefully. This, of course, amused me very much and I couldn't contain myself with laughter. She backed away from me

saying, "Pesadilla, pesadilla." I had never heard that word before and thought she was saying something about fish, which is "pescado" in Spanish. Finally, much relieved at seeing Bo'sun safe and sound, I looked up the word in the dictionary and discovered it meant "nightmare"!

When I turned in she brought me a glass of hot milk, saying, "Esta buena para pesadilla" (This is good for nightmares). Every night since she has brought me a glass of hot milk "Para mi pesadillas" (for my nightmares) and because I haven't had a "pesadilla" since, she thinks her recipe is working very well. To this day I haven't convinced her that I didn't have a nightmare.

### Fishy Deception

With other things that have happened we are sure that the poor woman thinks she has a lunatic to deal with in me. Our friends out here have told us that we mustn't let the servants see the kind of food we give our animals, because they resent the fact that foreigners feed their pets so well, when many of the natives here have very little food.

When we have fish I always take two, one of which goes to Bo'sun in my bedroom—when she isn't present. This particular day I had two pieces of meat. The second piece I cut up fine and was just about to give it to Bo'sun under the table when she appeared, so I pretended to eat it. When she left the dining room again, I quickly dropped the meat into a bit of paper and headed for the bedroom. As I passed her in the hallway,

she, thinking the small ball of paper in my hand was for the waste basket, took it from me rather hurriedly and, before I realised what was happening, the bits of meat flew all over the floor. She looked at me so pathetically and said that if I liked my mea. that way she'd be glad to cut it up for me.

The "pay-off," though, was the day she found me slicing off a piece of raw meat and cutting it up. (Bo'sun has a few tit-bits of raw meat twice a week). She told me it wasn't good for me to eat raw meat, that it caused "pesadillas" and that if I were hungry she'd be more than glad to cook the meat for me. Of course, all these things cause me no end of mirth—and quite frequently send me into gales of laughter which I can't control. So she (poor dear) thinks she's got an imbecile on her hands and does her best to humour me. Because she only sees tiny portions of food being fed to Bo'sun, she is under the impression that I'm starving him and quite often offers him food from her own plate, but Bo'sun will never accept it.

### Expectations not Realised

Bo'sun has another playmate, "Carlos Primero" a lovely high-spirited Alsatian puppy. Our very good friends the Fishers, from the yacht *Solita del Mar* had to return to England because of illness in the family, so I offered to take the dog. George brought him home the other night and Bo'sun thinks he has acquired a rival. He's not too happy about the addition, either. He's very friendly and hospitable to his canine friends, but he likes to see them go home at night. Furthermore, Carlos dashes around—and being only a puppy has no respect for Bo'sun's position in the household. Our pride and joy has developed a most bewildered manner in Carlos' presence, and tries to monopolise my attention when Carlos is around.

Bo'sun enjoyed his stay with Cousin Wellington so much that we decided we

should get him a Siamese brother. A friend of ours had a lovely female Siamese and said that soon she would be having kittens and I could have my pick. When she called another lovely Siamese was introduced to her and they were married and, to all intents and purposes, had a pleasant honeymoon. Last week the kittens were born. What a disappointment! Three dear little things they were, but just as black as the ace of spades! Our friend was heartbroken, and said that a large black cat next door had been courting her Siamese for some time, but she hadn't realised that they had had a clandestine affair.

The Siamese mother, apparently, isn't the least bit disappointed with her children. She coddles and nurses them with the greatest maternal affection and is extremely proud to have them shown. I detected a wicked little twinkle in her eye, though, which seemed to say, "I fooled you all that time!"

(To be continued)

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*"Star" Photograph*

**Actress Dodo Watts with Miss Belinda Quink**

## TV FAME OVERNIGHT

THE recent television presentation by Dennis Vance of the thriller "Mr. Betts Runs Away" certainly oozed atmosphere and was a very bright spot in a very dull lot of material we have been getting on the screen of late. Quite apart from its spine-chilling qualities this play provided a real treat for cat lovers in that one of the leading parts was most efficiently played by an unknown young lady Miss Belinda Quink, a little black kitten. Although inexperienced and at a decided disadvantage because she was pushed into the cast with hardly any time for rehearsals, Miss Quink "stole the show." We shall watch her progress with interest and trust she will

be given more opportunities to display her undoubted feline charm and talent.

A kitten hired from a pet store was first cast for the role. But when he saw the bright studio lights, he bolted. It was then that actress Dodo Watts remembered Belinda, the sleek little kitten who had brazenly invaded her flat in Nevern Square, Earl's Court. Miss Watts took Belinda to the studio and to the great relief of the producer and everyone else she revelled in the surroundings and the role she was given. "A born actress," said Miss Watts. "Belinda did everything right, even to purring at the right moment."

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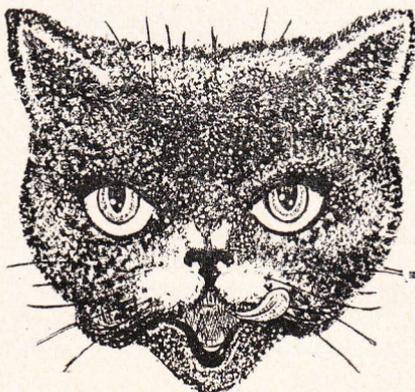
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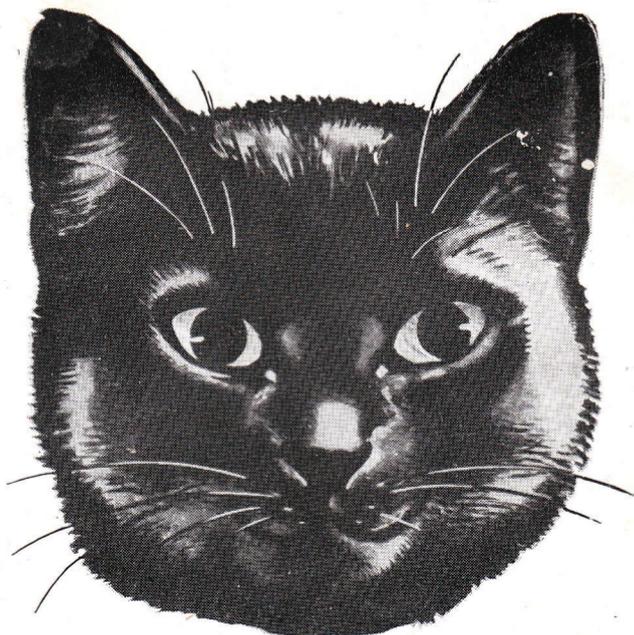
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