

Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE
INSTRUCTIVE



ENTERTAINING
COMPREHENSIVE

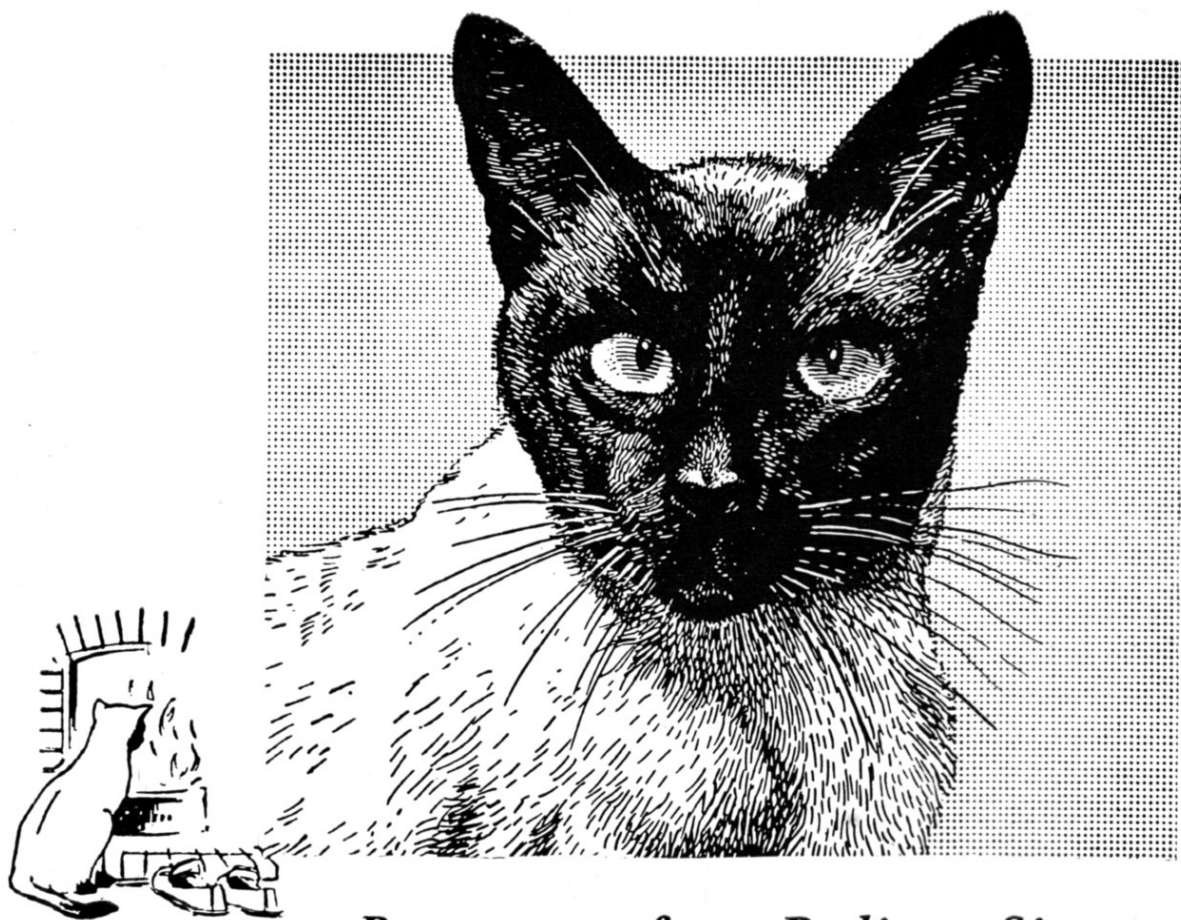


WAITER

The fellow with the air of "What's cooking?" is SNOWEY, a wonderful 19-year-old neuter who lives at a Godalming (Surrey) café with Mrs. Waterman. Born in the West Country, Snowey is an Orange-eyed White who once had a pedigree, which cannot now be traced.

FEBRUARY 1954

1/6



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Our Cats

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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. 6 No. 2

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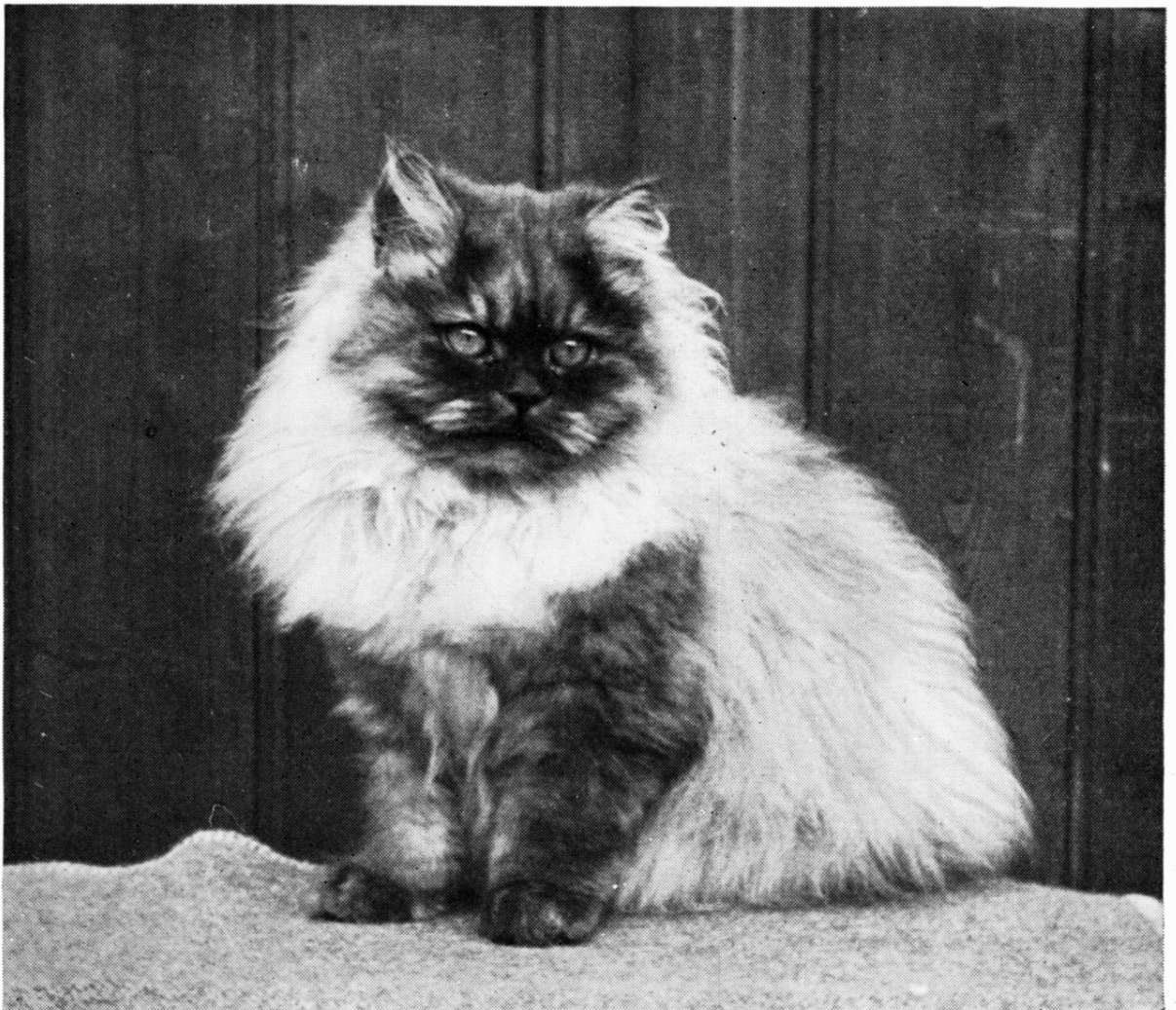
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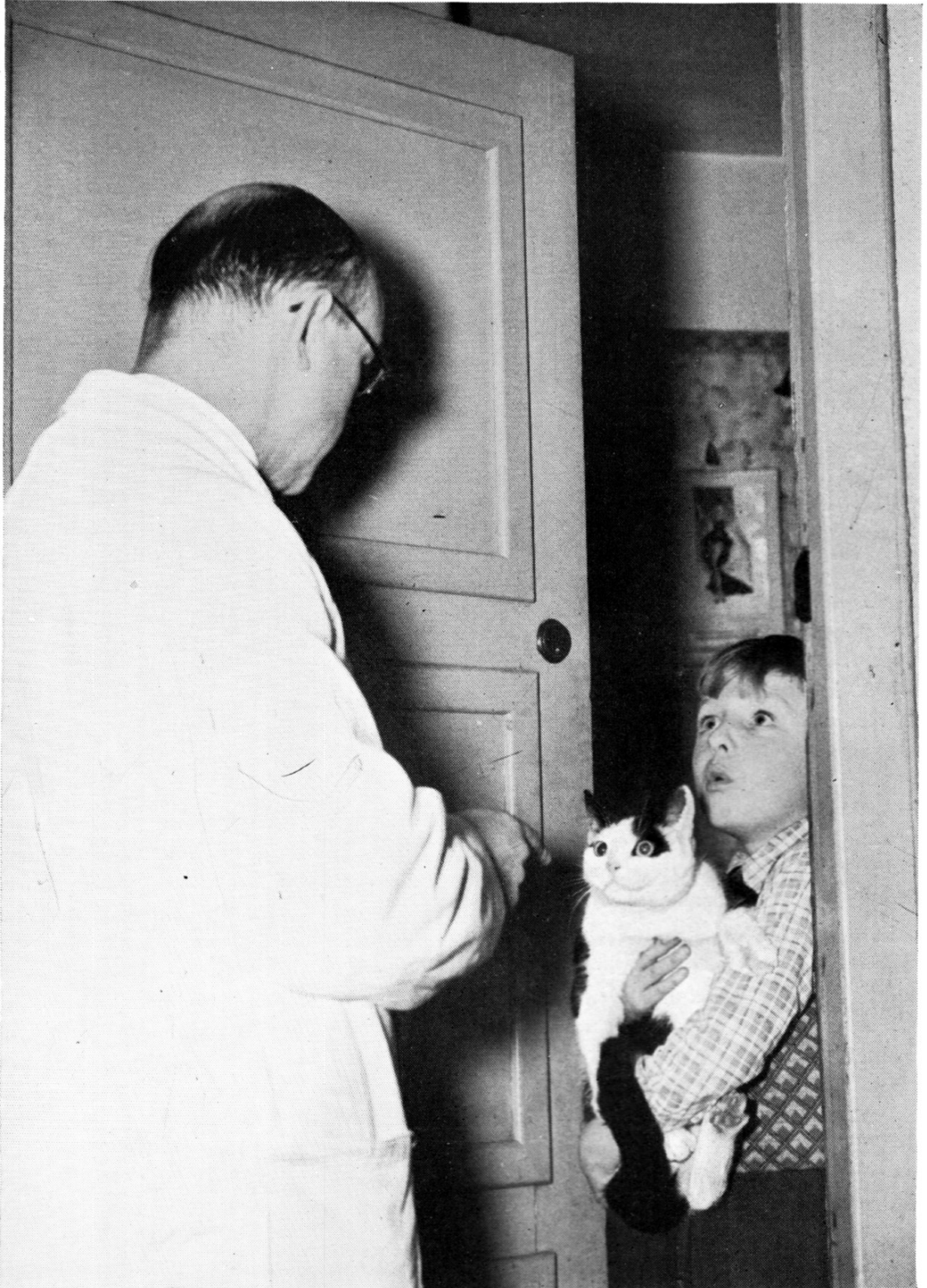
MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

THE MAGAZINE THAT SPANS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS



Mrs. P. R. Dyer of Slapton, South Devon, breeder of New Zealand's famous Black Champion Slapton Black Magic, is experimenting in breeding Longhair Smokes and Silver Tabbies. Our picture shows her sturdy SLAPTON DUSTY, Smoke Kitten from Slapton Silver Mist ex Ch. Bourne-side Black Diamond. Dusty, born July last year, was a first prizewinner at the Coronation and National Shows.

A page for the proletarian puss No. 41



Associated Newspapers

“YOU’RE NOT TAKING MY CAT, MISTER.”

We recently reported the deplorable action taken by the Wandsworth Borough Council in banning the keeping of pets by their tenants on the Wendlesworth Estate. The story became front page news, there was much controversy and criticism and many of the tenants flatly refused to obey the Council’s edict. There’s no mistaking the attitude of the youngster in our picture. He is well able to look after his own cat and doesn’t want any help from the well-meaning officer who has called from the humane organization.

we went in to them or took them out to their exercise pens, they just rubbed their heads round our legs and purred constantly.

The kennel maid always had some new exploit to tell us about them. The other occupants of their house, a Siamese from Hong Kong, a black cat from Cairo and the first cat, a Blue Persian, to fly by Comet, used to look perplexed as we arrived. I think by the end of three months the cats although in good shape were suffering from boredom. Admittedly there were all the other cats and dogs and Aggers particularly used to hurl abuse and blow himself up to twice his normal size, making the most blood curdling noises whenever he saw the cat from Cairo. He went into quarantine rather a timid neuter but he came out with as much spirit and readiness to attack as any full-blooded tom.

Off to West Africa

In October as we were flying to Lagos, Nigeria, and taking the cats we came across the real difficulties of trying to move with our pets. I completed numerous forms (mostly in triplicate) for each cat but the kennels were kind enough to help us in this respect or I fear we should never have got through all the paper work.

B.O.A.C. do not run freight services to West Africa which meant that the cats had to travel in a passenger plane, but all six could not travel together. They finally agreed to take two on three successive flights. The kennels made new containers for me which were much better than my baskets—of hard board with a window of metal through which the cats could look, but not be seen. We decided Celestine and Dusky Pearl should come with us, Musidora follow with Aggers the next day and Negus and Crimpiju should be the rearguard.

Having been through the Customs at London Airport I was able to go to Celestine and Pearl. Seeing their box all covered with fearsome labels saying

“ Danger—Animals Subject To Rabies,” etc., one never imagined inside our two beautiful pets. In the plane I immediately asked about them and once again found the air crew really helpful. The cats were locked up and travelling with the mail and when I asked from time to time they told me that they had settled down and there was no more mewling.

All Arrive Safely

At Tripoli, the first stop, after about nine hours flying, I had the cats brought with us to the rest room and borrowing a can opener from the air hostess (the only thing I had forgotten) opened a tin of boned rabbit, which contrary to everybody's expectations, they ate ravenously. We then asked to see the officer in charge of live freight to make sure that when the other cats came through they were properly looked after. It was almost midnight and I could not have been very popular but I wanted to be sure that the cats would be fed and, perhaps even more important, that this was done in a confined space with no possibility of escape (as does happen). I feel I should stress the point that one must leave no stone unturned—things are not done automatically abroad as they would be in England.

Celestine and Pearl safely arrived in Lagos the next morning. I thought Celestine looked a little strained but neither appetites were at all impaired and I had brought several tins of cat food which they had learned to like in the kennels until I could find out what the local meat situation was like. It has, incidentally, turned out to be much in their favour so they can have liver, steak and any delicacies very cheaply—only Musidora has to wait for the occasional arrival of rabbit from the mail-boat's cold store.

I met Agamemnon and Musidora the following morning. As I went to the Customs Shed I saw the crate there and called them. They answered at once and peering through the metal window I met

the large blue eyes of Aggers. The next day Crimpie and Negus arrived quite well and not too nervous—in fact, contrary to my gloomy thoughts they had travelled just as well without me!

I wish I could say this is the end of my travels and they were all well and happy, enjoying a tropical life like that of their ancestors in Siam. But I had not realized that cats had such a bad time here in tropical Africa. They are shockingly treated—eaten or tortured. The semi-wild bush cats seem to find it easy to live, but they are a prey to the teeming parasitic life and I have seen quite heart-breaking sights. Even the Europeans tend to neglect their cats.

So, although my family have settled well, they are not allowed freedom outside the house. They have gained the respect of the servants by catching anything that moves, even killing a scorpion, but I have a constant battle to prevent them killing and eating the lizards. They suffer no ill effects from the climate—all growing new coats.

May I end with a plea to help to rouse public opinion to make it easier to bring one's cats into England—or at least for there to be a quarantine station for cats alone where their requirements are understood? I say this with a good deal of feeling as I shall be bringing my six back when we come. I feel it could be a

paying proposition and would relieve the minds of many cat owners overseas.

Could not the Fancy organize the opening of one? It is too much to hope that the British authorities would accept the Lederle rabies injections which most other countries do. Though I have been in two places where rabies was rampant in neither place was there a single case of a cat being affected; in fact, in neither place did the local regulations affect them. But it is surely not unreasonable to expect adequate facilities and some chance of their survival if one does bring them. There is quite an imposing list of people who do not come to England because of the present quarantine regulations.

QUARANTINE NOTES: According to official figures supplied by the Ministry of Agriculture the numbers of cats imported and detained in approved quarantine kennels during 1950/1952 are as given below. The figures do not include a small number of cats landed for direct transit through the country which did not enter quarantine kennels. Figures in brackets show the numbers of imported cats exported before completing the period of six months quarantine:

1950	1951	1952
100	115	136
(13)	(11)	(18)

This rising figure of quarantined cats would seem to endorse our contributor's comment that the establishment of a station exclusively for cats and kittens "could be a paying proposition."—EDITOR.

NEXT MONTH! TWO GRAND NEW REGULAR FEATURES!!

A monthly contribution by a well-known veterinary surgeon who has specialized for many years in feline ailments.

"In the Siamese World," by Kathleen R. Williams. Commencing next month and continuing thereafter in every other issue, Mrs. Williams, Hon. Secretary of the Siamese Cat Club, will be writing notes and news about the breed she understands and knows so well.



PAULA GREY VISITS A CAT SHOW

AT the invitation of cat loving friends Nan Coton and Joan Beech, the well-known radio singer Paula Grey recently visited a cat show at the Royal Horticultural Hall to be photographed for a morning paper. She was duly photographed and, with a luncheon engagement to keep, she prepared to leave.

But, looking around her on her way out, she became so intrigued that soon she was on the telephone, postponing her luncheon engagement. She stayed at that show until the very last minute of it.

“I’d always liked cats,” she said. “But to call me a great cat-lover wouldn’t have been true. The idea of *possessing* a cat had certainly never entered my head. For one thing, I had a twelve-years-old Scottie in my little London home—and what *he’d* say if I returned to it with a cat I dared not think !

“But I *did* return to it with a cat. Just as the show was closing, I saw that each of a first-prize-winning litter of Cream

Persians would be offered for sale. And all day I’d noticed one of these seeming to take very special notice of me.

“I wandered round and round debating with myself, wondering what Scottie would say—and, for that matter, what my husband would say . . . ! In the end I decided I’d risk it.

All Delighted

“I bought the little Cream and, when I did get home—what ?

“The Scottie wagged his tail as he’d never wagged it before and my husband, not until that day a great cat-lover either, was quite delighted.

(continued on next page)



Paula Grey’s little Cream purchase at the Show, and Scottie.

“ Suffice it that in four months we’ve had our quite-a-few guineas’ worth over and over again. ‘ Honey ’—that’s the house name we’ve given this wonderful newcomer (he’s registered as Hendras Orange)—has just taken complete command of everybody. And in ‘ everybody ’ I include, with a few don’t-forget-I’m-a-Scotsman-of-great-age-and-importance reservations, ‘ Pippy ’—or ‘ Shirvell’s Consolation,’ at the Kennel Club.”

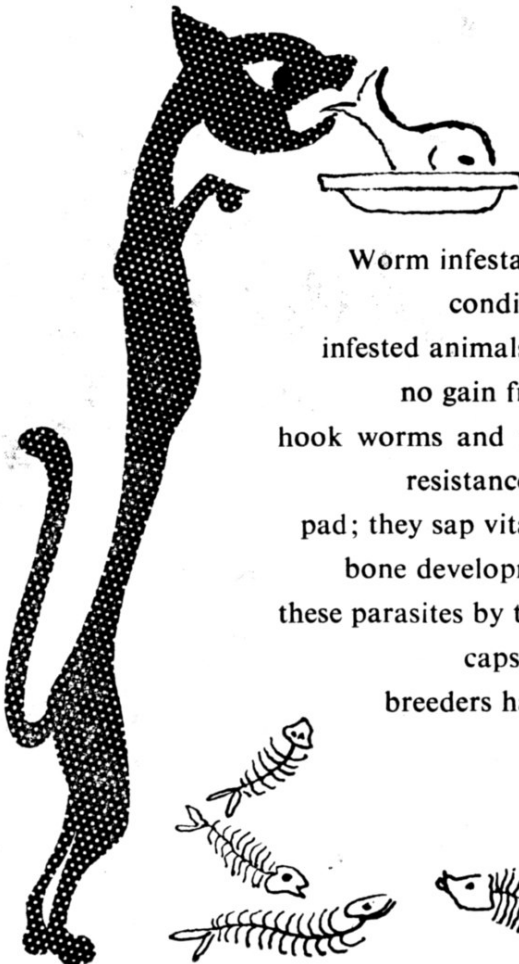
“CATS ON SHOW”

During the course of a radio talk under the title of “ Cats on Show,” Basil Taylor, the well-known art critic, confessed he was fascinated by the connection between the common affection for animals, the affection for “ cats by the hearth ” and the standards of beauty and excellence created by the fanciers in the last hundred years.

Mr. Taylor was guilty of nodding when he said that the Siamese is the only breed

to which a special annual show is devoted. What about the Blue Persians ? His review of the progress of the breeds and the shows reflected a considerable gift for condensation for he ranged from the first cat show in 1871 to the present day—all in the space of half-an-hour. Mr. Taylor ended on a cautionary note. There was, he thought, a danger that the process of breeding might achieve an unreality as the creatures concerned were being removed from a world of natural evolution and preference into a world “ curiously compounded of genetics and fantasy.”

He reminded us that at one of the early cat shows in Paris in the 19th century the painters Monet and Degas and other impressionists were included among the judges. It was doubtful if they would have enjoyed the appearance of some modern varieties. The development of breeding might well take into account the eye of the artist and the character of those common cats out of which the Fancy emerged about eighty years ago.



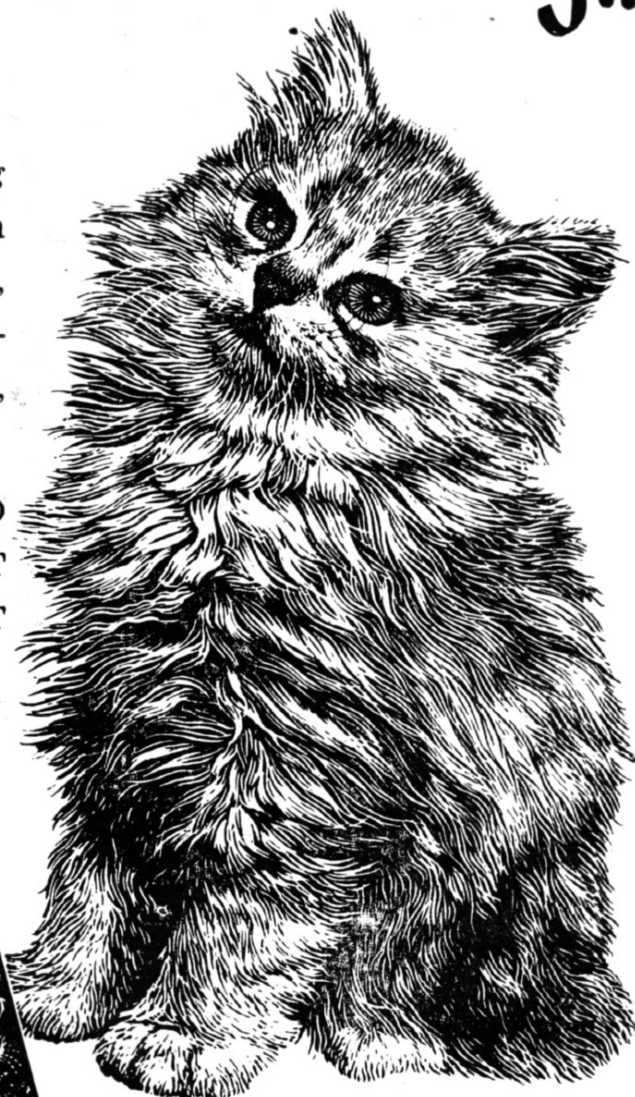
is your pet ravenous yet thin ?

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“I want to say ‘thank you’ . . .”

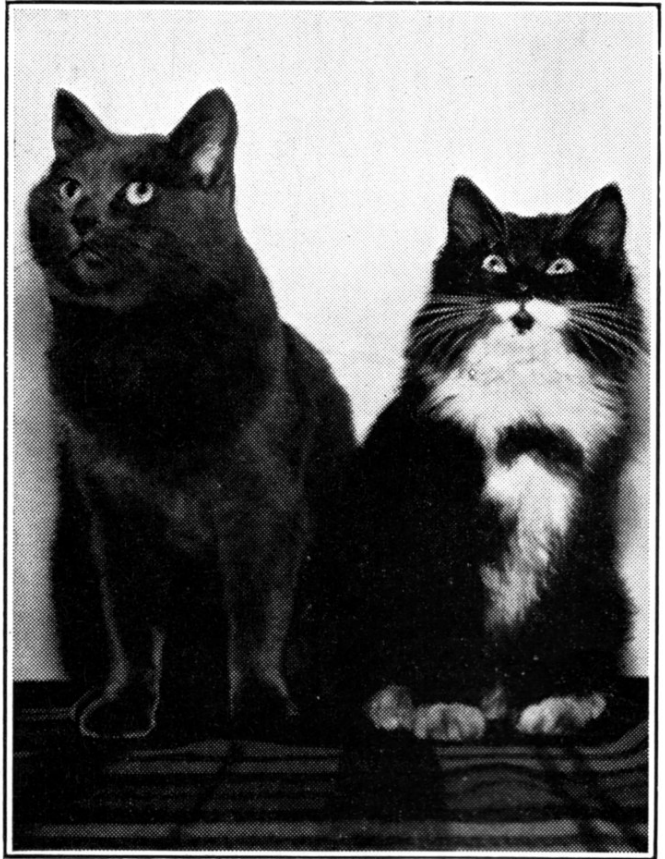
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Everyone remarked on me
having such a beautiful cat.*

*Nipper, my 5 months old
kitten, and his mother, who is
recovering from a severe dose
of cat distemper, are now also
thriving on Kit-zyme and, in
addition, the mother is enjoying
your KENADLEX in whichever way
I give it to her.*

*I want to say ‘thank you’ for
making such a splendid tablet as
Kit-zyme. After seeing what good
results it produces I am
recommending it to friends who
have cats.”*



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Siamese Sidelights

By P. M. SODERBERG

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

I MUST confess that I have never been really satisfied with the facts and fictions which have been repeated time after time about Siamese cats. It rather looks as though we have all got hold of a minimum of facts and then made the most of them. Certainly in this respect I have been as guilty as any other writer, but I have remained dissatisfied and as a consequence have tried to do something.

Up to the moment, although I have not made much progress, the effort has not been wasted and I continue to hope that some of the riddles in Siamese history may eventually be solved.

I was very fortunate in being able to get in touch with an Englishman who has been resident in Siam (Thailand if you like) for the past twenty years. As I have no authority to use his name, he shall remain "a correspondent" or "a friend," but I may say that he is interested in cats, and particularly in the cats of Siam.

The first point that becomes apparent is that the Siamese was not the royal cat of Siam nor did kings and princes breed it deliberately. What does seem to be true is that cats with Siamese markings were attractive to such persons who were prepared to pay for them so that they could adorn the house.

What followed was just a matter of scientific fact. If you mate Siamese pattern to Siamese pattern, you will find Siamese pattern in the kittens. If either males or females went off and mated with strays, as they undoubtedly did, then kittens without Siamese pattern were born. The story of Siamese breeding in

Siam seems to be no more romantic than that.

This argument also appears to hold together, for no one has ever suggested that Siamese were at any time common in the country of their supposed origin. I have also been told on a number of occasions that the people of the country were not in the least interested in the selective breeding of any animals unless these creatures had an economic or a hunting value attached to them.

One set of facts, however, has provided me with considerable interest, and it relates to ordinary cats, the alley cats of Siam, the tabbies and the blacks and whites which are the common cats of that country as they are of most countries. I have been assured that these cats possess many of the physical and also some of the temperamental characteristics of the "Siamese cat" which is now so common as a pedigree cat in England and elsewhere.

Back to Shah Pashah

I quote from a letter: "Visitors to the country express surprise and disappointment at not seeing show specimens of the breed in every alley in Bangkok. 'But you have nothing but tabbies and black and whites and ordinary cats,' they will exclaim. And they are right in one sense and wrong in another. . . . If you look a little more closely, you will see the same slinky figure, the same shaped head, the whip-like tail (complete with kink!), and, if you listen, the voice will take you straight back to Shah Pashah and the show bench in London."

When it comes to what we call "Siamese" character, it has been stated many times that these ordinary cats will

go for a walk or answer a whistle ; traits which we find so intriguing in our pedigree Siamese. Perhaps the facts do suggest an answer to some of the queries that have been put so often, but I am not at all sure, at the moment, where that information leads, if anywhere, in the quest for the origin of the Siamese cat.

The evidence is almost conclusive that the first Siamese were imported into England in 1884 and first shown at the Palace in the following year. That proves that Siamese existed in Siam more than seventy years ago, but how much earlier ?

My correspondent tells me that some years ago he came across a treatise on cats written in verse about 1830 and that this is the earliest reference to Siamese he has found so far. In this work the cats were classified according to colour, and the various colours were taken to indicate particular qualities such as " courage, cunning, longevity, quickness in pouncing, laziness, etc."

White-toed Siamese

In this treatise the Siamese cat was mentioned but only because it was considered to be more beautiful and therefore more desirable. As I have already said, it was probably this beauty alone that caused it to be found in the homes of the nobility. The year 1830 is probably nowhere near the origin of Siamese cats, but at least we know that it was a recognized type in that year.

Another point of interest to me in the letter was a statement that white toes on Siamese cats were held to bring good fortune to the cat's owner. The same belief is also held to-day. That fact, of course, carried my mind back to illustrations of what used to be called the Royal Cat of Siam, a long-haired with unmistakably white toes.

I am also told that there is a brown cat in Burma and a blue cat in North-east Siam. Such a statement makes one wish to chase up the history of the Burmese cat and also poses a question. Is the

Blue Point in any way connected with this blue cat which is found in the north east of the country ?

Breed "Trade Marks"

Whether I, or anyone else for that matter, will ever make any further progress in the search for the facts of the early history of the Siamese cat I don't know, but I am not prepared to leave the matter where it stands at present as long as I can find cat lovers in Siam who are interested enough to do some delving for me into feline history.

For all the trouble he has taken I feel that I must make some repayment to my friend in Bangkok, although I must admit that it goes a little against the grain to do so. He feels that the kink is a " trade mark " of the Siamese and should not be completely bred out, although he would have the kink that could be felt and not seen. Furthermore, he admits to a weakness for a slight squint. The debt is paid, for I like neither of these small eccentricities.

Perhaps one day I shall be able to write more on this subject. I hope so.



SUBSCRIPTION RENEWALS

This is the busy period of the year for subscription renewals. Will readers therefore please help us to economise in office work and record - keeping by responding promptly to the first application for renewal ? Any change of address should also be notified promptly.

We Enjoy Cat Sitting

Experiences related by AGNES MILLS-PALMER

MY sister and I have been looking after cats in their own homes for about five years. It all began in the summer of 1948 when we answered an advertisement for "two ladies who would like the loan of a London flat in exchange for looking after three cats." Our progress from that simple beginning has continued by leaps and bounds.

To us the world is divided into two classes: Those who love cats, and those who do not, and it is a remarkable fact that while we are bound to all our clients by our mutual love of cats, we are also bound to them by ties of similarity in general outlook. We have come to the conclusion that all people who love cats are "nice" people.

As is only to be expected, the number of our charges varies considerably. The largest families we have looked after consisted of ten kittens (seven in one litter, three in another) and three adult cats and, in another case, six adults and seven kits. We had one engagement where there were eleven adult cats and one kitten. The number of adults in this case is fairly constant, because this client has four adult females who are allowed out freely. When they have kittens (which they artfully hide away until they are grown) she cannot bear to part with them, and is not always successful in finding homes. Also from time to time, she takes in strays. On the other hand, she has lost no fewer than five beautiful cats in the last two years, two by illness and three by accident.

So far we have not had a single case of a cat refusing to be friendly and accept the comfort we offer during the absence of their loved ones. Some, of course, take longer to respond than others, but all get fond of us in the end, and in several cases their owners, on their return, have reported that the cat or cats have definitely missed us.

To anyone who knows and appreciates cats, it will not be surprising that our cats remember us from visit to visit, often with as long as a year between and greet us on our return. As one of our best clients said recently: "I know that as soon as ever you appear, all the cats will come forward with hopeful, vertical tails, knowing that you are going to let them do anything they like!"

Our greatest efforts are directed towards making the cats happy. Some of our clients have even complained that we have spoilt their cats, and that it took them weeks to get them disciplined again. Some tell us beforehand that they are afraid the cats are rather spoilt, to which we invariably reply: "We like them spoilt."

We find our part-time occupation fascinating. It brings us into contact with many people whom we should never have had the privilege to meet and we visit many new places. Instead of becoming slowly fossilised in our little country cottage—for, I must admit, we are "not so young as we used to be"—which is situate a mile from the bus, and three miles from the nearest railway

station—we travel about for most of the summer, now here, now there, encountering all sorts of different conditions and circumstances, thus keeping ourselves alive and supple, and, we hope, younger than our years.

You will not be surprised to hear that we occasionally run into spots of bother, such as when a cat or kitten, being timid at first, is lost for hours, and only found after frantic search, crouched behind a stove or table, or under a bed, or even, in one instance, up the chimney—in another on the tiles!

We are, however, looking forward to spending many more years doing this interesting work, and hope that we may in the course of them meet many more friends, feline and human.

Our motto is: "The cats come first; no dogs, no humans."

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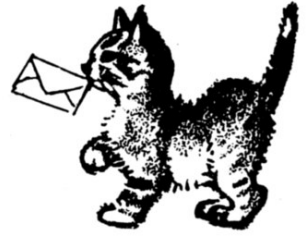
WAVERLEY ABBEY · FARNHAM · SURREY

Runfold 248



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.



INVITATION TO BLUE BREEDERS

My husband and I, owners of the Saruk Cattery, breeding and exhibiting Blue Persians exclusively, have enjoyed every issue of your Magazine during the past years. Though we both read every word in every issue, we particularly enjoyed Joan Thompson's series, P. M. Soderberg's columns and the American personality sketches.

I am particularly impressed with your superb editing and beautiful English—a compliment I cannot pay to many of our American magazines, I'm sorry to confess. Perhaps I'm too critical, having taught journalism and English in two American colleges. It's such a pleasure, therefore, to read OUR CATS each month.

We would welcome correspondence from any English breeder of Blue Longhairs.

Mrs. O. R. Peterson, Jr.,
1132 Patterson Road,
Dayton 10, Ohio, U.S.A.

AVOID WEEK-END JOURNEYS

Please find a space in your Magazine sometime to warn cat owners and breeders not to send their stock at week-ends when British Railway staffs are depleted and telegraph service not always available. Early or mid-week is the proper time for transport—as British Railways advise. So many cats and kittens suffer from people's thoughtlessness regarding travelling.

Miss E. M. Mackenzie,
Combe St. Nicholas, Chard, Somerset.

NOT WELCOMED ON BUSES

I should like to draw attention to the unfair treatment meted out to breeders

who wish to travel on buses with a cat or kitten in an approved travelling box or basket. Apparently, any bus conductor has the right to turn you off a bus or refuse to admit you if you are carrying a cat box or basket.

It is quite in order to take one by train. What's the difference? Many cat fanciers like myself have to rely on buses or taxis when going to the vet.'s or railing cats or even travelling to a show. I have been left stranded on several occasions and I feel very strongly that something could and should be done about this unfair regulation. Perhaps you will be good enough to find out what is behind this trouble and give the matter some publicity in your Magazine.

Mr. L. Owen Jones,
Guildford, Surrey.

ALWAYS THE SAME

The show is over—the house is quiet—and I have time to reflect.

I wonder if all cat breeders become as demented as I do when a new litter arrives? I imagine not because if so they'd all be as grey haired as I am!

Here, it is always the same routine. The babies arrive and all is well for a few days. Then I start to worry. I look at them and then go bleating to my husband. "You know, this is a terrible litter—the worst we've ever had." I am enveloped in gloom.

After a fortnight or so the owner of the stud kindly telephones to enquire how his offspring are getting on and I say miserably: "Oh! Fine! Fine! But I'm afraid I shall never sell them as they all have tails like sheep."

Looking back I realise this is both untactful and ungrateful, but luckily he

knows me well, so he just says kindly that he'll come along and see them later on.

Another gloomy fortnight goes by and the kittens begin to sort themselves out. They look more the real Siamese, although madly fluffy, and at about this juncture I say cautiously to my husband : " I believe their tails are all right after all." He, I may say, has remained unmoved throughout.

I cheer up a little and day by day find new encouragement. Their eyes, too, seem to be all right and they have rather nice ears. The owner of the stud comes along, looks, smiles, and says : " A terrible litter ! " I have the grace to apologise.

I am going to show them and begin to groom them feverishly. As the poor mites are already cleaned thoroughly by both mamma and elder sister this is hard on them, but it's my way of making up for the unjust and cruel way I talked about their beautiful tails.

Now, I think they're lovely but then so is any happy, well-cared for litter and I still worry a lot about what I'm going to do with them when they're all grown up and still unsold. I think of people who are

prosecuted for keeping dozens of starving cats and I shudder !

And then comes the great day and my babies are a credit to their mum and dad.

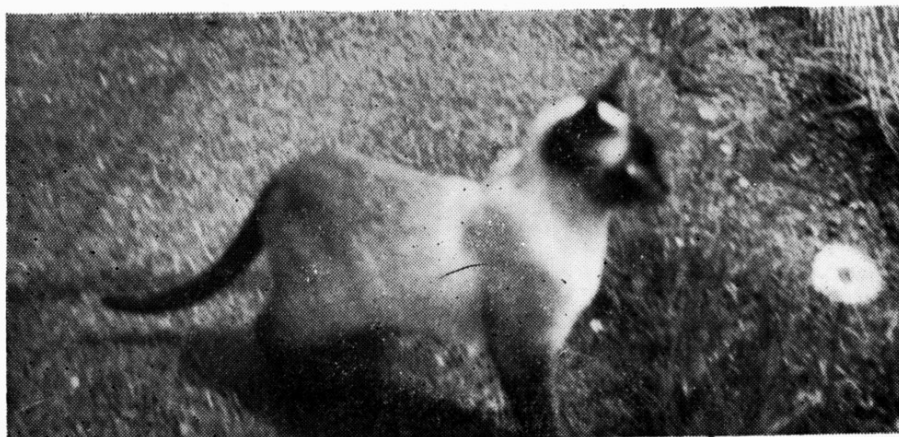
The house is quiet and I have time to reflect. A new litter should arrive to-morrow.

It's always the same routine !

Miss Ann Codrington,
Gilridge, Kent.

Our contributor appears to have worried but with good effect and to some purpose. Her litters of Watermill Siamese have won three prizes in one year and that is probably a record.—Editor.

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.



" He loves me, he loves me not."

The young lady contemplating the dandelion "clock" is PRESTWICK PRIM, bred by the doyen of the Siamese world, Mrs. Duncan Hindley, of Chiddingfold, Surrey.



Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

MRS. 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.

Notts & Derby Show

IT seems incredible that eight years have passed since the Notts and Derby Cat Club organized its first Championship Show. Steady progress has been made through the years and all friends of the Club will rejoice to know that on Saturday, 9th January, it staged what appeared to be one of its finest Ch. Shows at the Victoria Baths Hall, Nottingham.

The record entry of 202 exhibits made a lovely array and the gate was exceptionally good, the hall being thronged with spectators from 1 p.m. until closing time. It would be interesting to see if holding London shows on a Saturday afternoon, when so many people have their leisure time, would improve the attendances.

At Nottingham, Mrs. Bradley was beamingly presiding over a table laden with fine prizes for the raffle donated by friends of the Club. Congratulations to the Committee and especially to the Hon. Secretary Mrs. Bastow, who remained so calmly and agreeably efficient throughout a very busy day. I heard from long distance exhibitors who penned their cats the night before how much they

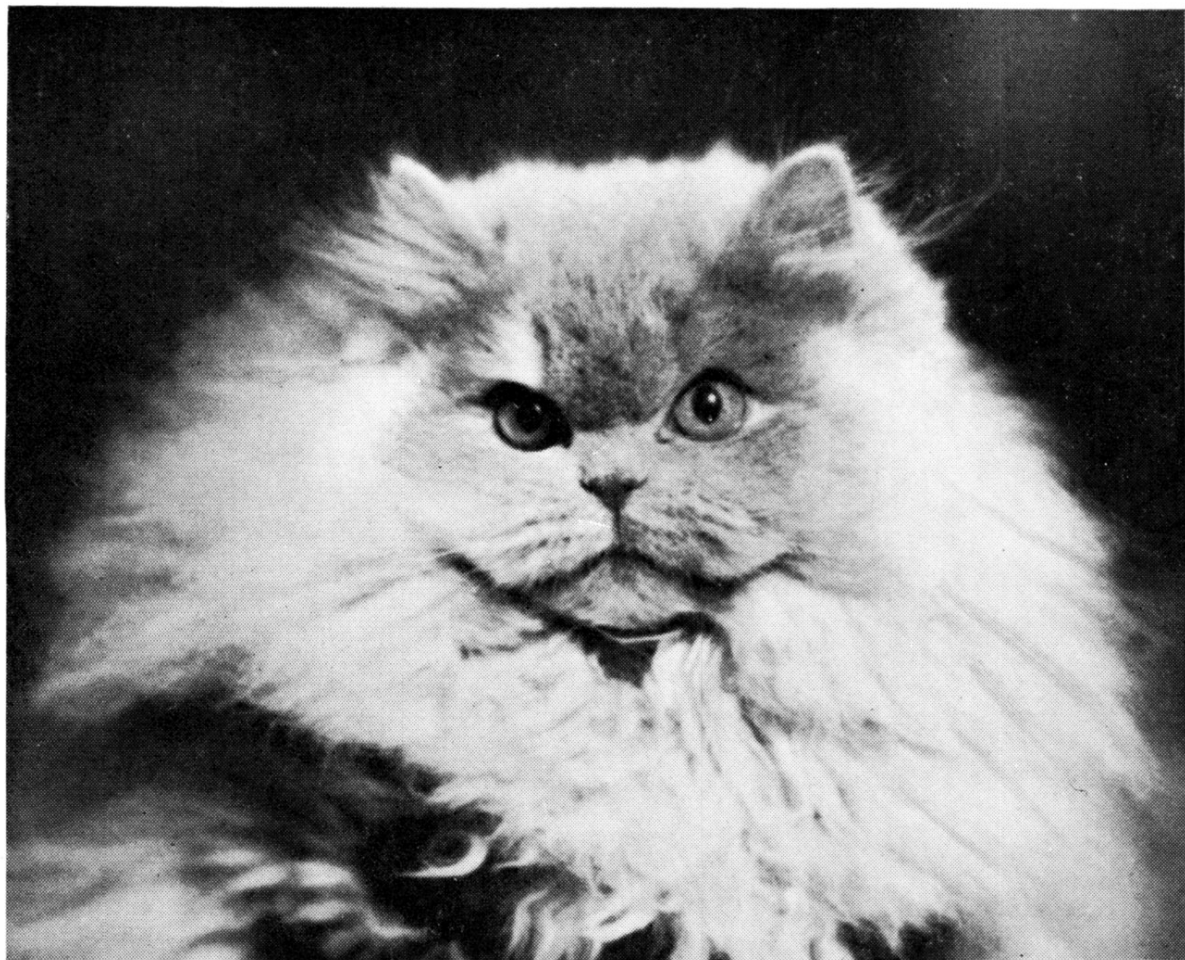
appreciated the refreshments so thoughtfully provided.

Best Longhair Cat was Miss Evelyn Langston's Chinchilla male Mark of Allington, who became a full Champion on the day and who really looked superb. His picture appears on the inside back cover.

Best Shorthair Cat was Mrs. Budd's Black Nidderdale Black Magic, by Stanforth Black Rajah. I did not see this winner on the day but I judged her as a kitten and considered her exceptional for type, a quality which always endures.

Best Longhair Kitten was Mr. H. F. Wood's Blue-Cream Bluecroft Crinoline by Ch. Bayhorne Minton. The Best Shorthair Kitten award went to Mr. Felix Tomlinson's Abyssinian Abu of Knott Hall, by Albyn Jason. Neuter winners were Brigadier Rossiter's Silver Tabby Shorthair Premier Bellever Silver Carnelian and Mrs. Richard's Sharbri Alpha, a Cream Longhair by Ch. Harpur Blue Boy.

Blue Longhairs were represented by 19 adults and 21 kittens. There were 35 Seal Pointed Siamese adults and 26 Seal Pointed kittens with 10 Blue and Chocolate Pointed and of course these exceeded all other varieties and comprised more than half the total entry. All the Orange and Blue-eyed White Longhair classes were cancelled owing to no entries being received. What scope there is for new breeders of these varieties! Another variety which did not have a representative was the Red Tabby Longhairs and we sadly missed Miss L. Fraser's exhibits. However, it is nice to know she has fine breeding stock



BLUECROFT CRINOLINE

Shown by Mr. H. F. Wood of Netherton, Dudley, this very nice Blue-Cream by Ch. Bayhorne Minton was voted Best Longhair Kitten at the recent Notts & Derby Show.

All fanciers should read

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and that she will be exhibiting next season, all being well.

Mrs. Warren's Black female Sarisbury Sheba was awarded her final certificate. Congratulations ! The Club classes were well filled with many exhibits of lovely quality. The Chinchillas were few in number but excellent in quality and the runner-up to Ch. Mark of Allington—Ch. Sylvandene Solomon—and the runner-up to Ch. Thiepval Snowcloud—Loreley of Allington—looked lovely and were so well presented.

The winning Seal Pointed male was Mrs. Watson's Milori Linko and the owners of the 1st Blue Point Siamese adult female Maharon Perki were Mr. and Mrs. H. Kitchen. The winning Blue adults were my male Foxburrow Frivolous and his half-sister Major Dugdale's Foxburrow Faery who were both brought out for Best in Show.

Altogether a very happy show in this season of what must easily be a record for the number of record-breaking club fixtures.

Winners at Manchester

The second Championship Show of the Lancashire and North Western Counties Cat Club at Manchester attracted 205 exhibits, inclusive of 12 household pets. Blue Longhairs and Siamese predominated as usual and 21 Blue adults and 40 Seal Pointed Siamese adults made a brave show.

There was a decrease in the number of Blue kittens exhibited in comparison to the London Shows but this is usually the case in the provinces as the majority of Blue breeders and exhibitors live in the South and evidently avoid long journeys with kittens. The winners, however, were tip-top in quality and Mrs. Crickmore's lovely brother and sister, Thiepval Paragon and Thiepval Precocious were outstanding. The winner in the 3 to 6 months class was Mrs. Edward's Ronada Gay Shepherdess by Oxleys Smasher.

It was nice to see Miss Bull exhibiting and her Cream male kitten Deebank

Royal and her Blue Deebank Cyrus were gems. Mrs. Priston won in a class of eleven Seal Pointed Siamese kittens with Pristine Pooh Bah sired by a male of her own breeding Pristine Bandoola. Dr. and Mrs. Groom won the older kitten class with Nilgiris Pelleas. A newcomer (to me) Mrs. Swift carried off the Seal Pointed male Championship with Chancery Rupee by Silken Tassel, and Mrs. Watson's Lila was the 1st prize winner in females.

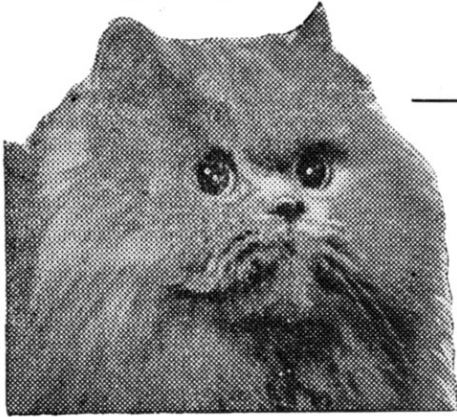
Best Longhair Adult was Major Dugdale's Foxburrow Faery by Ch. Harpur Blue Boy. She was in perfect coat, remarkably sound and beautifully presented. Best Longhair Kitten was Mrs. Spiers' Chinchilla Female. Congratulations to her owner on obtaining this honour with a member of the first litter she has bred of this variety. Other winners were : Best Shorthair Cat, Mrs. Budd's very good Black female Nidderdale Black Magic ; Best Shorthair Kitten Mrs. Portnoy's Silver Tabby Moonstone Sherpa. It was nice to see a good kitten of this lovely variety winning.

Mrs. Beedell showed a very nice Blue female, Magyar Maria, which excelled in type, eyes and neat ears so nicely rounded at the tips. She was entered in Blue breeders adults but as she was not nine months until the day after the show she was eligible for older kitten classes where she would have had a much better chance of distinguishing herself. Mrs. Benbow won in Blue-Cream adults with Bayhorne Heather. I am pleased to say that contrary to rumour she has no intention of retiring from the Fancy. Partly owing to her own indifferent health we have seen little of her the last two years but she is looking bonny now.

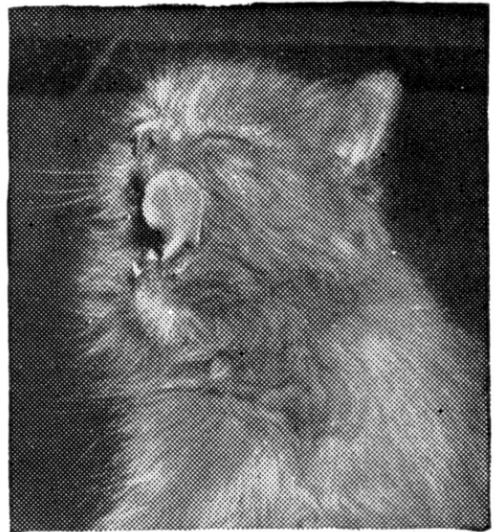
About ten southern exhibitors assembled at Euston to catch the 12.40 a.m. train and they looked remarkably cheery at that unearthly hour. Miss Webster and myself shared a sleeper for four, so our three cats each had high jinks in turn. At 4.30 a.m. we were shunted into a siding at Manchester and at 7 o'clock the

CALLING ALL CATS!

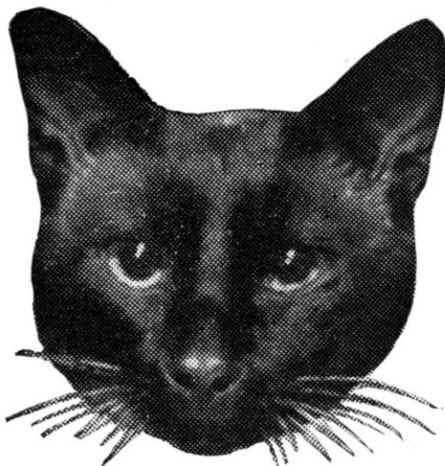
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Blue Cream Persian Bourneside Shot Silk, is rather bored with show successes.



Seal-pointed Siamese Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo, famous sire and winner of 35 trophies.

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attendant appeared with tea and biscuits. So on the whole it was a pleasant journey, and even more important it meant that the cats' absence from home was shortened by six hours.

The gate appeared excellent and the Joint Show Managers, Mrs. Brittlebank and Miss Rickson, the Hon. Secretary Mrs. Culley, who has worked so hard and well for the Club, and their Committee must have been very pleased with the show. The Club has a grand post-war record. Writing in *OUR CATS*, February, 1949, I mentioned that Miss Fitzwilliam for all Shorthairs and myself for Longhairs were the only judges and that the entry of 94 exhibits was a record for the Club. On that occasion Mr. and Mrs. Harrington-Harvard's Blue male Ch. Oxleys Peter John was Best Longhair Exhibit and Mrs. Bridgford's Red Tabby male Rivoli Robin Best Shorthair. At the eighth post-war show and the second championship one, ten of our best known judges officiated including the doyen of them all, Miss Langston. No better evidence than the 1953 and 1954 Ch. shows could be produced as proof of the virility of the L. and N.W.C. Cat Club.

New Champions

The highlight of the day for me was my 18 months' old Foxburrow Frivolous being awarded his final Championship Certificate and thus becoming one of the youngest Blue males ever to complete his title in England. What has pleased me almost as much are his achievements in the various Club classes under so many of our most experienced judges, who have had so much practical experience of breeding Longhairs. He has met in these classes so many of our Champions and so many good cats. He has been awarded 24 Firsts, 13 Seconds and many specials for type, ears, etc.

Frivolous goes back to my Pensfords on both sides of his pedigree but actually he is a feather in the cap of Miss Langston who bred his sire Ch. Dylan of Allington,

his paternal grandmother Ch. Mair of Allington, and his maternal grandfather Moonraker of Allington, and other celebrated cats whose names appear in his pedigree. Congratulations are due to Mr. Soderberg his breeder. It must have been a thrill to him to have two Blues of his breeding achieve their Championship on one day. He is mating his queen Herries Helga to Ch. Dylan of Allington again this spring as in addition to Frivolous the litter contained Foxburrow Firefly (awarded two Premier certificates at his only appearances in Stockholm and Oslo) and Miss Verner Clum's Foxburrow Fantasia, who has almost completed her Championship in U.S.A. Mr. Soderberg bred the famous Chinchilla male Champion Foxburrow Tilli-Willi and the dam of one of our most outstanding Seal Pointed Siamese Foxburrow Runtu, dam of Champion Clonlost Yo Yo. He judges both the latter varieties and a number of Blue breeders would like to see him on the Blue Longhair list of judges.

A New Stud List

The 1953-54 G.C.C.F. eleventh "List of Cats at Stud" is available price 6d. from the Secretary Mr. Hazeldine, 1 Roundwood Way, Banstead, Surrey, or Mr. Aitken, 2 Commonfield Road, Banstead. On the cover the 27 varieties are listed with their breed numbers and in addition there are the three A and B varieties of existing breeds and 16A Blue Russian. Blue Longhairs and Seal Pointed Siamese far outnumber other varieties and an amazing total of 116 males at stud represent the latter variety. In addition there are 15 Blue Points and 8 Chocolate Points. Blue Longhairs have 45 to represent them, Creams 13, Chinchillas 13, Brown Tabbies 4, Red Tabbies 3, Blacks 3, Whites 3 and Silver Tabbies and Smokes 1 each.

In Shorthairs Blue Russian have 4, Blue British 3, Abyssinian 2, and Creams appear for the first time with Mrs. Cattermole's (of Ipswich) Mingswyk

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Apollo and Mrs. Cook-Radmore's Albany Cream Rarity to represent them. Some of the other varieties have only one. Five Burmese is a tribute to their appeal when one considers they have only been in this country a comparatively short time. Perusing the lists from 1943-1944 the changes are striking. In list number one only 33 Seal Pointed Siamese are shown and 3 Blue Pointed, but Blue Longhairs, always steadfast in numbers, had 45, Chinchillas 10 and Creams 4.

By 1948-1949 Seal Pointed Siamese had advanced to 82 with Blue Longhairs 46, Creams 13, Chinchillas 10, Blacks 5, and Whites 4. As these figures are a good average of how the varieties are represented at shows it appears to indicate that whilst Siamese have advanced rapidly, Longhairs have maintained their position. But if this vintage season for quality and quantity of Blue Longhair kittens is a forerunner of things to come, we may see again forty or more adults of this variety as we did at pre-war shows.

Pale Blues Preferred

The Longhaired varieties have maintained their quality wonderfully well in spite of the hiatus caused by the War. Blue Longhairs have never been better for type and eyes and in my opinion it is because so many breeders with a wealth of experience endeavoured to carry on during the War. We were fortunate that Miss Langston, Mrs. Brunton, Miss L. Fraser, Miss Fisher, the late Miss Albrecht, Mrs. Brice-Webb, Mr. Tomlinson, and Mr. Martin, were among those successful in doing so. No one admires type more than myself but with judicious breeding it could be maintained and an improvement made in colour.

The wording of the Blue Persian Cat Society's standard for coat: "Any shade of blue allowable" leaves too much latitude regarding colour in my opinion, and some Blues which are winning can only be described as dark slate-grey. I

have yet to meet the breeder who does not prefer the paler shades and I have always found when selling Blue kittens that persons who know nothing about "standards" pick out the palest kittens.

News of Blacks

From Mr. Guinard of Paris comes news via Mrs. Aitken of Ch. Bourneside Black Diamond's son Black Knave. He writes:—"At Bordeaux on January 9th and 10th, at the Cat Club d'Aquitane Ch. Show, Bourneside Black Knave was Best in Show under Madame Ravel and completed his Championship. His sister Bourneside Black Tulip has also completed hers so her owner Madame Gras and myself are delighted.

My Tortoiseshell Ophelia had a litter of three Blacks on December 26th, all fine and sturdy, by Ch. Black Knave and Madame Ravel is coming to see them."

Next month I hope to give news of the Black Champions bred by Mrs. Aitken.

And Trenton Blues

From Mr. and Mrs. Harrington-Harvard comes news of their Trenton cats. They are ardent admirers of pale Blues and in Champion Oxleys Peter John own a male prepotent to produce them. He was bred by the late Miss Albrecht in 1943 from two very well bred pale Blues, The Playmate of the Court and Oxleys Blue Pearl. Mr. Harrington-Harvard writes:—"We have had a pleasant year altho' not an epoch making one. Tessa and Trenton Virginia had 14 kittens, some of which, such as Trenton Periwinkle, Royalist and Raffles have appeared and won at the Ch. Shows. We were very pleased when Priory Quick-silver who has not had kittens for any apparent reason although over three years of age, produced two females on September 29th. These two, Trenton Camelia and Mitzi, have gone to Miss Hirst of Huddersfield and Mrs. Steele of Glasgow. They were second and third in their Open class at Manchester and

everyone commented on their lovely pale coats.”

“ I am so glad you liked Mrs. Raleigh’s Trenton Periwinkle and I am delighted she is visiting your wonderful Champion Foxburrow Frivolous later. Ch. Oxleys Peter John is in great form and had his first visitor of the season last week. He’s never had a days illness in his life and is just as keen and interested in the fair sex as ever. His coat is still as pale and next year I think we must show him in the Champion’s class. One of his daughters, Trenton Talulah, went to Berlin last year and we hope to hear news of her in the German shows. We are keeping a young male by Peter John and Tessa who you will remember is a daughter of Ace of Pensford. His name is Trenton Chuck-a-luck and we are hoping to show him at Kensington Kitten Show.”

Show Manager Reflects

Mrs. Grace Pond, who manfully took over the Show Manager’s duties for the last National Show, which incidentally was a thoroughgoing success, has sent me some “ after-the-show ” reflections:

“ When I was asked to undertake the running of the National Show for 1953,” she writes, “ I was to put it mildly very apprehensive. It seemed sheer affrontery on my part to attempt to run a show for one of our largest cat clubs, knowing nothing at all about running shows or even where to start. I found out that running a show is very like doing a jig-saw puzzle. At first there are many many pieces which do not seem to fit together at all, but on the day of the Show—all the pieces fit neatly together and made a complete picture. But unlike a jig-saw puzzle—after the show there is still plenty of work to be done.”

“ Quite a lot of work before the show would be saved the Show Manager if—as we were always told to do before examinations at school—would-be exhibitors would only read the schedule and rules through twice before starting to fill in the entry forms and would then

check the entry forms through before posting.”

“ The actual day of the show was thoroughly enjoyable. Fortunately, the weather was good, so all my worry about the day being ‘ smoggy ’ was not necessary. Everyone who had offered to help turned up and carried out his or her allotted tasks beautifully. The public turned up in full force and most of the cats had on their party manners, and everything seemed to go with a swing. I feel very keenly about the risk of infection at shows and did all I could to prevent the public touching the exhibits. The vets were most painstaking—the judges and stewards very thorough in disinfecting their hands.”



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American Profile

Continuing the series of interviews

by BILLIE BANCROFT, our American Associate Editor

MISS AGNES RAND

I AM introducing to you dear English cousins one of America's best known Siamese breeders, Agnes Rand. This breeder of Siamese extraordinary is what the teenagers call a B.O.I.—meaning a Breeder of Integrity. Truly she is just that. I have on my desk letters from several and the concenctered opinion seems to be—Anges Rand is tops in her line.

She does not claim all the credit for the wins in her cattery. Mother Peggy comes right along and does her share and has been a guide to her daughter through all her years of loving anything and everything. To-day, Agnes Rand is a Siamese breeder commanding the attention of many breeders who have been in the Fancy more years than Agnes Rand is old.

Ever since she can remember Agnes Rand has loved animals and her mother has "suffered" through all the stages of her various loves such as rabbits, mice, caterpillars and even at one time an eel, but always present was her first love—cats. At one time she owned a White Persian, then later a Red Persian and various Shorthairs. All this ended with a fanatic devotion to the royal Siamese.

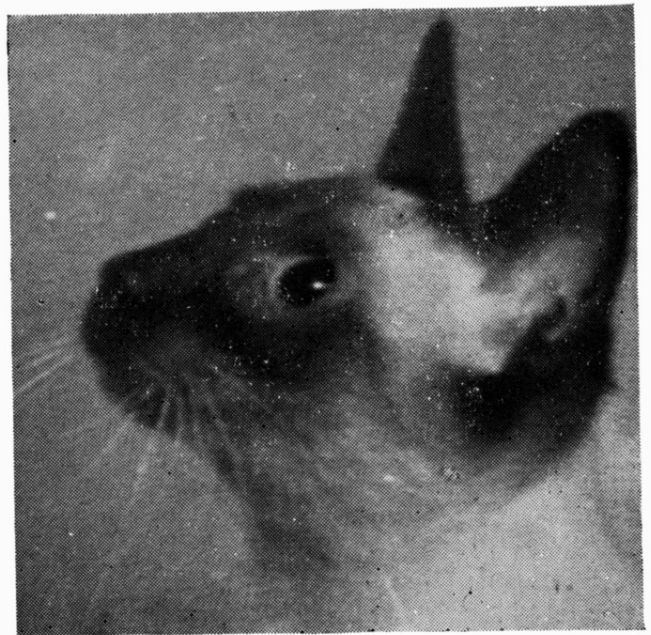
After graduating as a registered nurse and finishing training, she joined the Army Nurse Corps and served overseas, seeing much of Europe and a lot of London. After she returned from overseas, she enrolled in an anæsthesia school and is now a specialist known as a nurse anæsthetist which she finds a very interesting and satisfactory profession.

Her first Siamese was a present. Mother noticed that "the damage was done" and prepared for a home full of

Siamese. The Astra Cattery is listed in Agnes' name but actually it is a result of three peoples' love of the Siamese, her mother, Peggy Kerns, and herself. Besides the Siamese there are two 20-gallon tanks of tropical fish and a toy Pomeranian which will be shown this season. Now what ever did become of that eel, we wonder!

The first good Siamese of Astra Cattery was Double Ch. Astra's Merry Mounts Collette which came from the American breeder the late Mrs. Lillian Ott, of the famous Amdos line. These blood lines some English breeders will recognize. They were of great value in improving many Siamese in America. (I am not a Siamese breeder myself but I think that the Amdos and Hecht Siamese rank very, very high.)

Being scientifically-minded as well as a great reader Agnes Rand learned



**Miss Rand's imported Siamese
ASTRA'S MORRIS AMANDA**

rapidly, and from the very beginning realized that she must have only the best of breeding stock. So, with the help of Mrs. Matthes, of England (Gracedieu Siamese), there arrived Ch. Astra's Lindale Dreamers Charm, a litter sister to the well-known stud of England, Lindale Simon Pie. And how thrilled all the Rand family were with her !

Then, from Mrs. Richardson of the Morris Siamese she purchased the big winner at the Olympia Show, who was to become before his death Double Champion Morris Lindex (A.E. and A.A.), also his half sister, Morris Amanda (A.E. kitten), who has won many times

in this season's shows. With these beginnings the Astra Cattery have established as fine a bloodline as can be found anywhere.

This last summer the Rands had a very enjoyable visit from Mr. and Mrs. Richardson of Surrey. Agnes's eyes shined and twinkled as she spoke of her house guests. She is planning at some future date to return the visit and meet all her English friends. And, make no mistake, she will arrive in the very midst of your show season.

I have found Miss Rand a very lovable person. Never since I have known her have I heard her comment on the



Agnes Rand

politics of the Fancy. However, last week I did hear a mild protest from her as to why there should be such a wide difference of opinion in Siamese judging.

There is a vivid intensity about her and her polished good manners hide what I am sure is a great deal of shrewdness. I have talked with her many times and I find she dramatically underscores all she does. There is a fluid co-ordinated manner about her that is not at all flash.

She has good looks as well as poise and self-assurance, and she can be serious without being solemn. She is no flamboyant "glad-hander" but has a nicely turned academic wit and I suspect she has a talent for debunking gossip.

At the recent Atlantic Show one of the visitors came up to me and asked: "Who is the pin-up girl with the Siamese?" And that remark is a very suitable conclusion to my monthly American profile.

AMERICAN JOURNEY

MRS. A. E. VIZE, well-known English fancier and judge, visited South Africa last year. She is now on a lengthy visit to America and Canada and during her stay in the United States she officiated as guest judge at the Garden State Cat Club Show at Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. Vize kindly sends us the following brief account of her experiences.

AFTER an uneventful sea journey we docked at New York at the early hour of 6 a.m. and when passengers disembarked at noon Miss Elsie Hydon was there to greet me. She had been waiting four hours despite the rain, luckily it was not cold. With her help and knowledge I was soon through the Customs and enjoying some refreshments at her Bogota home. We found so much to talk about as we are both interested in Shetland Collies as well as cats and Miss Hydon has bred both most successfully for many years.

One evening during the week Miss Hydon, Mr. Richard Gebhardt and myself did a broadcast on our pet subject—cats.

I had been warned of the strenuous time ahead, so on the evening before the Show I rested at the hotel. Next morning I set out for Wideway Hall, a minute's walk away, with butterflies fluttering around inside of me! Alas, tragedy was in the air when I arrived and all my misgivings were quickly dispelled when I learnt that Mrs. Earl Nack, one of America's best known judges and breeders, had visited her last show. She had not been in good health for some time. Mrs. Nack was so devoted to her cats and loved to support all the shows. No doubt the strain of her long journey from Philadelphia and the excitement of preparing her cats for the day proved fatal. But no doubt she would have been happy to go that way, doing what she loved best.

Naturally, the opening of the Show was delayed. Miss Hydon in her usual calm manner had everything under control, but everyone felt so very sad.

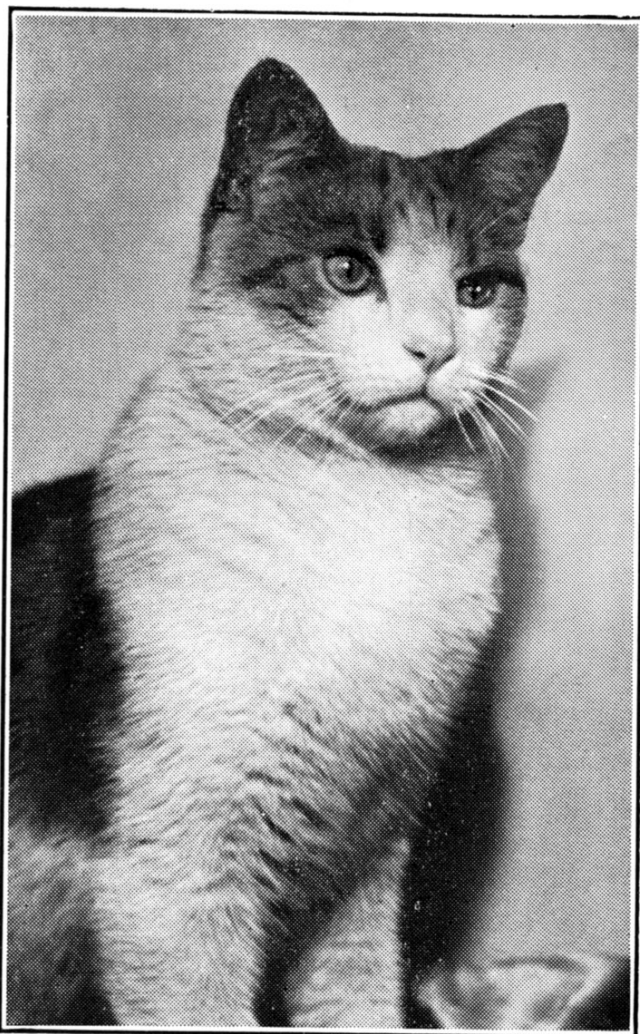
Eventually, judging commenced about noon. There was a good entry of cats.

I found the system of judging a bit confusing but with the help of Mrs. Youngman and Mr. De Santis, who did the clerking, I got matters sorted out. There were about 86 Longhair kittens. I was very taken with Mr. Gebhardt's Silva Wyte Kadein Capers, an excellent type White with the most wonderful round copper eyes, also Mr. and Mrs. R. Bird's Birdville Jason, one of the nicest Cream kittens I have seen for a long time. This kitten was very sound in colour.

The Best Blue male kitten was sired by Ronada Blue Boy, bred in England and exported by Mrs. D. Brice-Webb. The Best in Show, a magnificent Orange-eyed White Longhills White Majesty, bred by Mr. De Santis and owned by Mrs. E. Salmon,

(continued on page 31)

“ Every cat lover should have a bottle ! ”



(Photo: Ellis Sykes)

SKIPPY

MRS. FARRELL of 110
Cleverly Estate, Shepherds
Bush, London, W.12, writes:—

“ I must thank you for the wonderful good your Kit-zyme has done for my cat Skippy.

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I do think you should have Kit-zyme more widely known as I had never heard of it until the vet. mentioned it. Every cat lover should have a bottle.”

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More Escapades of Bo'sun

By DEE BLACKBURN

MUCH time has elapsed since my last report on Bo'sun. And the fact that we unexpectedly took sail for Algiers in North Africa and I left my notes behind in Palma has also delayed the sequence somewhat. However, as we expect to be here (Algiers) awhile, I shall try to recall from memory his many escapades.

We had only been in our villa in San Austin on the Island of Majorca a

few days when I heard the most horrified screams from Bo'sun. Skipper George hurried outside to see what had happened and discovered that the culprit had managed to get into the pigeon coop of our neighbour. About thirty pigeons were swooping down on him in a great flutter of wings and pigeon calls. He was dashing back and forth behind the wire meshing making valiant attempts to jump out the way he came in but



(Top) Carlos Primero (Charles I), Bo'sun's pal, named after a Spanish king. It is also the name of a fine Spanish cognac!

(Lower) Bo'sun and Wellington with Skipper George enjoy an outing by the seashore at San Augustin. Bo'sun is the lighter cat on the left of the picture.

without success . . . all the time howling and scolding us for allowing him to get into such a predicament.

George managed to unlatch the door and finally rescued a much terrified Bo'sun. Needless to say, since this event he has had no further interest in pigeons. They are birds of the land—and Bo'sun just doesn't understand these land-lubbing types.

When Susanne and John Fisher left Carlos Primero (their Alsatian pup) with us for a holiday they instructed us *not* to spoil him. He was being trained for a watch dog on their ship, should be kept on a long lead in preparation for the confinement of shipboard life—also to keep him outdoors always. All these things we tried to adhere to. But little Carlos had other ideas.

Canine Fun and Games

He was the dearest and prettiest pup I've seen in a long time and we think had a secret desire to be a lap dog. Each night after a good long walk through the woods and a tummy full of horsemeat and greens we'd optimistically tie him up under the roof of our woodshed. Each morning we'd find him on the terrace nicely nestled among the chair cushions—which cushions he had examined most minutely before retiring by tearing holes in them to see what made them so soft.

He rooted up practically every plant and tree in the garden—and when we removed him from the front to the back of the house he tore up all the cement walks and rock garden borders. We're still expecting to get an invoice from the landlord for the damage he did.

During his stay with us he ate his way through three good strong leather leads and a variety of ropes, two hats, the lining of my coat—and practically a whole line of washing which he apparently had decided had been out too long. But in spite of all the damage we loved him and hated to part with him when Susanne and John returned from England. Bo'sun, though, was happy to see the end of Carlos Primero !

Soon after Carlos arrived at our house for his holiday our friends Gabby and Jim Mackinnon asked us to look after Wellington, their Siamese, while they did a bit of travelling. Bo'sun was delighted! He and Wellington are old friends and bosom pals. Poor Carlos led a real dog's life between the two of them.

Cousin Wellington's disposition and personality are quite different from Bo'sun's—he is most self-possessed and a bit of a wag. The first day of his visit I kept the two of them on leads 'lest Wellington decided to go looking for his parents. As night fell they came inside and frisked about the house in great fashion. I was particularly careful about the windows should the boys get ideas.

We were just finishing dinner when I saw Bo'sun sitting on the outside ledge of the dining room window looking very guilty. Wellington was nowhere to be found. The servant had opened the kitchen door when she had finished cooking and the lads had made their exit through the scullery window. Bo'sun we retrieved with no difficulty. I walked for miles looking for his partner in crime without avail. I was beside myself. The first night and Wellington had disappeared. Then, back to the house again with periodic trips out into the night.

Wellington's "Waterloo"

At midnight I heard the sounds of a terrible cat fight. The noise stopped when we went out, but still no signs of Wellington. What to do? At two—not being able to sleep—we decided to make one more attempt. Just as we were leaving the garden we spied the errant Wellington turning the corner of our road looking very much the worse for wear. It was obvious that he had the worst end of the battle from the many bites and scratches I had to deal with for the next week.

For several days thereafter Wellington was a very docile animal and made no attempt to wander off. Finally, when he had recovered from the shock, he'd

take a stroll a few yards from the garden gates—and each day venture a little farther away. Bo'sun would accompany him to the end of the road and then come back on his own as soon as Wellington turned the corner. After an hour or so—always in time for his meal—Wellington would reappear. Bo'sun in the meantime would moon about the house acting thoroughly disgusted with life and terrifically bored—giving every indication of being annoyed with himself for not having the courage to stay by Wellington's side and see a bit of the outside world.

One of the first things Wellington did upon his arrival was to make friends with the cook. Bo'sun couldn't tolerate her. Needless to say, Wellington's attention pleased her no end and if it weren't for me intervening at feeding time, methinks friend Bo'sun wouldn't have fared so

well—particularly as Wellington will eat all and everything—while Bo'sun picks and chooses.

So wise was Wellington that he chose to sleep with the cook during his visit. Bo'sun wouldn't cross the threshold of her bedroom. An amusing incident happened with regard to our cook's partiality to Wellington. One day she came and said, "Senora, your cat has been sick on my bed." I was flabbergasted. I knew Bo'sun wouldn't enter her room.

I asked if she were sure it was Bo'sun and she answered, "Oh, yes, he stole three fish from my market basket this morning and now he's thrown them up on my bed!" That was the give-away. Bo'sun wouldn't even look at a raw fish—much less eat one. So I knew who the culprit was. However, I didn't bother to explain the details.

(To be continued)

AMERICAN JOURNEY *(concluded from page 27)*

was also sired by an imported cat Ch. Renown of Dunesk, who was bred by Mrs. Brunton. This cat had won his Championship at Buffalo the previous week. He was my Best in the class for Blue Champions; he has a well balanced head, eyes of deep orange and a nice medium shade of blue.

It is very pleasing to know that the imports do so well at the shows out here. British breeders must never forget how extremely important it is that they send only their best abroad. The American stock is of high grade, especially in type. I doubt if we have anything to compare with their Whites and Creams. Regarding the other colours, a little more attention could be paid to the breeding for soundness in colour of the Selves and better markings in Chinchillas and Tabbies. Also, a little more time should be given to grooming. Credit must be given to *our* exhibitors for knowing how to pen their cats in the finest show condition. The art of grooming is the answer.

As all the exhibits for each class are brought by the stewards to the pens in the judging ring, there is not much walking about involved for the judge. But it can still be tiring for there is only one judge for all breeds of Longhairs and another for Shorthairs. It was nearly 10 p.m. before I decided I was feeling tired and perhaps not doing full justice to the cats. So ended my first day.

The following day, after collecting some oxygen in the streets of Newark, I returned to the hall to judge Chinchillas, Shaded Silvers, Brown, Red and Silver Tabbies, Tortoiseshells, Blue-Creams and Red Selves. The last-named are really beautiful, rich in colour and excellent in type. I only wish I could bring some back with me so that we could have this lovely breed in Britain once more.

At 7.30 p.m. I had at last completed my task, thanks to Mrs. Hunter, the Shorthair judge who steered me through the Specials, also to Mrs. Young and Mrs. Kunkell, my willing and hardworking stewards.

It had been a wonderful experience and I enjoyed every moment of it. I waited for criticisms but no one complained, all were so kind and appreciative. I shall remember always the great friendliness of all the American people I met at the Garden State.



Tailpieces

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



DURING the course of his popular radio feature "Have a Go!" the other evening, Wilfred Pickles revealed the interesting fact that he has five cats at home. I am hoping that W.P. will respond to my invitation to supply details of his large feline family for publication in OUR CATS.

Two tiny kittens Jane and Jim live at the R.N.V.R. Club in London's West End, where they have full membership rights.

In the belief that there are too many cats in Finland, the Finnish Game Federation is to organise a cat census. The Game Federation, which controls the preserve of game in Finland, claims that too many cats mean too few game birds. To substantiate their statement, the Federation has produced statistics which purport to show that cats outnumber dogs in Finland by two to one. The Federation also claims that according to their statistics every house in Finland has 3 to 4 cats. Those in the anti-cat movement, however, are not getting things all their own way. Thousands of householders have signed a petition to the Government protesting that cats kill pests such as mice, rats and moles on purpose and game birds only by mistake. The Government has the job of deciding which side is right.

A Bournemouth reader kindly sends me an interesting little news item about a local Navy man who is away on service in Singapore. Leading Fitter Anthony Wayman, obviously a great cat lover, makes feline friends wherever his ship

puts into port. Now he is "anchored" in Singapore, he has established a colony of them and his home is called "Rumah Cuching," Malayan for "the house of cats." Wayman says his cats are better than any watchdog as they let him know when any stranger is about.

A remarkable cross-country homing journey of 120 miles has been completed by Smokey, a 12-year-old Warwickshire cat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Gibbins. When the Gibbins left their Kenilworth home to live in Liverpool, Smokey made the trip in a closed basket inside a furniture van. A few weeks later she was missing and inquiries and advertisements were in vain. She eventually turned up in the garden of her old Kenilworth home, where Mr. Gibbins' mother still resided. She was fairly fit though hungry and thin. During her long journey south Smokey must have crossed the Mersey or made a lengthy detour. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gibbins had dreamt that their pet was walking home. On the vet's advice Smokey is to be allowed to remain at Kenilworth.

Here's the latest piece of nonsense! Two animals have been born in South Africa that are a cross between a male Siamese and a black rabbit. They purr like cats and hop like rabbits. One newspaper styles these strange new creatures "Rabcats." Why do they bother to print such tripe? The possibility of such a union has been ridiculed by experts every time the story has appeared.

Hats off to 16-year-old Mary Dinsley, of Henfield, Sussex. When she heard

the story of a kitten being tied in a weighted pillowcase and thrown into an ice-covered pond, she put on her raincoat and gum boots. Then she struggled in the darkness through nearly 80 yards of icy water to save the kitten, who has been named Becky.

It is from the Year Book of the Russian Blue Cat Club that I cull the following lines from an old Russian prayer book :

Hear our prayer, Lord, for all animals,
May they be well-fed and well-treated
and happy ;

Protect them from hunger and fear
and suffering ;

And, we pray, protect specially, dear
Lord,

The little Blue Cat who is the compan-
ion of our home.

Keep her safe as she goes abroad
And bring her back to comfort us.

An unusual trio of playmates are to be found in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Comber, of West Hoathly, Sussex. They are a kitten, a greyhound, and a tame sparrow. The bird fell out of its nest last August, was fed on warm milk and has since refused to leave the place. When he is tired of flying round he goes to sleep on the back of the greyhound. Mo, the kitten, gets a reproving peck should he get too rough in his play.

A well-known breeder of Longhairs in the North writes to say :—Photos in OUR CATS are—if good—an excellent means of selling kittens. One gets enquiries, quite amusing ones sometimes, for a kitten “with a face exactly like the one in the picture !” The Magazine has been very helpful to me on many occasions.

And I have just seen another letter from a pleased and satisfied customer—this time from Australia. The writer is Mrs. M. E. Hawkes, Glen Iris, Melbourne, the owner of Champion Sarisbury Lorenzo, the English Chinchilla bred by Mrs. Warren who was purchased by Mrs. Hawkes in 1949. At the December Show of the Melbourne Cat Club, Lorenzo sired the Best Persian—Miss E. Beattie's Snow Princess of Martigny (bred by Mrs. Hawkes) ; the Best Persian Kitten—St. Chad's Platinum Haze, owned by Mrs. Hawkes and bred by Mrs. H. Cains ; the Best Neuter—Miss E. Boyd's Shayne of Martigny, bred by Mrs. Hawkes ; and the Best Litter, bred by Mrs. L. E. Suffield ; the Best Male Chinchilla and the Best Shaded Silver Male and Female. This is a wonderful record when one considers that there were over 90 Longhairs penned. Lorenzo stayed at home on the great day !

MICKEY.



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By CONSTANCE WINCHESTER
(Wife of a New Zealand veterinarian)

AS the wife of a veterinary surgeon, it has been my lot for many years to handle a great number of animals. I have become quite used to my strange tasks and flatter myself that I can hold almost anything that comes along—except cats. For these creatures I have the profoundest respect.

When I go into the surgery to assist with any other animal, I am just a willing and sympathetic nurse, nothing more. When I go in to assist with a cat, I am a matador entering the arena. I am a lion tamer encountering the adversary. Sympathy I have in plenty but wrestling with that noble feeling is the stronger instinct of self-preservation. In this I am not alone for the cat is having the same feelings without the softening influence of the sympathy. He is ready to resist to the utmost of his feline strength what he considers an unspeakable assault on his furry person. Whether he is having tablets thrust down his throat or an anaesthetic before an operation does not matter. He will fight to the last.

This courage in the face of adversity I admire, yet deplore. I have held hundreds of cats and have yet to discover a foolproof method of holding them down when they do not wish to cooperate. My technique, instead of improving, has deteriorated for, when I first started the job, I felt confident of success. Had I not been the fond mistress of a succession of amiable cats ever since I was very small? Did I not

understand them completely? No. I was soon to discover that I did not.

With the help of milk, fish and warm fires, I still manage to understand my own cats. But the cat undergoing treatment is a different being. If I have learnt anything, it is not to be deceived by the patient's manner at the beginning. If he emerges purring from his box, that might just as easily be a bad sign as a good one. It means nothing. With the true inscrutability of all cats he is containing himself and his feelings behind a mask.

Even at the first hint of danger, he might give no outward sign beyond a slight blink. Then suddenly, just when I feel that I have a strong grip and that I am protected from every quarter, he twists his supple body round and sinks his claws into my arm.

Each a Character

In spite of, perhaps because of all these struggles, I am very fond of cats. I have discovered that few of them are just plain cat. As a rule each is a character in his own right. This is so marked that I can remember individual cats years later when all the other animals which were treated at that time are forgotten.

My favourite was a little black thing who caught her leg in a trap. My husband amputated while I did my usual holding and watching the breathing job. It was rather a cold night so, as soon as the operation was over, I

carried the cat into the house and laid her, well wrapped up, in a box in front of the fire. Then we had to go out for a couple of hours. As soon as we returned, I rushed to the box to see how the patient was. The box was empty and there was no trace of the cat!

Short of burglary we could not imagine what had happened. Then in the horrified silence we heard it, a strange thump, thump, upstairs, soft yet persistent. Poor little thing, she had climbed the stairs on three legs and was engaged in making a thorough inspection of the bedrooms. All this within two hours of losing a limb and with an unwieldy bandage thrown in for good measure !

The Way Out

Another cat, more remembered for its absence than its presence, was one which my husband had been asked to put to sleep for some reason long forgotten. He had accepted the cat, safely tied up in a box. Then, on receiving an urgent telephone message, had laid the box in the hall and driven off. Had he remembered to tell me about all this, the story might have had a tragic ending for the cat. As it was, I sauntered into the hall and opened the front door as it was a hot day.

Some time later, while I was entertaining a friend to tea, a large striped cat suddenly appeared on the sill of the open windows. Having concern for some glass ornaments which were there, I gently persuaded it to go away. The incident was dismissed from our minds until my husband came in and found the box empty. The whole thing became crystal clear. My description of the cat on the sill answered his of the cat he had received. A

vigorous search of the neighbourhood ensued but no cat came to light nor did it ever return.

Some months later, we were startled to learn that there was a wild cat living in a thick hedge at the very end of our road where it opened into the country. Apparently some children had discovered this nest where a large striped cat presided over a litter of kittens. The children quickly adopted this little family to the extent that they brought food. This the mother cat would accept but beyond that no familiarity was permitted. Other children soon got to know about the " wild cat " and very soon all the children in the district were making little pilgrimages to the hedge and leaving small offerings. Our fugitive had become an institution. Who were we to interfere ?

Since then I have come to realise that any cat worth its salt can, given time, escape from any ordinary cardboard box, no matter how well tied up. So I take no chances now. When the package arrives, I place it in a small room where there are no breakables. Then I close the windows. Finally I lock the door. When we eventually go to look at the cat, it usually strolls to meet us !



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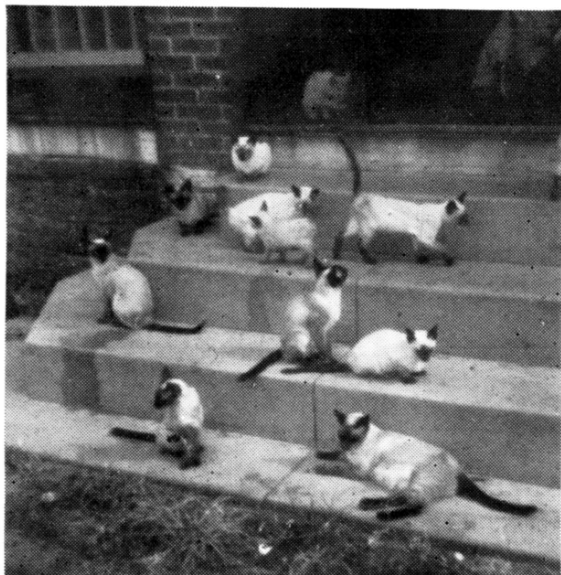
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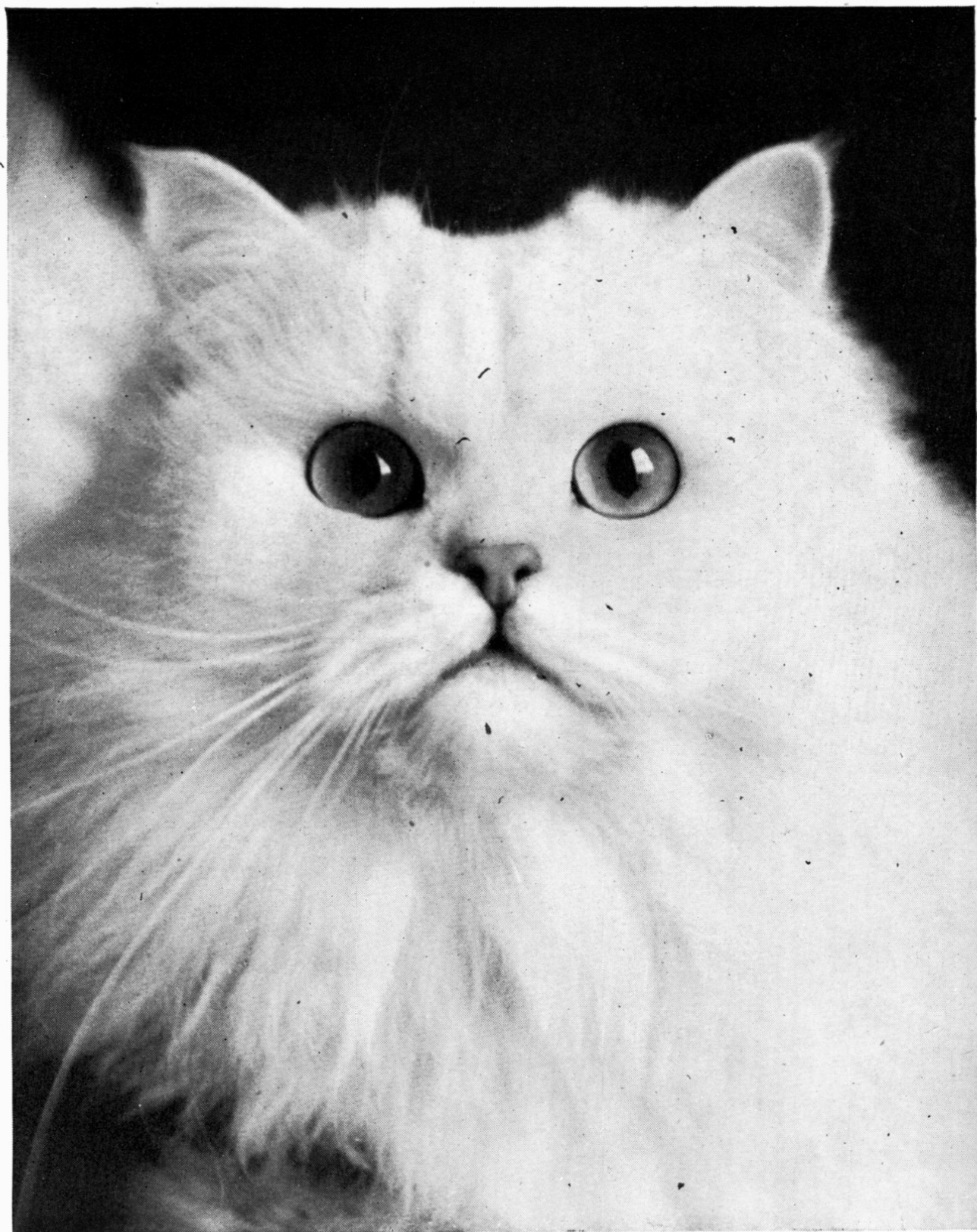
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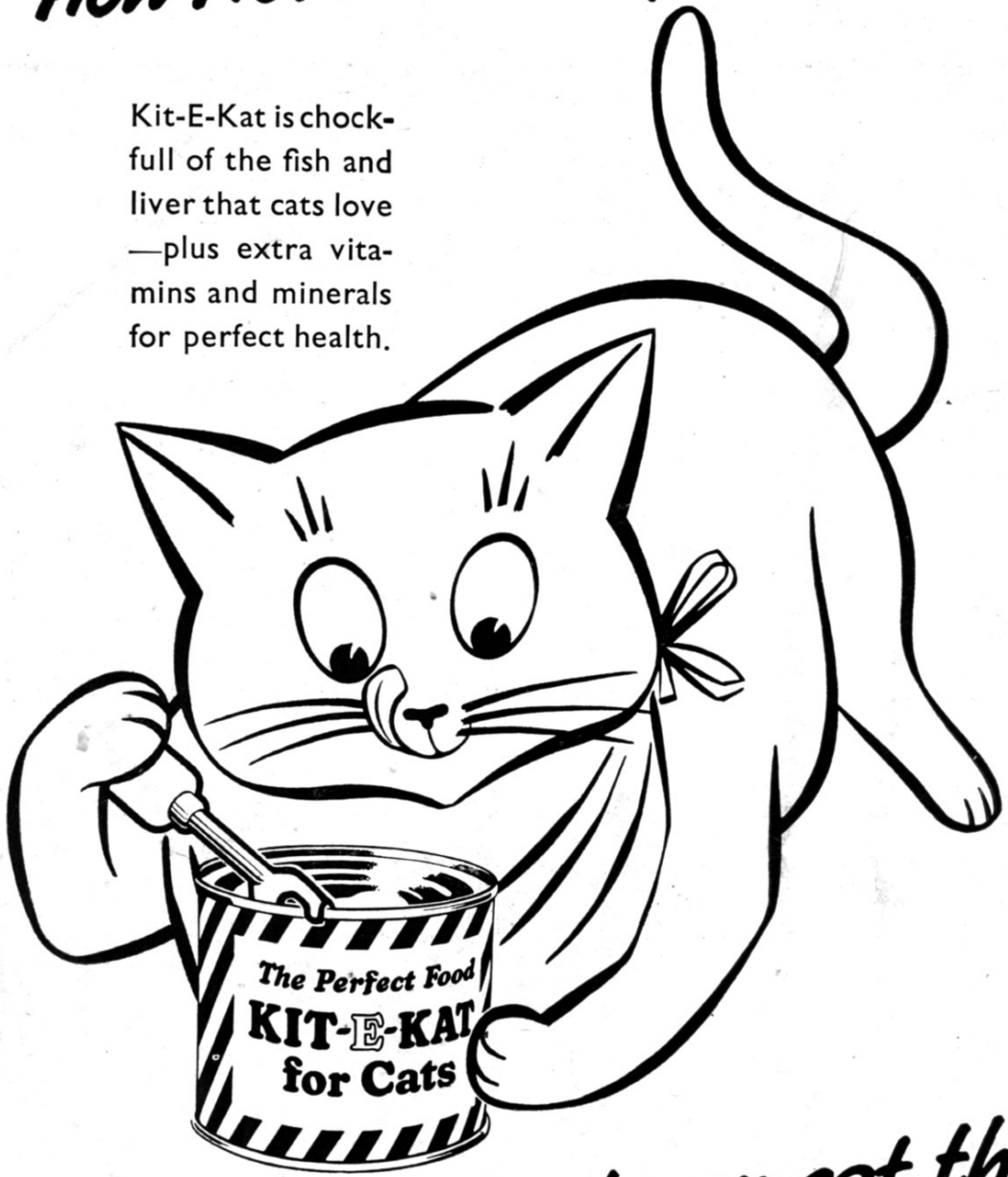


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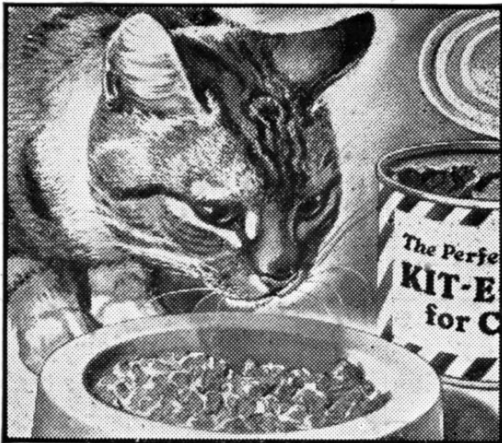
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