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Cats

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MAGAZINE



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Photo by Frank Goldkuhle, White Plains, N. Y.

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*Merry Christmas
from*

CAT-O-GRAPHS were compiled by the makers of

LITTLE KITTENS All-Fish CAT FOOD

The Readers Always Write



**ESME'S
SUCCESSOR**

Dear Editors:

I haven't been able to write before this for our cat Esme, the cat who went to school (CATS, August 1952), was killed two weeks ago. He was run over, and the person who struck him was nice about it, and stopped, but there will never be another Esme for us. He was a very exceptional cat, and all the people who came to see him at school thought so, too.

Now I have bought a young Siamese from the same cattery, so that we keep busy watching his antics. We call him Tinker Boy. He is not as sweet as Esme, but he is more intelligent. He has learned how to open doors, and one day after opening the door for himself he caught his tail getting through. The next day when he wanted to go out, he pushed down a broom standing nearby so that it fell against the door and held it ajar allowing him to go through at leisure. Another thing he has learned is to take the lid off the tin can where his fish balls are kept, even when it is on tight. He keeps running his claws under the rim until the lid loosens and then he pries it off.

Dusty, the cat we have had for eleven years, is jealous of all the mention the new generation is getting, and thinks older people should also be of interest, so I am sending her picture, too.



Cordially,

Illy McFall
112 So. Ervin St.
Darlington,
So. Carolina

BACK COPIES OF CATS

Dear Editors:

I won't be re-subscribing to CATS Magazine after my subscription expires with the December issue. For I have lost my two companions this year—Lady Charmaine, a silver Persian, who died March 30th, with a heart ailment, age 15 years, 6 months, 15 days—and her sister, Trouble, a tortoiseshell, who grieved over Charmaine's passing and died July 4th, age 15 years, 2 months, and 19 days. I could fill pages about their intelligence and winning ways. So many friends say they felt as if there had been deaths in the family and miss their family greetings—as I live alone it is really lonely to have both of them gone. But I do not feel equal to start training and raising another kitten.

I notice occasionally readers write, inquiring about back copies of CATS

Magazine. I have an unbroken file from Jan. 1947, Vol. 2, No. 5, up to the present July issue. I would be glad to sell them if someone were interested.

I have enjoyed CATS Magazine very much and sincerely wish you every success.

I am
Most cordially,

(Miss) Emma Gladden

1004 South 11th St.
Oxford, Mississippi

Mrs. Fred M. Dodson, R. 2, Littleton, Pa., also has back issues to sell—From Sept. 1950 to July 1952; also the Dec. 1949 issue and Nikki Horner of Prospect, Kentucky, has most months. Those interested may write them at the above addresses.

Za-Za REPORTS AGAIN

Dear Editors:

I'm happy that you liked my story about Za-Za which appeared in the November issue. Here's a picture which I have of her. It was taken when she was six months old after a long and merry chase around the house and garden, and I think her face shows it.

This chase is a nightly occurrence, and she loves it. Last night it took two of us to capture her, one going one way and the other taking her head on. She waits until we get very close and THEN—off she goes like a streak of lightning over the neighbors' lawn with our neighbors standing in their windows and gardens enjoying the fun!

Cordially,
Corleen Wells

1812 West Catalina Dr.
Phoenix, Arizona

TRUE FRIENDS OF STRAYS

Dear Editors:

Thank you . . . for the copies of CATS which I will place where they will do the most good.

Anything I write you, if not too profane to publish, is at your disposal, to do with as you see fit.

As I write, I have 60 cats to feed and shelter, from two six weeks old male kittens abandoned in a box, in fashionable Bronxville, two weeks ago, to cats 10 and 11 years old.

When I place a cat, after careful investigation of a home, it is with the understanding that if at any time, for any reason, it is unwanted, it is to be returned to me. This gives me a better



WITH WHICH IS COMBINED
ALICE GRAYDON PHILLIPS'
OUR CATS

PUBLISHER AND EDITOR
RAYMOND D. SMITH

Assistant Editor
ANNE METCALF

4 Smithfield Street Pittsburgh 22, Pa.
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COVER

Our Christmas Cover this month is the work of the Samoa, California, photographer, Bill Early, and is the December Picture of the Month earning the \$25.00 U.S. Bond award in the contest co-sponsored by 3 Little Kittens Cat Food and Cats Magazine.

NEW 1953 PICTURE OF THE MONTH CONTEST

The interest developed by the 1951 and 1952 Picture of the Month contests has continued so strong that the management of the American Crabmeat Company (Makers of 3 Little Kittens) and the Editors of CATS Magazine both feel that they can best serve the community of cat owners and cat photographers by maintaining this increasingly popular feature. Accordingly, a new 1953 contest with the same rules as the previous years has been announced.

Prizes are \$25.00 U.S. Bonds for monthly winners, \$100.00 Bonds for Pictures-of-the-Year, published each January. All cat photos are eligible—there are no restrictions, no premiums, no coupon requirements. Entries should be sent to Cat Picture Contest, Box 403, Boston 2, Mass., and further information if desired can also be secured from that address.

All photos become the property of the American Crabmeat Company, and many which are not prize-winners will subsequently be used in the next edition of the famous picture annual, "Cat-O-Graphs", which is published by the Company.

insight into the ultimate fate of the cats than if once placed, I felt no concern for them.

I can promise you that some of those returned are such lovely, pretty, well-mannered, desirable pets, that even my very vivid imagination fails at the thought of anyone who could live with them, and give them up for reason expediency.

Sincerely,
Catherine Hill

140 Manhattan Ave.
Crestwood, N. Y.

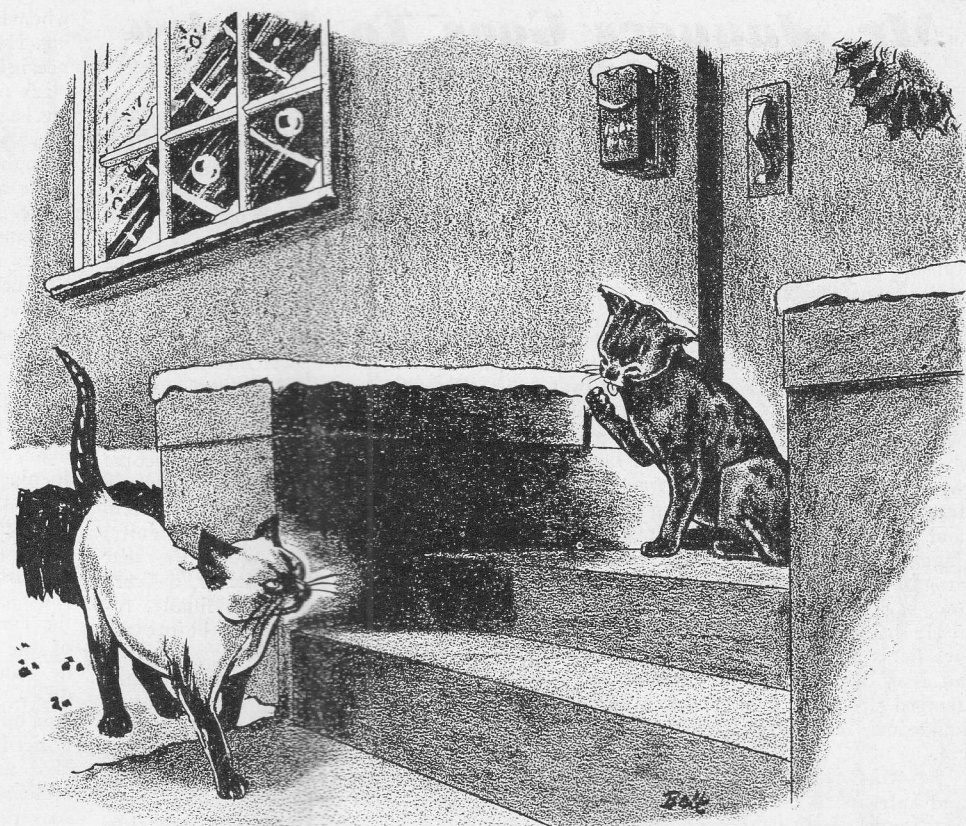
Bafen's Merry Christmas

By

Gail Lyser

Illustration by

Frank Belt



Si might have kept out of the blustery December wind by staying in the garage. But he preferred sitting on his haunches outside the kitchen door and sniffing the enticing aroma of turkey as it roasted in the oven.

Then as the wind carried a thin, weak cry to his ears, Si turned his head and listened. Nose and whiskers twitching, he padded down the steps and along the walk to the big ash can which stood in a corner of the fence.

Behind the ash can, well hidden by a poinsettia shrub, a small, slate-colored cat stood on three white feet and one gray foot.

The two cats sniffed and briefly rubbed noses.

"Who are you? And what are you doing in my yard?" Si demanded, feeling bigger and far superior to the small cat.

"I'm Bafen," the little creature said quickly. "I'm six months old and I'm so hungry my stomach feels like an empty hummingbird's nest. Help me push over this ash can and get the lid off. I smell something delicious inside."

Si, who had never known actual hunger, switched his tail lightly and grinned. "Bafen. A strange name, if you ask me."

"I'm asking you nothing except to help me push over this ash can. But if you must know about my name, I'll tell you. 'Ba' comes from the first two letters in the word 'back' and 'fen' are the first two letters in 'fence.' So you see, I'm called Bafen, which means backfence. Clawing vigorously at the light gray tin of the ash can, she said, indifferently, "What's your name?"

Head and shoulders erect, and whip-

ping his tail as though he were the King of Beasts, Si explained, "I'm called Si, for Siamese."

Bafen removed her paws from the ash can and faced him. "Siamese, huh? Is that the reason for your blue eyes and the golden-brown on your face and the deeper brown of your feet and tail?"

"Right, Bafen. But despite my royal blood, I shall try to help you push over the ash can."

Huffing, puffing, and groaning, Si thrust his entire weight of six pounds against the ash can. Then, together, he and Bafen pushed with all their combined might. But the big can refused to yield even a fraction of an inch.

"It's no use, Bafen," Si told her regretfully. "You'll have to beg for your Thanksgiving dinner. But not at my house. The Sedgwicks turn up their noses at backfence cats. I'd advise you to go next door, to the Palmers. There's a small girl, Nancy Palmer, who feeds stray cats. So come on, Bafen, and I'll yowl for you at the Palmers' kitchen door."

Bafen hunched her shoulders. "I can't beg at peoples' doors," she said quickly. "I might see your friend, Nancy, or some other human. Then my nose would itch and my eyes would run. I'd start having chills and fever, and I might have a rash all over my skin except on my ears and tail."

Si blinked. "That's strange," he said. "Looks as though you might be allergic to people."

"Allergic?" Bafen scowled. "I've never heard that word before. What does it mean?"

"My master, Doctor Sedgwick, is a

psychiatrist," Si explained. "Sometimes when there's company for dinner, I hide under the table and listen to the conversation. So I've learned a lot about allergies. I heard Doctor Sedgwick say that small boys who hate to be washed behind the ears sometimes break out with rash in those areas when they see their mothers with a wash-rag and soap. And girls who hate dishwashing often have rash on their hands when they are told to get busy with the dishes. A disease of hate, according to Doctor Sedgwick. Now it seems to me, Bafen, that you must dislike people; otherwise you wouldn't be allergic to them."

"Listen, Si. I'm too hungry to digest your lecture. It's been three days since I ate a good meal. Caught a big rat in the lumber yard and yesterday when I went back to hunt for another rat, the lumber had been moved away. Who moved the lumber? A human being, of course!"

"It's all right to talk about eating," Si remarked. "But if I were you, Bafen, I should try to love people."

Bafen hissed and showed her teeth. "I hate people. Why, whenever a person catches me, I spit and scratch and claw and bite and yowl until I can dash away and hide. And then I sneeze and cough and choke and start having chills and fever, and sometimes a rash. I feel sick enough to give up seven or eight of my nine lives."

Si patted Bafen's thin cheek with his paw. "Poor little girl," he said gently. "Some unfortunate experience, no doubt, has made you dislike people. But I consider humans absolutely wonderful. I love everybody."

(Continued on page 25)

Mr. Jagers Goes To Mexico

By Lenny Dowler

Recently, a water color, depicting a Mexican highway, brought to mind a motor trip my husband, J.R., and I made to Mexico last year with Mr. A. Harry Jagers.

Our journey would have been enjoyable in any case. But the presence of the illustrious Mr. Jagers added a fillip and commanded more attention than we, by ourselves, could ever have enjoyed. Perhaps it was his aristocratic appearance, his well-groomed, snow-white goatee, his innate blase nature. It was Mr. Jagers who got us through customs with a minimum of effort and a maximum of good humor. It was Mr. Jagers who launched us socially, detracting attention from our feeble college Spanish and putting us at ease. And it was Mr. Jagers who commanded the undivided attention of hotel employees, letting us, too, bask in this good fortune.

He has truly a powerful personality, yet he is never overbearing. He forces an issue only when his comfort is infringed upon. Mr. Jagers is a spirited, handsome, blue-eyed, 2-year-old Siamese cat.

Several weeks prior to our trip, J. R. and I discussed the practicality of taking Mr. Jagers with us. Friends had offered to bed and board him for us in our absence. But we were not sure we could risk these friendships. Mr. Jagers is truly loveable, yet his vivacity is such that it requires a great deal of patience to endure. Two years of reciprocal affection among the three of us have softened the blows somewhat when his spurts of energy have resulted in broken china, J. R.'s broken pipes, and my torn nylons. My husband and I long ago accepted the fact that if one wants a Siamese cat, one must do without fancy bric-a-brac, lace curtains, and, in fact, all delicate furnishings. We have never found this to be a hardship. But our friends were not thus prepared for his antics. This was our first reason for taking him along.

Secondly, I felt an obligation to this feline member of our family, in not wanting to risk his sense of security by suddenly bundling him off to a strange house among strange persons. J. R. was firm in his opinion that Jagers was of a fickle nature, easily attracted by anyone who would feed him raw liver three times a day, and let him sleep undisturbed for hours on end. I disagreed. I felt that Jagers liked us because he knew us, and knew we cared for him. Knowing how sad he is when we leave him for an occasional evening out, I was certain he would be heartbroken by a prolonged absence.

We made our decision. He would make the trip.

Our first problem was to acquaint him with the Chevy and the sensation of riding. Except for quick trips to the vet, he had little experience along this line.

So we took him with us on short jaunts whenever the occasion permitted. First reactions were disheartening. Mr. Jagers howled. He howled continuously. Then one afternoon the howling stopped, suddenly and blessedly. Thereafter, and to this day, the car has held no terror for him. Rather, he enjoys it immensely. The moment we pick up his leash, he runs to us to have it fastened to his collar. Impatiently he waits while we lock the apartment door. Once in the car, he climbs atop the front seat and is eager to be off.

Only when a sudden application of the brakes is necessary does he become at all ruffled. Then he makes a frantic scramble to maintain his lofty perch, takes a moment to regain his dignity, deliberately promenades along the seat to within earshot of the driver, delivers a reproachful "meow," and, finally, returns to the spot he occupied before the whole horrible mess started.

Thus we traveled to Mexico, and thus have we journeyed many times since.

Our trip south from Colorado to the border city of Juarez was uneventful compared to what awaited us south of the border. My husband and I were amused at the faces of passing motorists who caught sight of our fellow traveler riding tranquilly atop the seat. Their reactions were always the same. They saw him, they refused to believe their eyes for a second, then they craned their necks for a better view. Gas station attendants, too, reacted to a certain pattern. First they asked if he was a cat, they then admired his beauty, and, finally they offered to adopt him. Motel employees were the least impressed. They accepted him as a legitimate member of our party.

Siamese cats are reputed to dislike being torn from familiar surroundings. For this reason, we always allowed Mr. Jagers time to familiarize himself with our motel each night before we left him to go in search of our dinner. J. R. would play a quick game of hide and seek with him (a nightly ritual at home), we would scatter a few of our belongings around, feed him and see that his sawdust box was in reach, then we would leave, confident he was in good spirits. We did notice a slight nervousness about him on our return. Peeking through the blinds at him once, I saw him sit up sharply, his ears perked, when he heard J. R. unlock the door. When we were identified he resumed his composure.

We crossed the border at Juarez, Mexico, early on a Saturday morning. It was a scene of frenzied activity. Guides, money changers, souvenir vendors, and every type of official filled the streets. We parked near the customs office and J. R. set about the business of procuring our passports. Mr. Jagers and I remained in the car, prepared for a dull wait. I was lighting a cigarette

when I became aware of excited chattering. Half a dozen curious Mexicans were peering through the windows at a black-masked companion who was peering back at them, haughtily. They looked, they pointed, they laughed. I smiled. I thought I should be unable to hold that smile a second longer when one of the more aggressive souls in the group, hat in hand, respectfully asked, "Que es?"

"Es un gato," I answered, daring them to snicker at my accent. But my inadequacies with the language, and even my presence, were ignored. I could hear my answer echoing through the crowd, which had grown considerably by that time. It seemed to break the ice and encouraged many to poke at Mr. Jagers. He remained unexpectedly calm, but managed to nip at a few of the more inquisitive fingers, which were tentatively pushed through slits in the windows, but which were quickly withdrawn.

I am sure J. R. thought I was dispensing free tequila when he returned to the car. He kept muttering at the edge of the crowd, and I finally determined he wanted me to follow him back to the office. He was upset, thinking that red tape might delay us for hours, and hardly noticed the group that tagged along behind us until we were safely inside. I attached the leash to my four-pawed sensation and set him on the floor.

"Golly! What's that?" The explosive burst from the lips of the official who was causing J. R. trouble. Work halted. Another chapter of the Association for the Admiration of our Cat convened.

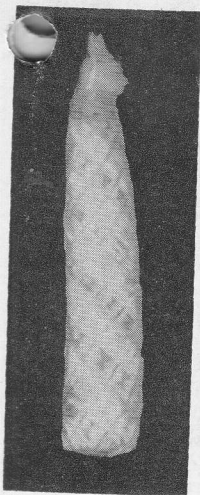
We are still amazed at what followed. There were numerous questions concerning Mr. Jagers, none relating to passports. But within minutes we were given our passports and sped on our way with good wishes and the hope that "el gato" would react favorably to his impressions of Mexico. "El gato" had ripped through that bundle of red tape in a most expedient manner.

Stopping for gas on the way to Chihuahua, we once again attracted a small crowd. It became a habit, explaining that our companion was a cat. When a well-dressed Mexican approached our car, J. R., expecting to save time, informed him we had "un gato siameso." "Oh," said the Mexican, "a Siamese cat." He spoke flawless English. We drove on, abashed.

During our visit in Chihuahua, we registered at the magnificent Hotel Victoria. We were aghast at the energetic employees who virtually tripped over each other in their eagerness to assist us. There was a bellboy for each piece of luggage, and one to spare, who offered to carry the third member of our party. They were a most congenial group of young men. After conducting us swiftly to our room, they rushed about, dragging blinds, opening windows, checking taps, and getting in each other's way.

Needless to say, Mr. Jagers is always accompanied by his sawdust box, and being a very particular cat, he has

(Continued on page 23)



An Actual Cat Mummy from Early Egypt. Photo by the Author, Courtesy Carnegie Museum.

About 40 million years ago *Miacus*, a weasel-like form having short legs and a long body and tail, was among the mammals establishing itself on the earth. *Miacus* roamed the forests with horses about the size of collie dogs and rhinoceroses the size of horses. From *Miacus* evolved dogs, bears, and cats. The cats produced a variety of sizes and shapes—some with spots others with stripes, some with long hair others with short hair, some had slit pupils while others had pin points.

Of these prehistoric cats, there were two types—the biting cats and a stabbing or sabre-toothed. The latter made a mistake in allowing its canine teeth to grow into long stabbing fangs. It is believed that its fangs grew to such a length that they interfered with the jaw movements in obtaining a food supply. This theory of over-specialization is a minor cause for the extinction of the sabre-tooth cat. It is more likely that this animal disappeared because its food supply became scarce and since it was not adapted to quick leaping in catching its prey, the sabre-toothed starved.

The starting point of the true cats is with *Dinictis*, the most primitive form. It is from this line which the domestic cat is descended. These cats are classified as *Felidae* including all from the lion to the domestic pussy.

The cat family may be said to be the most highly specialized of the carnivores. The cat's teeth reach perfection as a biting and slicing mechanism while there is hardly a trace of molars used for chewing. Another specialization is in its highly developed claws. Retractable claws (except in the cheetah) allow the cat to stalk its prey silently and secure it without difficulty.

The origin of domestication of the cat is unknown, but somewhere along the line man decided that the small cats were his friends to have. The cats may have lived near men's caves to pick up scraps of meat or perhaps the children found the kittens. Whatever the initial attraction the two approved of each other, and ever since the cat has become man's pet.

The Unknown Origin and The Early History of the DOMESTIC CAT

By Mary Lou Clark

Most facts of civilization come from Egypt and that is where the earliest record of the domestic cat exists. From King Den's grave of the First Dynasty (about 5383 B.C.) comes a carving of two cat-like animals climbing standards. However, one of these animals deviates in form by having a tuft on its tail. From the 6th Dynasty graves (2600 B.C.) and those following cat figures are numerous. They are shown sitting under chairs, tied, catching rodents, and also mother cats with their litters. Findings of gold images, charms, and cat-headed idols hint at worshipping of cats as gods.

Egypt was the world's granary. Wherever there are stores of grain, there are rodents—more cats, fewer mice and rats. It is true that the Egyptians would prize the cat as a catcher of rodents, but this does not explain its sacredness. It may have been worshipped for its beauty.

The Caffre (sometimes spelled Kaffir, Caffra, and various other ways), whose wild form is still found in Africa, was the first cat to become a God. The appearance of the Caffre cat was much like our pets to day, though it had more powerful muscles. Its coloring was a gray with light black stripes similar to those of the striped Tabby. The tail was long, thick, and ringed with a black tip. Its long legs had black-soled feet.

Each clan or tribe had sacred animals representing them, but in Egypt the cat was worshipped everywhere. The goddess Pasht (Bast or Basht) who represented love, the sun and the moon had a human form with the head of a cat.

The Egyptians never killed a cat. If a person came upon a dead cat, he stood away from it shouting his innocence so that the crowds would not harm him.

When a cat died, the family mourned by shaving off their eyebrows. The cat was embalmed and mummified, its funeral, if a second class one, costing about \$300. Little saucers of milk were placed in the tomb so that the cat would not be hungry in the after-world. If a poor man's cat died, he waited for a feast of the cat goddess to bury his mummy or placed it in the cat cemeteries. These cemeteries have been unearthed in Beni-Hasan, Bubastis, Sakkarah, and Zagazig where hundreds of thousands of mummified cats were dug up and sent to England for fertilizer.

Commerce is responsible for the cat's getting to Europe. The Phoenicians probably smuggled some of the Egyptian



Typical Representation of the Egyptian Cat Goddess. Worship of Cats was an important part of the religion of Egypt.

Drawing by Daniel Clark

"gods" to the continent. In the early days the cats were not widely distributed. It does not appear in Hebrew writings except in one sentence in the Apocrypha, Baruch vi. 22, "Upon their bodies and heads sit bats, swallows, and birds, and the cats also." However, it is doubted whether the reference is to the domestic cat. There is no mention of the cat in early Greece and Rome, but latter it did receive a small amount of attention. In China the writings of Confucius (500 B.C.) mention a cat catching a mouse.

As the cat cult died out in Egypt it sprang up elsewhere. Teutonic and Celtic soldiers carried images of the cat on their banners. The Hessians of Catti used a brindled cat on their crest. The Cat Clan in the Highlands of Scotland known as the Clan Chattan has several sects using the motto "Touch not the cat bot a glove", the word *bot* meaning without. Many European business places use a cat as their trademark denoting efficiency.

Wherever the cat has come in contact with man, it has shown its influence. However mysterious the cat's first appearance, it has had a colorful history and will continue to lend its charm as the "fireside sphinx," as Agnes Repplier so aptly termed it.



Thankful Mrs. C. G. Learn cradles "Rosebud" who awakened her family and saved them from fire.

CATS IN Heroic Siamese Cat Saves Richmond Family

Probably there's always been a certain rapport between Rosebud, the Siamese pictured above, and his owners, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Learn, of 201 Beech Rd., Richmond, Va. But that fond glance which Mrs. Learn is directing at Rosebud may be intensified even more than usual by the fact that the Learn's house and possibly their lives were recently saved by the cat.

On the night the calamity was prevented, the Learn's had retired about 11 P.M. "About 10 minutes to 1 we were awakened by Rosebud", Mrs. Learn tells us. "He was doing everything he could to awaken us and he succeeded.

"At first we didn't know what was happening. Here he was running up and down on the bed, pouncing first on one of us and then on the other. And meow! I'd never heard him meow like that before".

In a few seconds, however, the Learn's noticed smoke rippling through the home and while Mrs. Learn called the fire department, Mr. Learn went into action in the basement. Firemen put out the fire and estimated damage at \$60. They added: "If it hadn't been for the cat, there's a strong possibility the house might have burned to the ground."

Rosebud, by the way, is one of four Siamese who live happily at the rescued Learn residence, but he was the only one on night duty when the fire broke out since the others were asleep in their cages.



Tortured, Abandoned Cat Being Rehabilitated By Human Kindliness

By Ida M. Mellen

In May a jet black cat with golden eyes and not a white hair suffered abandonment despite the fact that he was a tidy young male. He searched for provender along the sidewalks of New York, found an empty can of cat food, thrust his head in the can—and was caught as in a trap.

The ASPCA was notified and its driver released the cat's bruised head from the can and took him to the shelter. When the matter was reported in the press, many telephone calls were received for the cat. Difficult though it is to find a good home for a cat in the city, it is a curious fact that whenever anything of this kind happens, it is followed by numerous offers of a home. One lady who has studied the situation believes that the calls are from persons who desire the animals for vivisection. She determined that this cat should not become a victim, succeeded in obtaining possession.

(Continued on page 9)

Puss In 65-foot Well Rescued By Closest Friend -- A Dog

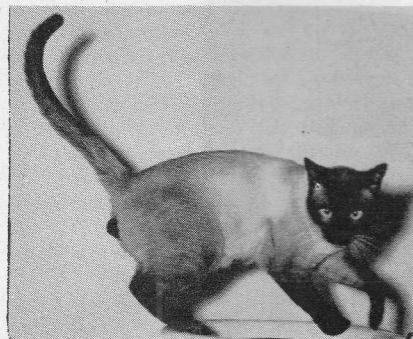
Ching-a-lei, (he displays his handsome self for you here), was not thrown down a well on his Indian Rocks Beach, Fla. home by the traditional bad boy of Mother Goose. Nevertheless, one day he found himself at the bottom of it. As the well was 65 feet deep, he resigned himself to the worst, and had sat thus for at least a day. Just as he was beginning to give up all hope, a girl he knew named Patsy happened by and heard his echoing meows. Patsy hurried home to tell the folks, but Patsy being a dog had some difficulty making them understand. So Ching-a-Ling was well into his second night of well-sitting before Patsy finally succeeded in getting a small male (and human) member of the family to follow. Then the little boy, Billy Klein, brought his family and with the aid of the fire department who



Patsy, who led rescuers to the well, rests with kitten sired by Ching-a-lei.

worked for 3 hours, Ching-a-Ling was extricated from the bottom of the well. He had not been injured (physically), by his fall.

Tugging at Billy's trouser leg until he followed her through brush and brambles is not the only service of devotion which Patsy has performed for her cat friends. She performs them daily, but did accomplish one more spectacular feat. Just a week after the well episode with its happy ending, Ching-a-Ling's sister, Ping-a-Lei got out one day and never came back. It was Patsy who took the Klein family down the hillside to show them where she lay, hit by a car. She was buried in a grave near the house, after which Patsy sat over the spot for some time. Then she went in and washed the week-old kittens Zing-a-Lei left motherless. The kittens were raised by the combined efforts of Patsy and Ping-a-Lei's mother, who just had a litter.



Ching-a-lei, a true to life Pussy in the Well, after the rescue by her shaggy pal.

Patsy, Chin-a-Ling and his pals have had no more disasters and now achieve in their sunny Florida keys home a perfect balance of harmony combined with lively but safe doings.

THE NEWS

Victim Of Young Boys' Cruelty Recovering - - -

Sad Example of Callousness Of Some "Human" Beings.

Perhaps the saddest part of this story enacted for you here is that it was premeditated. Childishly premeditated, it's true, but nevertheless premeditated.

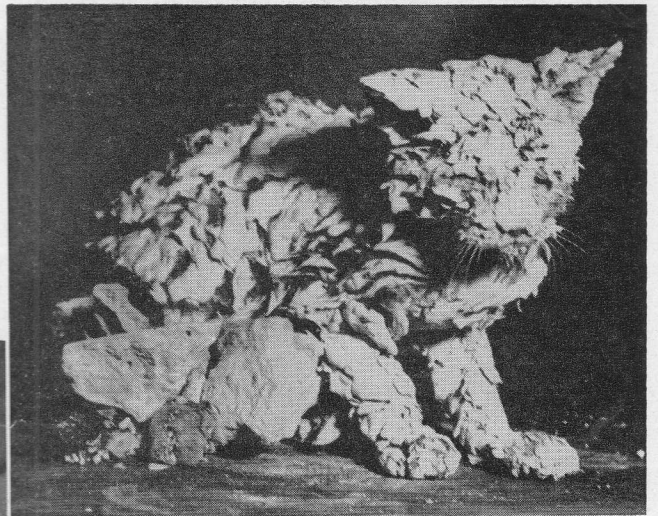
Three boys, aged 10 to 15, playing in a half-constructed house in South Bend, Ind., came simultaneously across a cat, some bricks, plaster. After building a tub of the bricks and mixing the plaster with water, they somehow grabbed puss, who unfortunately must have been as unsuspecting as she looks even in her "after" photo and placed her in the plaster.

A construction worker coming to work on Monday happened to see her, chiseled off as much plaster as he could, then rushed her to a veterinarian. Thanks to the construction worker and Dr. Bruce Hostrawser, the veterinarian who treated her infected eye, also her tail and back feet which had become solidified, the cat stands a chance of surviving the ordeal (which furnished someone much amusement), with no more than bad memories.

There's not much point in adding to the reams of editorial matter which have been written about this incident. There is no doubt that the boys concerned will pay and have already paid in humiliation for the most abject humiliation as well as the suffering which they caused this cat.

The mother of one of the boys said she was most ashamed—that the child had not been brought up to treat animals cruelly. There is little doubt that the mother is correct as far as she went, but it's obvious the child had not been very successfully drilled in the *positive* virtues, either. There was not sufficient self-control there to curb that desire to do something daring and different, no matter at what pain to something which could not defend itself. Certainly there was little sense of fairplay or sportsmanship, to say nothing of the complete lack of empathy or sympathy, shown. As one of our favorite teachers used to say, it's not enough that they perhaps in their heart-of-hearts "didn't mean" to do it, it's that they really "didn't mean not to do it".

We hope that the conscience of the boys will suffer a little while longer yet and that they will then somehow, somewhere, someday, grow up to be true cat-lovers. The ways of man and God being what they are, this is possible, we believe.



The Top Picture shows helpless cat after construction workers had released it from its tomb in a block of solidified plaster.

At right, the cat after Veterinarian Bruce Hostrawser had worked through an entire night to remove the plaster and save its life.

ABANDONED CAT

sion of him, and found him a frightened animal who hissed if a human being approached, and hid himself constantly under the furniture. She believes that the can incident was only one of the cruelties he had experienced. He continued in a state of fear for several weeks while his bruises were healing and the lady was trying to find a good rural home for him.

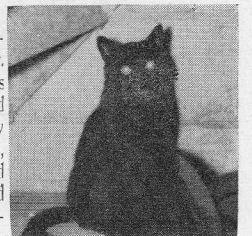
He is now at a delightful place in New Jersey, where man and wife, great cat lovers, already had seven feline pets, four dogs and a parrot. Blackie was invited to occupy the guest room and every possible comfort is being extended to him. The present owner is certain that he will eventually become normal, and we suspect that when he realizes how happy the other cats are, he will forget the hardships which caused him to hate and fear the whole human race.

Our latest news is that he has quit hiding under the furniture and sits in a window from which he can see the other seven cats. As yet he will permit no one

to touch him, but he evidences a cultured taste for lamb with plenty of mushrooms, garlic and parsley. The question, never to be answered, is, how did such an aristocrat ever become a stray,

Editors Note:

The new owners of the cat Dr. Mellen writes about, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Daly of Rumson, N. J., have been kind enough to send us a recent picture of Blackie, now "Tinkerbell". Notice how he has filled out. Mrs. Alice Landvoe of New York, who got him out of the shelter and into the home of these people who love cats, tells us, too, that his outlook has improved, but he still is wary of being approached closer than a few feet. The Dalys, however, feel that with continued understanding, Tinkerbell will one day be the normal, happy cat he should have been all along.



YOUNG KENTUCKY KITTEN WARNS OF FIRE

A small kitten is credited with saving several lives and some property when a fire broke out in Coleman's market, a series of buildings in Collins, Ky.

George Coleman, owner of a frame store there, said he became aware of the fire when the kitten crawled across his face about 3 A.M. as he lay sleeping a few feet from the burning building. He then awakened the neighborhood by fir-

ing a pistol, a shotgun and blowing a car horn. 25 residents responded to the racket and carried buckets of water to throw on the six frame buildings near the store, thus bringing the fire under control although not before the store was completely demolished.

Both the kitten and Coleman acted with swift efficiency, each in his own way.

FEW LINES 'BOUT FELINES

Collected by ANNE METCALF

CAT ON THE HEARTH

By Mrs. Silence Buck Bellows
From Lynn Hamilton's *Sophisto-Cats*

*The firelight flickers on the Chinese tray
And on the books set snugly on their rack;
Copper and silver flow beneath its play,
The chairs are placed—what is it that we lack?
She comes. With each foot delicately placed,
Advancing like a vestal to the rite,
She scorns to move with unbecoming haste
Or note the lesser objects in her sight.
She settles couchant; curves one placid paw
Beneath her chest; now curves its mate the same;
Yields to the promptings of some ancient law
And fastens thoughtful eyes upon the flame.
Now let the night wind rise, the gray storm come.
The cat is on the hearth—we are at home.*

Contributed by Guy Bogart

WRONG CATEGORY

By Dick Hayman

*I've seen a lot of cats but never yet
One copy anything or anyone;
Why then is "copy cat" applied to those
Who mimic both unfairly and in fun?*

A SILLY SILLY

By Carla Patsuris

*My thinking as my kitten ran, ran
"I swear you're really not a cat, cat,
And vow you have a bit of that, that
Has made the worldly human man,
man."*

She is the most decorative creature the domestic world can show. She harmonizes with the kitchen's homely comfort, and with the austere seclusion of the library . . . She seems made for the fireplace she adorns, and where she has played her part for centuries.

Agnes Repplier, *THE GROCER'S CAT*, from *AMERICANS & OTHERS*

HOUSING PROBLEM

(Lines aimed at people who put the cat out on cold and rainy nights)

By Grace Schilling Thompson

*There's a furry bundle with pleading eyes
That cuddles up to my door and cries
At night, or shivering, wet with rain
Sits huddled against my window pane
And yearns forbiddenly at the glow
Of my hearth, and I let him in—I know
He'll make a bee line for my fresh slip cover
But I'd no more turn him away than a brother,
Though the neighbors urge, "Don't spoil our cat",
And out he goes—with their lights—like that—
Fondled and fed as the daytime pet,
But snatched from his pillow when night has set.*

*So who is to blame if I let him in?
And is sharing my hearth with their kitten sin
When there's warmth to spare for a trusting mite
Who was suddenly dumped out into the night,
When all he wants is a cozy snooze
While the wind and rain beat lone tattoos;
Who neither barks nor rumpus brings
But curls and purrs, and plays with strings.
Oh, they claim he's theirs, but I know he's mine
As I stroke his softness, warm and fine
As a baby's hair, boasting secretly
That he boards with them but he rooms with me.*

*No human
mind can
ever know
the vast
contentment
of a cat.*

Thaddeus
Hauxhurst

CONCERNING CATS

By Barbara Wlecke

*No one has ever quite explained
How our domestic cat has gained
Her horrid reputation.
I've yet to see the cat who's sucked
A baby's breath, or cruelly plucked
Out someone's eyes and straightway
ducked
To terrorize the nation.
I only know that cats can soothe
My jangled nerves, and somehow smooth
The wrinkles in my forehead;
That when they're fed upon the cream
Of human kindness and esteem
They're just as gentle as they seem
And not the least bit horrid!*

WEATHER PREDICTION

By Pat Dean

*Says Old Uncle Pete "When the cats
chase their tails,
We're gonna' have winter,
This sign never fails."*

*A baited cat
may grow fierce
as a lion.*

Samuel Palmer,
MORAL ESSAYS

FELINE FELICITY

By May Allard Henneberger

*All luxuries I must, perforce, eschew,
And yet I've one extravagance, if true
Economist I'd be:
My hard earned gains leap, flaming, up the flue
Without protest from me.
My bed is drawn before the blaze each night
That I may catch its waning warmth and light;
I'm none too warm, at that.
If, as some think, souls transmigrate, I'm quite
Assured as to one form through Eon's flight;
I must have been a cat!*

TO A MERE CAT

By Marjorie S. Watts

*With jungle greed you chatter at the bit
Of feathers lighted safely on the eaves;
On every darkly cushioned chair you sit,
Careless of silky hairs your gold coat
leaves.
A labyrinth of thread from any spool
Your dextrous paw extracts from my
work basket
Bedecks the rug; you act the very fool,
You flatter, and you steal and do not
mask it.
Yet there are moments when, your
gleaming fur
Casting around your head an aureole,
You lavish comradeship too frank for
fraud.
You sit beside me, confidentially purr,
Trust in your amber eyes implicit, whole;
And then I think of children and of God.*

MY POLLY

By Virginia Blaisdell

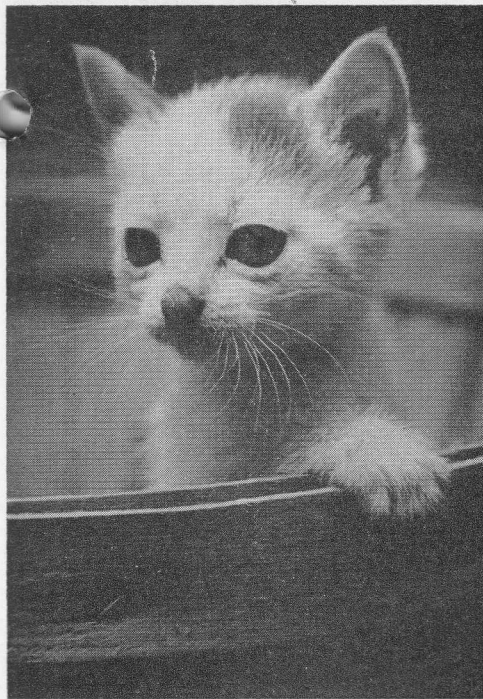
*Though Polly's not the vainest tabby,
Her paws are white, however shabby.
Her tail is crooked,
Her eyes are crossed,
Her coat has failed to keep its gloss.
But for the way she looks at me,
I would not change her pedigree.*

CAT BY A FIREPLACE

By Luella Bender Carr

*As soon as the fire is lighted down he lies
Before it dreaming, snowy paws tucked under
A breast as white. Flame mirrors in his eyes
To make their green more vivid. And I wonder
As I note his deep contentment, do cats see
Within the flames, those other cats who knew
A heartstone's cheer? Did his own ancestry
Have roots in some New England village too?
Did kindred cats crouch by a fire and purr
Enjoying the pleasant warmth upon their fur.*

*Perhaps his ancestor and mine once shared
Another fire. Her spinning wheel's light whirling
Accompanying the dancing flames. He dars
To lift a drowsy head and add soft purr
To the homely chorus. Lazy cat
And busy woman and the flickering light;
Two centuries ago, perhaps, they sat
As we do on another winter night.
My pet is dreaming now, I wonder whether
He saw that other fire . . . saw them together?*



Mrs. Tabby's Discovery

By

Dorothy Cruikshank
Caffrey

Photo by Stephen Stengel

"Suddenly, from behind
a basket, came Henry."

Mrs. Tabby paused and inspected the results of her labor. Yes, both girls looked lovely: every hair shone and their chests and paws were white as duck feathers. They looked back at her gravely with their round amber eyes, and Sleek stretched a little, and then tucked her paws in front of her, just like a grown-up cat. "That's right", said Mrs. Tabby approvingly, "and when the lady comes, be sure you purr a little the way I taught you. There's nothing more appealing than a purring kitten".

She gave herself a quick going-over, her rough tongue making her grey fur smooth and satiny; then climbed back into the basket beside her daughters to wait. Only a short time ago when the Woman had brought their morning saucer of milk, she had said "Such a good home as I may have found for one of your kittens—the people are coming this morning to decide." Though Mrs. Tabby had sighed at the thought of a possible parting, the sigh was more relief than regret, for good homes are a mother-cat's greatest wish for her kittens, and if the Woman was satisfied with this one, it must be splendid. She had started right in on the girls, because they were beautiful anyway, and there was no use wasting time on Henry, who had always been a spidery little thing, with hair that would not stay tidy however hard she licked it. She loved Henry, but by no stretch of the imagination could he be called handsome.

The thought of Henry made her cast an anxious eye around the basement—no telling what he'd be up to. Then she spied him practising his mousing over by the work-bench. Henry would have to be a turn cat when he grew old enough to earn his keep, but he had a long way to go! Mrs. Tabby sighed as she thought of all the hours of training she had given Henry; he was willing enough, and tried very hard to follow her instructions, but so far he had never caught a mouse. He was too eager, and

he couldn't seem to keep still: always at the crucial moment he forgot to hold his breath, and when he pounced, his timing was so inaccurate that the mouse had plenty of warning and always escaped with a wide margin of safety. Henry was becoming sensitive about his failures; he practised stalking and pouncing by the hour.

The sound of approaching footsteps made Mrs. Tabby's attention center once again on her daughters. "Now, girls, purr!" she whispered hastily, and closed her eyes, assuming the placid, gentle pose that always made such a hit with strangers. Two faint and thready songs mingled with her rumbling, and when the basement door opened and a voice said "Look, Jim, how darling! — all curled up like that, and singing, too!", she smiled with inward satisfaction. The steps crossed over to the basket. Now it was time to look languidly through half-closed eyes. When she did that, people usually stroked her fur, which was pleasant; or the more knowing ones scratched just under her ear, which was delightful! These people belonged to the latter class, she was happy to note, and she sang her loudest as fingers caressed her.

There were two of them, a gentleman and a lady, pleasant-looking people with an undoubted appreciation of cats. Mrs. Tabby looked over at the Woman and blinked her eyes significantly, and the Woman smiled back at her.

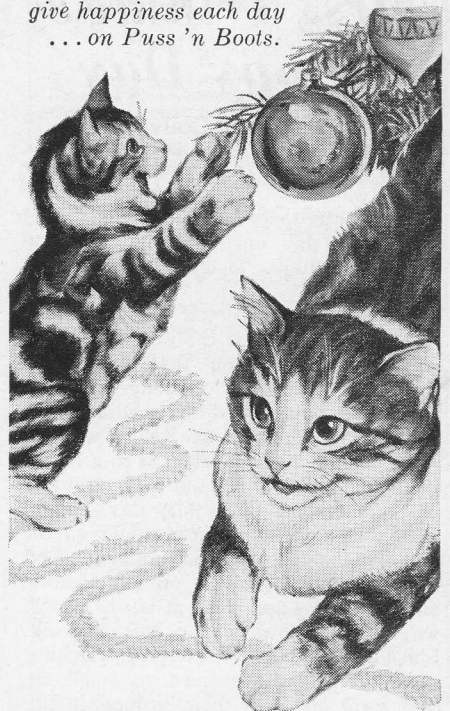
"These are two of the prettiest kittens we've ever had, Mrs. Ainslie", said the Woman. "Either of them would make a marvelous pet. There's a third, but he doesn't compare with these for looks".

Mrs. Ainslie made cooing noises and lifted Sleek out of the basket. Susie curled into a little crescent-shaped ball. They were both behaving beautifully.

"Oh, dear", said Mrs. Ainslie—"If only one of them weren't quite so cute. It's almost impossible to choose between them. Which do you like, dear?"

(Continued on page 23)

*Holiday fun's just a beginning
— for these kittens. They'll
grow stronger and bigger ...
give happiness each day
... on Puss 'n Boots.



*Her young ones thrive on the
same wonderful Puss 'n Boots
diet that keeps this merry mother
healthy and beautiful.



See what it means ...
to be a Puss 'n Boots Cat?

Puss 'n Boots makes your cat livelier,
handsomer, happier



Scientifically prepared from fresh-caught whole fish and selected cereals, Puss 'n Boots furnishes your cat proteins, carbohydrates, minerals and vitamins found in liver, beef, salmon, milk and food from the table—plus Vitamin D. Feed Puss 'n Boots regularly.

QUALITY MAKES IT
AMERICA'S
LARGEST SELLING
CAT FOOD



Puss 'n Boots
adds the PLUS!

Mrs. Trinkle's Happy Day

By Carol Collver

Picture by Gene Langley

Once there was a big fat cat and her name was Mrs. Trinkle. About all she ever did was to sit and blink. She would just sit all day and blink and blink and think and think. That was the life of Mrs. Trinkle.

Now no one ever knew just how much thinking this big fat cat was doing. But she knew everything that was being thought by everybody! Nobody—not even Mr. Smith who owned her—had any idea how clever Mrs. Trinkle really was.

Mr. Smith and his cat lived in a lovely little apartment at the top of a beautiful city skyscraper. Every day Mr. Smith, who was a schoolteacher, would go off to his school to do his teaching. And Mrs. Trinkle would sit on the window sill and think—and blink at all the people way down below her on the sidewalk. She loved to amuse herself by watching these people, who seemed so small, as they went on about their business in the big city.

And even though many of them scurried along with an air of importance, they didn't ever fool Mrs. Trinkle. For she knew that this one was merely thinking about what he was going to have for lunch—and that one was thinking about the new shoes he was going to buy—and the other was thinking about last summer's vacation.

Now Mrs. Trinkle had long since learned that there was just no point in wasting time on people who were thinking about paying their phone bills or having their clothes cleaned. She would always pick and choose until she had found out who was doing the best thinking. Then she would pay attention to that one and forget about the others. That was less confusing and more amusing.

Sometimes she would have quite an interesting choice. On Fridays, for example. For often on that day the women were planning just what kind of fish to buy for their husbands' dinners.

Now this kind of thinking was really worth while, according to Mrs. Trinkle. Even though it did make her very hungry.

One day it was Mr. Smith's birthday. Mrs. Trinkle knew this because Mr. Smith woke up thinking, "Ho hum! It's my birthday and no one knows it but me." That's what he was saying to himself as he woke up.

Now it happened that on this same day the painters were coming to paint the apartment. Mrs. Trinkle knew this too, because, on the day before, Mr. Smith had been thinking about it. He had also been thinking about Mrs. Trinkle and what to do with her, because he knew she didn't like the smell of paint. But he hadn't figured out what to do about it.



Fish for Dinner was Something to Think About, Thought Mrs. Trinkle.

On the birthday morning, after Mr. Smith had been thinking about it being his birthday and no one knowing it, he suddenly thought another thought.

"The painters are coming today," he remembered, "and Mrs. Trinkle doesn't like the smell of paint. So I'll take that big fat cat to school with me."

Mrs. Trinkle wasn't a bit surprised to be going off to school with Mr. Smith a few minutes later.

School was really fun for Mrs. Trinkle. She sat right up at the front of the class on Mr. Smith's desk. And, of course, she knew all the answers because she watched Mr. Smith and read his thoughts.

In fact everything went very nicely until the middle of the afternoon study period. Then quite a commotion started up. There was note passing and whispering. There was plenty of giggling and a whole lot of excitement in the air. And Mrs. Trinkle was very, very happy. For she of course knew that the whole class was thinking about Mr. Smith's birthday. They were taking up a collection to pay for a birthday cake they had ordered for him the day before! They were all thinking about the lovely surprise party they were going to give him at three o'clock when school was out.

But Mr. Smith had no idea what was going on. He only knew that his class was acting very badly.

"And on my birthday, too!" he thought to himself, beginning to lose all his patience. "I shall keep this whole class

of mine inside for a half hour after school. And I shall tell them so at exactly three o'clock."

It was then twenty minutes to three. Just twenty minutes before the surprise birthday party that Mr. Smith knew nothing about.

Mrs. Trinkle could see that she would have to act fast. For the surprise birthday party would be ruined if her master announced his punishment before the arrival of the birthday cake.

Suddenly she had an idea. She jumped up onto the big clock on the classroom wall. Then, when she was sure no one was looking, she leaned down and gave the minute hand a quick shove with her paw.

It now said half past two.

Twenty minutes later (when it was really three o'clock) it was still only ten minutes to, according to the clock on the classroom wall. Ten minutes before Mr. Smith planned to announce his punishment, the door of the schoolroom was flung open, the cake with glowing candles was brought in and set upon Mr. Smith's desk. And of course the whole class sang "Happy Birthday!"

Now suddenly he realized what all the note passing and whispering and giggling had been about. You can just imagine how glad he was that he hadn't spoiled the fun by announcing his punishment.

And Mrs. Trinkle had the happy day of her life. For she knew that was thanks to her quick thinking that the party was a success.

Cats' Christmas Children's Pages

MY KITTEN

By David Ferris Kirby

*My kitten wears an overcoat
In Summer, I am told,
To keep from feeling hot
Instead of catching cold.*

*My kitten runs a motor-car
That never, never stops
Until she curls right up
And off to slumber drops.*

*My kitten grows a lot of pins
And needles in her paws;
At times they feel like silk,
At others they are claws.*

*My kitten is a funny thing,
But I am fond of her,
And when I tell her so,
She answers with a purr.*

TOM CAT VS. STATE OF AFFAIRS

By Stanley J. Borus

Tom Cat was brought before the judge
Who was the wisest of all owls.
"Feline-ious assault's the charge—
With cat-o-nine tails, in your prowls."

A bonesman, Shepherd Dog, barked out,
"Your honor, what is Tom Cat's bail?"
The judge replied, "you'll make no bones
About it, for this cat must stay in jail!"

Then Mr. Bull Dog ran up front;
"Your honor, I'm dogmatic—for
This cat is now my client and
Entitled to go out that door!"

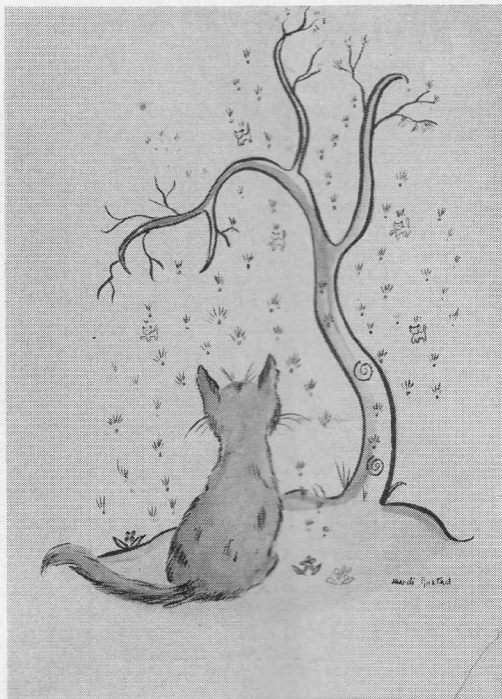
The judge looked up and blinked his eye,
Then said, "I do not give a hoof!
This cat purrarded once before
My court, for stealing catnip loot!"

But Tom Cat rubbed his whiskered puss,
And thought of all those kittens home.
All jobs were scarce, since mouse-traps
came;

And if released, he'd only roam.

So Tom Cat said to wise old judge,
"O fowl, I'll hear no meow of this!
Put me in the cat pound now,
So I can take a nap of bliss."

Well, now, Tom Cat is really set;
He wears a suit of fancy stripe.
He roams inside his roomy cage,
And gets his daily share of tripe.



Drawing by Mardi Fjasted

COTTONWOOD

By Eva L. Browne

*My kitty puts his paws down slow,
And softly steps upon the snow
Of fluffy cotton seeds that go
Silently down from the trees.
He thinks the angel cats up there,
Are shedding all their ghostly fur
Which parachutes down through the
air*

In the gently whispering breeze.

CAT-TAILS

By Dolly P. Perkins

Mrs. Cat and her kittens went strolling
one day,
Observing the trees and the flowers on
their way;
When they chanced to see growing
among the tall reeds,
A number of cat-tails, quite brown and
with seeds;
"O, mother, dear mother, what can those
things be?"
Said the three little kittens in wonder
and glee;
Then mother smiled proudly and said
to her three,
"That plant my dear children is our
family tree".

PRETENSE

By Clarice Foster Booth

*You'd never guess my cat has claws
For she has soft-as-velvet paws;
And curled so comfy in my chair,
You might think she was sleeping
there.*

*But should a tiny mouse run by
On light-as-fairy-feet, oh, my—
How quickly she is on her toes!
I think she just pretends to doze.*

"Felinia"

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PISCATOR The CAT

By Henry J. Entrico

The pretty Tabby that sits in the middle of the living room and blandly watches you of an evening may properly be considered to have made the perfect adjustment to domesticity. In return for one specialized occupation, that of catching rodents, the cat has acquired all the luxuries of civilization.

That contented, superior air, which makes even the most bedraggled feline seem an aristocrat is not based alone, however, on the fact that man has been coerced into providing for the species. That self-sufficient queenliness or kingliness, which can relax luxuriously on a rag or a silk cushion; in a mansion or on a coal pile, is based on the fact that

the feline species in general and the domestic cat in particular has an amazing ability to adapt to whatever environment it is placed in.

It is generally accepted today that one of the reasons man has risen above the animals is through the fortunate placement of his thumb which allows him to be a tool user. The cat, not being so fortunate, has nevertheless managed in some striking instances to approximate and perhaps even better some of man's efforts.

In the matter of fishing alone; which any man will tell you he is expert at, the cat will quietly go off by himself and catch a fish dinner while the ardent

angler is still stringing his hook.

If the cat has one passion besides catnip it is fresh fish and the manner in which he satisfies that craving is straight out of Isaac Walton's Compleat Angler.

There are authenticated reports of cats that have sat near small pools in which there were fish and dangled their tails in the water as bait. The fish, coming near to see what is causing the commotion in the water, are suddenly scooped out of the water by a swift-moving paw and wrestled onto the bank.

Another well authenticated report tells of a cat that used his tongue as a lure. This cat crouched down near the edge of a pool, wagging his tongue in the water. It knew, apparently, that the goldfish in the pool were inquisitive about any disturbance on the water's surface. When within reach the fish was swooped onto the bank, totally disproving the adage that curiosity killed the cat.

Those felines that have had to learn to shift for themselves have been seen at night at the banks of pools "spot-lighting" in the best tradition of the poacher. These ingenious cats place their heads almost at the water's surface with the moon before them. The moonlight, reflecting in their eyes makes wonderful dazzling lures for the inquisitive fish. Suddenly, a groping paw splashes deep and a luckless fish is captured.

These are, of course, rather unusual methods of fishing on the part of cats, but tend to show the intelligence of the animal when pressed by hunger and shows its ability quickly to adapt to circumstances.

A more usual method for the cat, especially where fish are accustomed to being fed, is for him to wade out among the fish and stand almost submerged until the fish have forgotten about him. Then, selecting his dinner, the cat pounces and brings his prize to shore. Cats do not especially like water but they can swim and swim well when there is a reason for it. They will seldom return from a fishing expedition without satisfaction, even though it may be only elbow-deep in your goldfish bowl.



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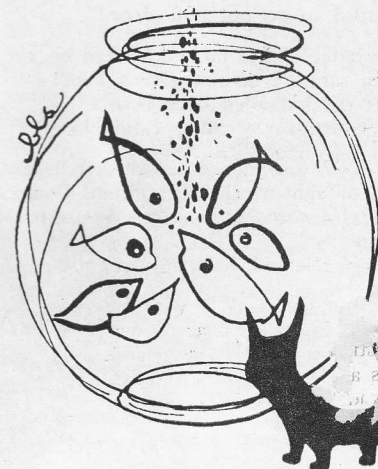
Mrs. Stanley Gibson

REGISTER YOUR CAT—Have an official record of its pedigree in the ACA Stud Books. (Books may be purchased from the Secretary at \$1.50 per copy.)

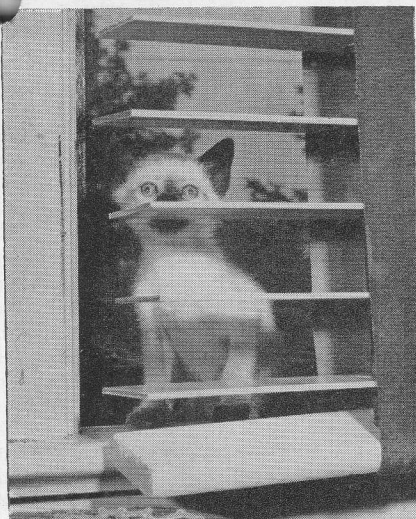
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For complete details regarding Registering, Clubs, Club Organization, and for any other information, write the Secretary-Treasurer:

MRS. STANLEY GIBSON, 1710 Wesley Ave., Evanston, Ill.



Cats in Words and Pictures



ALL KINDS OF CATS, Walter Chandoha. Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher. New York, \$3.00.

Assembled here under one roof, in the form of an attractively bound volume of 85 pages, is a group of completely captivating cats, as fascinating and diverting as one could ever come upon. The designer and builder, Walter Chandoha, must have spent many precious hours in the construction of this house of cats who, as all of you well know, are very active, wary and not at all given to obedience. And yet, what is striking about this rather large family grouped together is that there is no evidence of posing or attempt to show off. They simply appear as though they were busy at their own pursuits, meeting our gaze with the mood of the moment, be it curiosity, indifference, aplomb, or simple contentment, not one of them concerned over such a thing as a camera's lens hovering nearby. Indeed, it is we who are filled with wonderment, quite entranced. How long, we marvel, was the shoe on page 53 going to be the repository for that vivid, miniature blonde? How could one know whether Tabby and her friend the White Rat might not suddenly decide on a more boisterous form of affection, or would the Siamese piano player decide it was all just an idea to get him in pictures and refuse to have anything to do with it.

On the other hand, who knows but what all these cats were well aware of Mr. Chandoha's plan for building such a splendid house for them and among themselves formed a pact to go along with him, show their best manners, their most natural poses, their highest moments of affection, discernment, pride. That terrific pair of Blacks on page 52, the Long Hair Beauty on page 74, or the Majestic Manx on page 68 will doubtless give an assenting "Miew" to this statement. Because they know he loves cats of all breeds it could be they all turned in a few poses that put all other cat

photographers on their mettle if they ever hope to excel him. To Mr. Chandoha, Master-Builder, we join *All Kinds of Cats* in a general caterwauling of praise for this construction.

Apt selections from cat poems accompany many of the photographs in Part 1; while Part 2 gives short, pithy facts about many breeds.—E. F.

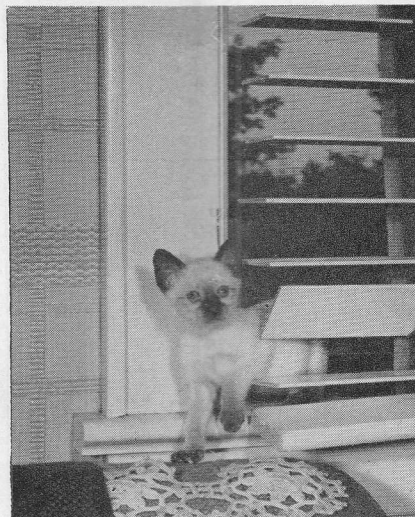
CHARLES — THE STORY OF A FRIENDSHIP, by Michael Joseph. Prentice-Hall, Inc. New York \$2.50.

True it is that one gets from a friendship with an animal just what one puts into it. Even more so was the case of Mr. Joseph and Charles. This deep devotion had its blossoming when Charles, a Siamese kitten of six weeks old, was carried in a cat-basket from Thames Ditton to a home over-flowing with animals of all sorts ruled especially by the imperious Minna Minna Mowbray who, it was decided, had become too insufferably "uppy-up" and needed her sails trimmed.

That Charles O'Malley built up his end of this relationship need not be doubted. He was affectionate; he purred magnificently; he played games constantly. He was a great talker and showed his wants and feelings in many different nuances of voice. He was a respecter of moods. He adapted himself to life in close city quarters or to cold Army barracks. Nevertheless, he was appreciative of the good things of life such as plenty of game to eat, a place on the dining table (much against the mistress' wishes), his master's bed.

He was faithful; he was gentle. He became distinguished in his appointment as Vice President of the "Honorable Company of Cats," posing for photographs and apparently understanding what this distinction meant.

Here is a narration without oratory; a commentary minus long, expletive phrases, a eulogy without elaborate encomiums or sentiment. As the author puts it, "The love of an animal is something to be grateful for and proud of, but should not be paraded."—F. W. M.



Photographs from Walter Chandoha's "All Kinds of Cats".

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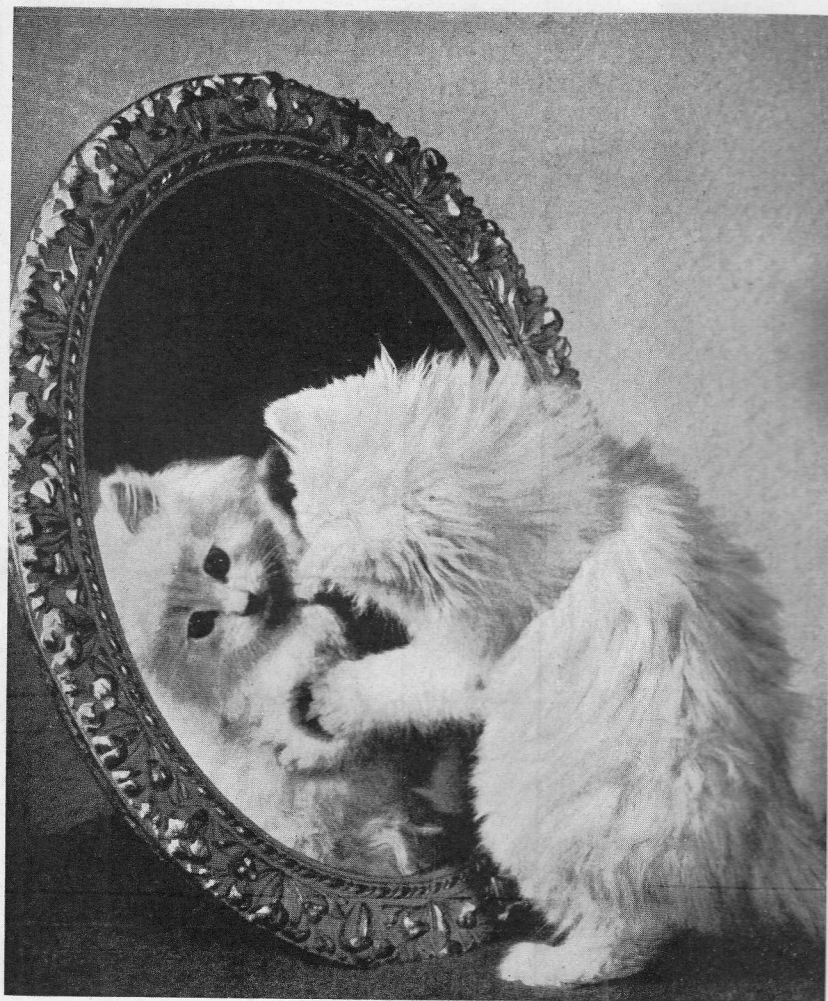
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and

Best Wishes to All



And a special Greeting from Casa Contenta Easter Doll. This, her first Xmas, will find her helping trim, or more likely untrim, the tree of Mr. and Mrs. Nestor Barrett of San Jose, California.



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Lemon Grove, Calif.

Cats Question Box

Have you any suggestions regarding the care of a neutered male with gravel in the bladder? The condition developed when he was about one year old, but now at nine years has become very severe necessitating catheterizing by our veterinarian.

—Miss L. P., East Paterson, N. J.

Proper treatment, or perhaps an operation, by your veterinarian will probably clear this trouble up, but it has a strong tendency to return time after time. Care should be taken that the cat receives plenty of exercise and that a reasonable proportion of green vegetables are included in the diet. Some authorities recommend that meat be eliminated from the diet and replaced by a bland fish such as whiting or haddock. Plenty of water and other liquids should be made available at all times.

This will be my first Christmas with kittens in my home, and I do not know how to handle two Siamese and a Christmas tree. Do you think it is safe to have one (a Christmas tree, that is)?

—Mrs. M. A. D., Collingswood, N. J.

A survey among nearby cat owners shows remarkably little incompatibility between cats and Christmas trees. Most cats seem to take them in their stride, being content with playing with the bottommost ornaments (which should, it appears, be of a somewhat stronger design than the average). If your pets become too interested, a businesslike scolding may be enough to discourage them, if not, it might be well to have a bottle of Kitty Chaperone or some other pet deterrent on hand to apply sparingly to the bottom branches.

My male kitten suddenly at three months started sucking, as if nursing, on my nightclothes when sleepy in the morning and evening. He does this only on my nightclothes—not bedclothes, and accompanies it with paw-pumping as when nursing, and loud purring.

—Mrs. L. F., Bayside, N. Y.

Quite obviously you are taking such good care of your boy that he has reverted to his young kittenhood and has accepted you as his mother. We feel sure that this is only a temporary condition and that it will be outgrown very soon.

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SHOW CALENDAR

DECEMBER

- 6-7 —Stockton, Calif.—San Joaquin Cat Fanciers, Inc. (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. J. Oken); Long Hair Specialty (Mr. B. W. Wilson); Short Hair Specialty (Miss Lucy Clingan).
- 6-7 —Buffalo, N. Y.—Queen City Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Mrs. E. G. Hamaker); Long Hair Specialty (Mrs. Betty Groell); Short Hair Specialty (To Be Announced).
- 6-7 —Detroit, Mich.—Detroit Persian Society, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mr. D. D. Henderson); Windsor Solid Color Club (Mrs. Frances Kosierowski); Minnesota Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. W. E. Limpert).
- 9-10 —Newark, N. J.—Garden State Cat Club of New Jersey, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Miss Kathleen Yorke); National Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. Henry Herms); Solid Color Club of the East (Mrs. Herms); Western Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Herms).
- 13-14 —Rochester, N. Y.—Genesee Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. C. F. Rotter); National Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. Henry Herms); International Solid Color Society (Mrs. Herms).
- 13-14 —Chicago, Ill.—Beresford Cat Club, Inc. (ACA). All Breed (Specialties and Judges to be Announced).
- 13-14 —Miami, Florida—Miami Florida Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Carl Keller); National Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. John S. Hunter); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Hunter); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Hunter).
- 13-14 —Louisville, Kentucky—Kentucky Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Miss Kay M. Thoma); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mr. Anthony DeSantis); International Solid Color Society (Mr. DeSantis).

JANUARY

- 3-4 —Kansas City, Mo.—Mo-Kan Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Miss Kathleen Yorke); Central States Solid Color Club (Mrs. Lester O'Neill); National Siamese Cat Club (Mrs. O'Neill).
- 8-9 —New York, N. Y.—Empire Cat Club, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. John S. Hunter); National Siamese Cat Club (Mr. Henry C. Becker); Solid Color Club of the East (Mr. Becker).
- 10-11 —New Orleans, La.—Dixie Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Ralph T. Mabie); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Frances Kosierowski); West Texas Short Hair Club (Mrs. Kosierowski).

(Continued on page 19)

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48th Championship All Breed Show January 16-17, 1953

HORTICULTURAL HALL BOSTON, MASS.
TRIPLE SHOW

Cash Awards in All Classes in All Three Shows

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Solid Color Club of the East Specialty Show

Judge: Mr. Anthony DeSantis

Siamese Cat Club of N. E. Inc. Specialty Show

Judge: Dr. C. Evans Sawyer Jr.

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ENTRIES CLOSE DECEMBER 29, 1952

DAYTON CAT FANCIERS QUADRUPLE CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW

C.F.A.

JANUARY 24-25, 1953

in MEMORIAL HALL, 125 E. FIRST ST.

ALL BREED—Judge, Mrs. Walter E. Limpert

WINDSOR SOLID COLOR CAT CLUB

MINNESOTA SIAMESE CAT CLUB

AMERICAN TABBY AND TORTIE CLUB

—Specialty Judge, Mrs. Frances Kosierowski

Premium List closes Nov. 20th—Entries close Dec. 20th

Managers:

Mrs. Mary O. Combs, 1811 Kenton St., Springfield, O.

Mrs. Paul Brandenburg, 613 Torrington Pl., Dayton 6, O.

Show Secretary:

Mrs. Donald E. Warner, 7407 W. Third St., Dayton 7, O.

Climax of the Show Season

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C. F. A.

36th Annual Championship Cat Show

with

TWO SPECIALTY SHOWS

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Hotel Roosevelt — New York City

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SOLID COLOR CLUB OF THE EAST

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Judge—Mr. Henry C. Becker

Entries Close December 12, 1952

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Entries and Advertising Close

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Shrine Auditorium

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Judge: Mrs. Jess Adair, Long Lane, Mo.

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Long Hair and Siamese Specialty Shows

Judge: Miss Lucy Clingan, Los Angeles, Calif.

◆ ◆ ◆

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Announces

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at The Kingsley House

Judge: Mrs. Ralph T. Mabie

SPECIALTIES

Solid Color Club of the South

West Texas Short Hair Club

Judge: Mrs. Frances Kosierowski

ENTRIES CLOSE DECEMBER 20, 1952

Show Manager: W. W. RABBITT

2847 St. Charles Ave.

New Orleans, La.

The LAKE ERIE CAT CLUB Announces It's Second C. F. F. TRIPLE SHOW

JANUARY 31 - FEBRUARY 1, 1953
Cleveland Public Auditorium

ALL BREED—Judge, Mrs. Anna Pardee

Solid Color Specialty and Foreign

Short Hair Specialty—Judge, Mrs. E. G. Hamaker

Entries must be postmarked not later than January 10, 1953

Show Manager—MR. WILLIAM K. HANSEN

Show Secretary—MR. ROBERT G. VANCE

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MAGIC VALLEY CAT CLUB

First All Breed Championship Show

February 14-15, 1953 — CFA Rules

Park Bldg. — Pharr, Texas

(Lower Rio Grande Valley)

Judge: Mrs. J. H. Revington

◆ ◆ ◆

Entry Chairman:

MRS. JOSEPH MARSHALL
117 E. Locust St., San Antonio, Texas

◆ ◆ ◆

DONATIONS WELCOME

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SHOW MANAGER:
JOAN CARTER

Box 55, Pharr, Texas

SHOW SECRETARY:
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Third Annual Championship Show HOUSTON CAT CLUB

CFA

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FEBRUARY 21-22, 1953

Benefit S.P.C.A.

JUDGES:

Mrs. C. F. Rotter—All Breed

Mr. Anthony DeSantis—Solid Color
and Siamese SpecialtyDonations to Premium and Trophy Fund
greatly appreciated. Premium list
closes December 15, 1952

Catalogue advertising closes Feb. 1, 1953



Show Chairman:

E. A. GOULT
Rt 13 Box 925 OM
Houston 20, Texas

Entry Chairman:

MRS. R. B. TREVEY
1143 Woolworth
Houston 20, Texas

WRITE FOR ENTRY BLANKS

SHOW CALENDAR (Continued from page 17)

- 11—Long Beach, Calif.—Combined Show of California Cat Club and West Shore Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. J. H. Revington); California Silver Fanciers (Mrs. Helen Fairchild); California Solid Color Fanciers (Mrs. Lawrence Pelton); Short Hair Society of Southern California (Mrs. Fairchild).
- 16-17—Boston, Mass.—Boston Cat Club, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Ralph T. Mabie); Solid Color Club of the East (Mr. Anthony DeSantis); Siamese Cat Club of New England (Dr. C. Evans Sawyer).
- 17-18—San Jose, Calif.—Santa Clara Valley Cat Fanciers (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. Jess Adair); Long Hair Specialty (Miss Floy McGill); Short Hair Specialty (Mrs. Billie Gerst).
- 17-18—St. Petersburg, Florida—Gulf Short Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Miss Kay M. Thoma); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Louise Heron); American Tabby and Tortie Club (Mrs. Heron).
- 17-18—Akron, Ohio—Cuyahoga Valley Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Miss Doris Hobbs); Solid Color Specialty; Silver Specialty (Dr. Frances MacCracken).
- 17-18—San Diego Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Herms); Solid Color Specialty (Mr. Charles Victor); For. & D.S.H., Silver, and Tortie and Tabby Specialties (Mrs. Marguerita Goforth).
- 24-25—Dayton, Ohio—Dayton Cat Fanciers (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Walter Limpert); Solid Color, Siamese, and Tortie and Tabby Specialties (Mrs. F. Kosierowski).
- 24-25—San Francisco, Calif.—San Francisco Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Specialties and Judges to be Announced).
- 24-25—Buffalo, N. Y.—Buffalo Cat Fanciers, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Ralph T. Mabie); International Solid Color Society (Mr. Anthony DeSantis); Silver Society Specialty (Mr. DeSantis).
- 31-Feb. 1—Cleveland, Ohio—Lake Erie Cat Club (CFF). All Breed, Solid Color and Foreign Short Hair Specialties (Judges to be Announced).
- 31-Feb. 1—Phoenix, Arizona—Canyon State Cat Club (ACA). All Breed (Mrs. Jess Adair); Long Hair Specialty (Miss Lucy Clingan); Siamese Specialty (Miss Clingan).
- 31-Feb. 1—Knoxville, Tenn.—East Tennessee Cat Fanciers (CFF). All Breed (Mrs. W. E. Limpert); American Tabby & Tortie Club (Mrs. Horace O. Reed); Solid Color Club of the South (Mrs. Reed).
- FEBRUARY**
- 7-8—Columbus, Ohio—Ohio State Persian Club, Inc. (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. Laura J. Graham); American Silver Fanciers (Mrs. J. H. Revington); Siamese Cat Club of New England (Mrs. Revington).
- 14-15—Pharr, Texas—Magic Valley Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. J. H. Revington).
- 21-22—Houston, Texas—Houston Cat Club (CFA). All Breed (Mrs. C. F. Rotter); Solid Color and Siamese Specialties (Mr. Anthony DeSantis).
- MARCH**
- 7-8—New Orleans, La.—The Cat Fanciers of New Orleans, Inc. (ACA). All Breed (Specialties and Judges to be announced).

DISSTON

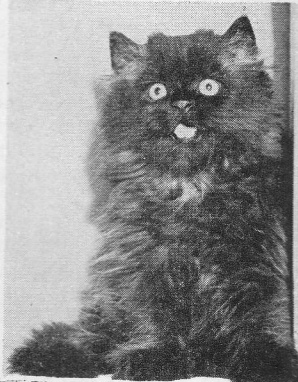
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C.F.F.

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January 17-18, 1953

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SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

All Breed Judge: Mrs. Jess Adair, Long Lane, Mo.
Long Hair Specialty Judge: Miss Floy McGill, Long Beach
Short Hair Specialty Judge: Mrs. Billie Gerst, San Diego

Donations to Show Fund gratefully received.

Entries close January 3, 1953

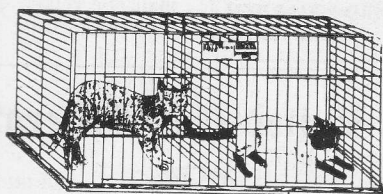
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American Silver Fanciers

Mrs. Laura Graham

Judge—All Breed

Mrs. John Revington

Judge—Specialties

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Columbus, Ohio

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Write early as entries are limited to 200.



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Cats Club & Show Reporter

C.F.A. Meets, Accepts Burmese

At the Cat Fanciers' Association Executive Board meeting held in New York City October 11, many actions were taken of importance to all members and exhibitors.

The following new clubs were accepted into membership: *Short Hair Society of Southern California*, Mrs. Charles F. Gillies, Secretary, 858 So. Bedford St., Los Angeles 35, California; *Northwestern Siamese Breeders*, Mrs. Isabel Meader, Secretary, 18027 Redwood Road, Castro Valley, California; *Poinciana Short Hair Club*, Mrs. Reynolds A. Moody, Secretary, P. O. Box C-352, Kendall, Florida; *West Texas Short Hair Cat Club*, Mrs. C. C. Strange, Secretary, 3304 Bisbee St., El Paso, Texas; *Soonerland Cat Club*, Mrs. F. G. Bitterman, Secretary, 2109 Dorchester Drive, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; *Dixie Cat*

Club, Mrs. Harriet V. Gordon, Secretary, 2847 St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans 15, La.; *Eastern Tabby & Tortie Society*, Mrs. Dorothy Grubler, Secretary, 161 West 16th St., New York 11, N. Y.; *Cincinnati Cat Club*, Mr. Carl R. Johnson, Secretary, 3256 Woodford Rd., Cincinnati 13, Ohio; *Variety Cat Club*, Mrs. Ruth E. Wojcik, Secretary, 212 Neely Ave., Muncie, Ind.

The *Soonerland Club*, *Dixie Club*, *Cincinnati Club* and *Variety Club* are all local clubs for those interested in any type of cat; the others are Specialty Clubs designed to promote the interest of their own particular breed. Those interested in joining any of the clubs should contact the Secretaries who will be glad to provide all information. With the addition of these nine clubs, total CFA membership climbs to 86 societies.

Burmese Rules

C.F.A. has voted to accept Burmese Cats for registration and to make registered Burmese Cats eligible for entry in C.F.A. shows on and after September 1, 1953, under strict regulations.

1. Burmese cats may be accepted for listing in the CFA Foundation Record, if their pedigree shows three complete generations of all seal-brown Burmese with no indication of Siamese mixture, and application is notarized by the breeder with the statement that the breeder personally knows this to be true for every cat within the three generations.
2. If the breeder does not have personal knowledge of every cat in the pedigree, then the affidavit should list those that he can vouch for, and separate affidavits must be attached from the breeders of the remaining cats in the pedigree.
3. Burmese must have C.F.A. registration numbers to make them eligible for entry in C.F.A. shows. As rules made during one show season cannot become effective until the next show season. No entries will be eligible before September 1, 1953.
4. Official affidavit or registration forms will be supplied to breeders upon request to the CFA Recorder.

New Judges

Mrs. J. Harry Day has been approved to judge Siamese Specialty Shows, and Mrs. C. C. Strange to judge All Breed Shows. Both names have been placed on the Approval Pending list of C.F.A. judges.

Show Regulations

Special attention of Show officials was called to the regulations providing that only kittens entered for competition are to be allowed in the show room when two or more Specialty Shows are held in conjunction with an All Breed Show, a cat may be entered in but one

The United Cat Federation

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Earle M. Philips

VICE-PRESIDENT

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SECRETARY-RECORDER

Zelma V. Philips

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Dr. Fern Smith

We are the first Association to recognize the **Chocolate Point Siamese**, and not the old chocolate bodied Siamese accepted by much older organizations not so many years ago.

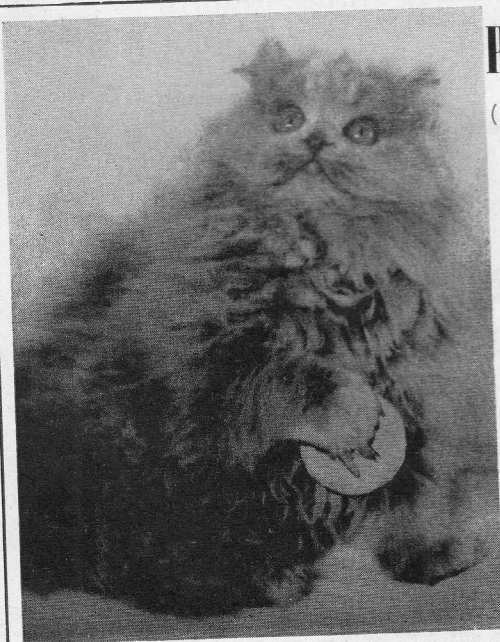
We are trying also to encourage color breeding by the **MANX** fanciers by classifying Manx in color divisions, such as Solid Color, Parti-color, Tortie and Tabby, and Mackerel Manx. This can be accomplished IF the breeders of Manx are interested in this improvement and will TRY. Look for our new standard on Manx in the near future.

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(Continued on next page)

Specialty Show in addition to the All Breed Show. Clubs were advised to provide a solution of ST-37 or Green Soap for their judges' convenience, rather than alcohol, as those have the proper germ and fungus killing properties.

Announcement was made that the next Annual Meeting of the Association will be held in the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, March 26th, 1953.

New Show Dates

Northwestern Siamese Breeders, Oakland, Calif., Nov. 29-30; *Solid Color Club of the East*, New York, N. Y., Jan. 8-9, 1953; *American Tabby & Tortie Club*, St. Petersburg, Fla., Jan. 17-18; *Short Hair Society of So. Calif.*, *California Silver Fanciers*, *California Solid Color Fanciers*, *Western Tabby & Tortie Club*, San Diego, Calif., Jan. 17-18; *California Silver Fanciers*, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 24-25; *American Tabby & Tortie Club*, Dayton, Ohio, Jan. 24-25; *Solid Color of the South*, *National Siamese Cat Club*, Houston, Texas, Feb. 21-22; *Divie Cat Club*, New Orleans, La., Jan. 10-11.

Postponed show date for the East Tennessee Cat Fanciers of Knoxville, was approved for January 31st and February 1st.

REDWOOD CAT FANCIERS (CFA) at Eureka, Calif., October 18-19, 1952—**ALL BREED**: Best Cat, Best Ch.—Ch. Dixiland Baron of Shanna Groith, OE Wh. m., Mrs. Collen Aslyn; Best OS Cat—Azulita Mamzelle, Blue f., Mrs. Marion Beller. Best OS Ch. Best S.H., Best Siamese—Ch. H.R.H. Marin Princess Always, SP f., Mrs. Spencer Smiley. Best OS S.H.—Imperial Incredible, SP m., The Dark Gauntlets. Best Nov.—Cresthaven Benedict, Blue m., Dorothy Denning; OS Hayward's L'il Angel, Chin. f., Isabel Meader. Best BP—Susie's Beau Bait, f., Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Schmidt. Best CP—Concert's Aida, f., Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Franklin. Best Abyssinian—Casa Gatos Samia O'Bogsa, f., Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Forrest. Best Kit—Cresthaven Mrr. Big of Prieta, Blue m., Mrs. Marion Beller; OS—George Anna, BP f., Ruth Fisher and Howard Cassassa. Judge—Mrs. Elsie Flaherty. **SHORT HAIR SOCIETY SPECIALTY**: Best Cat, Best Ch., Best Siamese—Ch. H.R.H. Marin Princes Always, SP f., Mrs. Spencer Smiley. Best OS Cat, Best OS Ch.: Ch. Casa Gatos Abou O'Bograe, Aby. m., Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Forrest. Best Nov.—H.R.H. Marin Princess Molynesia, SP f., Mrs. Smiley; OS—Bogae's Ilbo, BP m., Mr. and Mrs. Forrest. Best Dom. S.H.—Chota Bak Kee Tee, OE Wh f., Millie Mae, Ricki, and Mike Willoughby. Best Kit—Purrling, BP m., Ruth Fisser and Htward Cassassa; OS Bograe's Naith, Aby f., Mr. and Mrs. Forrest. Judge—Helen Etherton.

NORFOLK CAT FANCIERS, INC. (CFA) at Fort Monroe, Va., October 4-5, 1952—**ALL BREED**: Best Cat, Best Ch., Best S.H.—Ch. Chindwin's Singumin of Newton, SP f., Mrs. Arthur C. Cobb. Best OS Cat, Best OS Ch., Best LH—Ch. Moonbeam of Gaylands, Imp., Blue m., Miss Verner E. Clum. Best Nov.—Delphi Pamela, Chin. f., Mrs. R. S. Orr. OS—Hollycat Pokie, BP m., Mrs. Howard G. Stackhouse. Best D.S.H.—Ch. H.M.S. Mystical of Cobourg, Sil. Thy f., Mrs. M. E. Hoag; OS—Ch. Nor-Mont's White Snow Man, BE Wh m., Mrs. Merald E. Hoag. Best Kit—Nor-Mont Baji, Bl-Cr., Mrs. M. E. Hoag; OS—Blue Grass Cornus, SP m., Mrs. Lucas B. Combs. Judge—Mrs. Raph T. Mabie. **DOMESTIC SHORT HAIR CLUB OF THE SOUTH SPECIALTY**: Best Cat, Best Ch.—Ch. Miss Hogan, B. f., Mrs. Lee Carnahan. Best OS Cat, Best OS Ch.—Ch. Nor-Mont's White Snow Man, BE Wh m., Mrs. Merald E. Hoag. Best Nov.—Wee Acres Pet, Br. Thy. f., Mrs. Lee B. Parker; OS—Vannar's Black Sambo, Blk m., Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Van Riper. Best Kit—Miss Hogan's Skitchu, Blue m., Mrs. Lee Carnahan; OS—Almazon's Purity, OE Wh f., Mrs. R. S. Orr. Judge—Miss Kay Thoma. **NATIONAL SIAMESE CAT CLUB SPECIALTY**: Best Cat, Best Ch.—Ch. Chindwin's Singumin of Newton, SP f., Mrs. Arthur C. Cobb. Best OS Cat, Best OS Ch.—Ch. Kewalo Lei Krampert, BP m., Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Krampert. Best Nov.—Jhamael Royalist, SP m., Mrs. C. Edward Voke; OS—Cymri Sho-Bra, SP f., Mrs. L. E. Pedulla. Best Kit—Caithness Canace, BP m., Dorothy A. Dimock; OS—Blue Grass Sappho, SP f., Mrs. Lucas B. Combs. Judge—Miss Thoma. **SOLID CLUB OF THE SOUTH SPECIALTY**: Best Cat, Best Ch.—Ch. Moonbeam of Gaylands, Imp., Blu m., Miss Verner Clum. Best OS Cat, Best OS Ch.—Ch. Nor-Mont's Charlene, Blue f., Mrs. M. E. Hoag. Best Nov.—Maryland Pale Moon, Cr. m., Mrs. Josephine W. Barclay; OS—Dixi-Land Beautiful Dreamer, OE Wh f., Mrs. Barclay. Best Kit—Gayland's Stardust; OS—Ellan Vannin's Manxman, Blk Mx f., Mrs. Betty O. Youngman. Judge—Miss Thoma.

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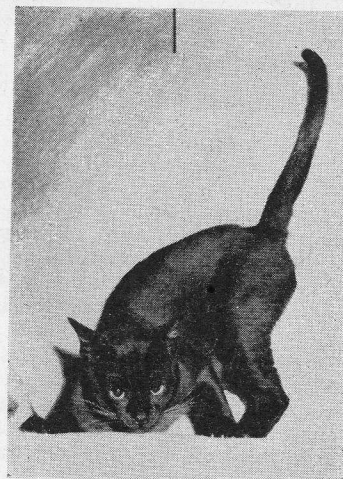
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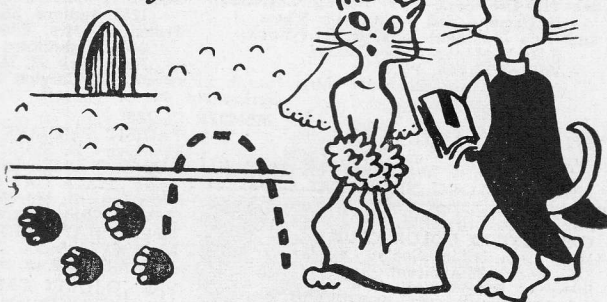


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CAT TAIL

Down in Yorktown, Texas, Anna May Duncan writes me that the family affection is divided between their Blue Persian and a gray Rhodesian monkey. One day King Arthur was tethered to the gatepost, isolation of which he disapproved chatteringly, presently Agrippa, the Blue Persian, came out to find what all the noise was about. Not for an instant did she lose her poise or dignity. Slowly she advanced toward King Arthur; with the abruptness of his kind he leaped upwards, climbing onto the low-lying bough of a tree and began to chatter nineteen to the dozen. Agrippa paid no heed to this abuse and was not deterred in any way. She followed stealthily and watchfully, jumping gracefully to the top of the gate. For some seconds she sat gazing upwards at the new pet with every appearance for tranquility, then as King Arthur showed no signs of being willing to come down and meet him half-way, so to speak, Agrippa took the initiative again and prepared to jump to the tree. This was too much for the king; he soared out-

ward and downward — his taut chain throwing him in mid air to the ground with a hard thump. He lay there quivering; the cat made no move to come near him. Sniffing his contempt he strolled back to the house and for days would have nothing to do with any of the family. Now, after living together for two years they are the best of friends, sleep together and eat together and Anna May says there is no living with King Arthur if he is not with Agrippa. He chatters and howls, refuses to eat and raises the roof generally until they are together again, and in turn Agrippa washes his face, slaps him if he does not hold still and treats him as if he were a kitten.

Down in Saint Augustine, Florida, there is a large White Persian that is owned by Dora Lindsey. This boy is called White Rock. Now White Rock likes to go fishing at low tide. He will not eat the fish raw—but will drop it before one of the family and demand that it be cooked, usually he gets his way—and it is cooked for him. Quite recently he decided he would go fishing at night, bringing his catch home and

sitting under the bedroom windows loudly demanding culinary assistance! Now White Rock cannot understand why he is not allowed outside at night.

Have you ever glanced through a Show catalogue and noticed the odd names given to cats. I am forced to believe that no one with any appreciation of the cat's patrician quality would think of calling their pet by a commonplace or plebeian name. Thomas Butler once wrote that the test of literary power is 'can he name a kitten? This I hardly agree with—but I do remember Tom Hood's *Tabitha Longclaws*, *Tiddlewink* and her three kittens, *Pepper Pot*, *Scratchaway* and *Sootkins*; and the more grandiloquent nomenclature of the *Archduke Rumpelstiltschen*!

It has been called to my attention that the chief companions of Jeremy Bentham were his cats. One he called Langbourne whose name later became Sir John Langbourne, D. D. (Only a true lover of cats would so elevate his cat in the social scale).

Reginald Wallace writes me from Colorado, (Denver), that he has introduced into his home a parrot. The bird feeling himself among strangers, climbed to the top of his perch by the help of his beak, and was rolling his eyes, which were like brass-headed nails, and blinking the white skin which served him for eyelids in a decidedly frightened manner. Madam X — the family Siamese had never seen a parrot before, this creature caused her much surprise, she sat motionless watching the bird in profound meditation. You could almost read her thoughts of what she had been able to gather on the roof, in the yard, or the garden—she finally seemed to decide that the parrot was a green chicken. Madam X fixed her eyes on him with fascinating intensity, those eyes told the parrot just what to expect. (We were watching her — ready to intervene if necessity arose.) Her pink nose quivered, she half closed her eyes and her contractile claws went in and out—little shivers went down her spine, her back arched like a bow and in one elastic bound she was on the perch. The parrot, knowing well his danger, asked in a deep, solemn voice, "Do you play Gin Rummy?" Madam X dropped to the floor in terror—all her ornithological ideas were upset. She hid herself under the bed and stayed there the rest of the day. It was months before they became friends—the green chicken and the Siamese.

Edna Matthews writes me from Arizona that she has a Tortoiseshell—the most beautiful thing on four feet one day she was in the city and found some goldfish—with the same markings! I wonder what happened!

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MR. JAGGERS' MEXICAN TRIP

er indulged our whim for trying sand any other substitute. One of the bell-boys moved the box an inch or two, hoping to entice the cat into it. "Es no dormido?" he asked, folding his hands against his cheek to indicate sleep. My husband said no and let it go at that. Disillusioning these young men would have been poor thanks for their enthusiastic attentions.

Later that evening we met another young American couple in the bar and learned that their arrival that day had been far less spectacular.

During our entire stay, we could not enter the Victoria lobby without having to answer numerous solicitous questions regarding Mr. Jaggers' health, his appetite, his siesta, and his comfort in general. He remained in our room most of the time. The occasions when we did air him were often confusing and much too exciting for his temperament. Our aplomb was much shaken one afternoon as we circled the swimming pool, when we discovered a little old man following us stealthily on tiptoe. He was talking to himself and pointing at Mr. Jaggers.

(Continued from page 6)

When the latter spied his own reflection in the pool and took a poke at it with one paw, the little man nearly collapsed with laughter, and we were afraid lest the attack prove fatal.

We saw no other cat while we were in Mexico. Since Mr. Jaggers was such an oddity, we wondered if perhaps there were no other cats there. We decided there probably were, but that the climate induced interminable feline siestas, thus keeping them out of sight. It is most probable that Siamese cats are a rarity, and we have since discovered that Mr. Jaggers makes an impression wherever we go.

The day we planned to leave Mexico, we realized we had made no souvenir purchases. We indulged in a short shopping spree and returned to the hotel with, among other things, a colorful hand-woven basket which, I enthusiastically explained to J. R., would be "just wonderful for fruit and that sort of thing." It is quite small, not more than a foot in diameter.

We have never used it for fruit . . . or anything. Mr. Jaggers took a fancy

of response.

"This is going to be our cat", said Mr. Ainslie firmly. "I like him".

"Oh, but Jim, he's such a scrawny—" Mr. Ainslie choked a little and Mrs. Tabby frowned—"er, that is, he's not nearly as pretty as these kittens", she hastened, "see how dainty they are."

"This cat's a mouser", said Mr. Ainslie, "you can tell by looking at him". Henry gave the limp mouse a cuff and rolled on it, his eyes adoring Mr. Ainslie. "And he's got character, too. Why he has more spunk in him than both those little kitties put together. Want to live with us, Henry?"

Henry continued to bat at his mouse, and Mrs. Tabby, bursting with pride, eyed him tenderly. Henry had made good! He needn't be a barn cat, and she could keep the girls awhile longer. She watched him as Mr. Ainslie wiped off the blue paint with a rag lying handy, and lifted him to his shoulder.

"Good-bye, Henry", purred Mrs. Tabby. "Good mousing! and remember to wash your face and paws after meals!"

"Good-bye", chirped Henry. Already he seemed to have forgotten old familiar days and to be looking eagerly toward the future as he rode away in triumph.

It seemed a little empty when Mrs. Tabby and the two girls were left alone in the basement, so Mrs. Tabby gave them each another bath to keep herself from noticing the silence.

"You're good children", she said as she washed—"and you'll get fine homes yourselves pretty soon. Perhaps you'd better learn to mouse, though", she added after a thoughtful pause, "just being beautiful doesn't seem to be enough these days!"

MRS. TABBY'S DISCOVERY

Mr. Ainslie looked a trifle bored; he showed very little enthusiasm for either of the furry charmers. Mrs. Tabby eyed him a shade resentfully.

"Suit yourself, Myrna; it's nothing in my life", said Mr. Ainslie.

Just as he spoke, a hideous crash reverberated through the basement. Mrs. Tabby and the kittens jumped nervously, and fluffed their tails to frighten whatever menaced them, and the Woman wheeled to peer into the corner where the noise had sounded. There was a rustling and scratching, and suddenly out from behind a basket came Henry. Mrs. Tabby gave a little mew of mortification: half of his head was covered with blue paint—he must have upset that can the Man had laid on the lowest shelf the other night—and there were dust and cobwebs in his whiskers. He was a sight! Mrs. Tabby looked harder, and could scarcely believe what she saw! Henry had caught a mouse! He swaggered forward, the mouse swaying from his tight-locked jaws, and as he came, he uttered stifled cries of triumph. He strutted up to Mr. Ainslie and with a rather touching air of pride, deposited the mouse at his feet.

"Good Heavens", said Mrs. Ainslie faintly, drawing back a trifle.

"Oh, Henry!" said the Woman—"just look at your fur!"

"Henry?" said Mr. Ainslie, his face alight with interest. "Henry, you're a fine fellow. It takes a man to appreciate a cat like you. Look, Myrna, he brought a mouse to me! That's a darned interesting animal." He leaned over and picked up Henry, paint and all, and was rewarded by a blue streak on his shoe where Henry flung himself in an ecstasy

(Continued from page 11)

to it when we put it in the car that day, and ever since he has been partial to curling up in it for catnips. Considering he is a large cat, weighing more than 15 pounds, we believe this quite a feat. As J. R. explains, it is only because the basket was not intended for a bed that Mr. Jaggers likes to sleep in it. He has never been of a conventional nature.

Now that we are home again, our Mr. Jaggers has resettled very nicely into his normal routine. He watches while I wash the dishes. He disperses the dust whenever I sweep it into a neat pile. He sits for hours in the bathtub, fascinated by the drip from the tap. And twice he has jumped into the tub to find, to his horror, that I had filled it, preparatory to taking a bath. To our consternation, he enjoys the role of kibitzer when we play chess. Often, becoming impatient when we ponder a move, he will whip out a paw and send a piece flying across the board.

J. R. is once more serving with the Air Force. Whenever possible, Mr. Jaggers and I will accompany him on his tour of duty. At such times, my husband and I are confident "el gato" will see to it that we make out all right.

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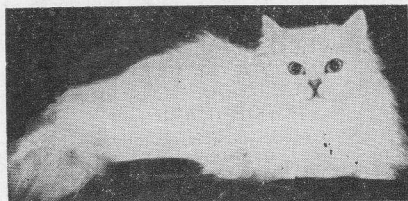
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Mews and Views from the West

I really felt summer was over—but with the temperature in the eighties today, it feels like summer decided to make a return visit. Bathed my Black Persian Maya today, in preparation for a show and could sit out in the warm sun to towel her dry.

It doesn't seem possible it is again show time, but the calendar certainly points to November 8-9, when Angel City Cat Fanciers will hold their Tenth Annual Show. The calendar is ticking off the days too when I shall go to the Air Port to pick up beautiful Bentveld Rosemary of Flagstone, IMP, and also her Playmate Ch. Flagstone's Cutest One, Cream female—together with Ch. Kiva's Kri Kri, black female who is flying in from her recent win of Best Cat and Best Champion in the Solid Color Specialty judged by Mrs. H. O. Reed. Kiva is indeed proud to have for a short time the care of these lovely queens. Will let you know later how they come out in the Angel City Cat Fanciers show.

Las Montanas (cattery of Miss Mell Rusell) too is full with shipped in beauties from Flagstone; one in particular, Tres Chic, cream female which was just awarded Best Novice in Minneapolis All Breed show, judged by Mr. D. Deans Henderson.

My husband and I drove to San Diego the week end of October 18th and 19th, wheel chair and all, and exhibited our cats at the Feline Fantasy (yup that's what they called it) put on by the Silvergate Cat Club (ACA) of San Diego. This was their first show, and from an exhibitors standpoint, I would say a successful one. Such courtesy was ex-

tended to us all and a friendly atmosphere existed throughout the show.

Noticed always a crowd around Sgt. Bo Bo's cage—he is a household pet, who has traveled the world over with his Marine owner. He was being boarded at Casa Contenta, and without "Warning" the owners Helen Van Zele entered him in this show. He too is "battle scarred" part of a tail remains as evidence of his whole hearted participation in the Marine Corps as their mascot.

On exhibition were "SIANX." Is this to be a new breed? They were Siamese-Manx breeding. The color and type of a Seal Point Siamese — but NO TAIL. They were bred and owned by Fern Westfall.

I noticed a crowd always around a cage of Beautiful Pale Blue Persians exhibited by Mrs. Walker Johnston—They were at that adorable kitten age—and so full of play. I wanted to put everyone of them in my pocket and take them home with me.

Mrs. Helen Amos, of Lakeside, California informs me her Silver Male "Mike", can now be called Double Grand Champion Michael of Beverly-Serrano, completing his Double Grand Championship at the Silver Gate show, as he was judged Best Cat and Best Champion under Miss Floy McGill in the All Breed. Another popular award under Miss McGill was her Best Cat Opposite Sex to exquisite Grand Champion Ambigi, Abyssinian female, bred and owned by Alice Archibald. Other top awards will be published in the regular show report next month.

I was so sorry to receive a letter from Rita Wilson (Ri-Bo Cattery) saying her husband Bob Wilson has been and still is very ill and will not be able to show their cats this year. Mrs. Margaret L. Newton of Miami, Florida now has their Red Tabby Mackeral Manx and will be shown at the Miami Cat Fanciers, (CFA) show, December 12-13.

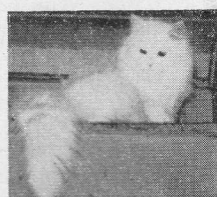
Several of their cats are being leased, including two beautiful Chocolate Points to Grace and Bob Forrest of Sacramento. I was also sorry to hear Ri-Bo lost several valuable cats through illness. It is indeed hard to see this happen when everything is done to save them.

I myself had misfortune in the cattery this year, when I lost two lovely Silver kittens, and a most beautiful Smoke female kitten. It was NOT from Infectious Enteritis as was "whispered" about in this locality. My Veterinarian Dr. James S. Winston, of Van Nuys, California, asked that I state publicly this fact, and if there are still doubters get in touch with him.

Good luck to all.

Ala May Mc

(Letters and information for "Mews and Views" should be sent direct to Mrs. Miles at 4435 Longridge Avenue, Sherman Oaks, California.)



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MRS. RICHARD O'DONOVAN, owner

(Continued
from page 5)

"After I was born," Bafen said, "my mother kept me hidden in an old barn. Then one day the owner of the barn found me and carried me in a box with a tight lid to his car. He drove a long distance, then turned me loose.

"A wild dog chased me and I climbed an oak, where I stayed for two whole days. Then I came down in the middle of the night and caught a field mouse. For a long time I lived on mice and lizards. Then one day a man and a woman, camping in the woods, saw me. The man made a squatty little trap out of sticks and baited it with canned salmon. And the first thing I knew, I was caught.

"I was brought to this city and kept in a cage. But twice every day I was taken out for food and exercise. And when I was tame enough to live in the house, I was brushed and petted and wore a red ribbon round my neck.

"A month ago the man and woman quarreled. The woman went to bed, sneezing, coughing, and whenever she looked at the photograph of her husband on her dressing table, she began to cry."

"That marriage should have been annulled," Si spoke with authority. "Don't you realize, Bafen, that the poor woman was allergic to her husband?"

"But he must have been allergic to her," Bafen said. "He packed his suitcase and left. And in a few days she locked me out and moved away. She even forgot to take the silly ribbon off my neck."

"I should think," mused Si, "that a ribbon would greatly improve your looks."

"That ribbon almost finished me," Bafen said, making an ugly face. "When I climbed a fence, to get away from a big dog what was chasing me, the ribbon caught on a wire and there I was dangling in space for a few minutes, until I could gain a footing. Then I wriggled and twisted until I had worn out the crazy ribbon and was able to spring to the ground."

"Then what did you do?" Si demanded.

"Then I tried to beg. But people would say, 'Beat it, you scrawny little back-fence cat!' and throw stones or even soapy water at me. One time, for a whole day I was blinded by soapy water. Now you understand why I hate people."

"Bafen," Si spoke earnestly, his paw touching her shoulder, "you must be sensible. You must change your way of thinking. You mustn't brood on your unpleasant experiences; but remember the good things in your life. Remember what the lady did for you before she locked you out. And whenever people talk to you or pick you up, you must never spit or hiss or scratch or bite. And what I'm going to tell you now, Bafen, you must always remember: The instant that you really and truly love people, you won't want to spit and hiss and scratch and bite. You'll have no

more allergy and before you can say 'Rats!' you'll be eating like a queen."

Bafen looked thoughtful. "I wish I could believe you, Si. But please stop talking and try again to push over this ash can. I'm so hungry I could eat the can, all that's in it, and the lid."

"Come on," urged Si, leading the way. "Follow me to the Palmers' kitchen door." A moment later, as Bafen stood three feet behind him, Si yowled at the top of his lungs, "Youuuuuul, youuuuuul, youuuuuul;" his voice rose higher than the sounds of church bells calling men, women, and children to Christmas service.

After a long time the doorknob turned and Si looked away, leaving the little gray cat standing in the middle of the porch.

A young girl with brown curls and a reddish nose stepped outside and looked down at Bafen.

"Why, you adorable kitty," she said, bending to pet the trembling little creature. "A white bib and three white feet and one gray foot. If you weren't so skinny, you'd be absolutely beautiful. But what a big noise you make!"

The girl picked up Bafen and held her close, stroking her from the tips of her ears to the end of her tail. "I'm glad I have a bad cold and couldn't go to church," she said. "Or I might never have found you. Hungry, you sweet little thing?"

Si, who had hopped to the ground, stood under a bush within sight and sound of the girl and the cat she held so snugly in her arms. He saw Bafen squirm and bare her teeth and he wished, with all his being, that she wouldn't start to hiss and bite and scratch, and then run away.

"All right, darling," said the little girl. "You don't need to be afraid. Stay here and I'll bring you some canned salmon. And after we eat, you shall have some Christmas turkey."

Late that afternoon Si, with little mincing steps and whipping his tail in royal pride, approached Bafen as she stood on the Palmers' front porch.

"So you're washing your face?" he teased. "After two big meals, I'm wondering how you can even stand up." Then Si added, "Feel all right?" "You're not going to be allergic to Nancy, are you?"

"I feel fine and I'm never going to be allergic to human beings again," Bafen said firmly. "I adore Nancy. And if other people let me alone, I'll be happy."

"Good!" Sid rubbed his head against her cheek. "You realize now that people are almost as wonderful as cats."

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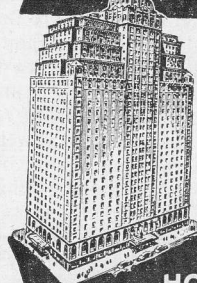
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The Back Fence

University of Chicago scientists have discovered that cats can distinguish colors more readily than dogs. Dr. N. R. Brewer, in announcing results of the University's experiments, said that "cats . . . have it all over dogs in their ability to see colors", the dogs seeming to live in a "gray world", much like the world of ordinary black-and-white newspaper halftone pictures, although the dogs do nevertheless have "keen perception of gradation in light shades." The color vision of the cats was determined by showing them over a long period of time that if they placed their paw on a red button, they got fed. Once the idea got across, the cats invariably picked the red button out of an array of colors, according to the report by Dr. Brewer.

Over in England cats are not doing badly, either. Harry Batsford, a publisher who died a few months ago at the age of 71, left in his will £1000 (\$2800) to Britain's hungry cats. Dr. Batsford did not own a cat since life in his London flat would not permit it, but he carried in his pockets tidbits for all the wandering derelicts he found on bomb sites, in back streets, or just going to and from work. The cats were one of the chief solaces of Dr. Batsford's life, the lean and hungry ones he especially liked to feed. He thought also that dogs were generally looked after, but cats often left to fend for themselves, and according to terms of his will, the money is to be used for articles or propaganda "especially combating the pernicious idea that cats can feed themselves, that they must live on what they can, i.e., that they hunt and mouse better if half-starved." We wish we could proclaim this message from the rooftops of every large American city. And some of the suburbs too.

Now, our department of irony: In Tokyo, Geisha girls, according to a dispatch in the Knickerbocker (Albany) News, have held memorial services for the souls of 80,000 cats, killed annually to produce strings for the traditional 3-stringed instruments used by the girls.

Dept. of nearly utter confusion—Mrs. Hazel Hill of Jackson, Mich., whose mother cat had 4 kittens, offered to give them away through the local Humane Society. Man answering the ad in person wanted a full-grown male for a mouser. Mrs. Hill remembered a young male left over from a previous litter, gave it to the unknown man. Man left. Mrs. Hill discovered she had given away the mother cat, leaving kittens motherless. Certainly hope the adopter saw Mrs. Hill's story in the paper and returned for his proper mouser. Hate to say this, Mrs. Hill, but we think you handled this whole thing rather badly from the start.

Cats rise above it all, however. In the Milwaukee Zoo, a Mother cat was taking care of a leopard cub deserted by its mother. A Pomeranian dog was taking care of that cat's real family, which she no longer had time for. And another dog was rearing the little Pomeranians. This could go on for quite some time.

Little Louis Paul, Jr., age 5, owes his life to his tiger cat, Maud. He and Maud, playing in a deserted but furnished house next door, climbed in an old ice box and one of them shut the door. The door locked, and that might have been the end of both Louis and Maud, except that Mrs. Paul, searching for Louis sometime later, heard a faint meowing coming from the icebox. She opened the door to find Maud, not able to stand, scarcely breathing, and her son, unconscious and blue. For 15 minutes she applied artificial respiration and the little boy revived. When she put a hot towel on Maud's head, Maud revived completely too. The picture of the happy outcome of this episode we saw shows Louis gazing gratefully into Maud's eyes as he holds her paw gently to say thank you.

One special thing we'd like to see—The new ballet now in the repertoire of the Ballet Company called "Ladies of Midnight". The ballet, about a young musician invited to play at a wedding, goes on to tell how the house he is sent to turns out to be inhabited entirely by cats which one day a month become human. On this day, the musician played and fell in love with Agatha, a girl, but also a beautiful white cat. Agatha turns completely into a girl, marries the musician, then

is serenaded in her new home by all the cats who beg her to return to them. To quote one reviewer, "The music sound effects are interplayed with back-fence invitations yowls and the steps involve such dizzying leaps and violent bounds from roof-to-earth that the musician concludes the ballet by dying, with the lovely Agatha following suit."

Detractors of the cat are busy these days, too. Henry F. Long, tax collector from Massachusetts, is still trying to put through a cat tax. One newspaper, in an effort to sound out different boards of assessors sent a reporter around to several Greater Boston communities and we're sorry to report that almost all parties interviewed had pseudo-humorous, deprecating remarks to make about cats in general, as well as cats as taxable property. Just a reminder that such people do exist. Then you can plan to avoid letting your cat set eyes on them. Is it because people are discontent, we wonder, that they take their feelings out on things such as cats.

"Discontent, they say, is divine; I am quite sure anyway that discontent is human. The monkey was the first morose animal, for I have never seen a truly sad face on animals except in the chimpanzee." So says Lin Yutang in "On Being Human" from his invaluable "The Importance of Living."

Much as we admire Dr. Lin and turn from time to time to choice bits from all his books for sustenance, we feel his observations of cats, or even dogs, were here shown to be incomplete. Or perhaps his admiration for monkeys, whom he admittedly considered the cleverest of all animals, momentarily beclouded his excellent vision. At any rate, in our opinion cats can not only be discontented and sad, they can *show* quite clearly that they are. Henrietta Hitchcock, cat authority for the New York World-Telegram, substantiates this belief in a recent column on the moods of cat. She describes the drawn, furrowed ridges which appear vertically across the skull of a worried cat. In Siamese, especially, where the bone structure is already prominent, we've noticed this look, a look which makes us want to draw a hand across the forehead as we do sometimes across a human forehead, saying "Don't worry. It's going to be all right." Persians too can worry, though they seem to be *more* expert at fretting. They are like a beautiful little girl at Sunday School, dressed in her best dress, very mad about something. She does not quite let herself go and looking miserable the way a Siamese does, but she certainly does look fretful. As for our dearest friends, the Domestic Short Hair or garden variety of cat, they above all who have so much to endure, they can surely reveal in their faces the miseries they have seen, in fact to call them merely discontent or morose is often to idealize greatly their appearance. It would be hard to imagine a human looking more dejected than the cat which elsewhere on these pages is pictured embedded in concrete. When human beings look that dejected, they usually have already jumped.

Delight in the knowledge that your dear pet will never have to look that way. Be happy, even when your pet has to undergo discomforts—that first car ride, the initial visit to the vet, the time you stepped on his tail, without explanations in cat language. In time, your actions plus the tone of your voice will do much to bridge that language gap and he will understand perhaps more words that you suppose of your non-cat-tongue explanations.

Happy, contented pets about the hearth are among the blessings we should count gratefully as this year fades away. In closing, we'd like to quote from another chapter of Lin Yutang's: "There are sometimes in many of us too many *staccatos* or *impetuosos*, and because the tempo is wrong, the music is not pleasing to the ear; we might have more of the grand rhythm and majestic tempo of the Ganges, flowing slowly and eternally into the sea." Doesn't that passage sound like it might have been inspired by a contented old Tom or Tabby cat, a cat which has grown from frisky kittenhood through adolescence, adult cat-life, to old age, whose whole life is the "beautiful arrangement" Dr. Lin would have us seek in ours? We can envy the placid cat. We can strive to imitate it. Above all, we can be happy in the knowledge that we, its owners, have brought about in large degree the peaceful tranquility that lies now about its body and glistens quietly in its eyes.—A.M.

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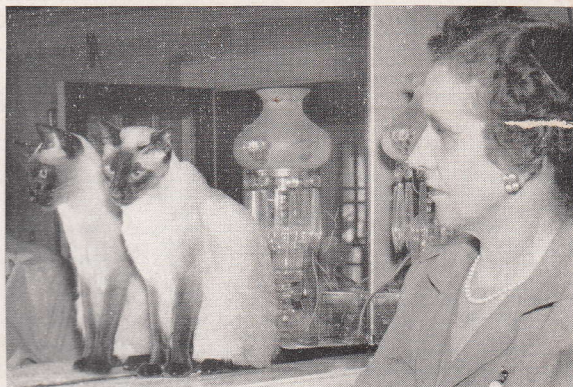
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