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# Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



PALS !

Bobby the parrot and MYOWNE HESALOVE are great friends. They belong to Mrs A. E. Vice, the popular Banstead (Surrey) fancier. Hesalove is a Blue Longhair son of Myowne Bronwyn and Champion Myowne Gallant Homme, the Blue male who was sold last year to France for a record sum. Photo by the "Daily Herald."

JUNE 1953

1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>6</sub>

**CAT INSPIRES AN ORATORIO (see page 3)**





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- ✓ Same fine quality!
- ✓ Same generous quantity!

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**FEEDS A CAT BETTER  
MORE CHEAPLY THAN  
EVER BEFORE**

CHAPPIE LIMITED OF MELTON MOWBRAY



# Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING

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

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

VOL. 5 No. 6

JUNE 1953

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MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

**THE MAGAZINE THAT SPANS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS**



*M. Littledale*

**“ Who cares, anyway ! ”**

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## A Coming Treat for Cat Lovers

THERE will be more than 200 exhibits at the unique Cats through the Ages Exhibition to be held next month at the R.W.S. Gallery, Conduit Street, W.1. These vary from a Picasso lithograph to cats in gold, lapis, silver and other precious materials fashioned by Egyptian artists 3,000 years ago. Many well-known artists and famous cat lovers, including Lady Aberconway, Mr. James Mason, Mr. Michael Joseph and Miss Margot Fonteyn have lent items of great interest.

Apart from cats in pictures and ceramic cats, there are some remarkable textiles in which the motif is the cat. A lovely silk gives the impression of the coat of a Longhair with cat's eyes looking out from it here and there. From Sweden comes a furnishing material in which the Siamese cat in a dozen different poses is most ingeniously made into a pattern.

Many distinguished contemporary artists are represented in the eighty original paintings and drawings. Mr. Ronald Searle has drawn two pictures specially—and his cats are as good as his children.

Breeders will be particularly interested in a picture-diagram that has been specially painted for the exhibition by M. Stok from data supplied by Dr. Nora Archer. This picture shows the cat's "family tree" where the evolution of the breeds of different colours is concerned. It is possible to see at a glance the genetic make-up of some forty different kinds of cat—including some which are experimentally possible but have not yet been actually bred.

It is certain cat lovers have never before had the chance of seeing so many treasures under one roof.

### "CATS THROUGH THE AGES"

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Admission, including catalogue, 3s. 6d. Anyone unable to visit the Exhibition can obtain a copy of the annotated catalogue describing the unique exhibits for 2s. 6d., post free, from the Exhibition Manager, Frank Williams, 92 Chiltern Road, Sutton, Surrey.

The Exhibition is organised by the International Association of Abyssinian Cat Owners (President: Lady Welby) and the profits will be divided between S.S.A.F.A. and charities devoted to the welfare of cats.

## "Largest Piece of Cat Music"

### HOW I CAME TO WRITE IT

By DR. RUTH GIPPS, D.Mus., A.R.C.M.

**PREFACE:** "... It is fairly safe to assert that Dr. Ruth Gipp's oratorio "The Cat," which had its first complete performance at Birmingham Town Hall on February 20, is the largest piece of cat-music ever composed. It is, I think, a very beautiful piece of music, born of a genuine and entirely un-whimsical devotion to its subject. Miss Gipps chose her anthology-text with lively enterprise. Here are none of the obvious cats: neither Gray's pensive Selima of the goldfish tragedy, nor Kipling's elusive playmate, nor Harold Monro's agate-eyed milk-addict, nor any of Mr. Eliot's crazy clowder. ... I am convinced that "The Cat" deserves further hearings and a publisher. Reaction to it is bound, of course, in some measure to depend upon one's habitual reaction to its furry subject."—J. F. Waterhouse in "The Birmingham Post."

"Not every cat can boast of having been the inspiration behind a musical composition. But Torquil the Tabby was no doubt happy to think he had inspired his mistress, Dr. Ruth Gipps, when she wrote the work that completed her doctorate four years ago and which is to be given its first performance at Birmingham Town Hall... The work is dedicated to the late R. O. Morris, the great expert on counterpoint, with whom Dr. Gipps studied composition at the Royal College of Music... The whole work was written in 1947, the year in which Dr. Gipps's young son was born and the performance will take place on her thirty-first birthday."—Birmingham Mail.

WHEN it was first announced in the Press that I had completed a choral work entitled "The Cat," most people seemed to think it

was a musical joke. After the first performance of the Prelude, one surprised critic headed his write-up "The Cat was not so Flippant." Later, when the work was performed complete in Birmingham Town Hall with soloists, double choir and orchestra, the critic of the *Birmingham Post* opened his remarks with the apparently facetious reference to "the largest piece of cat music," and



DR. RUTH GIPPS, the composer



followed it up with a serious article occupying three half-columns.

I had not, myself, regarded the subject facetiously, since I consider that cats, for all their sense of humour, are worthy to be taken perfectly seriously. Moreover one can work out a whole philosophy on the difference between the cat people and the dog people. By that I don't mean the lovers of the two rival races—many people, like myself, love both—but the cat-minded people and the dog-minded people.

The dog-minded are possessive in their attachments; they cannot let friend, child, husband or wife go out for independent enjoyment without that sad I-am-not-wanted look, that intense curiosity about the other party's activities. The cat-minded people are more mature; they can get along by themselves without loneliness; in fact they appreciate some time alone, and they leave the cat-hole open for their friends to come and go as they wish, without restrictions or reproaches.

With this attitude to cats, and of course a suitably deferential attitude to our own cat (at that time a tabby named Torquil) it is natural that when I had to write a lengthy choral work my mind should have turned in the direction it did. The occasion was the need to complete my D.Mus degree.

### Search for a Subject

After all the palaver of B.Mus (in three parts), the lawful five years' interval, and the gruelling three days known as D.Mus. Part I—followed by a prayer of thanksgiving that one need never, never sit another exam—the next requirement is to submit an "exercise." This is not, as it sounds, eight bars of four-part harmony; it has to be a forty-minute work for soloists, two choruses, and full orchestra. (Another rule, which in 1947 proved a real headache, is that it has to be bound in stiff boards and lettered down the spine.)

Now, it is feasible to pass an academic examination by submitting an exercise in, say, the style of Handel. But no composer with any sense is going to spend the necessary months writing a massive work of no feasible musical value or originality. So the necessity is to find a subject which lends itself to treatment in one's own style, but also in the medium laid down. For this purpose I searched through the Bible, some of the Apocryphal writings, and various books of poetry—and found nothing I felt ready to tackle. Until I picked up that fascinating book "A Clowder of Cats," edited by W. S. Scott, and thought of combining various extracts from it.

### Essence of Cathood

From then on it became clear that the lettering down the spine would simply announce *The Cat*, and that the music would endeavour to express the very essence of cathood—the aristocrat, the stray in need of compassion, the mother, the spoilt beauty, and most of all, the friend. My husband said that any panel of examiners would fail me immediately on seeing the title of the work. For once, just once, he was wrong.

My choral work is divided into four sections, each based on material from "The Clowder." The Prelude depicts the story of Mahomet cutting off the hem of his garment rather than disturb his cat which lay asleep upon it. The first choral sections consists of three stories of Jesus with cats, taken from "The Gospel of the Holy Twelve," with the contralto as narrator, the baritone as Jesus, and the choir as the crowd.

Next comes a quiet movement, "The Cat as Friend," with Swinburne's "To a Cat" treated as a madrigal, followed by Michael Joseph's "To a Siamese Cat" as a simple baritone solo with a softly purring accompaniment. The final movement is a rollicking double chorus on Smart's "My Cat Jeoffry," unashamedly including remarks about fleas,

(Continued on page 6)

## "Wot! No Rabbit?"

By CECIL C. BAINES

ONE evening during the war I was dining in a Soho restaurant and as I picked my way through the stewed rabbit masquerading as chicken en casserole I noticed that the eminently respectable couple at the next table were making neat little heaps on their plates. Presently I saw them scoop their portions of rabbit into a piece of paper. The woman turned to me and said, more triumphantly than apologetically: "We always do this—we have a cat."

I began to daydream about the time when I would live in the country, have a cat and rabbit to feed it with just for the asking. This dream has come true. I do live in the country, I have two Abyssinian queens and some kittens. But if you think I can have a rabbit just for the asking, then you townsfolk are very much mistaken.

I can have rabbit—at the normal price—if I am prepared to go the twenty-six miles there and back to either of my two nearest towns. One of my neighbours makes quite a tidy addition to his income by trapping and selling rabbits for a London butcher. I asked him if he would supply me with several rabbits a week at a few pence less per pound than I was paying in the town. But it seems that he has a contract and unless I can offer him a better one he is very sorry—but there it is.

I suggested to my husband: "Take the gun out one evening and give the dogs some practice in retrieving."

My husband looked at me and asked: "Do you know how much cartridges cost? Ninepence each."

My spirits rose: "That'll be the cheapest rabbit I've ever had."

"Rabbits?" exclaimed my husband. "If there were any rabbits left do you suppose the fox would be gnawing at the chicken arks every night?"

"Very well," said I, "get me a couple of wood pigeons and I bet they'll cost only a fraction of what they're sold for in the shops."

It seems that a man who can bring down a wood pigeon even at the expense of several cartridges is a better shot than my husband has ever pretended to be.

The butcher learned of my dilemma and agreed that feeding cats is no easy problem. "You shall have lights every time I bring you liver" was his promise. It was several weeks before I discovered that he gets an allocation of liver every two or three months. However, the butcher took to bringing marrow bones and stocking tinned cat food.

### Marrow Rejected

The two Labradors got their quota of marrow bones which they sucked much in the same way as a child pulls on a lollypop. It occurred to me that I was on to a good thing. I went to my cookery books and to my surprise discovered that only Mrs. Beeton gave a recipe for cooking marrow. I adapted this to my pressure cooker with excellent results but the Abyssinians turned up their noses at it. Marrow on toast now appears to rapturous applause on our menu from time to time. It is surprising how few people have ever eaten or heard of it before!

I have a theory which I have proved over and over again and it is: A small quantity of absolutely fresh food is more nutritious and cheaper than a larger



quantity of slightly stale food. I expounded this theory to my visiting fishmonger over his baskets and boxes of slightly flabby fish and he suggested that I try the harbour.

The fishmarket was quite deserted and the attractive little harbour sunk in apathy, all the dinghies and yachts lying on their sides amid a vast expanse of sloppy sand. I made my way to one of the stalls on which the winkles all ready to be eaten were lying in saucers flanked by vinegar bottles. "Closed? Of course it is. How do you think the fishing smacks come in at low tide, dear? On flippers?"

### Quite a Job!

I then took to studying the times of the tides and dallied with the idea of a midnight expedition but eventually settled for a more prosaic hour and found the fishmarket a hive of activity. Now we have a fish special to this part of the world called huss. It is of the dogfish family, has a hideous spotted skin the texture of sandpaper but no bones except for the dorsal one and is therefore very suitable for cats and kittens.

I decided to buy some of this but had to wait until the big lots had been cleared only to discover that there was nothing left for me. "Try a fish and chips bar, dear," I was advised. "That's where all the huss goes." I tried several but was out of luck. "Quite a job to get it, dear. It all goes to London."

In our part of the world little lambs don't eat ivy but sometimes they fall into dykes and drown, so for a while supplies were steady. This happy state of affairs did not last very long and I was soon back on the old trail.

One day—my rabbit shop is always closed in the lunch hour—I went to my favourite tea-rooms and because the tourist season had begun found myself sharing a table with a couple whose faces seemed vaguely familiar. Towards the end of the meal I identified them as

the couple I had sat next to in the Soho restaurant that night during the war.

Greatly daring, I asked: "Do you still collect food for your cat?"

After the first momentary surprise and when I had reminded them of the incident conversation flowed freely and I learned they now had four cats and still lived in London.

"Any difficulty about feeding your cats?" I asked.

None at all considering that a fishmonger, poulterer, butcher, and animal meat shop were just down the road. I listened with envy.

"But, of course, it's not like the country with everything absolutely fresh and all on your doorstep."

I took a very deep breath, and held it. Then very meekly I said: "Not quite."



### CAT MUSIC

(Concluded from page 4)

and kicking "up behind to clear away there."

It is not for me to discuss the music itself. What I have to say, I have said in the music. The Prelude was performed by the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra almost immediately; the choral sections had to wait for a while, and I had the pleasure of conducting the first complete performance myself last year, with Edith Hack and Stanley Mason as soloists, the choirs of the C.B.S.O. Listeners' Club and Saltley College, and a first-class little professional orchestra.

So there is now a choral work for those who subscribe to the philosophy of cats; a work part religious, part secular, whose quality I am in no position to discuss, but whose absolute honesty I can guarantee.

## A page for the proletarian puss No. 36



Gwyneth Pemethorne

### JUNGLE CAT!





**"TONY"** (Grand and Double Champion Maple Leaf's Antoine of Khyber) with a few of his ribbons

**MRS. HAROLD LEE** of 159 Tuxedo Avenue S., Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, writes :—

*"Would you please despatch my order for Kit-zyme immediately or I fear I am going to be out of the tablets before the new ones arrive."*

*I have no doubt that some members of my cat family will, if necessary, condescend to take ordinary yeast tablets as a temporary measure, but dear old Tony—the subject of my photograph—simply refuses anything but the best and demands his Kit-zyme. And if on occasion, he decides that he doesn't want his dinner, all I have to do is to crush a couple of tablets and sprinkle over his meat . . . it always goes down fast then!*

*Before Tony came to make his home with me and my other cats—amongst which, incidentally are some of his children—he was very famous at Cat Shows both in Canada and the U.S.A., when exhibited by its owner, Mrs. M. Pugh of Toronto. Although now an 'older gentleman,' Tony is still in wonderful condition and I am sure it is the regular use of Kit-zyme that keeps him so fit.*

*By the way, it is not only English cats that help themselves from the Kit-zyme tin. My two Siamese do this and the Persians sit around and wait for the inevitable tablet or two that slip through their paws."*

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## Quiz!

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

### Night Light

**It is often said that cats can see in the dark. Is this true?**

No animal can see in the dark for the simple reason that all seeing with the eyes is dependent upon light. It is, however, true that a cat has better sight at night than humans have. The bat is sometimes said to be able to see in the dark, but here we are up against a very interesting scientific fact. A bat can fly in the dark because it flies by hearing and not by sight. There is a kind of radar equipment which all bats possess. The fact that a cat's eyes glow in the dark does not mean that it carries its own electric torch with it. Unless a light shines on the cat's eyes they could not possibly glow.

### Tree Climbers

**Why is it that some cats have to be rescued from trees while others seem able to climb up and then later get down without difficulty?**

This is just a combination of intelligence and experience. It is easy enough for a cat to climb up a tree because the claws are hooked and prevent the cat from slipping. Once up the tree the cat has to think out the correct method of descent. It is then that you soon realise that some cats are more intelligent than others. The first occasion presents a bit of a problem and then almost by accident the cat seems to solve this problem. If it tries to come down head first, it slips and at once hangs on to the nearest branch. Slowly the idea of coming down backwards formulates through realising that there is no slipping in this position because the curve of the claws can come into operation. Once a cat has learned to come down backwards, it will not usually need a second

lesson. You yourself can help your cat if you have to rescue it by placing it in this tail down position when it is at a safe distance from the ground.

### Milk and Stomach Trouble

**Milk is a complete food and I had always understood that it was good for cats. I find, however, that my cat which likes milk and will steal it from the jug if I am not looking always has looseness of the bowel after drinking milk. Can you explain this?**

Milk is a complete food in the sense that it supplies all the nutritional needs of a young animal. Thus cow's milk is good for calves, goat's milk is good for kids and so on. But this does not prove that any milk is good for any young animal. It often works well when goat's milk is fed to kittens, but there is no certainty about this. Your cat obviously has a digestive idiosyncrasy. There are many humans who are similarly afflicted!

Although milk is a complete food, it does not form an adequate diet for any adult creature in health. It would need too much of it anyway.

### Specialist Clubs

**I have recently bought a Chinchilla kitten and should like to know if there is a special club for this breed.**

There is a specialist club for Chinchilla cats and if you are interested you should join. The Hon. Secretary is Miss E. Langston, 8 Crauford Rise, Maidenhead. This club also interests itself in the welfare of Smokes and Silver Tabbies. There is, in fact, a specialist club for practically every breed of pedigree cat and it is in the interests of the novice as also of the cat fancy in



general that such clubs should be well supported. No matter what breed you keep, all the necessary information can be obtained from the Secretary of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy. The name and address of the Secretary is Mr. W. A. Hazeldine, 1 Roundwood Way, Banstead, Surrey. You might enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry—it helps these days.

### No Biblical Mention

**I have been told that cats are not mentioned in the Bible, yet I am quite sure that this statement is wrong although I must admit that I cannot find any reference to them. Surely cats existed at that time? What is the reason for this omission?**

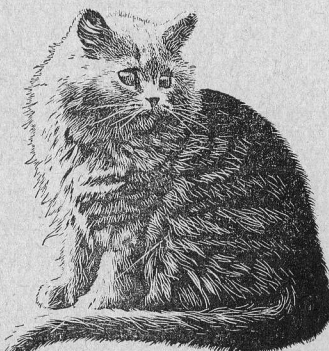
It is quite true that the cat is not mentioned in the Bible which we are accustomed to read. This means that the word is omitted from all the books that comprise the Authorised Version of 1611. The cat is, however, mentioned once in the Apocrypha in Baruch, Chapter VI. Cats were certainly domesticated long before the Christian era and thus during the period of time covered by the Old Testament. Probably it was due to the

fact that the cat was an object of veneration and also connected with religious observances in Egypt which decided Hebrew religious teachers to ban a name and an animal which might be considered capable of complicating the religion of Jehovah. This is an idea, but there is no proof for the statement as far as we know.

### Litter Forecasting

**I sent my queen to a stud five weeks ago and she is now obviously in kitten. Is there any way in which I can tell how many kittens she will have?**

We can only assume from your question that you are a novice and so our answer must be that there is no way in which you can find out how many kittens are likely to be born. You will just have to possess your soul in patience. It is, of course, possible to find the answer with reasonable exactness, but this is the job of veterinary science and skill. There are veterinary surgeons who can feel each separate fetus round about the twenty-eighth day, and at a later stage X-rays could provide the answer. But why worry.



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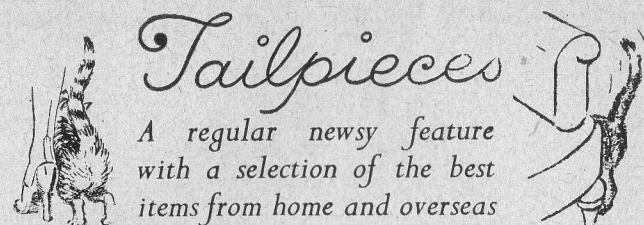
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## Tailpieces

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

RESIDENTS of the pretty Essex village of Finchingfield are disturbed by the fact that a number of their pet cats have been killed or wounded by air guns. Some of them are demanding official action to track down the culprits. In one household two pets have disappeared without trace and a third returned home with a shot wound in its eye. More recently a kitten received a shoulder wound.

Dinkie is one of those little unobtrusive mother cats of the plain utility type. But she is worth her weight in gold in the eyes of Inspector Nairn, of the Newcastle R.S.P.C.A. When an empty packing case was returned to a Gateshead firm from a Southampton customer, four tiny kittens were found inside, alive but very hungry. The Inspector was informed and Dinkie was told to stand by. The little mother is now rearing the quartette and as far as she is concerned, it's just another job. She has brought up strays before as well as kittens of her own. Three of the kittens will soon be looking for homes. The fourth is going to Gateshead and he has been christened—Casey.

When the Minister of Agriculture was asked in the House of Commons what progress had been made with his investigations and trials to find a more humane rabbit trap than the gin trap, he replied that manufacturing problems had held up deliveries of the Imbra rabbit trap. When asked further if he could say when those "wretched instruments, gin traps" would be abolished, the Minister replied

that they must first have comprehensive trials of the new Imbra trap.

According to a newspaper report the efforts of Our Dumb Friends League to reduce the number of straying cats is progressing well. The campaign has been greatly helped by the issue of a lightweight collar bearing the owner's name and address. More than a quarter of a million of these collars were stated to be in use.

Miss Nancy Price, C.B.E., officially established the Animal Sanctuary Charity as a lasting commemoration to Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her Coronation, at a ceremony at Hove Town Hall on 10th June. The Charity has raised an opening fund of £1,000 and it is hoped soon to establish its first animal shelter.

I wish to pass a vote of thanks on behalf of Mr. A. C. Jude, our contributor on genetics, to all those readers who responded to his appeal for samples of hair taken from the tails of pure-bred Seal Pointed Siamese. Mr. Jude writes me to say that he has now received sufficient samples to allow some definite conclusions to be made. It is also from Mr. Jude that I hear about the latest American attempt to establish a new variety—a tiger cat with a red body and black stripes.

World Day for Animals is to be held this year on 4th October, the day dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi. The object of this observance is to promote sym-





## Grand news for cats—

and cat owners too!—for cats because they will be able to enjoy the lovely flavour and quality of the new “Red Heart” cat food—for cat owners, because they will know that in “Red Heart” their pets will obtain all the nourishment and health-giving vitamins they need from a balanced diet, which contains Fish, Meat and Cod Liver Oil.



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pathy, kindness and understanding of animals.

“Humanity to animals should be particularly inculcated as a part of national education, for it is not at present one of our national virtues. The neglect of such teaching brings inevitably its train of evils.”—*Mary Wollstonecraft* in “*Vindication of Rights*.”

William Hooker, a 27-year-old London wardrobe dealer, and his wife Violet, aged 26, were charged at Old Street Court with stealing eight cats. A police sergeant told the magistrate that the couple had only been arrested that morning and he would therefore like a remand to give him an opportunity of trying to trace the owners of the cats. A remand was granted.

A Californian mouse named Myrtle decided that life was a precious thing worth fighting for. She was destined to make a tasty morsel for a diamondback

rattlesnake which was being groomed for a part in a film. Myrtle threw away her script, leapt and bit the rattler in the back of the neck, causing its instant death. There is talk now of giving the rattlesnake role to Myrtle!

A black cat did exceptionally well in two walking-on parts in the production of “*Merrie England*” by Seaford (Sussex) Amateur Operatic Society. His reward was a bottle of milk and a tin of salmon—just to preserve amateur status.

When a burglar raided the Kew Green residence of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, 66-year-old cousin of the Queen, he decamped with some diamonds wrenched from a priceless Chinese curio. Lady Carisbrooke expressed the opinion that her pet Siamese Jimmy may have disturbed the thief and caused him to hurry off as some of the items taken were found in the garden.

MICKEY

## Let's go to a Show

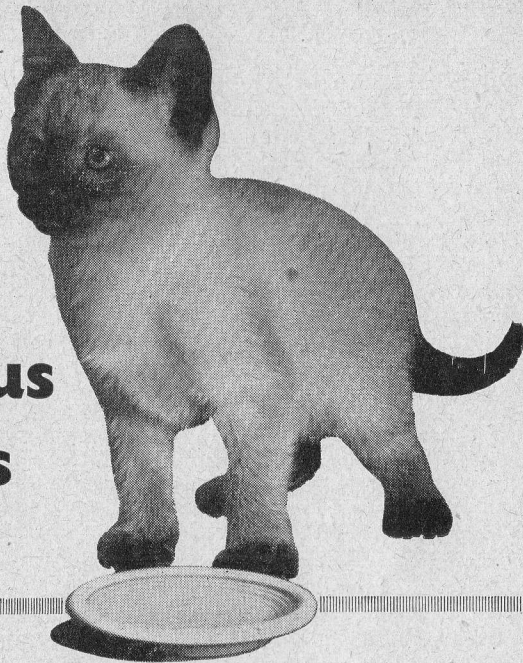
We urge our readers to attend as many Cat Shows as possible. There is no better place at which to meet old friends, to make new ones and to pick up useful points about cats, their breeding and general management, from experienced fanciers and exhibitors. Brief details of the show programme for the 1953-54 Season are provided below for the information and guidance of readers. The list will be revised from time to time as fresh information becomes available.

	Promoted by	Venue
1953		
18 July ...	Barnsley Agricultural Society	Barnsley
31 July ...	Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club	London
3 August ...	Urmston Show	Urmston, Lancs.
27 August ...	*Sandy Show	Sandy, Beds.
18 September ...	*Herts and Middlesex Cat Club	London
1 October ...	*Siamese Cat Club	London
9 October ...	*G.C.C.F. Coronation Show	London
17 October ...	Edinburgh and East of Scotland Cat Club	Edinburgh
21 October ...	*Southsea Cat Club	Southsea
24 October ...	*Midland Counties Cat Club	Birmingham
11 November ...	*Croydon Cat Club	London
28 November ...	Scottish Cat Club	Paisley
28 November ...	Yorkshire County Cat Club	London
9 December ...	*National Cat Club	London
1954		
9 January ...	*Notts. and Derbys. Cat	
16 January ...	*East Anglian Cat Club	
23 January ...	*Lancs. and North Western Counties Cat Club...	Manchester
2 February ...	*Southern Counties Cat Club	London

\* Denotes show with Championship status.



# Protect against **Feline Infectious Enteritis**



Feline Infectious Enteritis is a very infectious virus disease of cats, sudden in onset and usually fatal. It may be introduced into a cattery following exposure to infection at shows and spreads from cat to cat in a locality. All breeds are susceptible and in some, such as the Siamese, the mortality rate is very high.

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## **Palace Cats in 1892**

By P. M. SODERBERG

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

EVERYTHING is supposed to come to him who waits. I don't know much about that as I have been waiting for many things for a very long time, but I have at last found something for which I have been searching for more than a year. It is a show catalogue for the year 1892.

It was an accidental find, but nevertheless just what I wanted as it was the catalogue for the show at the Crystal Palace on October 18th and 19th in that year. It is a copy somewhat mutilated, but it has already given me several hours of pleasure.

One of the specials for Best in Show was presented by Louis Wain, the President of the National Cat Club. It was "one of his Framed Humorous Drawings of Cats." This prize was won by Mrs. Pattison with a Longhair, Chicot, a red and white Tabby. I'm afraid that this gentleman and his owner would not fare very well at to-days' shows, but in those days the breeds we now recognise were few in number. I wonder what happened to Louis Wain's drawing. No doubt its fate was similar to that of so much of this great artist's work; a forgotten spot in some attic where it may still be concealed.

It always strikes me as remarkable that so many cats were shown in these early days, for the entrance fee was the enormous sum of three-and-six with a first prize of a pound. Yet in 1892 there were 606 cats on show and none of them could be entered in more than one class. Nearly 150 of these cats were shown by working men who had a reduced entry

fee of eighteen pence while their highest reward was a mere ten shillings with perhaps the possibility of a silver medal thrown in. Of course, I should like to know when a working man ceased to fall into this category. Perhaps it was the subtle distinction shown by a willingness to pay an entry fee of three-and-six, for I cannot believe that either the exhibitor's tailor or his occupation had to be stated on the entry form.

### **Shilling a Mile Vet.**

Glancing through the catalogue I was intrigued to find an advertisement for a nursery card and here I expected to find something about the rearing of kittens. But no, it was a hanging chart for the children's nursery where you could read at a glance what to do if the child was drowning; presumably in the bath, for the nurse could not be expected to carry with her this chart of varnished linen 24 inches by 18. The swallowing of coins and buttons also received adequate attention.

Harold Leeney, M.R.C.V.S., was the hon. veterinary surgeon to the show and the catalogue carried his advertisement. Apparently Mr. Leeney had been studying canker for more than twenty years and believed that he had found the infallible cure. He was prepared to visit cats in their own homes for an inclusive charge for advice and medicine of a shilling a mile, but with a minimum charge of half-a-crown. I must suggest this scheme to my own vet. It would be much cheaper, I'm sure!

But to return to the Palace cats of 1892.



Tabbies as usual were well to the fore and the different colours had a generous classification. Among the Shorthairs there was a special class for Blues, and three out of the eight were definitely stated to be Russians. Once again Mrs. Herring's Russian won the first prize. Roguey, as he was called, had been a winner all over the country and I rather suspect that although he was a Russian it was he who had something to do with the fixing of the type of the British Shorthair Blue which was only just appearing. The commended card went to a Russian owned by Mrs. McLaren Morrison. It was to this lady some fifty years later, I believe, that I sold a Longhaired Red Tabby. Thus are the centuries bridged !

### Assorted Siamese

Another class which interested me greatly was that for Siamese of either sex. There were nine entries and I was glad to see that Mrs. Herring's cat received no award. Her entry was called Lady Curly Tail, which conjures up visions of the most abominable kinks, perhaps even a corkscrew. The further description was "Black Malay or Siamese imported from the Philippine Islands." Now it is a fact that Blacks did occasionally appear in the litters of imported Siamese, a fact for which I have no scientific explanation unless the gentleman concerned was not true seal.

This class of Siamese must have been a very mixed lot, for among them appeared Lolo who was "a dark fawn with light points" and Prince Bigit, "a dark fawn with dark points," and then finally Titti Shang who was described as being "fawn grey."

The first prize was won by Siam who had won at the Palace in the previous year and since then had been a winner at the N.C.C. show, Redhill, Ealing and Halifax. At the Palace in 1892 Siam was awarded the special for best Shorthair. I have tried to trace this gentle-

man's later history, but he seems to have disappeared completely after this Palace show of 1892.

The next class was for Manx and this attracted seven entries only one of which had appeared at the Palace show in the previous year. This cat was Millie who in 1891 was stated as being five years old but had lost one to become only four in 1892. It was the same name and the same address so I suspect that Millie was really six years old and that was why she was not in the cards although in several years she had won a second at the Palace.

### Male Exhibitors

Among the Longhairs there were separate classes for Blacks and Blues, and for the first time Blues showing no white were numerically superior. This was a sad day for Satan in the Black male class, for although he had won in 1890 and 1891 he now had to take second place to Castor who, having this one hour of crowded life, disappeared for ever. The best Blue male was Mrs. Thompson's Blue Boy the Great, a consistent winner all over the country.

Among the females there was no cat with a previous record of successes, although some of them were getting on in years and could almost be regarded as veterans.

I must end these ramblings on a note of surprise occasioned by the fact that so many exhibitors at the early shows were mere males. To-day, male exhibitors are very much in the minority. There may be a reason, but I don't know what it is. It might be unwise even to hazard a guess.



## Bo'sun

**This instalment by DEE BLACKBURN was completed before disaster befell the yacht "Mary Hillier" off the coast of Majorca. Next month her narrative will tell of the adventures of our Sailor Siamese and the other members of the little shipwrecked party.**

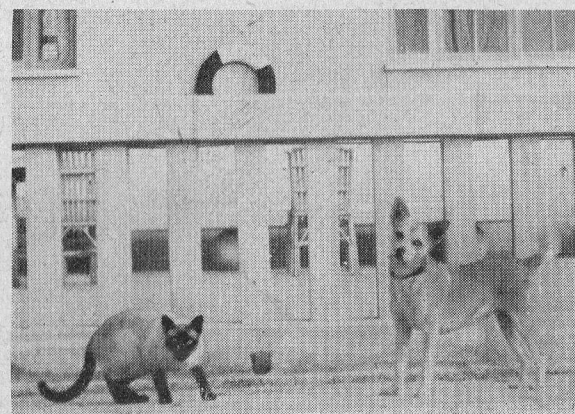
AS is usual with us, we linger far longer in all our ports of call than originally planned. Our second trip to Gibraltar lasted three weeks. Then we spent one week in Tarifa, a pretty little Spanish town twelve miles the other side of "Gib." Bo'sun had become quite reconciled to his Gibraltar confinement, but simply went wild during our week in Tarifa. He makes no complaints when he's forced to stay aboard. In fact, if we are not moored near a quay he's completely happy without shoregoing leave.

Because we were so delayed in returning to Palma, "Uncle Jim" (our expert fisherman) had to fly back. Sad news for Bo'sun, because try as we did, not one single fish did we catch on the voyage. Our lines were always out ! We got many bites—excitement prevailed when they were hauled in, but nary a "pescado"

did we manage to land. Bo'sun's opinion of our angling capabilities is something we don't care to discuss !

Just before dawn on the fifth day we arrived in Palma, and as usual, Bo'sun was in on the landfall looking with eager eyes at the quay and surrounds in which he had enjoyed much liberty on our previous visit. However, he wasn't allowed ashore as George and I were very tired, having sailed all night and longed for a bit of "shut-eye," so Bo'sun's leave was postponed until mid-day.

When Customs were cleared the three of us visited our many friends and heard the sad news that Petunia, one of Bo'sun's canine chums, had met with a fatal automobile accident. Bo'sun spent days looking for her. After a week of loneliness he introduced us to a new-found pal Perrita, a dear little girl dog from the English yacht Grey Goose. She was bought in Spain and her name means "small girl dog." Perrita made Bo'sun completely forget his old friend Petunia



Bo'sun with his new-found pal Perrita.



as she was much more anxious to romp and play than his other pal, who was a little more set in her ways and wished to sleep most of the time.

Having renewed friendships in and around Palma we decided to give "Mary Hillier" a bit of a run to keep her spirits up. So we up-anchored one pleasant Saturday and set sail to Palma Nova, a most attractive and secluded cove. Next morning we prepared a picnic basket, rowed ashore in the dinghy and walked several miles along the beach to a pleasant spot for lunch. Bo'sun loves these walks and goes mad chasing birds, lizards and other inhabitants of the bush that only he seems to recognise.

### All Gummed Up

He dashes up into the trees at great pace but unfortunately can't get down again, so Skipper George (patient soul!) has to climb up to get him. On one of his tree escapades George got covered with a heavy gummy sap. It didn't occur to us that Bo'sun, too, must have come in contact with it until we saw him licking his paws furiously. Upon investigation we discovered not only the globules of gummed sap, but a goodly supply of beach sand which had adhered to it. You can imagine the job I had to clean him of that mixture!

On one stretch of beach over which we walked we noticed Bo'sun doing some strange calisthenics. He'd walk with his nose close to the ground for several feet and then jump into the air. This happened several times and looked most amusing. Upon close search we found hundreds of tiny sand fleas. Bo'sun must have smelled them but apparently didn't care for the feel of them on his paws which accounted for his high jumping antics.

When we dropped our baskets and started to collect firewood, Bo'sun knew that we planned to stay in this spot for awhile so went off in pursuit of his own pleasures. Periodically, when Bo'sun takes an excursion by himself, I give a

little call and he usually replies. When on the third call I had no answering signal I strolled through the woods to have a look-see and there he was crouched down under a heavy bush with his eye glued to a tiny tree on which there were about twenty small birds. Such a disgusted look he gave me when my presence startled his prey and they all flew off. I can just imagine the words he would have used if he had vocal faculties.

Bo'sun has another very good friend—the caretaker of the English yacht "Larph," whose owner, Colonel Bluett, had to return to England. The man left in charge is Spanish, very, very old and terribly fond of Bo'sun. It was some time before I knew that every day the little old man brought a lunch for Bo'sun from his home. Because of his lack of appreciation, the man asked me one day if I would take a parcel for Bo'sun, as he had refused to eat it from him. He suggested that in future he would give me the packages with which idea I heartily concurred.

### Lunch Not Taken

When I opened up the little gift (wrapped up in a very dirty and greasy piece of canvas) I was horrified. The lot consisted of the spines, head, tails, etc., of several kinds of fish. Also, several very small shrimps, too small for human consumption, but still in their shells. I thanked heaven for once in my life that Bo'sun was a choosy eater. The thought of Bo'sun being given fish bones when I spend hours filleting his fish 'lest one stray bone gets caught in his illustrious throat terrified me. I needn't have worried.

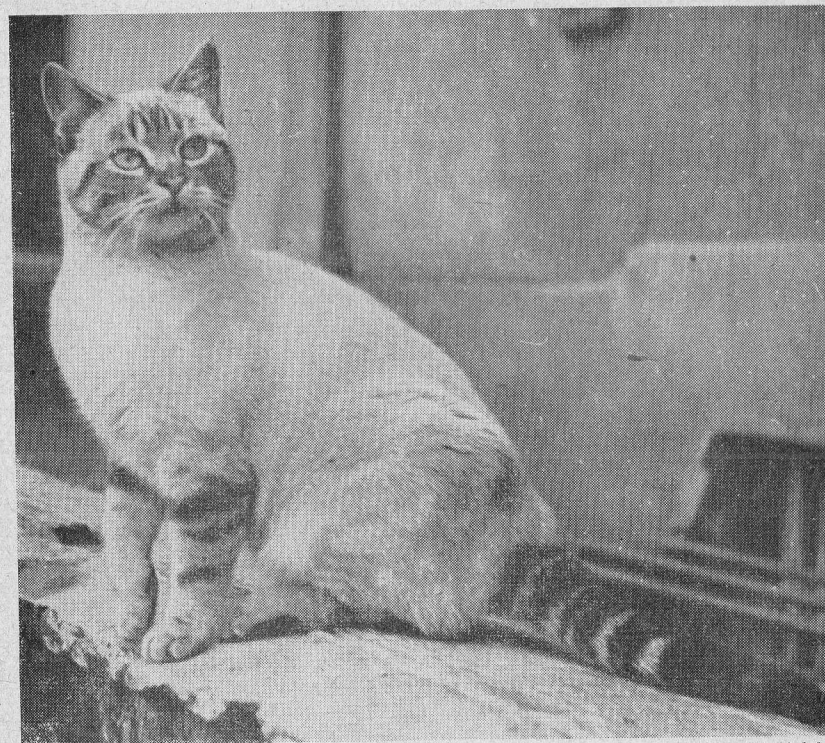
I quiver when I realise that the kind old gentleman had apparently been bringing this luncheon to Bo'sun each day for several weeks. I didn't have the heart to tell him that Bo'sun could never eat such food. When he asked if Bo'sun had enjoyed it, I said "Si, si," and added a white lie that Bo'sun would never take food from anyone but me. I do hope the

old boy doesn't bring him a nice, juicy steak one day! I couldn't guarantee that Bo'sun wouldn't have a go at that.

I told our good friend that I appreciated his thoughtfulness, but I didn't want him to go to the trouble of carrying a parcel down to the ship everyday. But the Spaniards are good natured people

and try awfully hard to please. So each day at noon the little greasy canvas parcel is presented to me which I accept with thanks. It goes below and is put in the garbage pail to be tossed over the side as soon as night falls.

*(To be continued)*



*M. Littledale*

**Snapped in the Farnham (Surrey) district—a handsome Siamese hybrid with tabby points and lovely sapphire eyes.**

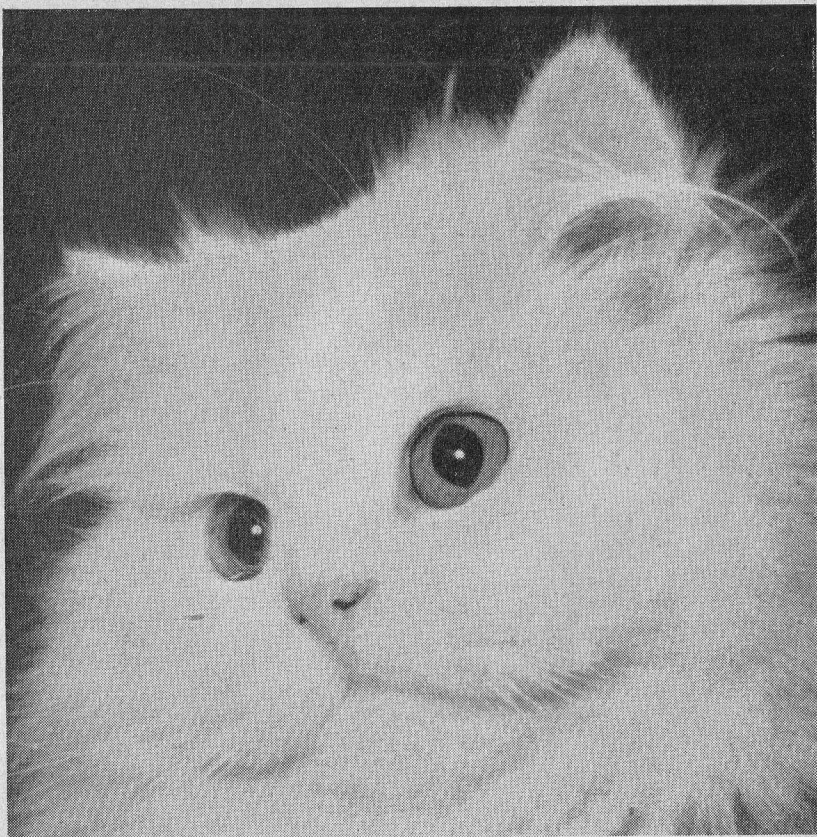
### ***This is worth thinking about . . .***

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

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

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**BLANCHE-NEIGE DU BOSQUET**, attractive 9-months-old White Longhair, shows off her golden eyes to advantage. She was a winner at the Lucerne show for her Swiss breeder-owner Mme. Gay, of Liebefeld

### All fanciers should read

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## Correspondence Corner

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

### POST OFFICE CATS

Readers of the interesting article in your April number dealing with the sad plight of Government cats who have not had a wage increase for 80 years may be interested to know that the original "contract" to employ cats in Post Offices as set out in Registered Papers has kindly been lent by the Post Office for the Cats Through the Ages Exhibition at the R.W.S. Gallery, 26 Conduit-street, W.1, July 14th-24th.

The matter seems to have started with a letter to the Secretary in which he begged "to report that the very serious destruction and mutilation of the paid money orders . . . has been wrought by mice: traps and other means have to no purpose been used for the riddance of these vermin, and I beg to state that I have requested the resident Porter, Tye, to procure three cats for the purpose . . ."

It was proposed that the cats should be paid from "the surplus cash arising from money left at the windows of this Department and unclaimed."

The whole correspondence and numerous minutes extending over many years fill a large folder and provide many delightful examples of the impact of bureaucracy on cats. For instance, in September, 1868, we find the Secretary asking: "Can statistics of mice be furnished from time to time?"

The papers are now faded with age, but I am sure cat lovers will appreciate this opportunity of seeing the records of one of the most entertaining episodes in the history of cats.

Another exhibit that may particularly interest your readers as it arises from my article on "Walled-in Cats" in your

issue of last November is a cat found in a 16th century house in Southwark a few years ago. The cat has one rat in its mouth and another under its forefeet and was probably "designed" to act as a rat scarer.

Mr. Sidney Denham,  
Hampstead, N.W.3.

### NOT THE FIRST

I have just received my March copy of OUR CATS and in reading over the Mo-Kan Show report, find Miss Yorke has been misinformed, as Kewalo was not the first Siamese to be Best Cat at an All-Breed Show. Lantara-Gene was Best Cat in the All-Breed Show, St. Louis, Mo, 1946, and again at the Mo-Kan (All-Breed) Show in Kansas City in 1950.

Gr. and Triple Ch. Lantara-Gene was also the first Siamese (either sex) to complete her Gr. Championship (1950). This was all cleared up in the February issue of Cats Magazine. Mrs. Pedulla's cat Cymri Cri-Ket was our first Siamese male to become Grand Champion.

Mrs. R. H. Hecht,  
Normandy, Mo., U.S.A.

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



# Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

ONE day recently the Feline Friends met with the high brass of the Crusaders. The meeting was held in one of the uptown hotels in New York City and lasted five hours, which means that big doings were afoot. Could it be consolidation? Hardly probable! More likely the Friends placed a list of cases in the hands of the Crusaders to be investigated. Meeting was held behind closed doors and only the officers of each organization were admitted.

California is doing some very special organization work in at least three of their clubs. The poor public will know nothing until their shows go into effect this fall. Incidentally, in California, publicity is the key that unlocks the gates and curiosity is not confined to cats.

Up in Vermont there is a novice breeder who tells me she will have more than fifty kittens this spring and that her cattery will be a bit crowded. What colossal courage! I remember years ago when I had one litter of kittens. I had the vet., a trained nurse and even called in a couple of judges to ask them if I was doing the right thing by the little mother. I was upset, my family were upset, but the little queen mother went calmly about her business of populating the Fancy.

In the small town near my home, there is a beauty parlour run by a lady named "Marge." She has a couple of Persian cats. One of them has a litter of wee, small kits. Last night the mother went for a walk and found two baby rabbits, very small rabbits, too. So she

carried them back to her family, one at a time. When last heard from, they were having breakfast, luncheon and dinner with the kittens and growing by the minute.

Empire sends out a rush-call for all members to attend their last meeting; most important agenda touching on show business. Last year the publicity of Empire hit every paper in New York City—and that is quite a basket of papers.

Cages are still a problem at our shows and this subject is vexing our officials to the point of madness. To buy or not to buy—that is the question.

This week I've had requests from five novices requesting entry blanks for three of the New York shows and one Newark show—all from the same town. Looks a bit like collaboration! Each was answered and told her name had been handed to the Secretary of the various Clubs and that when the time came round entry blanks would be mailed to them. Want to bet they are not comparing notes?

Last year two of our largest shows fell short on catalogues and there were fifty requests that could not be filled. I always get at least half-a-dozen and in ten days they were gone; to California, Maine, Georgia, etc. I have talked to several managers this year and they inform me it is a new experience to run short on catalogues.

So many have written in about disinfectants. Don't take any one breeder's

word—ask your doctor. For wiping out cages I use alcohol, but I much prefer "green soap" even though my veterinarian says alcohol and sniffs at me for preferring "green soap." The only thing is a breeder will come along and take a smell. Then, "Oh, you've got 'green soap'! Could I have just a wee bit, please?" Or "Please do let me borrow some of that. Come over and get anything you want at my cage." Yes, I always start out with "green soap" but I never return from a show with it.

Last season while attending the Empire Show in New York City, I stopped by the cage of a Blue Point Siamese for whom I have a great weakness; this one was such a dainty little lady. The owner evidently noticed me for she rushed up and began giving me the complete history of her baby and ended by triumphantly saying that she was going to win because only yesterday she had her horoscope read. The woman

had told her the aspects of the heavens with special reference to the positions of the planets, etc., and said that the little Blue Point would surely win. Next day I asked her how she made out. "Oh, that 'ol astrologer, she didn't know a thing!" So I take it that the little Blue Point was not in the ribbons.

Some day I'm going to write an article on things that happen to a breeder. To illustrate: One woman writes me a ten page letter from Ohio. She does not know me and has never seen me. Yet she wants to give me her two sons, aged fifteen and eleven. Another lady down in the state of Delaware writes me she must have a White Persian kitten. She has no money but she will send her engagement ring for me to keep until she can pay for the kit. (No, I did not accept the ring—her husband mailed me a check). I could fill a good-sized book with these incidents—and all of them absolutely true.

## American Personality — MISS WINIFRED PORTER

DOWN in the tropical state of La. (New Orleans to be exact), lives a very charming lady who is quoted as a state-wide authority on cats. It is indeed difficult to secure an uninterrupted conversation with her at any time, day or night. She never turns anyone away and always gives the caller facts, facts that are constructive and dependable. She tells me that in her vocabulary "no" is a cul-de-sac.

This is something like the conversation that happened when I interviewed this adorable little breeder. (Everyone loves her and I find her friends are fanatically devoted):

B.B.—What kind of cats do you breed, Miss Porter?

W.P.—Domestic and foreign Shorthairs, Siamese, Burmese, Abyssinians and Manx, Domestic Blacks and Blues.

B.B.—Their names?

W.P.—I hope you don't mean the individual cats, there are far too many.

B.B.—How many at this writing?

W.P.—I don't know, I refuse to count them. I refuse to count them because people are too horrified when I tell them. Besides I think it is an aspersion to have to count them. I know each of my family by name.

B.B.—Any funny incidents regarding them?

W.P.—I take them too seriously to consider most "incidents" as humorous.

B.B.—How long have you been a breeder?

W.P.—Since 1934.

B.B.—Have you had any outstanding results in scientific breeding, if so, describe?

W.P.—I am not that kind of a breeder. Cats are a hobby with me.

B.B.—Does your particular locality have anything to do with the coat of your cats?

W.P.—The intense heat sunburns their coats. They shed all year. Our climate apparently keeps them with a loose coat.

B.B.—What are your hobbies?

W.P.—Cats, cats and cats.

B.B.—Are you a career woman?



W.P.—I don't call myself a career woman at all. I am a registered nurse and a clinical laboratory technician, and I work for a living. Of course, I don't actually have to work—I could starve.

B.B.—What is your native state?

W.P.—Arkansas.

B.B.—What is your reaction to the state you now live in?

W.P.—I have loved it since my discharge from the Army in 1919. That was when I first came here.

B.B.—Are you an officer in the new club you have down there?

W.P.—I am on the board of the New Orleans Cat Fanciers' Association, Inc. I'll be off in one year more.

B.B.—List all the offices you have held in the C.F.A. Association.

W.P.—I don't like offices and have held no former office with the Association.

B.B.—What is your reaction to the various shows you attend?

W.P.—Getting to some of them with the quantities of cats I sometimes enter, I often find difficult but I've never been to a show I did not enjoy. The Atlanta Show is definitely my pet; it is always the show of the year with me.

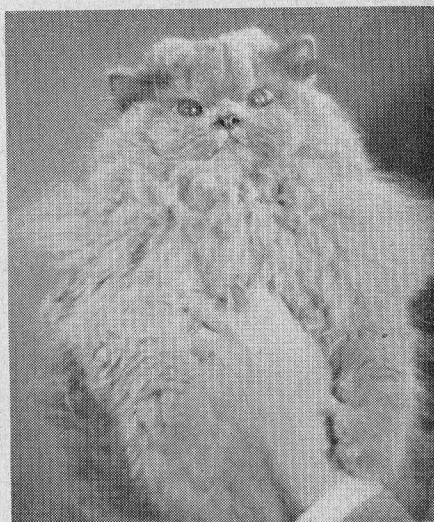
One of Miss Porter's pet "peeves" is that there are not more demands for adults—everyone wants a kitten. I found her quite reluctant to talk about herself yet I can say, without fear of contradiction, that she is one of the most colorful breeders in the Fancy.

There is never any doubt where she stands on any subject. I'll also add that without any fan-fare or build-up she has become part of the hierarchy of the Cat Fanciers' Association. Her value is that of a balance wheel. Her friends tell me she is not given to "soft soap" or small talk and there is a directness and a compelling note of sincerity in all her conversations. When she tells a story, there is no expression as to what is coming as a climax, strictly a poker-face. I'd say her humour is dehydrated wet and she has lived in New Orleans so long that her voice is laced with a jigger of the rich local accent.

BILLIE BANGROFT.



**WATERFOOT CHINKI**, handsome neuter Siamese, lives in Northern Ireland with Mrs. L. F. Rathborne, Leggs, Co. Fermanagh. Chinki is a great hunter and at 14 months he had 54 rabbits to his credit.



**CHINA BOY OF DUNESK**, 3-year-old Blue Longhair male belonging to Mr. Roger Moreau, of Paris, was Best Male at the International Cat Show held at Berne, Switzerland, in December last year.

## On Burmese

By BLANCHE WARREN

(Reprinted extracts from article contributed to "Cats Magazine," U.S.A.)

As far as we are able to ascertain Burmese are one of the older breeds of cats. They have been raised in Burma for centuries and were owned only by the very wealthy, the kings, potentates and in the temples. Apparently the cats were considered sacred.

Each cat had its own servant and, in ancient times, should one die its servant was severely punished, sometimes thrown into dungeons in chains and sometimes even put to death.

In Burma, the cats were and are never sold. The only way to get one out of the country was by theft or to have one given to you. From the very few which reached the United States the breed has been built up to its present standard.

### Used as Footballs

A true Burmese should be entered in the solid colour classes. The kittens are born as dark as the mother's chest or stomach.

Most of the cat associations now do not recognise them in shows without three generations back of them. These cats have been used more or less as a football for some time and many hybrids were shown as Burmese, as the judges were not thoroughly acquainted with the breed, many hybrids have been made champions. This has worked to the detriment of the breed.

But the Burmese Cat Society standard is very stiff one and has made it very difficult for a blue-eyed, light coloured cat to be called a Burmese.

Having so few Burmese to start with, inbreeding has been a major problem;

but now with the good breeders saving only their best for breeding and neutering and spaying the rest, and selling or giving them away as pets, there has been developed perhaps the most beautiful and gentle breed in Catdom.

I have shipped many of these cats to different parts of the country, and have had the same report from all of them. That after several days of travel, they will walk out of their carrier purring, greet the new owners, explore the house, and in a few minutes they are as much at home as if they had always lived there.

### Always Affectionate

I can give no reason for their affectionate nature, but they are born gentle and stay so the rest of their lives. I have never had a mean Burmese and I have raised many of them.

The Burmese are not large cats. I would say they are medium in size. Their coat is very fine and silky and should lie flat to the body. It is the thinnest and sleekest fur coat of any of the cat breeds.

As show cats they are tops, being real troopers. As people pass their cages at the shows they seem to try to shake hands with all who pass. They are easy to handle and give the judge no trouble.

The Burmese cat is rapidly coming to the front and is getting its share of awards as "Best Shorthair in Show." You will see the largest exhibit of Burmese this year that has ever been shown, and now with the final C.F.A. approval, Burmese will be eligible for every show in the U.S. and Canada in the 1953/4 season. Be sure to look for them.





## 'CATFORD is the right name!'

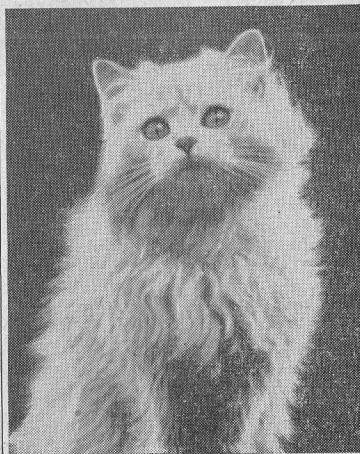
says the TIBS REPORTER

'I'M beginning to see why they call it *Catford*', remarked our reporter as he interviewed *Purring Tom Kitten*, winner of the Silver Tabby Class at the Southern Counties Show. This handsome prize-winner comes, appropriately, from Catford, where his owner and breeder, Miss E. L. Jury, has been turning out winners for over 20 years.

At Purring Cattery, 39, Bellingham Road, Catford, London, S.E.6, Miss Jury specializes in Chinchillas, Tortoise-shell, Brown, Silver and Red Tabby Persians and Manx. Her list of wins is a long and proud one. She exhibits at all the London Shows and also farther afield—one of her recent successes was Silver Tabby Ch. Certificate at Derby. The picture of health and contentment you see here is one of Miss Jury's Chinchillas *Purring Desdemona*.

It is certainly no coincidence that Miss Jury has been using Tibs for many years—as well as winning prizes! It takes superb condition to give a cat the silky coat and bright eyes that are the mark of a champion. Tibs Tablets provide the A and B vitamins cats must have regularly to look and feel their best. Miss Jury's

consistent successes are just one more proof of the value of that 'one-Tibs-a-day' rule.



Famous Breeders say:

# TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH



10d. and 2/-



Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

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

This month she records the highlights of her sea trip to Australia where she is fulfilling a judging engagement for the Cat Fanciers' Association of New South Wales. Next month she will write about the big 2-day show in Sydney and some of the interesting people she has met. There will also be some pictures of prizewinning Australian Cats.

IT is 11th May and we are in port at Adelaide, South Australia. It is a lovely sunny morning and for the first time I have decided to stay on board to write my notes in retrospect.

One imagines a long sea journey to be a rest cure but how different is the reality! There has been activity on the ship almost right round the clock every day with late night roysterers and the early birds sometimes overlapping. This is the first quiet morning I have experienced in the lounge writing room although the ship's activities are still to be heard in the distance. The lifeboats have been lowered and a swarm of men are at work

painting them, all to be finished before we sail at 5 p.m. Pipelines with water and oil are replenishing stores and lorry loads of fruit, vegetables, etc., are taking care of the larder.

It is such bliss to feel a gentle breeze after the heat of the tropics, which is unbelievably enervating owing to its intensity and humidity. No wonder natives of hot countries are attuned to a slower tempo and murmur "Tomorrow!" Even one's brain appears to tick over lethargically.

### Unlucky Dog!

We were at Naples on 16th April on one of the coldest and wettest of spring days. Capri, the enchanted isle which one imagines lying in a sapphire sea bathed in perpetual sunshine, was obscured by mist and rain. However, the opportunity to see Pompeii was one not to be missed so a party from the ship set off by motor coach on the 16 miles journey.

Pompeii is reputed to be the best preserved ancient Roman town in existence, its oldest building, the so-called Temple of Hercules, probably dating from the 6th century B.C. Both Pompeii and Herculaneum were overwhelmed by an eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, the former being covered with ash and the latter with lava and mud. Subsequent eruptions covered the stricken places to a depth of up to 100 ft. It is amazing that excavations have revealed so much. Tessellated floors of rooms are almost

(Continued on page 29)



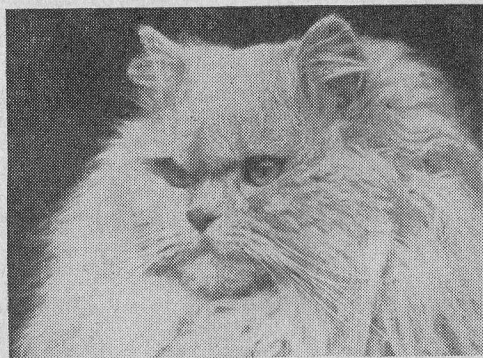


Mr. J. H. Badham, of Girvan, Ayrshire, a bird fancier of some repute, has started well as a novice breeder of Blue Longhairs. At his first show—the Scottish Cat Club Show last year—he won several awards and trophies with this trio—**FOXBURROW FESTIVAL** (left), bred by Mr. Soderberg, and two kittens **MAISMORE PERFECTION** (centre) and **AILS A PEARLY QUEEN** (right) by Miss M. Bull's well-known stud Malmay Tafeteace.

## DANEHURST CATTERY

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

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



**CHAMPION DANEHURST PRINCESS (Cream Persian)**

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

**OLD LANE, ST. JOHNS, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX**  
Crowborough 407

## Just Fancy *continued from page 27*

intact in some cases and the painted walls, a rich vermillion, make a lovely margin of colour. Remains of lead pipes and cavity walls and what must have been a very efficient system of heating made us realise the high degree of efficiency attained by the Roman residents. One enormous marble bowl was reserved for the women to shampoo their hair on a communal basis.

The narrow cobbled roads with high raised pavements each side still bear the wheel marks of chariots. And the drinking fountains show the marks of wear where the inhabitants leaned against them to drink. The museum was very interesting and one especially pathetic exhibit was a petrified dog lying on its back and obviously writhing in pain as the hot lava overwhelmed it.

Naples is said to have been the most-bombed Italian city in the last war. The city banner is now decorated with a gold medal.

## Through the Canal

On 19th April we reached Port Said where the ship was greeted by the customary swarms of Egyptians offering a miscellany of goods to the passengers. The red fez for men found a ready sale and it was amusing to see them being worn on board for some days afterwards. The round woven baskets which I imagined cats would love and which I so much wished to buy for my own and friends' pets had reluctantly to be left behind, all, that is, except one destined to become a "special" at an Australian show. Baskets are much too bulky to travel about with.

The shops remain open when ships are in port in the East and when we left at 3 a.m. the red neon lights of Simon Artz, so well-known to travellers, were still shining.

It was impressive to see the ships assembling for convoy through the Suez Canal. And the still warmth, the

coloured people and the indescribable glamour (in spite of a few horrors!) of the East was stealing over one's senses as we slowly steamed into the Canal on a lovely night. Traffic passes slowly through the 86 miles of the Canal to avoid damage to the banks, although these appeared to be substantially built of boulders neatly cemented. It was a grand sight to see the mahogany-coloured British soldiers encamped at intervals along the banks; to see them leap out of their lorries to greet a British ship; to hear their shouts "Where are you going?" and "Chuck your women overboard, we haven't any here!"

One side of the Canal was an endless vista of desert with an occasional Arab and camel to relieve the monotony. But the port side was more interesting with its camps, well kept shipping control stations and towards Ismailia, some vegetation and, of course, palm trees.

## Animal Misery

On 23rd April we were at Aden where heat and a breathless calm awaited our midnight trip ashore. There were several ships in the harbour, gigantic shapes glorified by the light streaming from them. The bazaars were busy with enterprising owners importuning potential customers. Some items were incredibly cheap and it was incongruous to see in such surroundings cosmetics and well-known branded goods for sale. The most pathetic sight to me was a Siamese cat sitting dejectedly in the gutter about a foot from a car. Like so many animals in the East its coat was dull and lifeless and one felt it was suffering from severe malnutrition. Such a picture of neglect haunted me. The cat's coat was semi-long and very pale and I believe its points would have been good had they not been dulled by dirt and lack of condition. One of the poor thing's eyes was missing. I tried to find out if it had an owner and its history but the language difficulties made my enquiries fruitless.

*(Continued on page 31)*



# DIRECTORY OF LONGHAIR BREEDERS

FOR RELIABLE STUDS AND STOCK (Arranged alphabetically)

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Black, Cream and Blue-Cream Persians

At Stud:

Ch. BOURNESIDE BLACK DIAMOND,  
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## GORDON B. ALLT, F.Z.S.

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DANEHURST, OLD LANE  
ST. JOHNS, CROWBOROUGH

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Danehurst Longhairs — Blue  
Persians, Creams, Chinchillas and  
Blacks

See displayed and Stud advertisements in this issue

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None for resale

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Kittens of outstanding  
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Queens met at Liverpool or Birkenhead

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THORNTON HOUGH, CHESHIRE  
Thornton Hough 214

## PRIORY BLUE & CREAM PERSIANS

At Stud: GEM OF PENSFORD  
Excelling in type and wonder-  
ful pale colour. Sire of Woburn Sunshine and  
many other winning kittens. Fee 2½ gns.

Also at Stud: ELMWOOD CAVALIER. Lovely Cream,  
Challenge Certificate winner, Southern Counties  
1952. Fee 2 gns.

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BARWELL RED TABBY and  
TORTIE PERSIANS

Breeder of CH. BARWELL DOLO (France) and  
many other winners. Also the well known  
BARWELL BRITISH S.H. RED TABBIES.

Kittens may now be booked

At Stud: Ch. VECTESIAN ANACONDA  
MRS. DENYS FAWELL, THE LAWNS  
SALHOUSE, NORWICH Tel.: Salhouse 226

## REDWALLS CHINCHILLAS & CREAMS

Export a Speciality

Exquisite kittens sometimes  
for sale

MRS. E. M. HACKING, RED WALLS,  
LIPHOOK, HANTS. Liphook 3204.

## BARALAN PERSIANS

At Stud—Ch. BARALAN BOY BLUE

Sire of many winning Kittens both at  
home and abroad

Young son of Ch. DEEBANK MICHAEL

MRS. E. L. HENN, SEVERN HOUSE  
EARDINGTON, BRIDGNORTH, SALOP

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## THE ALLINGTON BLUE PERSIANS & CHINCHILLAS

Renowned throughout the world for type,  
colour, coat and wide-awake eyes

Enquiries for CATS AT STUD or  
YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE to

MISS EVELYN LANGSTON  
8 CRAFTORD RISE, MAIDENHEAD, BERKS  
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PRIZE WINNERS

At Stud: POLDENHILLS HYPERION  
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MRS. CHAS. POLDEN

MARKET HOTEL, REIGATE

Kittens may be booked in advance to  
approved homes only

## MRS. JOAN THOMPSON'S PENSFORD BLUES, CREAMS AND BLUE-CREAMS

Breeder of Ch. ASTRA OF PENSFORD, Ch. DANDY OF  
PENSFORD (Denmark). Ch. ROYAL OF PENSFORD  
(New Zealand). Int. Ch. TWINKLE OF PENSFORD  
(Denmark). Ch. TWILIGHT OF PENSFORD (Italy).  
Ch. DAWN OF PENSFORD and many other winners.  
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(post free) are obtainable from "Our

Cats" Magazine, 4, Carlton Man-

sions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Larger quantities available at pro

rata rates.

## Just Fancy Continued from page 29

One can only hope that no European leaves cats in the East to fend for themselves. Pathetic little goats sniffing in the gutter for paper bags or anything else to eat left me with unhappy memories of the place and I resolved on my return to take a more active interest in animal welfare in the East. This was one of the subjects discussed when Miss Kathleen Yorke and myself attended a conference some time ago at the Caxton Hall. Some of those animal lovers present had worked abroad and it was most interesting to hear their experiences. But how different it is being told about these things and the stern reality of seeing for yourself.

Life for some of the native population is primitive in the extreme. Many were sleeping in alcoves and others lay about on improvised beds.

## Australia Reached

We arrived at Colombo on the 29th in a Turkish bath atmosphere with torrential rain lashing up little fountains in the sea and a premature start of the monsoon. When visibility improved one could see many fine ships in the harbour including the "Empire State" full of British troops bound for Korea. In spite of the weather, gaiety and friendliness appear to prevail among those who are at sea or in harbour.

Unfortunately the weather was too bad for a trip to see the lovely scenery of Ceylon, which the ancient Greeks called "The Land of Ruby and Jacynth." There is a mixed population. Some of the Singalese, Tamils and Moors are handsome men and some of the very few coloured women one sees in Colombo are small and graceful. The shops range from stores to typical Eastern bazaars. Patient bullocks stood by the kerb with sores on their backs.

In the evening we embarked on the last long run to Australia. On 7th May we reached Freemantle, Western Australia, and were awakened early as the Australian Government insists on an examination for smallpox before any

newcomer is allowed to land. Directly after breakfast we had a delightful drive round Perth and I had my first sight of Australian homes along a well-known drive high up on the banks of the picturesque Swan River. They were nearly all bungalows with delightful gardens graced by semi-tropical shrubs, hibiscus, poinsettia, plumbago and others.

The drive continued through Kings Park amid many unfamiliar trees and now I know why we use the expression "Up a gum tree" to explain a difficult situation. Some varieties are tall, straight and devoid of branches like a telegraph pole with just a thick tuft of leaves at the top. After seeing some kangaroos and wallabies in a huge enclosure we returned and it was a joy to see some nice sleek well-fed cats and dogs sunning themselves in gardens en route after the miserable animals of the East.

## Hungry for News

A delightful surprise on my return to the ship was a batch of greetings telegrams from Australian breeders. After even a few days at sea letters are read and re-read many times in case one has missed an item of news and the first thing one thinks of when one gets into port is letters. The crowd assembles before there is time to sort them. Any contact with another ship at sea is an occasion and some time before we were due to pass the "Oransay" of the Orient Line, the last ship to reach England before the Coronation, we were waiting to see her appear on the horizon and handkerchiefs fluttered as we passed.

One lovely sunny morning we passed the Cocos-Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean. If weather permits captains of the Orient Line mail steamers drop a barrel overboard containing fresh meat, butter, vegetables and, best of all, a file of newspapers and letters for the inhabitants. Before the "Orontes" stopped we saw four yachts bobbing towards us and when they were within hailing distance there were cries of "Oh, you

Please mention OUR CATS when replying to advertisements



lucky people!" The barrel was soon afloat with its marking pennant gaily flying and as we gathered speed we saw one of the yachts nearly capsize as it was hoisted aboard. The Islands look an earthly paradise with palm fringed beaches but such isolation must bring its own particular problems.

### Meetings in Melbourne

On arrival at Melbourne on 13th May, Mr. Chandler, Secretary of the Siamese Cat Club of Australia, came aboard bringing a lovely bouquet of exquisite pink flowers. Later we had morning tea with Mrs. S. T. V. Cole at her home overlooking the bay. She had risen early to see the "Orontes" come into port. Her three delightful Siamese were disporting themselves by the fire and I smiled to see their three hot water bags on a divan in their sunny room and the carpet laid all along the sill on which they sit to watch the world go by.

Mr. Chandler motored me to his home at Croydon to see his family, first Mrs. Chandler and their two fine sons and then the cats. The Siamese Champion Doneraile Dantess, by Afka Khan, is a very nice queen and they are very pleased with her. She is an excellent mother and they have a waiting list for her kittens. A promising Blue Pointed female has unfortunately had to be spayed after two Caesarians. A good Seal Pointed Siamese male and a Russian Blue complete the picture at present but the Chandlers are importing two more Seal Points from Mrs. Kathleen Williams in the near future. Some time ago they had a visitation of infectious enteritis and are doing everything possible to procure an import licence for the Wellcome Vaccine. In the meantime they have a "bank" of chloromycetin and at any time of the day or night will speed it to a sufferer.

In the afternoon we paid a flying visit to Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Pearce, who are well-known to many English fanciers after their two pre-war visits. En route we passed through miles of lovely hilly

country. The autumnal tints were glorious, ranging from pale amber to the deep red of the red oaks.

Later that day I attended a reception given by well-known Melbourne breeders. Mrs. Brown, who imported before the war a Langherne and Allington Chinchilla, sends a message of goodwill to Miss Langston.

Next day Mrs. Chandler very kindly took me to see Mrs. Price, of Preston, Victoria. She has Jasper of Pensford, a Blue male who has been shown twice and awarded two Challenge Certificates. He is a fine boy and in lovely condition. I last saw him being hoisted aboard at Tilbury in December 1951. He captivated two cadets who looked after him during the long sea voyage and one of them, Donald, always visits Mrs. Price when he is in port. Jasper's photo was taken sitting on the hatch and he spent nearly all his time on deck or in the cadets' cabin. When Mrs. Price's daughter visited England in 1952 she stayed with Donald's mother at Harrow. So are human relations engendered through a common fondness for felines!

### At Journey's End

At 6.45 a.m. on 16th May we passed under the world-famous bridge at Sydney Harbour and soon after we had docked there came tripping up the gangway Mr. Harry Wynne (Secretary of the Cat Fanciers' Association of New South Wales who is organising the Show on the 23rd), Mr. E. J. Lonsdale, so well-known to us in England after his visit in 1950, Mr. F. Pearce (probably the best known Australian cat judge) and Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Wood, two prominent exhibitors and cat lovers. We were soon conversing as though we had known each other for months and I was pleased to hear they had a record entry of over 200 exhibits.

Next day, Mr. Whyte, Mr. Lonsdale and his daughter, Mrs. Whyte and myself went for a delightful picnic on a perfect day, passing Bulli Pass and Stanwell

Tops en route. The view over the bay from the Hargrave Memorial was glorious and impressive. On the way we met Mr. Pearce and his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wood with their daughter and after lunch we had tea prepared in the traditional pioneer fashion—in a billy can over a wood fire with a sprig of gum at the last moment to take away the smoky taste (if any). And very enjoyable it all was.

In the afternoon we went to see the cows being milked on the Camden Park Estate by Rotolactor machine. 1,500 cows are milked twice daily. They step on to a revolving platform where there is room for 50 animals at a time and there they are milked automatically in 10 minutes.

On the morning of the 18th I did a six-minute broadcast on cats with a special reference to the forthcoming Championship Show. In the evening there was a jolly meeting of members of the C.F.A. and other Clubs who wish to be represented. Mr. Lonsdale gave a

short resume of the activities of Mr. Wynne, Mr. Pearce and the Club, to which I made a brief reply as we had decided that members would probably be more interested to have a quiz rather than speeches. The questions which followed ranged from queries about Blue-Chinchillas to Chocolate Pointed Siamese and if it had not been for the very excellent supper that had been prepared in the background, the quiz would have gone on for hours. I found the questions very interesting and hope the answers I gave were helpful to the questioners.

The Club presented me with an adorable life-size koala bear, just the loveliest and most unexpected gift they could have given me.

Next day I recorded another broadcast for subsequent transmission by 2 GB at 12 a.m. and 10 p.m. This is a sponsored radio station and we are all pleased about this publicity for the Show, which I hope you will be reading about in next month's issue.



*We're fine thanks!*

Nema Worm Capsules soon put us right! No nasty after-effects either. A single treatment is effective in removing hookworms and roundworms.

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**WORM CAPSULES**  
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT  
*From all Chemists*



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MRS. R. F. ARMITAGE, COCKHEDGES, MERE, CHESHIRE.  
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Winner of many awards and sire of Champions.

**HILLCROSS RASMI**  
Kittens sent by air to many countries  
MRS. S. DRUCE, P.O. BOX 454,  
NICOSIA, CYPRUS.

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Noted for type and brilliant eye colour  
At Stud: **CH. PRESTWICK PENGILMA-PERTAMA (S.P.)**  
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**PRESTWICK BLUE CRACKERS (B.P.)**  
Breeder of Ch. Prestwick Mata-Biru, Ch. Prestwick Pertana, Ch. Prestwick Perling, and many others.  
MRS. DUNCAN HINDLEY  
HIGH PRESTWICK, CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY  
Chiddingfold 60 Station - Haslemere

### PINCOP SIAMESE

At Stud to approved queens:  
**CH. PINCOP AZURE KYM (B.P.)** Winner of 7 Challenge Certificates and Best Exhibit Siamese C.C. Ch. Show 1948. Sire of Champions.  
**CH. MORRIS TUDOR (S.P.)** Winner of 7 Challenge Certificates. Best S.H. Nat. C.C. Ch. Show 1948, and Midland C.C. Ch. Show, 1950/51.  
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At Stud: **MYSTIC DREAMER**  
1st & Ch. 1945 & 1948, 1st Prize Stud 1949, 1950 & 1951. Specials for Pale Coat & Best Eye Colour. Also his son GRACEDIEU YAI  
Siring KITTENS excelling in type, whiptails and sweet disposition.  
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At Stud: **MAIZ - MOR - MARQUIS**  
Best Shorthair Kitten at five 1950/51 C.C. Shows. Best Kitten at S.C.C.C. Show 1951. 1st & Ch. Herts & Mdx. Sept. 1952. Other wins include 50 Firsts, 13 Cups. Fee: 2½ guineas r.c.p.  
Particulars from MRS. EDNA MATTHEWSON LINDRIDGE HOUSE, 917 HAGLEY ROAD WEST QUINTON, BIRMINGHAM 32. Woodgate 2353

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Fee £2 - 2 - 0  
**DEVORAN DONALD**  
Fee £2 - 12 - 6  
Kittens usually for sale  
Particulars from - MRS. PRICE, THE GABLES  
HEATHFIELD ROAD, BUSHEY, HERTS  
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**PRISTINE BANDOOLA (B.P.)**  
would like a beautiful young wife.  
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1st Open Male Kit. S.C.C. 1952 and Winner of Bluboi Cup  
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Best Exhibit K.K.N.C.C. 1950  
Best Shorthair Kitten, Olympia, 1950  
Winner of 14 Firsts and many other awards  
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**MOWHAY SONGFRAM** { Maa Chapolyphemus Singki  
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**ONINA BLUE BOY** { Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo Nina Non  
MISS D. L. M. THOMAS  
ORCHARD HOUSE, CATSFIELD, NR. BATTLE, SUSSEX.  
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**DONERAILE SIAMESE** have a world-wide reputation for Type, Eye Colour and Gentle Temperament. EXPORTED KITTENS constantly attain the highest awards at shows in U.S.A., Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and other countries.

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Tostock Loona Chin  
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Saffire of Sabrina  
**SUKIANO SIROCCO** { Ch. Clonlost Yo Yo  
Best Kitten S.C.C.C. 1952 Foxburrow Runlie

Inquiries for Studs, Kittens and my book "The Breeding and Management of the Siamese Cat" to :-

### HILLCROSS SIAMESE

At Stud - **HILLCROSS SHENGSON** and **HILLCROSS PICOT** (Sire of H. Topaz, 1st & Ch. S.C.C.S., 1951).  
Hillcross Stock have won over 300 awards, including many Firsts and Specials 1945-52. Kittens noted for type, eye colour & light coats.

MRS. E. TOWE, Flat One, DANEHURST, OLD LANE, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

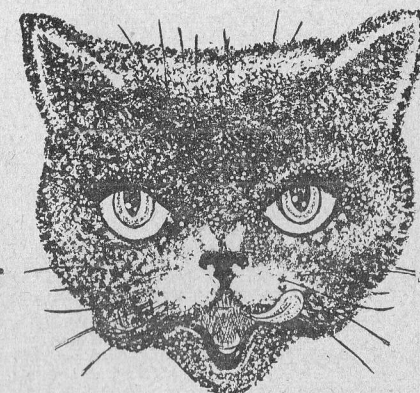
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Noted for Type, Pale Coats and Character. Prize-winning whenever shown. Awards include three 1st prize litters, a Best S.H. Kitten and a Best Female Kitten.

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MRS. KATHLEEN R. WILLIAMS,  
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Here's a beautiful young lady who knows how to pose and look pleasant. She is Ch. Silva-Wyte's Fleur-de-lys, a Blue-eyed White with sound hearing and this charming picture of her was taken at 10 months at the Garden State Show. Now three years old, Fleur-de-Lys was bred by a keen young specialist fancier Mr. Richard H. Gebhardt, of East Orange, New Jersey, U.S.A., who tells us he has been working to ensure sound hearing in Blue-eyed Whites. He says that few people realise the value of the odd-eyed White in breeding experiments of this kind. When he mates his lovely queen to a Copper-eyed White he usually gets three blue-eyed kittens. The quality of the Whites in America is very high.