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Our Cats

AUTHORITATIVE • INSTRUCTIVE • ENTERTAINING



1/6

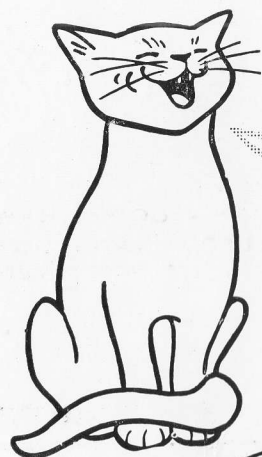
DID SOMEONE SAY FISH?

This is how the flashlight camera caught NEPETA NINA, 10 weeks old Abyssinian kitten as she emerged from a snooze in the basket. Nina (bred from Croham Amkara ex Taishun Penelope) is owned by Mrs. R. Waller, of Wimbledon.

Photo by Wing Features.

AUGUST, 1953

NEW ZEALAND REPORT FROM MRS. JOAN THOMPSON (page 15)



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

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

VOL. 5 No. 8

AUGUST 1953

Managing Editor:

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

American Associate Editor:

MRS. BILLIE BANCROFT

THE MAGAZINE THAT SPANS THE WORLD OF CAT LOVERS



SHEEPFOLD PAINTED LADY (by Ch. Hendon Lysander ex Queen of Diamonds), a particularly nice Tortie-and-White Longhair was Best Exhibit at the Surrey and Sussex Cat Club Show. She belongs to Mr. Leslie Owen Jones, of Guildford, Surrey.

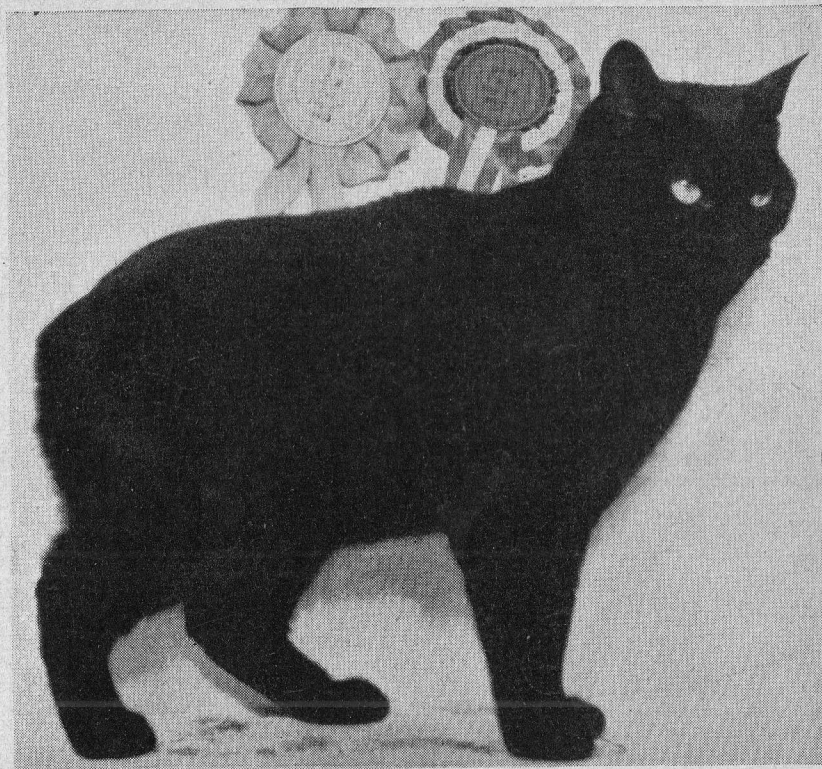
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Jack W. Boyd, Glasgow

YANCAM GREEBA is a Black Manx female of exceptionally good type. She is a daughter of Kerroo whose photograph we published in our September 1952 issue. Bred by Mrs. J. M. Twining, of Greeba, Isle of Man, she was purchased by Mrs. A. F. Hamilton, of Saltcoats, Ayrshire. Yancam Greeba scored a remarkable run of wins at four shows while still under 10 months' old, including a silver cup for Best Shorthair in Show. She was one of a litter of three pure black Manx kittens and her sister was sold to America.

This is worth thinking about

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

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This interior view of the Exhibition reviewed below shows among other exhibits the rug made by Lady Aberconway and a striking Swedish handprinted curtain fabric with a cat motif.

"Cats through the Ages"

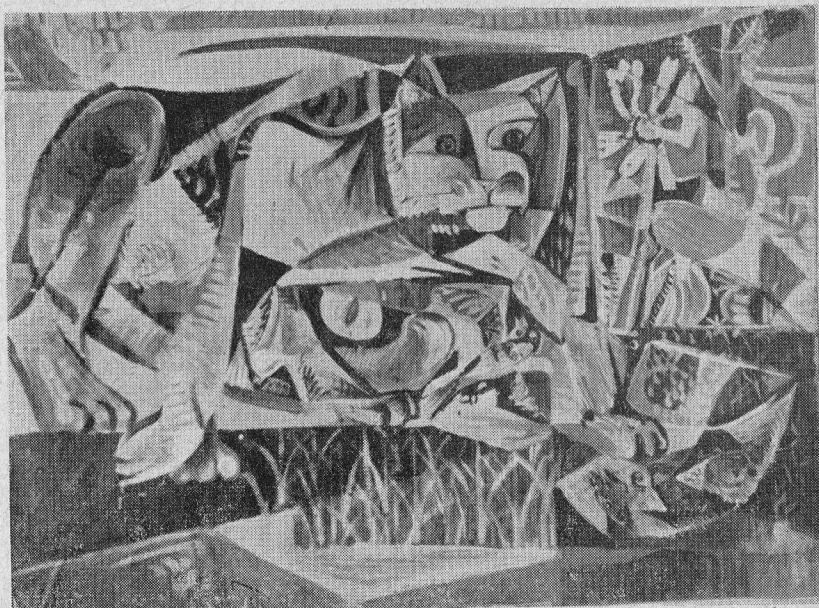
A Novel and Successful Exhibition Reviewed

WITHOUT a doubt the high spot of the feline calendar for last month was the "Cats Through the Ages" Exhibition which ran for ten days at the R.W.S. Galleries in London's West End. Sponsored by the International Association of Abyssinian Cat Owners, of which Lady Welby is the President, this exhibition provided a delightful contrast to the live shows to which we cat folk have grown so accustomed over the years.

Here indeed were cats in plenty—probably three to four hundred of them—with never a miaow to disturb the dignified calm of the gallery in which they were displayed. And ailurophiles were able as never before to saturate

themselves in the cult of the cat over the 4,000 years of its association with man. There were cats in bronze and gold, ceramic cats, eighty cats in paint and line, cats in needlework, cats in wood and ivory and mummified cats. Just one live representative was in attendance at each day's session and he (or she) was an Abyssinian whose job it was to display its points of similarity to the cat of the ancient Egyptians, to whom we owe the domestication of our favourite animal.

Like so many successful enterprises, the exhibition began life as a crazy idea. Gradually, by dint of much hard work and persuasion on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Denham, whose efforts to popularise the striking



"Cat, Rat and Bird" painted and loaned by Peter Foldes



17th Century Dutch oilpainting by A. Beeldamaker

Abbies. have been extolled in these pages, the idea developed into something more concrete. There was no precedent to use as a blue print and always the big query was : Is there a public for this sort of thing ? The organisers were confident that there was and slowly the task of collecting the exhibits proceeded and an attractive catalogue began to take shape. A venue was chosen—hang the expense !—and it was decided to devote any profits that might accrue to the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association and organisations devoted to the welfare of cats.

Given Good Press

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams gave their valuable services as exhibition managers and a little band of enthusiastic workers—Miss Margaret Cunningham, Mrs. Silten, Mrs. Val Davies, Mrs. Varcoe and Mrs. Woodyear—achieved much to lighten the responsibilities of the organisers. Obviously the task of assembling such a wide variety of exhibits after first obtaining the co-operation of the owners was not completed without incident. I particularly like the story of the art expert who, when approached for the loan of a painting, replied : "No, I'm not interested in cats. But I am interested in crazy people who do crazy things, and I'll help you."

The exhibition captured the imagination of the press and many distinguished cat lovers. Sir Compton Mackenzie gave it a handy mention on TV and invitations to attend the private view were accepted by amongst others Lady Cynthia Asquith, Pamela Brown, Beverly Nichols, Richard Hearne, Victor Stebel, George

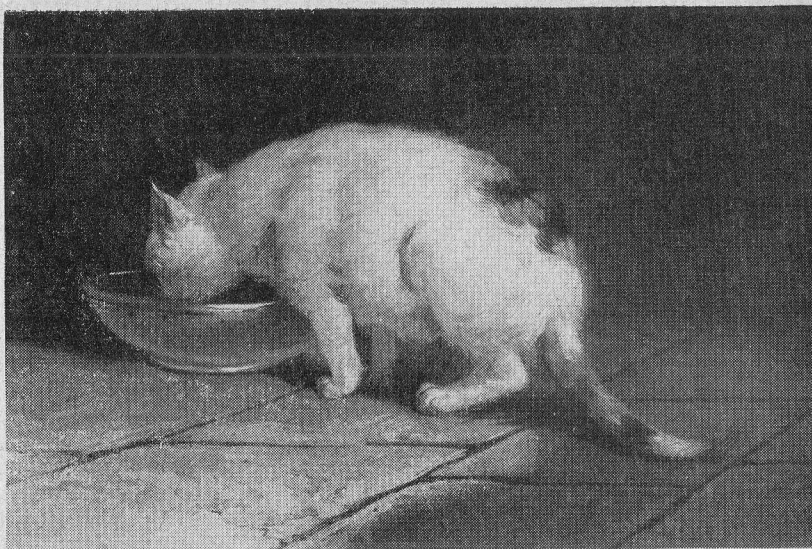
Cansdale and Michael Joseph. The Begum Aga Khan was among the early visitors and Her Highness afterwards sent along a charming note to the organisers saying how much she had enjoyed seeing the exhibits. It is worthy of record too that financial contributions were received from American wellwishers.

The backbone of the exhibition was undoubtedly the famous Langton Collection, loaned by Mrs. N. Langton, of amulets, rings, necklaces, scarabs and other objects which recorded the sacred status of the cat in ancient Egypt. These treasures in facience and bronze depicted cats on columns, seated cats, cats with deities, the cat-headed Bastet, jewellery worn by cats (usually collars), cat families and cat figures on objects of daily use.

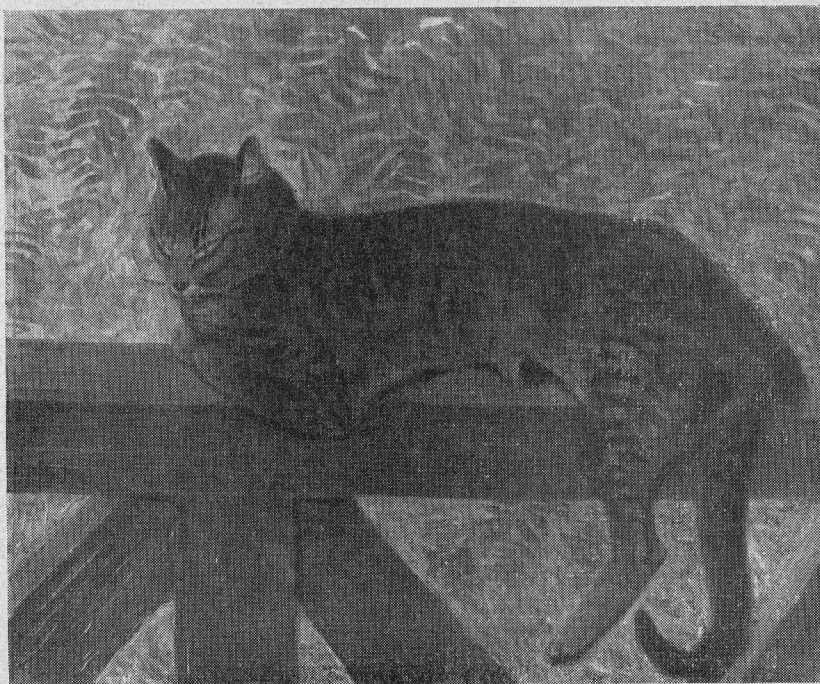
"Gods and Mousers"

Writing as one whose artistic leanings have left him in the perpendicular, I rather feel that an occasion of this kind calls for a little more academic feeling than I am able to impart. So here let Basil Taylor take up the account by way of his broadcast in Woman's Hour.

"This exhibition," said Mr. Taylor, "is about all the other things that cats are and have been besides being cats. I mean gods and mousers—or as I believe they would now be called, rodent operatives. . . . Here in this show are cats as various as the Pied Piper's rats, drawn cats, painted cats, china cats, woven cats, bronze cats, wooden cats, cats of every class and breed and colour, even at the private view baked cats to be eaten in the form of small cakes from Sweden with currants for eyes. . . .



"A Cat Drinking" — oil painting by George Morland (1763-1804)



"Le Chat" by Steinlen (1859-1923) the famous French delineator of cats

"Certain French cats of the nineteenth century, the familiars of French writers and artists like Baudelaire and Gautier and others, were uniquely and most splendidly regarded, lived as no other creatures have lived before or since, at any moment liable to be involved in a sonnet. It isn't perhaps as easy to show this in a picture as it was to write this romantic relationship into a poem as many of these poets did. But two works by the French artist Steinlen do recapture something of that admirable period.

Art of Gwen John

"But I am inclined to think that it was an English artist, not a French one, who has represented them better than any other artist. I mean Gwen John, the sister of Augustus John, and the fact that there are three or four of her paintings at Conduit Street should be enough to entice there anyone who knows these miraculous watercolours of delicacy and understanding.

"I hope that records are kept of those admirable cats who relieve the monotony of great buildings and institutions by their constant patrol. There was, for example, Mike, who used to keep the main gate of the British Museum and whose death was celebrated in a little book by some of the most eminent officials of that place. That book's here in the exhibition. Broadcasting House has lost some of its character for me at any rate since the death in the ruins of the Queen's Hall some years ago of a fine independent animal whose name I never knew, but whose walk across the entrance hall was unsurpassed.

"This lovely exhibition is like

the best kind of a museum, full of a great many objects which have accumulated for all kinds of good and curious reasons."

Also over the air Mr. Michael Joseph paid his tribute to the comprehensive character of the exhibition and added: "There are some wonderful pictures, ranging from Leonardo da Vinci's fifteenth century drawings to the work of modern artists like Louis Wain and Ronald Searle. The best pictures, I think, are the work of people who obviously know cats very well. James Mason, for instance, is a great cat lover and some of his excellent drawings are to be seen in this exhibition

"I liked very much the needlework pictures which are on view and in particular the large embroidered rug which has been worked and lent by Lady Aberconway. Margot Fonteyn, another famous cat lover, has lent some items from her cat collection and you can see the famous television puppet Prudence Kitten, lent by Annette Mills. . . . I must mention one exhibit: a Roman tile something like 1800 years old. While the tile was being made a cat must have walked across it, for its paw marks were baked into the tile and fixed for all time."

If you wanted humour, it was there for the seeking. Who, for example, could resist a smile at the framed handbill of eighty years ago which announced that "Charles Hewett, begged always most respectfully to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Cat and Dog Fanciers, and others interested in Natural History, that by giving the Old Countryman a look in at the American Stores, 18 Liverpool Road, Islington, which is open until time to close

daily, they can see the SKELETON OF DICK WHITTINGTON'S CAT, which was discovered by Excavators digging for daylight under the Wall of Canton in China. Also the PRIZE CAT AHAB, Weighing upwards of Three Stone. This Fine Tabby has taken Three Prizes—the first at the Cat Show 1871 and two others in 1874.”

Throughout its duration the exhibition attracted a steady stream of visitors with the result that profits running substantially into three figures will be available for distribution to the nominated charities. And just in case any of my readers will like to have a copy of the annotated souvenir catalogue it can be obtained for 2s. 6d. on application to Mr. Sidney Denham, 1/48 Elsworth Road, Hampstead, London, W.3.

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The Kensington Show

A Good Start to a New Season

THE show season of 1953/54 began auspiciously with a very successful show run by the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club in London last month. The Show Manager was Mrs. Vize and much credit is due to her for the success which attended this opening fixture.

The exhibitors and public were welcomed by a happy atmosphere in a light and airy hall, well laid out and tastefully decorated with masses of flowers. Such a contrast to the appalling weather outside—pelting rain, lowering cloud, sloppy pavements, mackintoshes and dripping umbrellas.

A centre piece and focus of attention was a pen in which were two unusual companions, a Blue Persian male cat, Myowne Caesar, and his voluble friend, a grey African parrot. A picture of this pair appeared on the front cover of the June issue of OUR CATS.

Win for Old Bill

A new feature in the Show this year was Judges' Corner. Here in a small annexe judges were able to display their cats in decorated pens. This section was much admired and visited by many people and many photographers. These decorated pens were judged by Miss Yorke, who awarded the 1st prize for originality to Miss Kit Wilson's Old Bill and his pen. This veteran Black-and-White was displayed in a facsimile of the haunt of a London alley cat, a backyard complete with coster's barrow and an overturned dustbin. He eyed his aristocratic neighbours in their flowered bowers with disdain. Mrs. Chapman's Bridgeway Miranda, a dainty Chinchilla, reclining on a lawn, backed by a rockery and her pen artistically decorated with flowers, was also awarded a 1st.

A cat which aroused much interest and speculation was exhibited in the A.O.V. Longhair Class—Mr. Stirling Webb's Briarry Fahneerah, a Longhaired Seal Point. She was certainly a lovely little lady and far nearer the type required for a Longhair than her sire.

This year the Club went back to its old and original idea—a show restricted to kittens and neuters. It is the only Club to provide such a show and it was rewarded by a record entry.

As usual, the popular and fascinating Siamese kits topped the entry and the Blue Persian kits had the biggest entry among the Longhairs. I was disappointed that there were no Black Longhaired kits, for the entries in this breed have been improving in the last few years and more people were realising how handsome and loving the Blacks are.

Those interested in Burmese must have been gratified with the entry of nine kits, for this breed has only recently been recognised by the G.C.C.F. and given a breed number.

Best in Show

The Best Kitten in Show was Mrs. Udall's Blue Persian Bayhorne Decima, an exquisite kitten with a lovely pale coat, bred by Mrs. Dulcie Benbow. This success must have repaid Mrs. Udall for her very worrying time the previous day when she travelled from Wimborne, Dorset. At Bournemouth she found to her horror that all her kits had been put off the train on to the platform. She joined them, but it was too late to have them put back or for her to get her luggage, which went on to Waterloo. Consequently she arrived at the hall at about 9 p.m. just as the Show Manager and Secretary were leaving. As the vets. had left, a temporary pen had to be

erected in the cloakroom and the kits left there for the night. It was greatly to her credit that she was able to present them in such lovely condition the next morning.

The Best Shorthair in Show was Miss Wiseman's Abyssinian Contented Carlos and this award must have delighted the lovers of Abyssinians especially when they saw the excellent entry of eighteen.

Mrs. Hammond's Fanifold Kitticat, a massive Cream with a long flowing coat was Best Neuter. Some of the other winners were Miss Calvert-Jones' Orange-eyed White, Tai-Land Tweedledum, who travelled from the Channel Islands to win a 1st. The Best Cream Kit was Mrs. Stephenson's Ashdown Cowslip and his litter sisters, both Blue-Creams, were 1st and 2nd.

Wins in Chins.

Mrs. Turney's exquisite Chinchilla entries collected many cards; her male being first and her females taking 1st, 2nd and 3rd, thus making their mother Sarisbury Aphra Best Brood Queen.

Ch. Astra of Pensford was Best Stud. The Best Siamese in Show was Miss Lant's Beaumanor Ferry Too.

Among the British Shorthair winners were Mrs. Attwood's Aldra's Blue Bonny, a Blue British and Miss Robson's Culverden Emrys, a fine Silver Tabby.

The Household Pet Classes were again a feature of the Show and were judged by Mr. Peter Carpmal who has succeeded the late Keith Robinson as Secretary of Our Dumb Friends' League. There was a very satisfactory entry and Miss Rachel Ferguson, the President of the Club, and Miss Culverwell did much to make the section a success. The winner was Janet Goodchild's Tim, a grand cat in marvellous condition and a credit to his owner. Miss Hollebone's Sam, the veteran of the show, was present once again and thoroughly enjoyed all the attention that was given him.

Miss Ellis Powell (radio's famous Mrs. Dale) gave the prizes to the Household Pets and her fans were delighted to see her in person and to learn that she too, in fact as well as in fiction, is devoted to her cat. She told us how Jemina delayed the departure for their holiday for several hours by disappearing at the crucial moment. She couldn't possibly leave until Jemima was found and she was sure all was well with her.

So the time passed, the rain ceased, the Show was over and I was able to take home the youngest member, Alison Aitken, and the three generations of Blacks exhibited in Judges' Corner. A kindly porter took our cats and found us a carriage where all were welcome and during the journey home the various occupants of the compartment read from their papers all the news appertaining to this very successful and happy Show.

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Unnatural or Unfair?

By P. M. SODERBERG

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

I WANT to deal here with three points of cat management which have all been considered carefully by breeders from time to time. Two of them have now become to be considered as almost normal practice and consequently cause little argument.

The first is the neutering of males. From my earliest boyhood I can remember that male kittens which came into my home were neutered, and even in those far-off days few owners gave more than a passing thought to the matter because it was the normal thing. The methods used in those days, however, were much more crude and were often actually cruel, but I cannot recall any young male dying as a result of the operation.

Modern veterinary science is much more humane in its approach to the problem, and during the past twenty years I have had no male neutered which seemed any the worse for the experience. Once the effect of the general anaesthetic has worn off, the neutered male acts as though nothing unusual has happened; even his appetite is normal.

There are people, however, who feel that it is morally wrong to interfere with the cat's natural functions, and as a consequence refuse to have any male neutered. This is certainly a point of view, but how far its validity extends is entirely another matter.

A stray tom can be a nuisance to himself, his owner and also to all the neighbours within earshot, and I'm pretty confident that the less natural life which is the lot of the male who is a household pet is one which most of them would choose for themselves had they power of reasoning.

With unaltered males fighting is inevitable, and torn ears and other wounds are to be expected. The most enthusiastic cat lover also learns quickly that an adult entire male can rarely be a household pet.

Taking all the facts into consideration, the only sane conclusion is that males should be neutered unless they are definitely needed for stud work. As an aside I might add that from the point of view of the improvement of the various breeds, it would be a sound idea if more males were neutered, for only really good males should be allowed to remain to carry on the breed.

The time when neutering should be carried out is a matter which must be arranged with the vet. who has to do the operation. Some prefer one age and some another, but whatever the age do insist on a general anaesthetic.

On Speying

The speying of females is a practice of much later development than the neutering of males, but the arguments which can be brought for and against the practice are in many respects similar. There is no doubt about it that the speying of a female is a much more serious operation and is thus attended by greater risk to life. In fact, there was a time when the mortality rate was quite high, but with healthy young cats to-day the risk is very slight indeed.

The ownership of a female able to bear kittens may present problems from time to time, for queens will call and marauding males will answer. A female in season may wander off on her own, and in

districts where there is considerable traffic this wandering has its dangers.

If a queen has kittens, there is always the problem of disposing of the family when it has been weaned. Even with pedigree cats selling is not always an easy job with the result that many kittens have to be sold at a price which is uneconomic from the breeder's point of view at least. Ordinary kittens of the household type are much more difficult to get rid of although there is always a reasonable prospect of finding a home for some of the males.

For kittens to be born and then to be destroyed at once is a policy which has nothing to recommend it. On the other hand, if a queen is allowed to produce kittens, she should be permitted to rear some of them as an act of humanity. Even so, this may mean that all the females will have to be destroyed, and to most cat owners that is not a very pleasant prospect.

Slimming for Neuters

When this question of speying is regarded from all angles, it seems that there is a very strong argument for the operation to be carried out, particularly in the case of household pets. Again it is for the vet. to decide the correct age, but speaking entirely personally and probably sentimentally as well, I am in favour of allowing a female to have one litter before the possibilities of motherhood are taken away for ever.

The altering of males and females must have physiological consequences beyond the actual removal of certain organs from the body, and this fact has to be borne in mind by the owner although it is rare indeed for these consequences to present serious problems.

The nature of the altered male is usually very different from that of the entire male. He may not be more affectionate, for, contrary to popular belief, studs are usually very affectionate creatures, but the neuter is on the whole inclined to be less active. Most of them

do not wander far afield, but there are notable exceptions. Neuters sometimes become too fat, but as soon as this tendency is noticed a careful diet must be planned and obesity can thus be kept at bay.

Experiments with Declawing

The third point I want to raise in this article is bound to produce much more discussion and perhaps more feeling because it is new.

The damage done by a cat's claws to the furniture is often very considerable, and, however hard one tries, it is sometimes impossible to train a cat to use a scratching log or to confine its attentions to the legs of the kitchen table. The result of this destruction has meant in a number of cases, of which I have heard, that the cat had to be disposed of either by sending it to a farm where it became an outside cat or by having it put down.

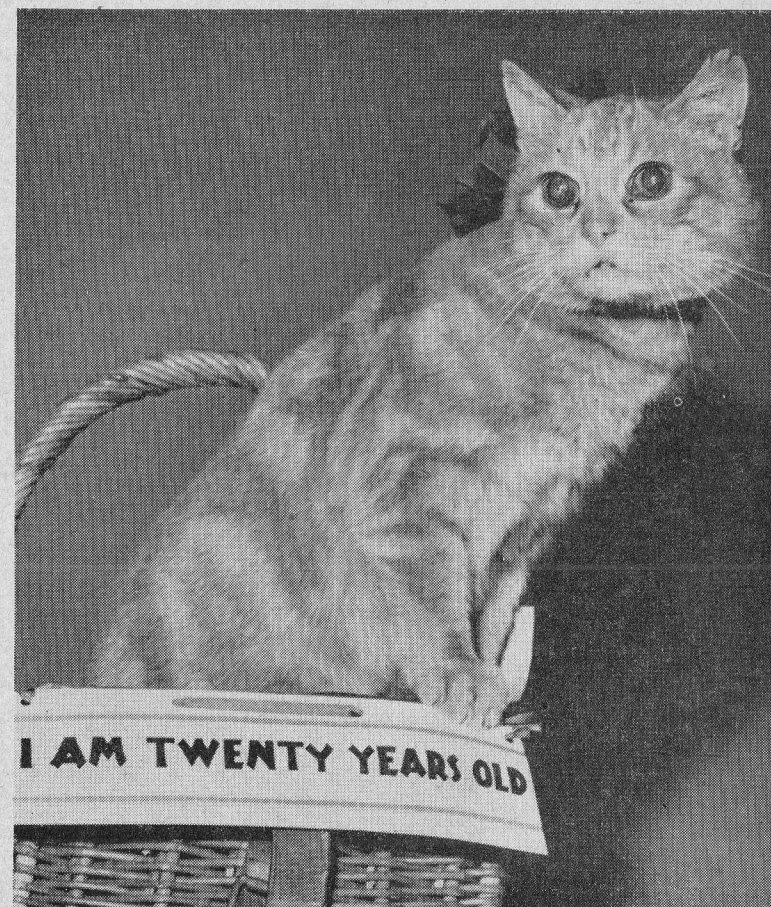
It must have been quite two years ago that I heard of a cat in the United States which had all its claws removed when it was a kitten. Recently in "All-Pets" Magazine there was an article on this subject of "declawing."

What function do the claws of the domestic cat perform under conditions of domestication? Are they in the case of household cats necessary as a means of defence against dogs and other cats? Would a cat be handicapped at all if its claws were removed at an early age?

To none of these questions have I a reasoned answer. The idea is new and therefore suspect, but will it become popular at some time in the future to have the claws removed? Frankly I don't know, but I should like to know what you think about it.

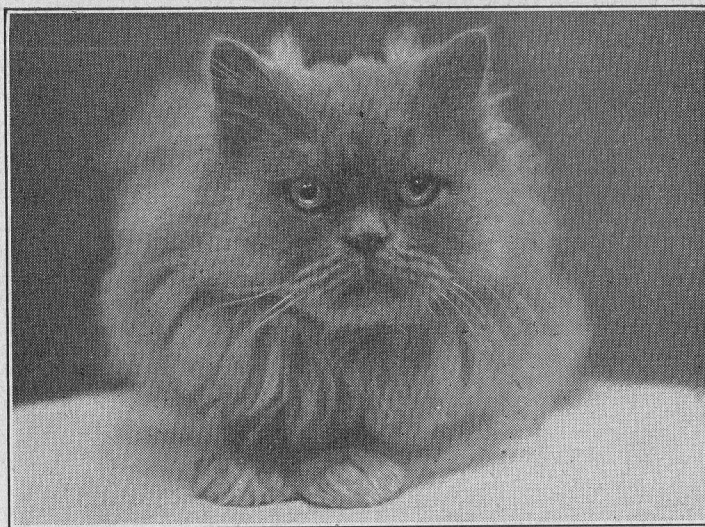
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A page for the proletarian puss No. 38



George Outram & Co. Ltd.

Readers will be pleased to know that since our photograph was taken GINGER has attained his majority. The years have treated him unusually lightly and he remains in excellent physical condition. A Red Tabby, he belongs to Mrs. Alison L. Grant, of Bearsden, Glasgow, who has taken many prizes in the Household Pets and Veteran Classes at the Glasgow and Edinburgh cat shows. Miss Kit Wilson, the well-known judge of Shorthairs, expressed her astonishment when she first saw Ginger at 19 years of age. He is a fastidious feeder, preferring rabbit, whisked eggs, haddock and plenty of water, his only drink. Our picture provides evidence of Ginger's fighting propensities in his youth.



PRIORY VALENTINE

MRS. M. E. BEEDELL, of 243 Brixton Road, London, S.W.9, writes :—

"I thought you might like to see the photograph of my prize-winning Blue Persian, Priory Valentine. Valentine had a severe illness and, after a relapse, developed pleurisy. For weeks he would not eat, but I gave him Kit-zyme which I am sure brought him through. I gave the tablets to him by dropping them down as medicine and now he eats them himself.

I would like also to tell you about a beautiful alley cat belonging to someone I know. This cat, a young tom, recently got in a brawl over females and was bitten very close to the spinal cord. He couldn't use his hindquarters and refused all food. Kit-zyme was given crumbled up on a bit of tasty food, but when he had got the flavour, he ate the tablets one after the other. Now he is running about as usual."

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Presented by JOAN THOMPSON

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

This month the scene changes to New Zealand where Mrs. Thompson has been judging and meeting many people and cats during a 1,000-miles tour of the two islands.

I SAID goodbye to Australia on 17th June. At 6 a.m. I was off to the Sydney Air Station and thence by motor coach to Rose Bay for my first flight by sea-plane. After the usual formalities and a lull whilst we had tea and biscuits I joined the other passengers for New Zealand with my magnificent kaolo bear mascot, who occupied the empty seat beside me. He came in for a lot of admiration and attention.

We eventually took off just after dawn. It was a thrill rushing over the water with a frothy wake behind us and then soaring into the air like a seagull and wheeling round in a semi-circle over Sydney Harbour Bridge, which I had steamed under on my arrival and crossed so many times by car. My last view of Australia was the environs of Sydney and the top of the centre span of the bridge rising above the pearly morning mist.

The seven-hour flight over nearly 1,400 miles of the Tasman Sea was uneventful except for the last 200 miles when we ran into bad weather. Land ahead was a welcome sight and it looked incredibly green as we flew over fields with many little pools of water lying in them, so vastly different to the Australian scene.

Auckland Reached

As we touched down and sped along the sea rose in cascades but very soon we came to rest and there awaiting on the quay to greet me was Mr. R. Marshall, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer of the New Zealand Governing Council of the Cat Fancy and the Auckland Cat Club. A journey of half-an-hour brought us to "Kilmarnock" and tea with Mrs. Marshall. In the evening there was a party to welcome me and to give me an opportunity of meeting the A.C.C. Committee and some of the members. In place of speeches a quiz was held along the lines of those which proved so popular in Australia. The Club's cups and trophies made an impressive display on the top of the Marshalls' grand piano. A delightful evening ended at midnight.

Next day at 3 p.m. I did a radio broadcast with Marina, a charming lady with the easy manner one always associates with radio personalities. This again was a question and answer affair and a live broadcast to a wide public.

Then came the day (19th June) of the 4th Championship Show of the Auckland Cat Club at the Trades Hall. It was very well arranged by Mr. H. Downey (the President) who officiated as Show

To mark this eventful and historic year !

**The forthcoming OCTOBER ISSUE of
OUR CATS Magazine will appear as a
GRAND INTERNATIONAL NUMBER**
(with an Anglo-American Supplement)

- This enlarged issue of OUR CATS will be published to coincide with the CORONATION ALL-BREED CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW which the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy is staging in London on 9th October.
- It will endeavour to present—for the first time—a comprehensive picture of the International Cat World—its clubs, societies, personalities, cats, etc. It will be designed to serve as an ambassador of goodwill, to stimulate global interest in pedigree stock and generally to strengthen the ties of friendship and common interest between cat lovers all over the world.
- It will be an issue containing specially-commissioned articles and many fine new features and photographs collected from all over the world—an issue that cat lovers will enjoy and treasure for a long time as a book of reference.
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**THE FINAL DATE FOR ADVERTISEMENT "COPY" & BLOCKS
IS 31st AUGUST, 1953.**

All correspondence to: OUR CATS MAGAZINE,
4 CARLTON MANSIONS, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

N.B.—This is the last announcement we shall be able to make concerning this record-breaking issue. So please take a note of the details for prompt action !

Manager. Both days of the show were sunny, the hall was light and comfortably filled with nearly 200 exhibits. At 9 a.m. I commenced judging with four excellent stewards, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, Mrs. Dally, Mrs. Denny and Mr. D. Black. They were a wonderful quartette whose quickness and competence enabled me to complete my judging by 7 p.m.

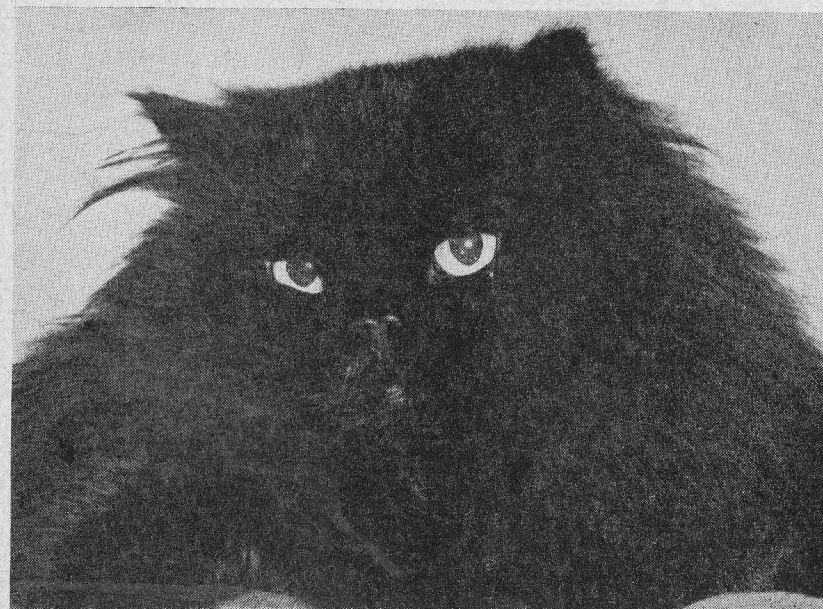
When the exhibitors were allowed in they quickly knew their awards as nearly all the prize cards were in place on their pens. No one except Club officials were present during the day but as exhibitors had been given previous warning they were able to spend the day at home or with friends.

A lovely representative collection of cats made their bow for the first time in New Zealand to an English judge and some were outstanding specimens of their variety. Mrs. Downey's Black Longhair Ch. Slapton Black Magic (by Ch. Bourneside Black Diamond bred by Mrs. Dyer) was Best Exhibit in Show.

This cat is one of the finest Black males I have seen. He has a perfect head, which is broad with neat little ears well placed, lovely copper eyes and a long dense black coat. Runner-up to him was Mrs. Downey's Seal Point Siamese Ch. Spotlight Pride by Ch. Clonlost Yo Yo, bred by Mr. Richard Warner. He was a male full of quality with head, body, paws and tail all beautifully in proportion and enhanced by his pale warm body colour and the pleasing tone of his seal points.

Best Blue Adult was Mrs. Downey's outstanding male Merryman of Dunesk by Ch. Dylon of Allington, a cat with a lovely head and well placed ears. The winning Blue Female was Mrs. Pepper's Farways Mirryanne by Oxleys Tommy Lad, a very attractive queen with a lovely pale blue coat fine in texture, a shade we see all too rarely nowadays.

Other outstanding adults were Mrs. Downey's Black female Slapton Sheba, full sister to Black Magic ; Mrs. Baker's



Auckland Star

**Best Exhibit at the Auckland (New Zealand) Show — Mrs. Downey's grand
Black Longhair CH. SLAPTON BLACK MAGIC.**

Blue male Farways Michael, bred by Mrs. Pepper; Mrs. Downey's Rose Marie of Dunesk, a dark queen with grand head and eyes; Mrs. Leather's Orange-eyed White male Winterglow of Mayfair and the same owner's Silver Tabby Langbank Silver, both good cats. Mrs. Mayhill's Chinchilla Ch. Cavalier of St. George was a picture with his wonderful coat but it was more heavily ticked than present-day Chinchillas in England. The Red Tabbies, cats and kittens, were some of the best I have seen at a post-war show. The award for best in this variety went to Mrs. Downey's Hendon Beautiful Doll, bred by Miss Campbell Fraser. I heard later she became a full Champion at Hamilton on 27th June. Her son Lindisfarne Maroon would have been my choice for Best Kitten in Show but he was too solid on the back, a fault time may remedy. He was a fine well-grown kitten with depth of colour and lovely head and eyes.

Mrs. Ellis's Lindisfarne Garnet and Mrs. Black's very nice trio (all sired by Mrs. Downey's Ch. Red Streak of Lindisfarne) made this a very fine class of Red Tabbies.

Two Nice Kittens

Best Longhair Kitten was Mrs. Pepper's Farways Johnnie Appleseed by Trenton Little John, a good pale blue kitten with a broad head, short face and neat well-placed ears. A Siamese kitten I lingered long over was Mrs. Downey's Morris Maestro. It went against the grain very much not to give him highest honours but I was puzzled by his speckled mask and pale chin, two temporary faults, and one has to judge "on the day." After judging I learned who he was and that he had only come off the ship from England four days previously. A beautifully bred kitten by Ch. Prestwick Penglima Pertama ex that remarkable mother of Champions, Mrs. Richardson's Morris Una: in this kitten she has bred another Champion if all goes well.

Best Siamese Kitten was awarded to Miss J. M. Tattle's Kuching Chuchi-Kan by Ch. Spotlight Pride, an attractive female who should make a good brood queen. Only one Blue Pointed Siamese adult was entered, Miss Pat Powell's Biltham Harlequin by Biltham Sinbad, a nice cat with whom she hopes to build up the Blue Point strength in New Zealand. A discovery was a charming Smoke kitten bred by Mrs. Marsack. His top coat has a slight bluish tinge at present but in my opinion it will darken with age; his undercolour all over was palest silvery white. Later I saw his pedigree and found Blacks, Whites and Blues in it so he has the essentials to found a line of Smokes if judiciously used.

Public Pack In

On the second day Lady Allum, the Mayoress of Auckland, attended the Show, which was officially opened by Marina at 2 p.m. Marina made a charming little speech in which she said she had opened nearly every other kind of show but this was her first cat show. The Mayoress and Marina were escorted round the hall by Mrs. Downey and here and there they paused to chat to officials and exhibitors. One could hardly move during the afternoon and the Committee were very pleased with the public response which made a record gate. The show was open from 9 a.m. to about 5.30 p.m. on the second day.

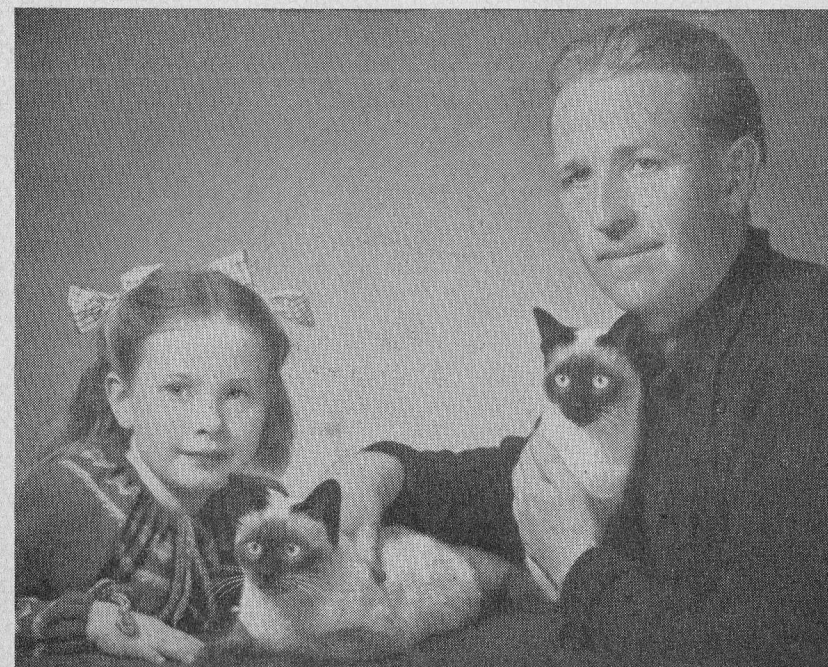
I congratulate Mr. Marshall and his Committee and the exhibitors on their united efforts to make this show such an unqualified success.

On the day after the Show I attended an enjoyable lunch-time meeting at Remuera with Dr. and Mrs. King, Mr. Aberdeen, all the way from Invercargill, Mr. and Mrs. Dryden-Pardie, Mrs. Peguero and Mr. Whitter. Of course we talked cats! Dr. and Mrs. King wish to form a Siamese cat society in New Zealand in view of their growing popularity and it appears they will be able to make a start when a few small

difficulties have been ironed out. Mr. Dryden-Pardie's Seal Point Siamese male Doneraile Lightning, already with two Certificates to his credit, graced the party. As a precaution against "mistakes" he was on a lead but he settled down quite happily with his front paws on my lap looking the picture of innocence. He is a good cat with the deep blue eyes of his sire Afka-Khan.

On 22nd June we had a 15-minute session on the radio with Marina and as she had promised on the previous Thursday that some of the winners would be present we had a large audience in the theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Downey came with Ch. Slapton Black Magic, Ch. Spotlight Pride and Merryman of Dunesk and Mrs. Leathers with her White male Winterglow of Mayfair, a striking looking cat when displayed on the stage. Mrs. Mayhill brought her

Chinchilla female Langbank Lotus and Mrs. Marsack accompanied the owner of the Smoke kitten. Master Higgins also brought along his Brown Tabby Short-hair neuter, a pet in grand condition. There were comments and much applause when these cats were held up whilst Marina and myself talked about them. There was some laughter too when Master Higgins, aged 11, when asked what he wanted to be when he grew up replied: "I want to be a pilot and to breed cats." Marina asked him: "What would you do with the cats if you were a pilot?" and pat came the answer: "Oh, I would have another plane to put them in." Well, I saw his proud father after the broadcast and he told me his son had joined the Auckland Cat Club and he was buying him a pedigree cat. Thus are new young breeders encouraged.



New Zealand fancier Mr. Sydney Moran and his little daughter Lynette with two special pets, Fudge and Mimi. It is interesting to record that Mr. Moran purchased the mother of this pair from the Auckland Zoo but their sire was a pedigreed Siamese.

Winners at Palmerston

My next trip was to Rotorua but I will reserve comment on this visit for the ship and pass on to 26th June, the day of my arrival to judge the first Ch. Show of the Palmerston North Cat Club. Miss D. Hore, President and editress of the illustrated magazine "Cats Monthly," met me and arranged my stay with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Hewison, who made me very welcome.

Next day—Show Day—was cold but sunny. The venue was Kiwi Hall where there was a good light. Mr. H. A. Hore proved a kindly Show Manager always pleased to hear suggestions for future use. Apart from Auckland there are comparatively few pedigree cats in New Zealand and one has to remember that the total population of the North and South Islands is only about two million people. So they are doing wonderfully well to start new cat shows and the excellent gates they draw are a happy augury for the future of the Fancy out here.

Seal Point Best Cat

The Palmerston Show was mostly a collection of really lovely household pets in fine condition and with a bloom I should like to see on all the pedigree exhibits. Best Cat in Show was Mrs. Baker's Blue male Farways Michael by Oxleys Tommy Lad, a cat I much admired at Auckland. I understand this win made him a Champion. Best Long-hair Kitten was Miss Dulcie Hore's Black Illawarre Black Smasher, a very nice kitten with a dense black silky coat, a good head and ears, and round eyes which I should prefer deeper in colour. He was awarded a special prize for the best groomed kitten. In adults this award went to Mrs. Leather's lovely White male Winterglow of Mayfair, who won again. Another cat I liked very much was this exhibitor's Farways Rogan, who excelled in type but needs more show preparation.

Best Shorthair Cat in Show was Mrs. D. J. Davies's dainty Seal Point

Siamese Fa Ying, a dainty little lady with pale creamy body colour and dense mask and points. Miss Pat Powells' Biltham Harlequin was again the only Blue Point male representative. Her Blue Point female Kaja Blue Jacaranda escaped from her travelling box before she left home and gave her owner a fright. When on arriving at the show she opened the box and found only one cat inside she telephoned home and was vastly relieved to be told that the errant lady was safely there. Miss Powell's other queen I had to hold the Challenge Certificate from because of her fawn body colour and very short tail. She had, however, a lovely 1st prize litter of five Blue Points by the winning male.

It was a one-day Show with the doors opening to the public at 2 p.m. The hall was very crowded during the afternoon and I believe the Committee were very pleased with their first venture at show promotion. Miss Rogers, the Hon. Secretary, worked hard and also my very capable steward Mr. Moran, who motored all the way from Wellington to help me.

Southwards to Christchurch

I took tea next day with Mr. and Mrs. Hore and Miss Hore and found them already making plans for next year's show in a larger hall. But to rent one in a central position is a problem that nearly all cat club committees are faced with. Yet these facilities are so vital to show success and the spreading of the cult of the cat. Miss Hore is very enthusiastic and it will be interesting to hear about the future progress of the Palmerston North Cat Club.

30th June. To the air station at Palmerston only to hear the news that the grass run at the usual airfield was flooded. So on to the N.Z. Air Force Station at Ohakea. It was a cold day and there was no waiting room, so I asked: "Where do the passengers go when it is raining?" "Oh, just into the hangar!" was the reply. After about half-an-hour we took off with a baby crying

lustily all the way to Blenheim, where we stopped en route to Christchurch. Then we had a get-together and Capt. Moran and his first officer (the total crew), like the splendid fellows these flying men are, made us tea, got some biscuits and warmed the baby's bottle in an electric jug, after which all was peace!

As we took off from a grass field, my last glimpse of Blenheim was one of the colourful corrugated iron roofs of the bungalows—terra-cotta, green, with an occasional yellow or orange. We soon rose over the peaks and for the first time there were no sheep and little vegetation, except for what looked very much like moss. Flying low as we approached the coast one could see the green valleys, then came the grand flight to Christchurch with mountains on the right and the sea, such a glorious shade of aquamarine below us. We passed the Kaikoura ranges with snowcapped Mount Tapuaenuku (9,465 ft.) looking very impressive with wisps of clouds caressing its summit.

A Hectic Flight

Mrs. Chennels and Mr. Holmes, Hon. Secretary of the newly-formed Canterbury Cat Club, met me at Harewood airfield and took me off to welcome tea. Rumping about were Mrs. Chennels' Seal Point queen and her five lively kittens. Mrs. Chennels told me they were all sold and that she had a waiting list for future litters.

At 5 p.m. we went back to the city for a broadcast, a recording this time. Chatting afterwards to the announcer I was interested to hear how intrigued she was that cats were of sufficient interest and importance for anyone to travel so far as I had done to judge them. This has been the attitude of everyone I have met in connection with the broadcasts and as this was my ninth appearance on radio, I have seen a number of announcers as well as engineers who supervise the sound and the recording. They usually come into the room afterwards to give their opinion and so far it has been O.K. and

nothing has had to be re-recorded.

In the evening I visited Mr. and Mrs. Muir and their charming neutered female Seal Point Siamese. They smiled when I suggested they had ideal conditions to breed cats but I left them toying with the idea. Both are Committee members of the Canterbury Club.

On 1st July I was back at Harewood airfield with its fine view of the snow-capped Southern Alps in the far distance. During the flight to Dunedin one gets a fine view of Mount Cook (12,349 ft.) towering among its lesser brethren and all shimmering in the winter sunshine. We subsequently touched down to change planes and the next phase was really unique. A little single-engined plane with seating for only six passengers awaited us. We hurtled over the grass runway and made a saucy take-off and what the plane lacked in size it made up in noise and vibration. It scurried through the air flying so low that I felt at times that if one could lean out one could pat the sheep that ranged over some of the hills and mountains. The view was unique because I could look out of my own window, my neighbour's and also share the pilot's front view as his cabin door was open.

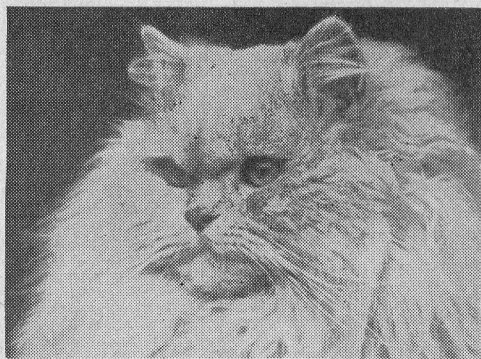
Enthusiasm at Invercargill

However, we eventually arrived safely at Invercargill to find Mrs. Lowe, President of the Southland Cat Fanciers' Club, and Mr. Aberdeen, L.R.V.S., Vice-President, awaiting me. I was whisked off to lunch with Miss Cochrane, then Mr. Buchanan, the Show Manager, called to take me off for a broadcast and a press interview. In the evening there was a party at the home of a member of the Committee whose name I regret I did not make a note of. After a pleasant evening I motored home with Miss Thomson to spend two days with her and Mrs. Thomson. Here I had a welcome rest after a busy fortnight of travel, meetings and shows, more of which I shall be writing about later.

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Let's go to a Show

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

1953	Promoted by	Venue
27 August ...	*Sandy Show ...	Sandy, Beds.
18 September ...	*Herts and Middlesex Cat Club ...	London
1 October ...	*Siamese Cat Club ...	London
(See displayed advertisement in this issue)		
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 ...	Leeds
9 December ...	*National Cat Club ...	London
1954		
9 January ...	*Notts. and Derbys. Cat ...	
16 January ...	East Anglian Cat Club ...	
23 January ...	*Lancs. and North Western Counties Cat Club...	Manchester
2 February ...	*Southern Counties Cat Club ...	London
* Denotes show with Championship status.		

The Fifth Show of the Southland Cat Fanciers' Club took place on 4th July. Here again the exhibits were mostly domestic pets and the amazing thing about it was the wonderful gate receipts of £150. Invercargill has only a population of 30,000 and the nearest city Dunedin necessitates a four-hour train journey. The Show was advertised in the local papers but the 15-minute broadcast went out over the air at the 7 p.m. peak hour the night before the Show and to this the Committee attribute their record gate.

A Mixed Entry

The Best Cat in Show was Mrs. Low's Greenseal Yeux-Blue, a Longhair White very pure in colour, good in type and with fine blue eyes. Best Shorthair Cat was Mr. Aberdeen's Bluemead Jolie Joseuse. One of the loveliest cats for type was Mrs. Sommerville's Golden Prince, a neuter with a splendid head, eyes and expression. He was entered as a Silver Tabby but he is a dark Chinchilla with bars on forelegs and face. The Governing Council (England) definition for colour in Silver Tabbies is: "Ground colour pure pale silver with decided jet black markings, any brown tinge a drawback."

The winner, Miss Melvin's Twinkle, excelled in markings and both were in fine coat and condition. Mr. Buchanan's handsome Black Shorthair Nig-Nig, mother of many kittens, won a silver cup outright on recording her third win. Janice James's Longhair sable Silver Tabby Peter won first in his section over several handsome rivals, including Mr. Swain's fine Red Tabby Goldie, who was worthy of another 1st. In a class of twelve for Best Speyed Female the winner was Mrs. McKenzie's Tabby Irish Pride.

The Southland Club owes much to the enthusiasm of Mr. Aberdeen who for many years has encouraged owners of pets to care for them properly and to exhibit them. I hope in time he and his Committee will be rewarded with the

sight of as many pedigree cats as there are domestic pets to-day. In the South Island pedigree cats are few in number and there are more Siamese than Longhair enthusiasts. But, of course, one needs good specimens of all varieties to make a Cat Fancy. The Show served to prove the existence of many cat lovers and one can only hope that some of the household pet owners will eventually turn their attention to pedigree cats.

All the Committee worked hard and Mr. Buchanan and the Hon. Secretary, Miss Flegg, were hard at it until long after the doors closed at 9 p.m. Mrs. Maguire and Miss Julie Thomson were efficient stewards and some of the heavy neuters needed expert handling to get them out of their pens. I asked Miss Cochrane what she fed her handsome 1st prize Tabby-and-White Longhair neuter Michael on and the reply was: "Oh, half-a-pound of topside of beef every day, divided into two meals." No wonder he looked contented with life!

On Monday, 6th July, I commence the first stage of my long journey home, stopping to visit Miss Hunter-Weston at Dunedin. Since I left Auckland, 784 flying miles from Invercargill, I have motored and flown over 1,000 miles so I have enjoyed a unique opportunity to see this lovely country. Invercargill is the most southerly city in the world and it is from its neighbour Dunedin that expeditions start for the South Pole.

Before I conclude this account with a promise to write more next month about my experiences in Australia and New Zealand, I must correct an error that crept into my reference in the July issue to the Merino rams I met at the Sydney (New South Wales) Show. To justify the astronomic prices paid for these animals I said that one of these rams was capable of begetting 150 lambs in a night. This should have read 150 lambs in a month. I should have known better than to credit these rams with such phenomenal generative powers with mutton chops at the price they are to-day!

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Bo'sun Ashore

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

OUR good friends the MacKinnon's opened their home to us and for two weeks we stayed with them. Bo'sun had the time of his life. He romped and played with Wellington and the poodles Josephine and DuBarry and the mischief those two cats got up to was for all the world like a Walt Disney movie cartoon. They were inseparable even to Bo'sun spurning our bed at night—preferring to sleep with his new found friend. We're thinking of suing Wellington for alienation of our Bosun's affection!

When we discovered that it would be a matter of months before "Mary Hillier" would be habitable, we felt we must find a house to live in to relieve our good friends of their shipwrecked triumvir. We found a small villa in Terreno (not far from the Yacht Club) which we enjoyed very much. It had a beautiful view of the sea and was most pleasant. Friends of ours had the place for the winter and when we moved in Suzanne asked me if I would feed a cat that used to visit her regularly at mealtimes. She said the cat belonged to someone in the neighbourhood, but apparently liked English food better and therefore arrived religiously when it was time to eat.

The day we moved in the cat appeared on the scene—a lovely marmalade that looked as though he had been left out in the sun too long. Its fur was more pink than orange and so we named him Pinky. Trying to feed Pinky posed a bit of a problem at first—because although Bo'sun made friends with Cousin Wellington—he has never cared for cats—and I was fearful 'lest Pinky find Bo'sun more than a little inhospitable. I needn't have concerned myself. Pinky moved in with us.

Periodically a little Spanish seniorita of

about six would come and say : "Tiene Ud. mi gato?" (Have you my cat?). I always produced Pinky and the little girl would carry him away—but in less than half an hour he'd be back romping on the terrace and enjoying much fun and games with Bo'sun.

When Pinky first met Bo'sun from his actions, we think he fell in love with this strange oriental enigma—but when Bo'sun showed no interest in his amorous advances, Pinky's attitude changed to one of maternal devotion. He spent hours washing Bo'sun and never wanted to be out of his sight.

But our lovely villa I discovered to my horror was the meeting place of all the cats in the neighbourhood. Either that, or Pinky passed the word around that he had moved in, and might have hinted that if they were wise, too, there might be a few other berths available. It was no surprise to find six or seven cats lined up on the terrace observing Bo'sun from a distance. Bo'sun took no notice of them. Pinky was always there, and I feel his presence as Bo'sun's bodyguard prevented any altercations.

There were two black twins—Old Black Joe and Uncle Tom. There was Variades, a well-mixed Tortoiseshell; Tigre, a tiger cat; Chimp the Champ, who gave every indication of having been cross bred with a chimpanzee and last but not least Pug the Pugilist, showing many battle scars. His ears were pressed down on his head as though they were pinned there. One of his eyes had either seen too much, or not seen enough to avoid whatever hit him—and he walked with the swaggering gait on four bowed legs that gave every indication of a pugilistic career. I'm not sure he wasn't Manhattan Mouser incognito, visiting these

Mediterranean shores and attempting to avoid publicity.

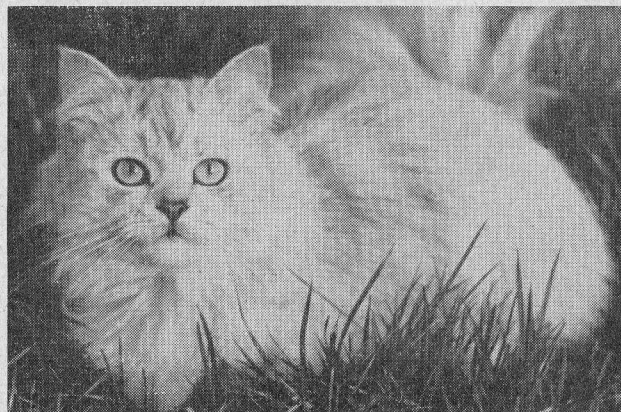
Although our Terreno Villa was pleasant, with a wonderful view of the sea from the front terrace, the rear of the house was on a road much travelled by motor vehicles. Pinky in attempting to show Bo'sun around was inclined more often than not to lead my innocent on to the street and I lived in perpetual fear that Bo'sun might come to grief from a passing vehicle—having so little experience with road traffic. So we went house hunting again.

Now we are in a heavenly place—three minutes from the sea with our terrace and front room windows overlooking the wide expanse of the unbelievably blue Mediterranean—the view framed in beautiful trees and bushes alive with roses, mimosa, geraniums and many other flowers of which I know not the names. To the right, left and rear our windows overlook the rambling hills where sheep and goats graze most of the day and it is possible to hear the tinkle of the little bells they wear. The shepherds tending them sing the most plaintive and melodious songs—intermingled with the “cantandos,” the birds compete in the vocal renderings.

Our house is the only one on the road and being unpaved there is never any traffic. So Bo'sun can come and go at will and I have no worries on that score. We have acquired a servant, too. We are really living a life of leisure. It's “the done” thing for foreigners to have at least one maid, first because they cost practically nothing and secondly it takes a person with local talent to use the peculiar stoves these quaint villas have. The servant adores Bo'sun, but he doesn't return her affection. She charges at him with great enthusiasm to pet him but he flees in terror. I don't think he'll ever get used to her. She tries every device to gain his esteem, but he'll have none of her.

Since moving to this villa, Bo'sun has reverted to his old pet peeve of being a cat hater! One evening a large marmalade cat entered our garden. Bo'sun, thinking it was Pinky coming to call, made a friendly, but rather boisterous overture and there ensued a fierce fight. Bo'sun got the worst end of the bargain and had to be treated for many bites and scratches. Since then the mere sight of a cat infuriates him.

(To be continued)



Neuter Chinchilla LONICERA NITIDA (“Simpkins” to all his friends!) belongs to Mrs. Joan Furniss, Sedgley, Nr. Dudley. Bred by Mrs. Shaw Fletcher, of Cooden, Sussex, he will be 2-years-old next month.

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.

Collars

Some people say that it is cruel to make a cat wear a collar. Do you agree with this?

There are occasions when a collar is very useful, and quite a number of owners (particularly owners of Siamese) take their cats out on leads. There is nothing cruel about the use of a collar and few cats resent wearing one after a day or two spent in getting used to it. It is, however, dangerous to allow cats complete freedom when wearing collars, for few of them can reason when the collar gets caught up and then there may be disaster. If a collar is useful, use it, but take it off when you cannot be with the cat.

Saving the Furniture

My cat is ruining the furniture with its claws and this causes trouble in the household. Is there any way in which I can make it impossible for the furnishings to be torn in this way?

Cats will use their claws and you cannot stop them if they feel so inclined. You can try to persuade your cat to clean its claws on something that is of no value. Bind a leg of the kitchen table with hessian and then try to induce your cat to use this as a scratching block. It can be done. Overgrown claws may be cut with very sharp clippers, but it is not easy to avoid splitting the claws. Cats who have ready access to a tree trunk are rarely serious offenders indoors.

Sudden Panic

Occasionally my cat which has been sitting quite quietly suddenly gets up and rushes wildly round the room and then finally hides in some dark corner. When I go to her she is obviously terrified and does not calm down for some time. Is this some form of fit?

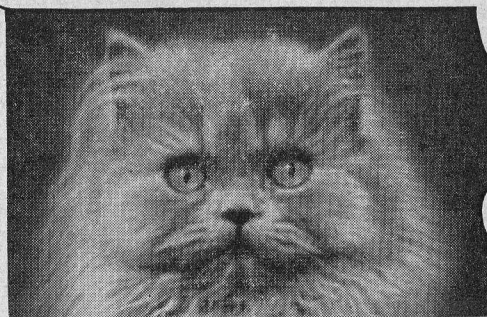
If you are worried you should certainly take your cat to the vet. and describe the symptoms. He may not be able to find a cause, but he will give you confidence. This sudden panic which your cat displays is unusual but by no means unknown. It is much more common with teething kittens, and this fact in itself may be a clue. The explanation may be even more simple in that the cat is suddenly frightened by some sound which you have not heard yourself. If the cat is normally fit, don't worry. If you must worry, share your worry with a vet.

Handling by Child

My daughter aged five is very anxious to have a kitten. Do you think she is old enough to treat a kitten with kindness?

No small child knows how to treat a kitten with kindness, and it is up to you to teach your small daughter how to play with a kitten. To a small child a kitten's tail is something to be pulled and this often means that the child is scratched. Childish affection is also liable to be too boisterous, and a small kitten may be

MY DEAR, YOU LOOK CHAMPION!



Tibs reporter, Tibby, is quite bowled over by a beautiful lady who takes praise as her due.

This silky-haired, bright-eyed animal is Gathorne Georgianna who has carried off challenge certificates three times in succession. Gathorne Georgianna belongs to Mrs. Chappell of 2, High Road, Cowley Peachey, Uxbridge, breeder and judge of blue, cream and blue-cream Persians.



Mrs. Chappell has a wisdom born of many years experience, for she has been breeding cats for 20 years. She told us how many of her own and other champions she had seen kept in top condition by Tibs—'They're wonderful both as a diet balancer and to correct slight irregularities. Tibs are in regular use in the boarding section of this Cattery.'

Now that cat breeding is so firmly established in the family Mrs. Chappell is glad that the tradition looks like being continued, for her niece Audrey is following in Aunty's footsteps.

Famous breeders say:

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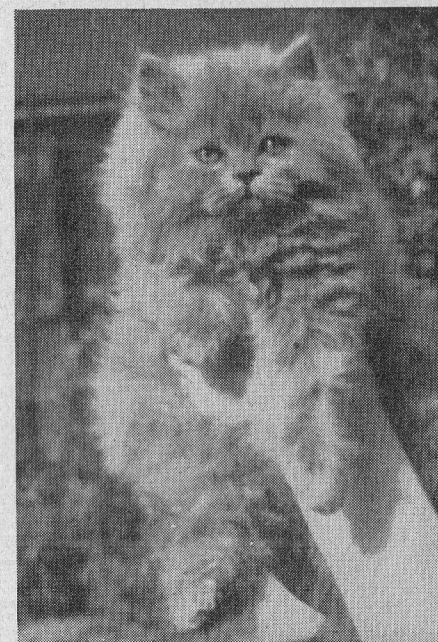
10d. and 2/-

almost squeezed to death by this misguided affection. Certainly obtain a kitten for your small daughter and then by word and example show her how to handle it. If you know the correct answers you can teach them to a child.

Feeding the Queen

How soon after a queen has been mated should one start to feed her more generously so that she can better supply the needs of her unborn kittens?

The general answer to this question is that there is no need to alter the diet at all provided that the food usually given is satisfactory. Foods which are fattening should be kept to a minimum, for a queen who is overfat may have trouble when the litter is born. As the embryos develop in size it is also a wise plan to give smaller meals more frequently so that the stomach is never too full after any meal. During the last fortnight those milky foods which will be given while the kittens are being nursed should be gradually introduced. It is when the kittens have been born that generous feeding is necessary, for the feeding of a family is a strain on the mother.



WOBURN MINAW, Blue Longhair Kitten at 8 weeks by Gem of Pensford ex Woburn Wink, belongs to Miss Julia Tolvanen, of Helsinki, Finland.



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Them!

By MRS. WILLIS

(Congresbury, Somerset)

THE cottage is peaceful at last.

I can walk boldly from room to room, free from the fear of Them. I can throw the doors wide open, knowing that They will not be crouching just inside, waiting to pounce out on the best nylons. Nor will They be sitting so close to the woodwork that they are mowed down and stepped on, to the accompaniment of shrill squeals from Them and abject apologies from me.

When people come to my low-lintelled front door I no longer yell out: "Mind your head, and look out for your feet" for only the first part of the warning is necessary.

The place is comparatively tidy, too. Three ping-pong balls, numerous screws of paper, a cotton reel tied to a string, and half an old fur glove have become redundant. All the loose coverings are neatly in place and the curtains are no longer in a state of perpetual motion from Them swinging on the ends.

It is a relief to be able to flop back into a deep armchair without leaping up a second later and feeling, in a frenzy of anxiety, under the cushions lest one of Them should have crept underneath for a warm sleep and should have met an untimely end by being sat upon.

Ironing has reverted to its former state of tedium now that the hazards of Them swinging on the electric flex have been removed. Bed-making is now a

dignified solo performance instead of the all-in wrestling act of Them v. me, and no longer is it necessary to feel all over the finished bed in case one of Them should, after all, be imprisoned underneath a tucked-in sheet, or inside a pillow case.

It is pleasant to wake naturally in the morning, and not to awake, several hours before time, to the uneasy knowledge that something small and furry is curled against my neck and is chewing my hair. Neither will They be waiting under the bed, ready to nip my toes as I get out, or to chase the tassels on my dressing gown cord, or to make ballet like leaps after my dangling stockings.

I can now wear lace-up shoes without having them unlaced by Them, which They usually did by stealth while I was sitting at a meal, or absorbed in some task, so that when I got up I trod on the loose ends and tripped myself up.

Best of all is the knowledge that on returning home after a few hours absence, I shall not be confronted by horrible things in the middle of the sitting room floor—things like dead garden lizards, partly gutted frogs, headless mice, shrews and voles, battered birds, baby rabbits, and, worst of all, live moles, all brought in by an over zealous mother for the education of her children. A fully grown mole who, urged on by the paw pats of an animal who is beginning to doubt her powers to deal with such unorthodox tactics, is trying to crash-dive

through a parquet floor, is a frightening hazard, and if a cat cannot deal with it, what can a mere woman do?

But the kittens have gone and the place is peaceful. There were only two of them, both of picture book prettiness, a brownish Tabby male, and a lavender grey, long-haired female, the rather surprising products of the mating of my Silver Tabby with the black-and-white tom from the farm. They were eight weeks old, able to lap and feed, house trained and mouse trained, and they were lucky to go to excellent homes. And they did make a lot of work around the place, and we couldn't possibly keep two extra cats—

So I keep telling myself. Did I say the cottage was peaceful? No, it's just plain lonely, and it's all I can do to stop myself from going round and asking to have those kittens back!



This Persian lady with the striking head markings is BIJOU, who belongs to Miss Anne MacDonald, a retired schoolmistress of Edinburgh. Miss MacDonald relates how one day she was sitting in her wheelchair at Duddingston, where there is a loch, when some children dropped into her lap an emaciated half-drowned kitten they had picked up at the edge of the water. That was on Easter Sunday last year. She cared for the kitten, labelled her Bijou, and to-day she is the lovely creature you see here.

OCTOBER 1st, 1953

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Paws across "The Pond"

From BILLIE BANCROFT (American Associate Editor)

THE weather here has been a bit on the torrid and sultry side but it has not in any way prevented the various meetings of the feline fanciers at many garden parties. The Atlantic Cat Club held theirs at the home of their President, Mrs. Nora Andrews. The Andrews estate is vast and beautiful, so many acres that it hardly seems possible it is located in the busy metropolis of Long Island, which is a city within a city just a few minutes out of New York. A crowd of members turned out for the affair and a very important meeting was held.

* * *

Just heard via the cat grape-vine that Noel Cattery has some very promising kits this season, one Tortie, one Black and one Red. They are so good that Helen Van Damme considers them import material. The address is 15485 Neches Road, East Detroit, Mich.

* * *

The Metcalf-Hatch law, which permits the requisitioning of animals for research and a lot of other things, is attracting American-wide attention. The majority of the worthwhile breeders are not arguing about theories and opinions regarding this bill but are out to assist in a very practical manner to make it null and void.

* * *

Have you heard of the product that gives escape from allergy to animals? It is called "Dust Seal." Write to me if you are interested and I'll see if I can send you a sample—free.

* * *

Judge Lillian Pedulla is burned up with enthusiasm over a very wonderful

Siamese sire that fills her every want for this type of cat. He is the right age and a beautiful show type boy. He already has four C.F.A. points towards his Championship and most wonderful of all he is a Blue Point. He comes from down Florida way—that extremely tropical state we visit in winter time.

* * *

The Crusaders have three cases coming up in September that should make feline history. It is an exposé of badly managed and unsanitary catteries. Heretofore the only power that could be referred to was the Board of Health but now our pets can be protected and rescued from utter misery and unhappiness.

* * *

Just had a charming talk with Alberta M. Paris. She tells me that she has just sold a lovely Cream female kit to a boy eight years old (Larry Baumann, of Bridgeport, Conn.), who is going to specialize in Creams and save the proceeds towards his future education. This youngster will have the assistance of his mother. You probably remember that Alberta has one of Mrs. Joan Thompson's Creams which has developed into a very lovely queen.

* * *

Alberta tells me they (the family) are moving to the western section of America or as she phrases it: "my cat family and us." They will stay in California for the show season and then go on to settle permanently in Hawaii. Alberta has authentic information regarding the cats of Hawaii. The dog and bird businesses are thriving but the cat breeders need new bloodlines and new interests. She feels that with her two British cats and her

lovely queen Tamara there may be a good chance to make a dent, a favourable dent that is, in Hawaiian feline opinion. She calls Gay's two kits Tu'penny and Ha'penny—(kindly explaining to me that that is English money!). They are travelling by car to California and she adds a note of sadness by saying: "Wish us luck, Billie." Only the best to you, Alberta Paris, may nothing but ribbons and trophies follow your footsteps. We are sorry to lose a breeder from our American Fancy like you. Hold high the torch and tell those nice friendly Hawaiian people we are very much interested in their progress in the Cat Fanciers' Association. We hear that Mrs. Otis is quite a leader down there.

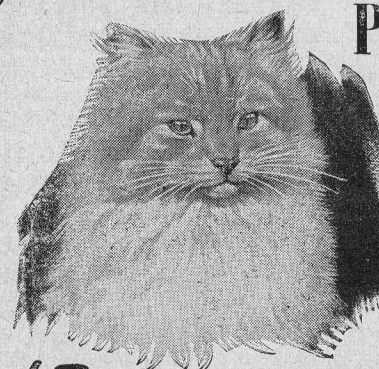
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Mrs. Nora Andrews, President of the Cat Fanciers' Federation, tells me a cat tail that is really funny. A short time ago she was quite ill and in the room with her were four dear little kits with their mother. It amused her to watch them but when she wanted to

sleep was the time they wanted to play, so one day she scolded Banshee, the queen mother. She in turn scolded the kittens and made them all sit in a chair while she sat in front of them on a stool and when one would move she would growl and slap the kitten until it was quiet and went to sleep. Seeing the queen mother's attitude and understanding she was trying to keep the kits quiet, Judge Andrews dropped off to sleep. When she awakened, mother Banshee looked at her, then called all the kittens and let them off the chair. Don't ever argue with Judge Andrews about the intelligence of a cat!

* * *

Each Club I've heard from this season is planning a show. What a busy season this is going to be. My schedule is already made out and I'll probably cover three times the number of shows I did last year. Thank you all for the letters. Please give me a little more time, each will be answered personally.



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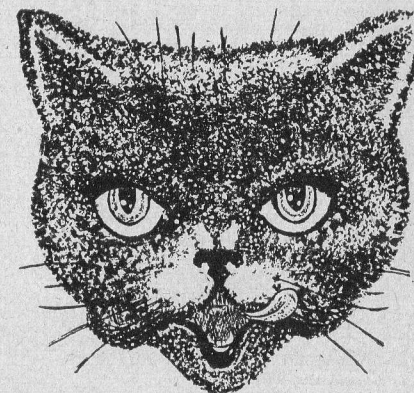
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BLACK Pedigree PERSIAN Kittens for pets and show. Also Cream, Blue and Blue-Cream Kittens.—Aitken, 2 Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey. Burgh Heath 2754.

FOR SALE. Two **CHINCHILLA** Kittens, born 5th June, must go to good homes and be thoroughly spoiled. Dam Bonavia Nannette, sire Sarisbury Caesar, reasonable.—Miss Weeks, "Strangeways," Coxtie Green, Brentwood, Essex.

"SAPPHIRE" SIAMESE Kittens, registered pedigree, country bred, healthy affectionate pets or breeding stock. Good homes essential.—Mrs. Walters, Milbury Lodge, Ferring, Sussex. Tel.: Goring-by-Sea 42449.

PEDIGREE S.P. SIAMESE, sire Prestwick Priethie Pal, excellent litter. 10 weeks. Males £6 6s females £5 5s.—Curley, 26 Dulverton Road, Ruislip.

Miscellaneous

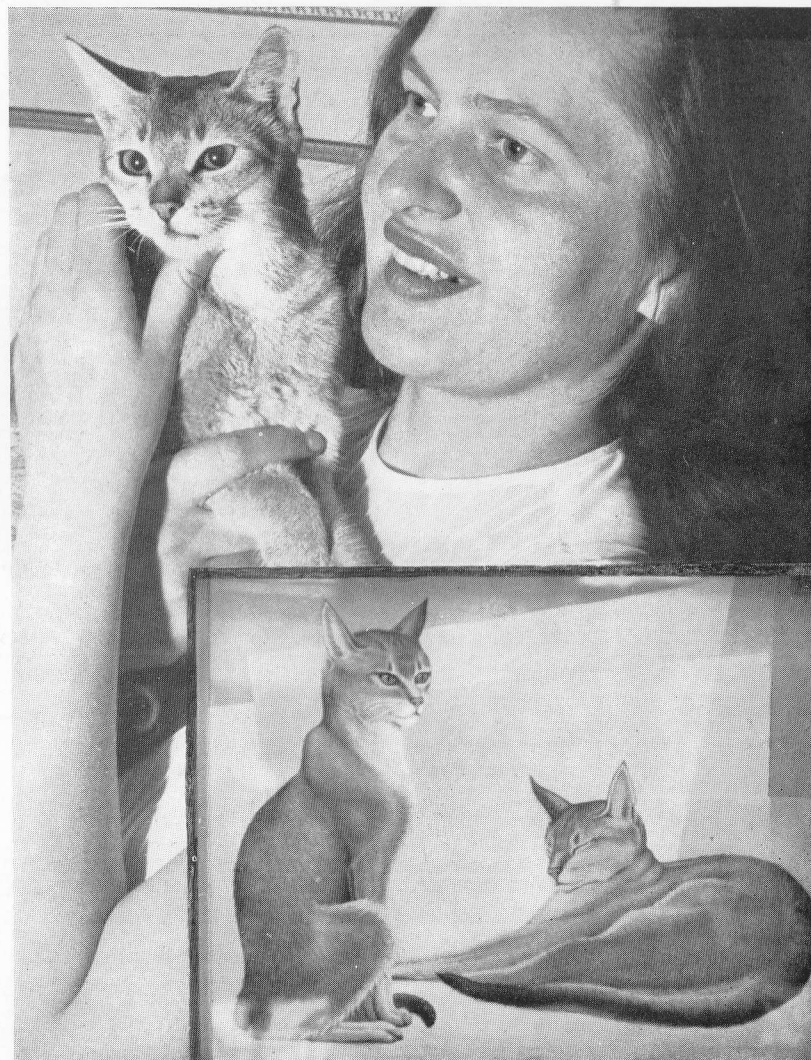
THE TAIL-WAGGER MAGAZINE, the monthly British Dog Magazine for dog owners and dog lovers everywhere. Fully illustrated and complete with informative features and instructive articles. Annual subscription 10s. (inc. postage) for twelve issues.—The Tail-Wagger Magazine, 356-360 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

LET SLEEPING CATS LIE on a cosy, hand-knitted multi-coloured wool blanket. Round shape only, 18ins. across. State preference for predominant colour. 3s. 6d. each, 6s. two, post free. From Cats' Protection League, 29 Church Street, Slough, Bucks.

LADY would Caretake house and Siamese cat during owner's absence two weeks October or November, Southern counties preferred.—Box No. 38, OUR CATS Magazine, 4 Carlton Mansions, Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

Boarding

CATS BOARDED, cared for by experienced person.—Miss Connie Wakeling, 33 Poynders Road, S.W.4. Tulse Hill 3364, (home) Brixton 4510.



One of the most striking exhibits at the "Cats Through the Ages" Exhibition was the tempera painting by Majory Rogers Donaldson of Chloe, an Abyssinian queen belonging to her friend and Canadian compatriot Miss Margaret Cunningham, of St. John's Wood, N.W. A reproduction of the painting is shown here with Miss Cunningham and Chloe completing an interesting and novel grouping.