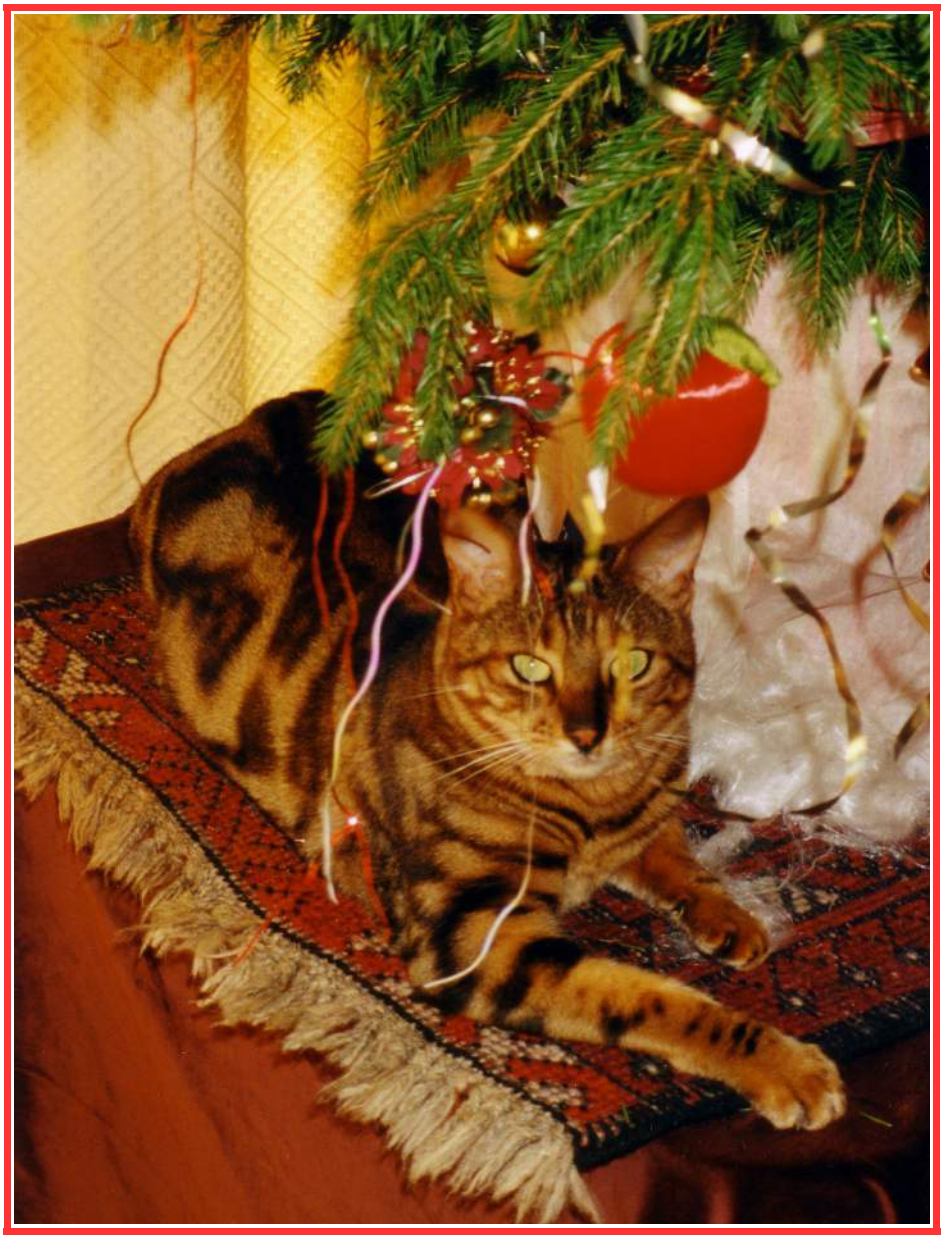
THE BENGAL TIMES Revived



DECEMBER 2014 - Issue 1

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EDITORIAL

The Bengal Times was first published in 1998 and the last issue was nine years ago in 2005. The breed has come along way in the intervening years, notably the progression through the GCCF of the Brown Spotted and Brown Marble Bengals, the Snow Bengals and the Silver Bengals, and of late, the Blue Bengals.

I remember all those years ago when the breed was no more than a twinkle in the eye of the GCCF, with the breed only able to exhibit at Preliminary status and gain Merit Certificates at shows. Very many people within the registry were against the introduction of the Bengal, as it had originated from a cross with the Asian Leopard Cat. In fact, even today, the GCCF will not allow any other cats with wild ancestry within the registry.

In 2002 the Brown Spotted Bengals progressed to Provisional status, but – it was a long time, 2006 in fact, before the GCCF granted the Brown Spotted the long sought after Championship status, enabling them to compete at the same level as other long established breeds within the registry. I'm sure many showers nowadays do not appreciate the struggle we had in those days to get the breed to where it is today within the GCCF. Our Chairman, Barrie Alger-Street was one of the first breeders to introduce the Bengal to the UK and pivotal in pushing the breed forward within the GCCF.

Since the last issue of The Bengal Times in 2005 the breed has come along way in many other ways. Pattern, colour and clarity, to name but a few. But we must never forget those pioneers of the breed who paved the way in the show world, steadfastly bringing the breed up through the ranks of the GCCF show structure to where the breed is today. Pioneers such as Barijka Homer, Typhast Nighthawk, Admilsh Zabari, Zawadi Starbuck and Swizzle, Eximia Bestiola Bona, Kalukikatz Touch of Class, Bambino Shadowdancer, and many more, many of whom have now passed on to Rainbow Bridge. Our Front Cover cat is my very own Admilsh Shantarini, or Misti as she is known at home. She is one of those early pioneers of the breed, and I'm pleased to say she is still healthy and going strong at fifteen years of age! Winner of 12 Merit Certificates and BIS Neuter at the Bengal Cat Club show 2002, she was also the first Marble to be awarded a Provisional Certificate.

I decided to revive The Bengal Times because of a couple of suggestions on our Facebook Members Group which made me realise that not every member breeds, and not every member shows. There are many members out there who are just loving pet owners and Bengal enthusiasts, and as such I invite you all to submit articles, stories, poems, or anything Bengal related that may be of interest for the next edition of The Bengal Times in a years time. You know who you are who wanted this, so don't say I didn't give you enough warning!

Part of this first issue will be given up to articles from pre-2005 issues in the section I've entitled 'The Bengal Times Revisited'. As my first attempt at anything like this, I'm quite sure it won't come anywhere near the wonderful publications of old that were produced latterly by Rosie Alger-Street, whose dedication and devotion to the breed will be a hard act to follow. I hope you enjoy it!

Annie Wedge-Coak (Club Secretary)

BENGAL CAT CLUB SHOW REPORT

The Links Centre in Swindon was the venue for our ninth Championship Show held on the 1st November 2014. As usual it was superbly organised by Show Manager, Elaine Robinson and her band of willing helpers. The show was a great success and enjoyed by everyone who exhibited or came along to visit. The spectacular array of fantastic exhibits really showed the Bengal breed at its very best, with entries received from all parts of the UK. All the exhibits behaved themselves beautifully and really showed the breed to be the good natured domestic cat that breeders have strived to attain over the years.

The club table manned by Rosie and Barrie was well supported with the sale of our calendars and other club branded items, and as usual the raffle table organised by Julie Hyland had some super prizes and the raffle sales did a roaring trade.

The highlight of the show was at the end of the day when the Best in Show results were read out and the winning cats taken to the lovely decorated Best in Show pens.

The first cats to be judged were the Household Pet winner and the Pedigree Pet winner. Two beautiful cats, the latter being a Bengal who was announced by Judge Jackie Pell, to be the Overall Best in Show Household Pet.

Pedigree Pet Winner & **OVERALL HOUSEHOLD PET WINNER**:
TSARENA ANASTASIA.
Owner: Di Cheal

Household Pet winner:
IMP GR MC BORIS AGRIPPA,
Owner: Dr K E Ford

It was then the turn of the Pedigree section which was judged by Mrs Marriott-Power. As she took each cat out in turn to assess them, all their respective owners held their breath and crossed their fingers for their cat to be chosen. The Best in Show line-up consisted of:

Best Male Adult and **OVERALL BEST IN SHOW** -
UK & IMP GR CH TYPHAST HURRICANE (Brown spotted)
Owner & Breeder: Barrie and Rosie Alger-Street

Best Female Adult - **GLITTERGLAM SAMPHIRE** (Blue spotted)
Owner: Suzanne Workman - Breeder: Jill Fyfe

Best Male Kitten - **WOTHORPE GENIUS** (Brown spotted)
Owner & Breeder: Jane Eyre-Brook

Best Female Kitten - **GLITTERGLAM CHENNAI** (Brown spotted)
Owner: Sue Maclaine - Breeder: J & G Fyfe

Best Male Neuter - **GR PR CHEYSULI SUNSET KISS** (Brown spotted)
Owner: Heidi Robinson - Breeder: Wendy Kearney

Best Female Neuter - **UK & IMP GR PR TOBYSDEN FANTASIA** (Brown spotted)
Owner & Breeder: Sue Moreland

It was a nail biting finish as the top three stayed out and Mrs Marriott-Power deliberated over her final choice. Finally made, the chosen **OVERALL BEST IN SHOW** was the Male Adult.
UK & IMP GR CH TYPHAST HURRICANE

This year there was a very special class organised by Tracey Wilkinson in memory of her lovely Oobalou Lady Jane (Janie). This class received a record entry of 24 cats and was judged by Mrs Marriott-Power who declared the winner to be:
IGR CH KALUKIKATZ THE MAGICIAN owned by Sybil Hedges
What a lovely surprise, as he is Janie's father! Here he is with Tracey and his winning rosette.

SOME MORE PHOTOS FROM OUR 2014 SHOW

EMERGENCY USE ONL

ROYAL CANI
PEN NUMBERS
57 -
70
www.royalcanin.co.uk

POLECAT DESIGNS
www.polecatdesigns.co.uk
01438 861552

OVERALL BEST IN SHOW 2014

UK & IMP GR CH TYPHAST HURRICANE

(... and, just two months later, Hurricane was Best Foreign Exhibit at the National CC show!!)

Thank you to everyone who entered and everyone who visited the show.

The date for our next show, will on the 7th November 2015 at the Links Centre in Swindon.

This will be our 10th Championship Show, so an extra special show. Let's all make it spectacular!!

Annie Wedge-Coak

THE SUPREME CAT SHOW

The Supreme attracted a good showing of 36 Bengals amongst over 1000 cats of all breeds entered into the show. Here are the Bengal Certificate and Best of Breed Winners. Congratulations!

ADULTS

Brown Spotted Champion Male Judge: Mr S Parkin
GRAND - CH BAMBINO ADONISGOLD
Owner: Mrs K T Robinson
Breeder: Mrs B Boizard-Neil

Brown Spotted Champion Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
GRAND - CH CHRISJAY PERRIER-ROSE
Owner: Mr C and Mrs J Haden
Breeder: Mrs M Hibbs

Brown Spotted Bengal Pre Champion Male Judge: Mr S Parkin
CC & BOB – LEOPARDSVIEW LONE RANGER
Owner & Breeder: Mrs J Jones

Brown Spotted Bengal Pre Champion Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
CC – TOBYSDEN PYRRHA
Owner & Breeder: Mrs S F Moreland

Brown Marbled Bengal Champion Male Judge: Mr S Parkin
CC & BOB – CH SEREGON SEVERIANO SANDIARGO
Owner & Breeder: Mrs S Wagstaff

Snow Spotted Bengal Pre Champion Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
CC & BOB – KIABINDHI ICED SKYE
Owner: Mrs S F Moreland
Breeder: Mrs G Caldwell

Snow Marbled Bengal Champion Male Judge: Mr S Parkin
GRAND & BOB – CH TONLEE MAGIC MOMENTS
Owner & Breeder: Mrs L Smith

Snow Marbled Bengal Champion Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
GRAND - CH TONLEE MISS MILEY
Owner & Breeder: Mrs L Smith

KITTENS

Brown Spotted Bengal Male Judge: Mr S Parkin
1st & BOB – TOBYSDEN TERESCHENKO
Owner: Mrs D Cheal
Breeder: Mrs S F Moreland

Brown Spotted Bengal Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
1st – SHOMILI ICE-ANNA
Owner & Breeder: Mrs L M Irwing

Snow Spotted Bengal Male Judge: Mrs L Ashmore
1st & BOB – KALUKIKATZ THE AMBASSADOR
Owner: Ms T Fordham & Mr S G Lott
Breeder: Mrs S M Hedges

Snow Spotted Bengal Female Judge: Mrs L Ashmore
1st – SHIMMERSHINE NARISAOFLEOPARDS
Owner: Mrs J Jones
Breeder: K D Lutner

Snow Marbled Bengal Female Judge: Mr S Parkin
1st & BOB – CHRISJAY ARTICSTORM
Owner & Breeder: Mrs M Hibbs

NEUTERS

Brown Spotted/Marbled/Snow Spotted Imperial Grand Male Judge: Mrs L Ashmore
UK GRAND & BOB – IGRPR BOMBASTIC ARTFUL DODGER
Owner & Breeder: Mrs S M Hedges

Brown Spotted/Marbled/Snow Spotted Grand Premier Male Judge: Mrs L Ashmore
IMP - GRPR ZAWADI QUBA
Owner: Mr A J & Mrs K L Holden
Breeder: Mrs C Henderson

Brown Spotted/Marbled/Snow Spotted Bengal Grand Premier Female Judge: Mrs Ashmore
IMP - CH GRPR NEVAEH BHUPALI
Owner & Breeder: Mrs E O'Neill

Brown Spotted/Marbled/Snow Spotted Bengal UK&IGRPR Female Judge: Mrs L Ashmore
BOB Only - UK OB&IGRPR KALUKIKATZ ARABESQUE
Owner: Mrs S G Lee
Breeder: Mrs S M Hedges

This years theme for the Supreme Cat Show was 'Winter Wonderland', and Kim Robinson's pen decoration was really superb and it made me feel quite chilly just looking at it! Showing it off at the show is CH Bambino Adonisgold, who was also awarded a Grand Champion Certificate on the day.

As usual, our Bengal CC table stayed busy all day doing a roaring trade. Here with others of our committee is new Merchandise Committee Member, Claire Workman, getting stuck into the job.

PYRUVATE KINASE DEFICIENCY (PK-Def)

By

Claire Workman

Bengal Cat Club Merchandise & Committee Member

Pyruvate Kinase Deficiency (PK-Def), is a genetic condition known in the Bengal breed (as well as some other breeds), which causes anaemia in affected cats, including sometimes a severe form of anaemia which can be life threatening.

The good news is that it is easy to detect. A simple swab taken from the inner cheek is sent to a laboratory for testing to confirm the PK deficiency status of all individual breeding cats. This test is a one off from Langford Vets costing around £33 for one cat and £45 for two cats and further reductions for more cats. Once the status of individual breeding cats is known this condition can be easily eradicated through selective breeding.

Cats are confirmed as Normal, Carrier or Positive. So far in the UK only a small percentage of Bengals have tested positive (around 2%), however, around 27% are carriers of the gene. It is therefore important for breeders to know the status of **ALL** their cats to avoid producing any positive kittens. This is easily avoided by ensuring only Normal x Normal or Normal x Carrier matings are performed.

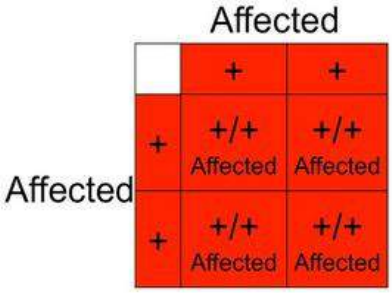
Test swabs can be obtained and sent back to Langford Vets at Bristol University:

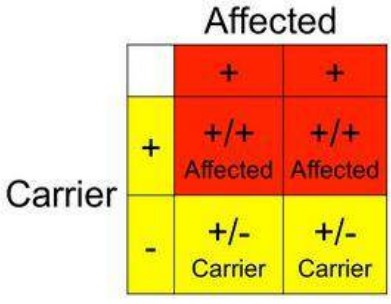
http://www.langfordvets.co.uk/diagnostic-laboratories

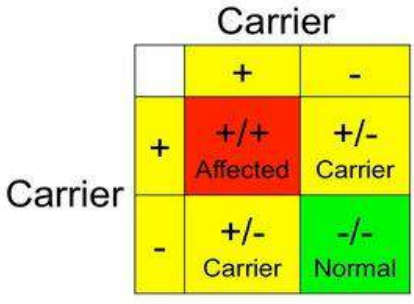
There is a reduced rate for our Bengal Cat Club members. Please contact us for the code.

Please see the diagrams below as to how PK-Def is inherited.

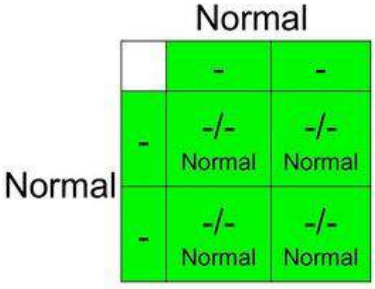
MATING TO AVOID

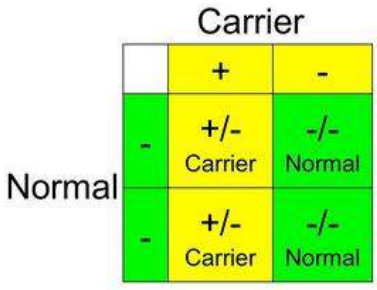


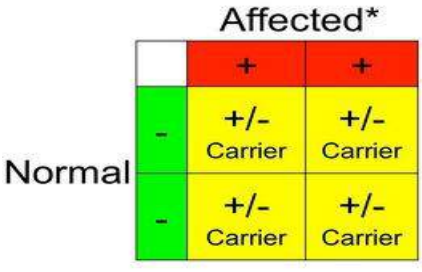




MATINGS THAT CAN BE SAFELY CARRIED OUT







The International Cat Care website provides a good information source for further reading on PK-Def. Please click the link below to go to their page:

http://www.icatcare.org/advice/cat-health/pyruvate-kinase-pk-deficiency

Also, a good source of information about many aspects of Bengal health can be found here:

http://www.bengalbreedersukunited.co.uk/

CONCENTRATED LAUNDRY LIQUID TOXICITY

By

S F Moreland BA Vet MB MRCVS

GCCF Veterinary Officer & Bengal Cat Club Committee Member

Following an incident in which 4 Burmese cats suffered serious injury (including one fatality) following contact with accidental spillage of Persil concentrated laundry liquid, I would like to warn cat owners of the danger of all brands of concentrated laundry liquid for pets.

The high concentration of chemicals in these products is extremely irritant to skin and mucous membranes. Skin contact can result in serious burns and if the liquid is ingested it will cause severe irritation of the lining of the gastro-intestinal and respiratory tracts. Cats are especially at risk because of their instinctive tendency to remove any contamination from their fur by licking.

The more costly branded concentrated laundry liquids containing 15-30% anionic detergents are particularly dangerous. Cheaper products containing 5-15% anionic detergents are less dangerous but still irritant.

The UK Veterinary Poisons Information Service (VPIS) has records of 78 cases with follow up involving liquid detergent exposure in cats. Of these 10 cats were asymptomatic, 6.4% of cases were fatal (3 died, 2 euthanised), 4 cats had on-going signs at the time of follow up and 59 cats recovered fully (75.6%). In total, 53% of symptomatic cats had respiratory signs, 50% of symptomatic cats had gastrointestinal signs and 22% of symptomatic cats had dermal signs.

If you suspect your cat has had contact with such a product contact your vet immediately. If they are unaware of the effects of the products show them this article and ask that they contact VPIS who provide a 24 hour service to help veterinary surgeons manage poisoning cases.

VPIS advice for management of exposure in a cat or dog would be prompt and thorough decontamination. Contaminated skin should be washed in lukewarm running water for up to 30 minutes. A buster type collar should be considered to prevent self grooming. It would also be important to check for any ocular exposure. Any skin or eye irritation or burns should be treated supportively. There is also the risk of respiratory problems as these products can cause chemical pneumonitis if in contact with lung tissue. This is probably most likely if the patient vomits, as the

vomitus can be frothy, foamy and easily inhaled. Treatment is entirely symptomatic and supportive.

Although these are good products when used correctly please be aware of the danger to pets as well as children and take great care to store them safely. Always mop up any spillages immediately, screw bottle cap on tightly and wipe any excess liquid from the outside of the bottle. Never allow your cat to play with a liquitab as they are easily pierced by sharp feline teeth. Do not leave bottles on a work top where your cat can knock it on the floor as bottles/lids can split. If your cat is clever at opening cupboards consider fitting a child proof catch.

Please also remember that many other household products are also irritant/toxic to cats. Common examples are bleach products, shower cleaner, oven cleaner and limescale remover. Most of these products are obviously irritant as they emit an unpleasant vapour which tends to warn the user of the potential danger. The seemingly innocuous nature of laundry liquid which has a pleasant smell does not alert the user to it's irritant properties.

Always read the safety information on the packaging. Most irritant products carry the standard warning logo of a black cross on an orange rectangle. Unfortunately this is not compulsory and some well known brands of concentrated laundry liquid do not carry this label and warning messages are not displayed so clearly.

ANY PRODUCT LABELLED AS IRRITANT TO HUMANS WILL ALSO BE IRRITANT TO PETS

FURTHER INFORMATION

Veterinary Poisons Information Centre http://www.vpisuk.co.uk/portal/

NB: The VPIS is primarily a service for vets. They do NOT take calls from the general public. However there is some useful owner information on the website.

HUMAN POISONING

There are a large number of reports of poisoning in children which is of great concern. It is important that people also realize that cats, dogs and small mammalian pets are similarly sensitive to the irritant effects of these products.

LINKS

Pub Med Reference

http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pubmed/22835052

News Articles

http://www.ksdk.com/news/article/320603/3/Warning-for-parents-Children-eat-concentrated-laundry-detergent

http://www.prweb.com/releases/2012/5/prweb9521404.htm

http://consumer.healthday.com/Article.asp?AID=668356

http://www.aapcc.org/alerts/laundry-detergent-packets/

LAST NIGHT

To my dearest friend.
I stood by your bed last night; I came to have a peep.
I could see that you were crying you found it hard to sleep.
I spoke to you softly as you brushed away a tear,
"It's me, I haven't left you, I'm well, I'm fine, I'm here."
I was close to you at breakfast, I watched you pour the tea,
You were thinking of the many times, your hands reached down to me.
I was with you at the shops today; your arms were getting sore.
I longed to take your parcels, I wish I could do more.
I was with you at my grave today; you tend it with such care.
I want to re-assure you, that I'm not lying there.
I walked with you towards the house, as you fumbled for your key.
I gently put my paw on you; I smiled and said, "it's me."
You looked so very tired, and sank into a chair.
I tried so hard to let you know, that I was standing there.
It's possible for me, to be so near you everyday.
To say to you with certainty, "I never went away."
You sat there very quietly, then smiled, I think you knew...
in the stillness of that evening, I was very close to you.
The day is over... I smile and watch you yawning
and say "good-night, God bless, I'll see you in the morning."
And when the time is right for you to cross the brief divide,
I'll rush across to greet you and we'll stand, side by side.
I have so many things to show you, there is so much for you to see.
Be patient, live your journey out...then come home to me.
Author unknown

CHRISTMAS CATS

Below are the calendar Christmas entrants who didn't make it into the 2015 calendar. Also included are the photos I couldn't use for our profile photo on our facebook group when I ran a little competition this month.

CLUB MERCHANDISE

We have a new Merchandise Committee Member in the form of Claire Workman! Claire has been busy sourcing new products to sell by post and on our club table at our own show and at the Supreme Cat Show. Here is a selection of our products. More will be added as time goes on. Please email Claire for information of how to pay and the cost of postage.

OUR BENGAL CAT CLUB RANGE OF PRODUCTS

Exclusive prices for our members

BENGAL CAT CLUB PENS

£1.50 each

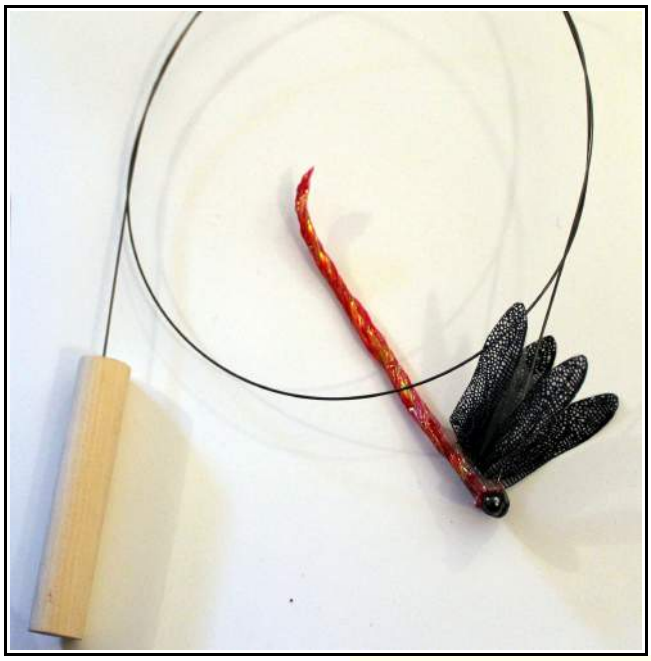
BENGAL CAT CLUB MAGNETS

£1.00 each (free delivery 4 or more)

'BENGAL ON BOARD'

Suction car stickers

£2.50 each



DRAGONFLY INTERACTIVE CAT TOY

£7.00 each

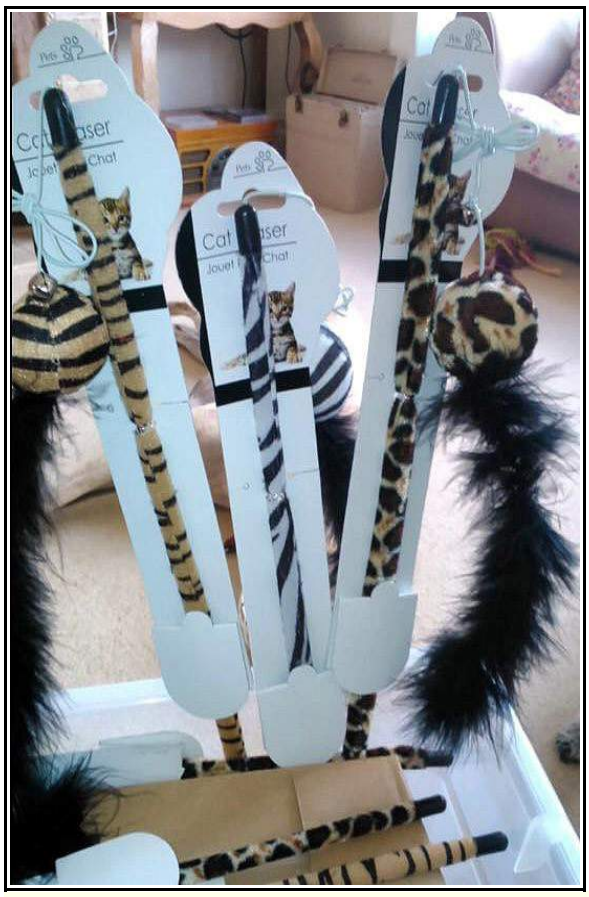
FLYING FRENZY CAT TOY

***INCLUDING* the four attachments as below**

Special BCC member price

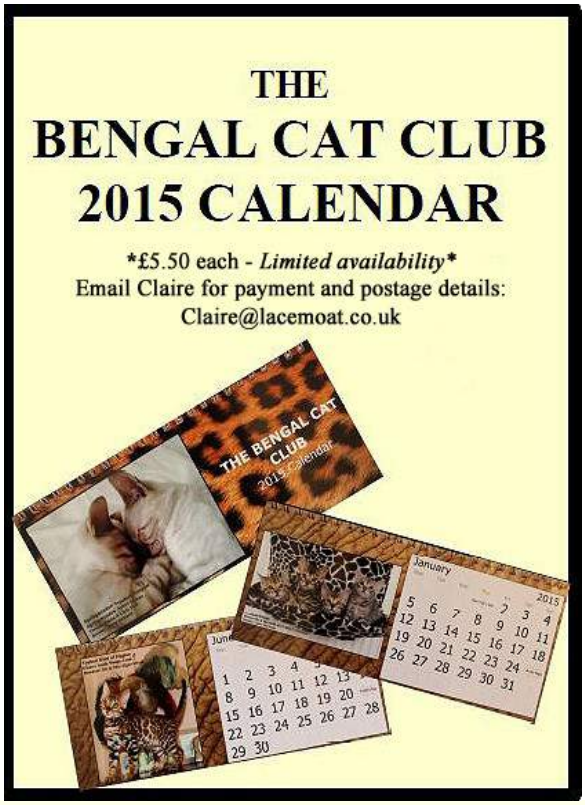
Only £10.00

The Frenzy attachments are 100% compatible with the Frenzy and Da Bird wand toys. Simply clip on and play away!



CAT TEASER
In leopard, tiger or zebra print
£3.00 each

LINT ROLLERS
5 Metres in length
£1.50 each



STILL TIME TO ORDER YOUR 2015 BENGAL CAT CLUB CALENDAR
£5.50

THE BENGAL TIMES revisited

In this section I have scanned a few articles and pieces of interest from those pre-2005 issues.

FROM ISSUE 9 - 1999

Analysis of Breeds registered by the GCCF ©

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Breed Grouping	1998	1997	1996	1995	1994	1993	1992
Persian Long Hair	7,837	8,444	9,341	9,595	9,140	11,061	11,119
Siamese	4,603	4,869	4,903	4,953	4,739	5,493	5,627
British Short Hair	4,572	4,287	4,329	4,217	3,904	3,736	3,605
Burmese	3,195	3,327	3,585	3,587	3,595	3,964	3,809
Birman	2,223	2,216	2,443	2,183	2,003	2,156	2,047
Bengal	1,510	1,222	791	478	218	145	61
Maine Coon	1,390	1,296	1,243	1,338	1,056	1,127	975
Oriental Short Hair	1,326	1,416	1,346	1,341	1,191	1,365	1,280
Ragdoll	1,323	941	789	579	388	398	229
Exotic Short Hair	753	710	756	660	582	648	607
Asian / Burmilla	530	576	489	457	279	218	188
Tonkinese	475	704	708	564	371	400	307
Devon Rex	468	534	494	489	457	455	452
Abyssinian	455	428	464	525	561	607	663
Russian Blue	438	439	398	402	390	428	458
Cornish Rex	252	198	236	203	194	150	145
Norwegian Forest	230	183	201	163	166	122	139
Somali	228	223	282	291	253	316	334
Balinese	166	199	241	278	252	321	339
Korat	114	126	146	118	78	126	95
Turkish Van	109	134	191	163	130	188	193
Tiffanie	76	56	50	37	13	20	11
Ocicat	70	50	71	48	58	27	33
Manx	43	39	94	79	49	79	35
Angora	34	55	67	41	58	49	60
Singapura	20	15	18	9	1	12	-
Others	12	7	5	15	8	6	9
Total Cats Registered	32,452	32,691	33,681	32,813	30,134	33,617	32,820
Year	**1998**	**1997**	**1996**	**1995**	**1994**	**1993**	**1992**

This page was last updated on 16th May 1999

How The Bengal Got it's Spots – a Christmas tale

Long, long ago, in a small kingdom whose name doesn't matter because we couldn't pronounce it anyway lived a powerful king, the King of Beasts. Huge, tawny and regal, he ruled over the mighty elephant, the magnificent hippo, the powerful rhino, the towering giraffe and other splendid animals, too many to readily mention. And the least in his kingdom was a rather plain looking...well...cat.

They lived in peace, in their small kingdom...no one knew they were there, and they had no desire to leave. One night, as they were preparing for sleep, the giraffe looked over the top of a tall baobob tree, and saw a bright star on the horizon, one he had never noticed before. He spoke of this to the elephant, who stood on his tippy-toes, and also saw it. The python, from the top of the tree, saw it. The hippo from the river just snorted, and went to sleep.

"What can it be? What does it portend?" The animals discussed it at length. Night after night it rose higher in the sky, and finally came to rest over a spot in the far distance, over the snowy mountains, and beyond the fertile plain beyond. They went to their king, the regal lion. "Oh wise and mighty lion...What means this star, this new light in the sky?" He stroke his beard thoughtfully, "I do not know, for I have never seen the like of it before. Perhaps we should send an emissary to seek and learn, and to return and tell us of it."

"I could never climb those mountains", said the Elephant.

"It's much too far for me", sighed the Snake.

"I'm much too busy", said the Rhino.

One by one the animals found excuses until the only one left standing before the monarch was the cat. "Well", he said, "I will gladly go and see what it is, for I am curious."

So off he set, with a small pack of food, and a cheerful spirit. He crossed the vast plains. He climbed the snowy peaks, buffeted by gales and peppered by sleet and snow. He climbed until his feet were numb and his ears were frozen, and still he pushed onward. Finally, when he felt he could go no further, the path started downward, and the air warmed, and he found himself at the crest of a small hill, with a village below. The bright star, which he had been following, seemed right overhead.

Dodging a pack of dogs, and slipping in and out and around the feet of men and horses in the street, he pressed onward until he came to a small stable, just past the edge of town. Because he was a cat, he could see things that sometimes go hidden from the rest of us, and he saw a troup of angelic beings surrounding the stable. There were a couple of seraphins, hundreds of feet tall...Archangels, twice as tall as the tallest tree, and other angels of various sizes...they flickered in and out of his vision...if you look right at one, it disapears. He could hear strains of "Alleluia!" as he neared. None of the angels paid any attention to him...they were fixed on the stable, and what it contained...except for one...the littlest angel.

"Look! A kitty!", she squealed, and was instantly shushed by a dozen or so of the nearest other angels. "Hush! the baby sleeps!" She turned to the stable, and straightened her halo (it had a way of falling off to the side) but she watched the cat nevertheless. He passed three gloriously attired steeds, the mounts of kings, or at least, very important people. They looked straight ahead, having no time for anything as insignificant as a cat. He crept into the stable, and found a place in the loft, hidden in some straw.

In the flickering light of a dusty lantern he saw a pretty lady kneeling in front of a straw filled manger. In the manger, wrapped in bits of old sacking, was a Child. The Child was the most beautiful person the cat had ever seen, and surrounding him was three rich and powerful kings. They were giving him gifts of Gold, of rare and aromatic perfumes, and other expensive gifts. Feeling quite pleased with themselves, they retired to the inn, because they had money to pay for a room.

The baby shivered, and the pretty woman tucked the sacks and rags closer around him. Overcome with compassion, the cat thought, "I have no gold or no riches, but I do have my warm coat", and quick as the thought, he took it off and gently laid it over the babe. (Note: Children...do not try this at home with your own cats!)

Now warm, the babe slept. The cat now knew the reason for the star, and knew he now had to go home, and tell the other animals, so they could come and worship the babe, also. Without his warm coat, he left the stable, and went out into the wind and snow to return to his kingdom by the mountain. (Note: Some have said that this is where the Sphinxes came from, but that's not so...The Sphinxes lost their coats as a result some poorly played hands in a Mexican casino.)

Onward he trudged, into the gale, with his nose and ears getting colder and colder, and his poor feet freezing until he left little pink pawprints in the snow...still he pressed on...

The mountain seemed higher and higher, and impossible to cross, and without his warm coat he became weaker and weaker, until, finally, beneath a large boulder, he slipped and fell for the last time, and didn't have The strength to rise again. As everything became dark around him, his last thoughts was of the Child, and how he hoped that the Child was warm.

Even though the other angels watched the stable, and kept their watch by night, the littlest angel knew what was happening with the cat. When it became too much to bear, she pulled away from the others, and ran pell-mell for the mountain where the cat lay. (Possibly this recklessness had something to do with her becoming an angel in the first place). The other angels tried to stop her, but she dodged and hid and ran and flew until at last, she found the cold, still body of the cat...the one who gave his all for the Child.

Fearing she was too late, she picked up the cat, and held him close. In her gentle embrace, he slowly warmed, and started to purr. By this time, some of the other angels had appeared, and they understood the cat's love, and his gift to the Child. One of them took a bit of the gold, and wove him a wonderfully beautiful coat from it. The littlest angel was so happy that the cat was going to be ok that she cried tears of joy. Everywhere a tear fell, the cat got a spot, until he was magnificently spotted, just like the leopard.

"I must go on," he told the littlest angel, "I must go tell my king and friends of the wonderful things I have seen". She bent over and gave him a big hug and a kiss, and her halo fell off one more time. Just a bit of angel dust sprinkled on him from the halo, and he glittered and sparkled. They watched him as he disappeared over the top of the mountain, and went onward to his kingdom below.

I have it on the best of authority that that is how the Bengal got his spots.

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Jim Smith, Tejas Cattery
Home of IWSGC Tejas Myna Lone,
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http://www.tejascats.com/

Merry Christmas!

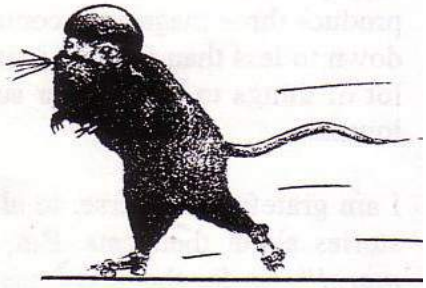
FROM ISSUE 11 - 2000

A cat joke.....

One day, a cat dies of natural causes. He crosses the Rainbow Bridge and arrives in Heaven where he is met by the good Lord Himself. The Lord says to the cat "You've lived a good life. If there is any way I can make your stay here more comfortable, please let me know." The cat thinks for a moment. "Lord, all my life I lived with a poor family and slept on a hard floor." The Lord stops the cat and replies, "Say no more. Here is a wonderfully soft fluffy pillow for you to sleep on."

A few days later 6 mice are killed in a tragic farming accident and also go to Heaven. They too are met by the Lord, who welcomes them in the same way. The mice answer "Lord, all our lives we have been chased, having to run from cats, dogs and women with brooms. We are so tired of running. Could we have roller skates so we don't have to run any more?" The Lord smiles. "Say no more," He says, and fits them all with beautiful pairs of roller skates.

After a week or so, the Lord sees the cat sleeping on his pillow. He awakens him and asks "How are things since you arrived here? Are you sleeping comfortably on your new pillow?" The cat stretches, yawns, and says "It is wonderful, better than I could have expected. And those Meals on Wheels are the best!"



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FROM ISSUE 23 - 2005

KILLER BISCUITS WANTED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER (the actual AP headline)

Linda Burnett, 23, a resident of San Diego, was visiting her in-laws and while she was there she went out to a nearby supermarket to pick up some groceries.

Several people noticed her sitting in her car with the windows rolled up and with her eyes closed, with both hands behind the back of her head.

One customer who had been at the store for a while became concerned and walked over to the car. He noticed that Linda's eyes were now open, and she looked very strange. He asked her if she was okay, and Linda replied that she'd been shot in the back of the head, and had been holding her brains in for over an hour.

The man called the paramedics, who broke into the car because the doors were locked and Linda refused to remove her hands from her head.

When they finally got in, they found that Linda had a wad of bread dough on the back of her head. A Pillsbury biscuit canister had exploded from the heat, making a loud noise that sounded like a gunshot, and the wad of dough hit her in the back of her head. When she reached back to find out what it was, she felt the dough and thought it was her brains. She initially passed out, but quickly recovered and tried to hold her brains in for over an hour until someone noticed and came to her aid.

Linda is a blonde, but I'm certain that's not relevant.

THE SHOW MUST GO ON

Everything was going just fine for the Show; all the Judges and Vets were booked, the Catalogues printed, the Rosettes ordered, the Penning Plan sent and the pens booked. Admittedly there had been a few anxious days when it looked as though there were going to be more Judges present than cats entered but by the Closing Date there were 73 cats and we were able to close on time! During the week before the Show there was a hint of what was to come when I had a call from a Committee Member telling me that Cricklade Town Hall car park was being used by road workers with their equipment, lorries, sand, stones and general rubbish and that as a result there would be no room for our cars! Car parking has always been a Show Manager's nightmare because it is not a good start to the day if Exhibitors cannot park never mind workers, Judges, Stewards &c!

I was expecting the Catalogues on the Wednesday before the Show and waited in all day but, by 3pm, I could no longer contain myself and phoned the Printers at Gravesend who informed me that they had dispatched them by Guaranteed Delivery the day before. I next phoned the Carriers on an 0800 number only to get annoying music and eventually be told that they did not know what parcels were on any particular van but that it was most likely my Catalogues were on one delivering in the Dartmouth area. I made several more fruitless calls to them during the afternoon and then, about 5pm, got a call from an irate driver saying he was lost! I gave careful directions to Woodlands Farm and eventually, some time after 6:30pm, they arrived and I set about the task of reading through one -- happily there were not too many mistakes.

I was also expecting the Rosettes but was not surprised when they did not arrive as it often takes a couple of days from Durham. At 8:30am on the Thursday I phoned the Richardsons to report their absence. They then phoned the Carriers and were told that their lorry was too big to get to the Farm so they would not deliver them and they were still on the lorry which was somewhere in the wilds of Devon. The Richardsons said they would try and track them down on the Internet and some time later reported that they had traced them to a lorry in Exeter! I then spoke to the Carriers on another 0800 number (more irritating 'music') and was told that they could not find them. I lost count of the ensuing calls between us but, ultimately, they gave me the mobile phone number of one of the drivers in the fond hope that he might have the parcel -- he had and, about 3pm, got it to me, on its side, so that the Rosettes were all mixed up and needed ironing.

So now I had the Catalogues and the Rosettes: the next thing was a phone call from Gordon Butler to say that Anne Rickson would not be coming! This meant all the Judges' books had to be changed, her Classes reallocated and all the 'repeats' worked out. It was now late on the Thursday and I had to leave at 9am next morning to set up the Show. I was busy getting 'packed up' when the phone rang yet again. This time it

was the Penning Firm to announce that the person bringing our pens had been taken seriously ill and so could not come. They were actively trying to find a substitute who could drive a lorry and, hopefully, would bring them to us! You can have a Cat Show without the Catalogues, the Rosettes and even most of the cats, Vets and Judges but you simply MUST HAVE THE PENS !!

Early on the Friday I set off for Cricklade where things began to look a little brighter; the car park was only half full of machinery and sand, the Hall was all quite tidy and there were lots of helpers. Tables were put up, 'vetting in' organised, tombola and raffle

arranged, notices posted and the administration table set up. The pens were due at 2pm. 3pm came then 3:30: still no news of the pens so depression set in again -- had they not been able to find a driver? Not surprisingly, in view of their crisis, I only got the squeaks and whistles of their fax machine when I phoned them at their HQ but, after many expensive mobile phone calls, I found them at another venue where they were penning. They told me that our pens were on their way but that the driver was lost and it was impossible to contact him as his mobile phone battery was flat and he had forgotten to take the charger! I was, by now, getting quite desperate since we had to be out of the Hall by 6pm but, thank goodness, they turned up at 4:15pm. Luckily all the willing Committee and others helped to put up the pens. By 6:30pm, all was done and it began to look like a Cat Show. We locked up and hoped nothing else would go wrong during the night!

At 7:30am on 24th June, we all arrived (with our fingers firmly crossed), the Vets all arrived, the Cats all arrived, the Judges all arrived, the Stewards all arrived , the Table workers all arrived, the lunches all arrived, everything went well and Judging started promptly at 10am. The Bengals chatted away, some shouting more than others but they were all very very good. By 1pm when the Exhibitors and Public came back in most of the Judging was finished and the pens were covered in Rosettes; the 'Opens' had little Bengal faces on them, which were very popular. The Exhibitors were well looked after with catering in the 'Public Area', all the Judges and workers had a '1st Class' lunch prepared for them by the Chairman and various helpers.

During the afternoon Best In Show was judged and the winners were:

Best Male Adult: Mr & Mrs Alger-Street's **Gogees Tomorrows Child of Typhast** bred by Mr & Mrs Ducote

Best Female Adult: Mr R Parvin & Ms J **Mortern's Glitterglam Chiquita** bred by Mr & Mrs Fyfe

Best Male Kitten: Miss Z Telling's **Zawadi Icelord** bred by Mrs C Henderson

Best Female Kitten: Mr & Mrs M Randall's **Llandar Amazing Grace** bred by Mr & Mrs M Randall

Best Male Neuter: Mrs J Palmer's **Tahiche Cheyenne** bred by Mrs J Palmer

Best Female Neuter: Mrs S Stevens's **Syltonia Tigerlily** bred by Mr & Mrs Stevens

Best Pedigree Exhibit: Mr & Mrs Alger-Street's new import **Gogees Tomorrows Child of Typhast**

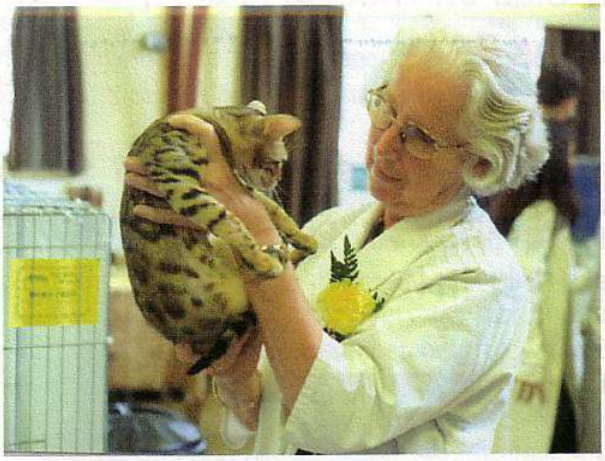
Best Non Pedigree: Mrs Morrison's **Precious**, a black Shorthaired Female Neuter.

When all the winners were in the Best In Show pens the Exhibitors collected their Cups and Trophies, which had been donated, by various Members, Judges and friends. The large Raffle and Tombola were very ably run and a great success; most people seemed to have a prize. By 4:30pm everyone was ready to go home so the Show was closed and the clearing up started. The pens were taken down by all the same people who had put them up which was lucky for the Penning Firm as this was not part of the contract for which we had to pay the full price in spite of the worry over the delay and the help we gave them. Other people helped deal with the paper work, put away the catering things, tables and chairs and swept the floor. When the Caretaker came to check us out at 6pm everyone except myself had been able to go home. Later I sent all the Results to the GCCF. Everything was passed OK and there were no disqualifications or other queries which, in view of all that had happened, was very satisfying and a great relief. One always seems to leave someone out when thanking workers on such occasions so I have decided to mention no names -- everyone was wonderful. Thank you all very much for your helpful support which ensured that an event, fraught with so many troubles during its preparation, turned out to be such a success. Let's hope 23rd June 2001 will be an even better Show!

Diana Harper
Show Manager

Bengal Cat Club First Exemption Show

A lovely friendly atmosphere prevailed at this show, obviously created by a lot of hard work and enthusiasm on behalf of members of The Bengal Cat Club. It was a privilege to be invited to this event, a lot of attention had been put into detail. A 'First' Show is always a nail biting experience, but with the expertise of Diana Harper at the helm what could go wrong? I think it was impossible for any exhibit to go home without some prize or goodies, even the Judges and Stewards went home with biscuits - cat variety of course!



There were a good number of exhibits showing very varied examples of the breed. For example in the Brown Spotted Male Adults the four present all showed varying degrees of conformation to the Standard of Points. They were certainly a challenge and made me think very hard, and resort to 'Points Judging', which one rarely finds necessary.

The cats on Special Exhibition, i.e. the F2 and F3 Bengals, all appeared to take the Show in their stride and were perfectly well mannered. One or two of the exhibits overall were determined to attract attention by the noise they created, whilst one other in particular I noted, appeared to be a thwarted Houdini.

The table workers were headed by a professional team and seemed a happy band. The luncheon provided for the Judges and workers was excellent, but then one wouldn't expect anything else when Carole gets into the kitchen.

The sad part of the Show was the absence of Anne Rickson, as President. She had been looking forward to it and would have thoroughly enjoyed the happy atmosphere and talking to cats and exhibitors alike. As it turned out it was not to be and even at her funeral, in his address, Gordon Butler made reference to the fact that it was only four weeks from the Bengal Cat Club Show where she was scheduled to judge. When the Minister followed Gordon's address he made reference to the fact that he himself had a twelve-month old Bengal cat.

I wish The Bengal Cat Club all the best for what I am sure will be a successful series of Shows, eventually leading up to Championship status.

Very many thanks for inviting me to the Show.

Shirley Bullock

FROM ISSUE 23 - 2005

SHOWTIME … DOGGY-STYLE

Dictated by Buckles the Labrador

Written by Annie Wedge-Coak

I am rather miffed at the moment. The appearance of yet another cat related item in the house has prompted me to take an inventory. Although there are only two cats in residence, there are no fewer than eight cat beds on the premises, and despite this, only two are used on a regular basis.

Misti has her own purpose built kitty sofa on top of the kitchen wall cupboards. This gives her both a perfect view of all food preparation, as well as all day coverage through the window of the comings and goings on the bird table. Or the buffet table, as she likes to think of it.

No view for Ziggi though, as his favourite pastime is sleeping. 'What's the point of a view when you've got your eyes closed?' is his philosophy. He favours sleeping in a cupboard that he adopted some months ago. What is it with Bengal cats and their liking for high places?

I, on the other hand, have only one bed. You must understand, I am a trained gun dog, adept in every aspect of my profession. I am both respected and revered by my fellow canines for both my retrieval and obedience skills. Imagine my shame and embarrassment if it should ever come to light that I am forced to sleep on a leopard-print bed. A blanket bought from a car boot sale and an old duvet, were expertly transformed into my Christmas present last year. GET A LIFE WOMAN.
Despite several attempts at sabotage, the thing is indestructible. Luckily, Misti has taken pity on my plight and pretends it is hers when my chums come around. The trade off being, that I have to give her ears a wash once a week. Cat wax is definitely an acquired taste!

This brings me to the rosettes. These ribbons cover two entire walls of the utility room. Colourfully displayed alongside Award Certificates and cat photographs, the rosettes are a constant reminder of my back seat in this household. My chums are most definitely kept clear of this room of sordid secrets.

Actually …. ***I've*** got a rosette you know!!

Last summer '*she'* took me to one of those quaint country shows you get round these parts of Devon. The programme stated there was to be a family dog show at 2pm. She looked at me excitedly as she eyed the schedule of classes. I looked at her with my tail wagging furiously.
"Aaah …. yes Buckles, you're right, I'll enter you in that!".

Off we went to sign up for the show as an image of the 'Top Pedigree', or 'Top Hunting Dog' trophy sitting on the mantelpiece at home, popped into my mind. Now that would be something to show off to the lads! What would she enter me in? The suspense was almost too much to bear.
We approached the shows entry table at the same time as a rather lovely young spaniel. She fluttered her long eyelashes and I tried to contain my enthusiasm by putting on my most macho and aloof hunting dog image. After all, I was about to be catapulted into the dog show world where bitches were ten a penny.

The bubble burst very quickly as the words "The Waggy Tail Competition, please" echoed in my head. Surely she can't be serious. She looked at me, patted me on the head and smiled. Open mouthed I turned to the bitch as she walked off grinning with a look of superior disdain spread about her face.

Never one to let things get me down; I decided to put as much gusto into the competition as I could muster under the circumstances. The 'Waggy Tail' contestants were called into the ring and off we went.

The class was well supported with over twenty-five dogs of all breeds, colours, shapes and sizes. They ranged from a couple of scragballs who should never have been seen in public let alone the show circuit, to average mutts who thought the whole thing was a huge joke and just loving all the attention from the audience, to some very posh pedigrees who obviously thought the proceedings were way beneath their status in life.

The handlers were also a varied bunch. There was a scruffy boy eating a ball of bright pink candy floss that was as big as a football. A crop topped young Lolita busily texting her friends. Small ones, finding it difficult to keep concentration let alone control, and bored ones, obviously encouraged by pushy parents to enter into the spirit of things. The quiet, pretty little girl wearing the floral print Laura Ashley dress and matching Alice band seemed oblivious to the fact that she was leading a dog wholly unsuited to the task in hand. She stared at the judge, wide eyed and innocent. The fact that my person was the only handler over the age of fourteen didn't seem to embarrass or detract from her determination to win. She really has no shame.

The crowds of people that gathered around the large oval ring showed that I had underestimated the popularity of this class and I could feel the tension as I eyed up the tails I was competing against. My tail swung from side to side as I began to wag in earnest. We all lined up and, as we were at one end of the line-up, we were ushered to begin parading around. Everyone started walking ….. everyone except for us that is. She, having watched Crufts Dog Show on the television, suddenly lifted her arm vertically in the air, and, holding the lead erect nearly throttling me, she broke into a brisk trot. I, having also watched Crufts, followed. With my head held proudly in the air and my legs prancing to an imaginary beat, I tried hard to keep up whilst trying to keep my balance at the same time. A difficult feat with your bottom swaying from side to side.

I believe the correct term for what followed is described as, 'The Domino Effect'. Taking the cue from me, the Beagle behind also broke into a trot. It's little boy hanging on to his lead for grim life as he was dragged along behind us. One dog after another started running to catch up with the aroma of the butt in front. The handlers, taken by surprise at this unexpected spurt of movement, were reluctantly jerked into following. A young girl ran erratically in all direction, blinded by the sticky ball of pink candyfloss that had attached itself to her face. A mongrel ran into the middle of the ring, going round and round in circles before eventually squatting down for a poo as his handler keeled over with dizziness.

The Sheepdog spotted the sheep in a distant ring and decided to leave the arena and go to work. The rescue Greyhound thought he was back on the racetrack again and ran off in the direction of the Moors and hasn't been seen since and some fell by the wayside as they ran into the crowd who were by now, all rolling around in fits of laughter.

While I could see all the pandemonium going on behind us from the corner of my eye, she was ignorant of the chaos that she had created. With a fixed smile upon her face, in her mind, she was indeed at Crufts and we ***were*** going to win. This is where all my obedience training came into effect. I kept my cool as a vision of a lucrative dog food commercial was within my grasp.

Eventually the judge, clutching his stomach and trying to curb his laughter, decided to get the proceedings under control and an instruction were shouted out for us all to stop. It all came to a grinding halt. About half of the original contestants were left in the competition. The handler's were worn out and slumped on the grass, as their dogs were left puffing, panting and gasping for water in the hot sunshine.

There was one thing that everyone had lost sight of though. Everyone that is, except for myself and a large black Standard Poodle. We glared at each other as it dawned on both of us that we were the only ones left standing with our tails still in wag mode. It was a two-dog race. The judge eyed the remaining entrants and, one by one, they were asked to step back until there were only three of us left standing in the front.

Not surprisingly those that remained were the Standard Poodle, a stud dog led by the son of a local dog breeder, and the woman with the silly grin on her face who was leading me, (I really do disown her sometimes). What Laura Ashley and her Boxer dog were still doing in the competition was a mystery to me at that point. She should have been disqualified at the outset, as her dog did not have the right credentials for the 'Waggy Tail' class .We all waited with baited breath as the loud speaker crackled into action ready for the results to be announced.

I was still in shock as we left the ring. The Poodle came second, I came third and Laura Ashley came ***FIRST!*** As the judge presented her with a very fancy rosette I heard her whisper "Thank you Grandpa".

Can you believe it …. I was flabbergasted. Beaten by a male prostitute and a ***dog with no tail!***
Now, a year on, it is almost show time again. My tail in honed and in the peak of fitness, and she has been to the local charity shop and purchased a pretty pink, floral print, Laura Ashley frock. While it might not give her the appearance of youthful fresh innocence, it does however, show an awful lot of cleavage!!

SUBS

Just a little reminder that subs are due on the 1st January 2015.

Please send them to: - Tracey Fordham, Pypers, Burston Rd, Diss, Gissing, Norfolk, IP22 5UF

...AND FINALLY

The committee would like to wish you, your family and all your beautiful Bengals, a very

Happy Christmas

and we look forward to seeing you at our

BENGAL CAT CLUB

10th ANNIVERSAY SHOW

On the 7th November 2015 at the Links Centre in Swindon.