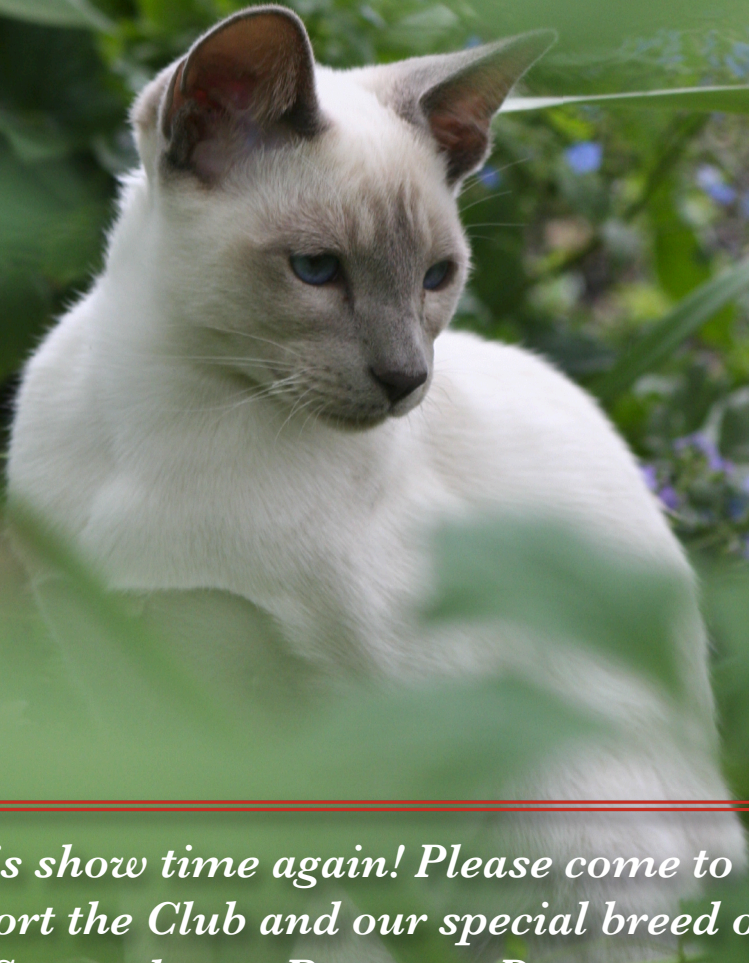


TONKINESE BREED CLUB

tonkinfo

Summer 2023
Vol. 9, issue 1

£3 (free to members)



It is show time again! Please come to support the Club and our special breed on 2 September at Ryton-on-Dunsmore

TONKINESE BREED CLUB

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Mrs Valerie Chapple val.chapp@btinternet.com

Cover picture: Barbara McNaught's 'Angel'
(*Rameses Aristotle* b.13 December 2005)

HONORARY SECRETARY'S NOTES

Linda Vousden

Hi Folks,

Did you know that the Club is already 32 years old and there are still a few of us around who were part of its beginnings, such is the power of the Tonk.

Thankfully, there have been fewer Tonks to be re-homed this year. On this subject I would like to sincerely thank, on behalf of you all, Val Chapple and Chris Steadman who have been running our TBC Rescue for 20 years. They've had so many success stories such as the rescue of a lovely blue Tonk found at Heathrow airport. Due to Val's diligence his owners were tracked down – they were so thrilled to hear that their boy had been found that they immediately

drove down from Scotland overnight to collect him.

It has been good to see many of you at the shows this year, I know that several more of our cats have titles but are not on our roll of honour yet – please send me your cat's information so that I can list their names and achievements for posterity.

I know you have more exciting stuff to read than this so I'll just say I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at our show, and wish you all the best.

Cheers,



Linda

CLUB SHOW 2023

WWW.TONKINESE.INFO/TONKINESE-BREED-CLUB-SHOW.HTML

We are glad to say that all is on track for our annual show—the chance for our breed to shine among many others, and particularly for owners and breeders to meet, celebrate their wonderful cats, and also enjoy a social occasion with other Tonkinese people.

All club members and exhibitors are invited to lunch at the club table (vegetarian and gluten free available)

If you have never been to a show, please come along and meet the cats as well as the people. If you would be interested in showing the club will provide you with all the help you need and any show gear. Most Tonkinese love the day out because they get admired all day, and

who wouldn't love that?? Our show is back-to-back with a large all-breed show, and there are often 200 cats to be seen. Tickets can be bought on the day or will be available in advance on EventBrite.

On a more serious note, we need exhibits to maintain the breed profile and reputation, but more importantly to train judges who will influence the future of the breed. Without your cats we can't do this!

The deadline for entries is 19 August. The show can be entered online, which takes about 60 seconds once you have logged into your account. Instructions for entering are on the web page given above. **An opportunity to send your cat to the show virtually can be found on p. 26.**

www.tonkinese.info

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CHAIRMAN'S MESSAGE

Julia Craig-McFeely

Well, despite standing down as Chairman at the AGM, it seems I'm still here! Truth be told, nobody wanted to volunteer for the job! As always it's fun working with a committee who are all pulling in the same direction. This year we welcome owner Alex Lloyd to the committee and Mary Watters to the Show sub-committee. It's really nice that we now have more pet owners than breeders on the committee, as that balance represents the Tonkinese-owning world more closely.

The demand for kittens has slowed down considerably, partly I think because so many bought during lockdown, but also with the rise in the cost of living and people holding onto their cash rather than spending it on kittens. However, Tonkinese breeders seem to have no trouble finding homes for their kittens, almost always to people who have had Tonkinese before and couldn't imagine having another breed (of course).

I'm also glad to say that Welfare has been fairly quiet, with few Tonkinese needing rehoming. Minnie, mentioned in the last newsletter, has just found a happy home near to me with a very old friend, who came to visit when his last Siamese died, and fell in love with Minnie. Minnie in his turn took to John in a way he hadn't done with other people, and it looked like a match had been made. It all seems to be going well.

I'm glad to say that the Tonkinese hasn't suffered from the 'dumping' of pets like puppies and some other breeds have done, and that is down to the care that breeders take when vetting homes—no doubt some of you will remember the grilling you got when you visited your breeder for the first time!

Cat breeding scams seem to be here to stay, and many breeds are now succumbing to inflated pricing that attracts crooked breeders (or 'greeders' as one friend put it!). In a small breed like the Tonkinese this is easier

to watch out for, but the British Shorthair is peppered with dodgy breeders cashing in on the high price of the breed.

Kittens continue to be bred by kitten farmers and sold in car parks at motorway services. What is most baffling is that anyone would buy a kitten in these circumstances, but people do, often paying way over the odds for an unregistered kitten even though they could buy a registered kitten from a genuine, caring breeder for considerably less. If you have a friend thinking of buying a kitten, please make sure they know that they may be vulnerable to fraudsters.

- Never buy an unregistered kitten. It is probably not what it claims to be.
- Kittens must be fully vaccinated and at least 12 weeks old before being taken from their mother (mortality is much higher if they are younger). If a 'registered' kitten is offered for sale under 13 weeks of age inform the GCCF office immediately, regardless of whether the kitten was bought or not: info@gccfcats.org.
- Make sure the mother is available and can be seen; don't believe excuses like, 'we've just moved house and haven't brought the cats over yet', that's an old chestnut.
- Never buy from a kitten farmer (not as obvious as you might think, as some people think farming is 'professional' breeding).
- Never buy without visiting the breeder's home; be suspicious if a breeder wants to sell kittens over the fence or out of their car boot in a car park.
- If someone doesn't grill you to make sure you're a good owner, they're probably not a good or caring breeder.
- Don't believe anything people say or write about themselves. Visit more than one breeder, observe, look for high standards of interaction and care, and judge for yourself.

TIVALLI TONKINESE OUR FIRST LITTERS

Nicky Harmer



It has been a long-held ambition of mine to breed Tonkinese. My love affair with the breed began in the early 2000's when I was travelling abroad a lot with work. I hankered after having a home with cats but knew the time wasn't right, so I researched various breeds longingly, as you do, which is when I came across Tonks ... stunningly pretty, mischievous, inquisitive, chatty, companionable and they ... what? They play fetch I was sold. I was finally in a position to offer a suitable home by 2006 and the search began in earnest. I went to the breeder list on The Tonkinese Breed Club website and found HylilyTonkinese from whom, after a short wait (It didn't feel short at the time), I had my first ever Tonks in 2007. I was hooked from the start, my adorable, funny and ooh-so-loving two boys firmly cemented my love for the breed. And one of my boys did indeed





play fetch, dropping the ball at my feet and miaowing until I threw it, repeatedly !

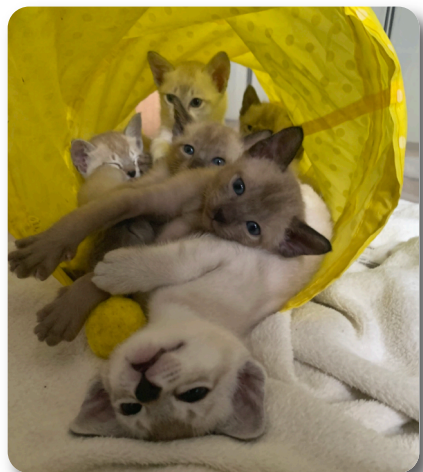
In 2021, Phabbay Tonkinese in Scotland very kindly agreed to my having two beautiful girls who would be placed on the active register for breeding. I will always be grateful for the faith Phabbay Tonkinese placed in me by doing this.



At the end of January and beginning of February 2023 both girls went to stud, back to the breeder of my first boys. Both matings were successful and we had kittens in April. Lily, my brown tabby had three gorgeous kittens on 6th April followed by Circe, my chocolate point on the 16th April with six!! The girls took to

motherhood instantly, they instinctively knew what to do and both looked after each other's kittens, cleaning and feeding all nine indiscriminately. I looked on marvelling at how amazing their natural instincts were and how incredible nature is, with little left for me to do at this point except keep the bedding clean and keep the girls fed. Of course, that soon changed!

The first kitten steps out of the bed were so fabulous, tiny wobbly little legs climbing over a two-inch bed lip like they were climbing the Himalayas, just beautiful. Of course, once they had mastered 'the climb' out of the bed the fun really began. Over the course of the coming weeks, we gradually increased the areas the kittens had access to and by eight weeks old they were haring around everywhere, except for the bathroom and kitchen. As you can imagine, there were many modifications made to our





home during this time, tall cardboard attached to the bannisters to stop any mishaps on the stairs, surfaces cleared of anything remotely treasured or breakable, litter trays in every room. I'm proud to say there was only one mishap wee during the whole time, clever babies! One thing I couldn't stop was the sheer diligence they exerted in making the small hole in the underside of my sofa into a big enough hole to climb into and snuggle down. Despite my best efforts, including placing, initially, a cardboard box and then a suitcase under said sofa they were determined to get in and they did. I gave up, they won. It has been happy chaos at ours for the past few months.

Breeding these two litters has been everything I thought it would be and more, it hasn't been worry free: trying to coax nine tiny kittens to see the point in eating solid food when mummy's milk tastes so good is hard, I can't sugar coat it. I feel indebted to the experienced Tonk breeders who have readily shared advice and tips with me throughout. The worries aside, I have had the pleasure of watching nine gorgeous little souls grow and develop into beautiful, relaxed, funny and happy kittens, ready to bring Tonk love and cuddles to new families.

It hasn't been easy letting them go, I've cried every time after they have left, but I'm confident that they have the very best homes I could have found for them all. I treasure the photos and videos that have been sent to me by their new slaves, it's a complete comfort to see them thriving and living their best lives in their forever homes, spreading their sheer love of life and Tonk antics across the country !





Chloe and Sophie

Chloe and Sophie. Sleeping on the bean-bag
Under the radiator. Gently merged
Into a pool of cat,
Blended into each other
Dozing their old age away.
I remember them both
Balls of thistledown, flitting
Through the evening meadow,
Silver under the pale moon,
Two shadows flickering in the twilight
Hunting moths. Now they sigh and sleep
Old ladies, warming their ageing bones.
Stirring deeper in each other's fur,
Dark masks resting on paler flanks
Curled as closely as they ever were
Before their birth.
I think it is most fitting
That they should end their days
Together still,
Barely distinguishable as separate entities
Sleeping.
Cuddled in the warm, bean-bag womb.

Sarah Brockwell

TOYS

Spider Toys for your cats!

You will need:

4 pipe cleaners

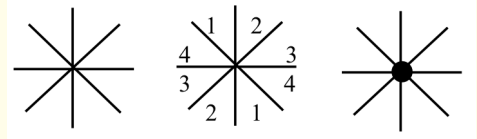
wool

scissors

darning needle

Instructions:

Take four pipe-cleaners (same colour or different colours) and arrange them in a star shape. Take a length of wool (a contrasting colour looks nice) and double or triple it so that you are winding more than one length around at a time, then wind your length across each diagonal a couple of times until the circle has been completed;



Repeat until the spider's body is as fat as you want it. To finish off the wool body, thread the end onto the darning needle, and pull the wool-end through the body a couple of times, pulling tight before cutting off. The legs can be bent into leg shapes, but it's easier to store and transport them if they stay flat.

If you are feeling energetic, you could also turn in the sharp tips of the pipe cleaners and squash them in place with a pair of long-nosed pliers, but this is an optional extra.

For our next issue I will be collecting pictures of Tonkinese yawns, and pictures of trophies your cats have collected, so get snapping and get sending too! We need more introductions to your cats as well: these are only 200–300 words (more if you like!), so anyone could write something, just accompany your writing with some lovely pictures.

Send your tales, tall, short, thin, fat, prose, pictorial, poetic, true, fictional, believable, unbelievable ...

Email Julia.cmcf@gmail.com

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

Memberships are due in the New Year. If you're not sure whether you have renewed you can always check here: www.tonkinese.info/have-i-renewed-yet.html. The page lists your post code and the last year for which you have paid your membership fee. If you are due to renew in 2024 you can now do so online or download a renewal form from the same page to accompany a cheque—and you don't have to wait until the day renewals are due, so you can do it whenever you think of it: www.tonkinese.info/subscription-renewal.html *If you pay online please MAKE SURE we have Your name as a reference so that we can identify the payment correctly.*

WATER FROM THE MOON

A DREAM OF TONKINESE

José Escobar

The wind was blowing through the abandoned schoolyard. Grey pebbles had joined fallen dead branches of the banyan tree where children used to play. Across it ran a wrought iron fence, uneven and disheveled by time and storms that had ravaged it in recent years. Its gate, wide open, latch broken, invited anyone who wished to enter. A dateless and pristine beauty flooded this forsaken spot, at that very moment untouched, as if no one had crossed its gate for years, inviting and yet forbiddingly inviolate. I wasn't sure how I had arrived or what had brought me to this place with an absence of definite seasons. Perhaps a wakeful dream or one of those dreams that wake you up in the middle of the night with its energy, ever so real.

Gnarled roots protruded from an old tree—a tangle of arms breaking through what may have been a sidewalk—left behind from when the school was built. Perhaps children used to line up on this sidewalk and sang a song before going into their classroom for the day. Several hibiscus grew around one shack, having survived the years.

It was a rainy day with grey clouds blanketing the sky of the fast approaching dusk. A rare day in this island of giant spotless white soft clouds which I grew to love. It was the Mausim, the rainy season, the season of cloud bursts, and the grass underfoot was suddenly thick and lush. It may have been raining before but now only the wind blew, not too forceful, as I walked around examining, trying to remember and recognize where I was or where I may have been.

One particular shack had its striped bamboo blinds open and a long-legged fern stand could be seen from the outside. I could see old writing desks, a blackboard, and an unvarnished and quickly decaying wood floor. It was not a wealthy school; it was more of a rural school, the kind of school you imag-

ine or may have heard parents and relatives talk about from their childhood, if you have grown in the tropics. One where they may have studied only for a few years as children, with a single teacher who may had traveled long distances. There were paths, several, some lined with stones or strewn with pebbles. Another path with green sprouting between the cobble stones—like stepping stones—curved and disappeared behind a shack. It was now a desolate place and yet a place of presences long gone and still there.



A rustic wood bench stood under a tree, a zapote tree, which produced the resin that many of us as children were fond of chewing. It also resembled my school, with a sandlot in which to play and a wall for bouncing rubber balls. It had a small crescent shaped pond with small and colorful fish—danios, gouramis, perhaps some bright orange swordfishes and colorful mottled mollies—that one could feed on occasions, in the late afternoons after school. A place to return again and again, a rare place, a timeless place that slept in the sun. No one was to be seen; it felt empty, deserted, except, to my bewilderment, for the three cats, seated, front legs folded, in the abandoned school house. Their elegant sable dipped legs, their masks, their lighter-brown bodies and their piercing green eyes—startling bright in their seal-dark faces—looking, perhaps intrigued at the abrupt encroachment on their dream.

They looked healthy although one, perhaps one of the two females, was missing some hair on one side of her sleek and soft coat. The male, a sphinx marked with stripes sat, eyes half-closed in that in-between zone where you appear and disappear in a cat's life. How I got to know their gender, how I got to feel their satiny softness under my fingertips, was a mystery as I had not even come close to them. It was knowledge gained in a dream, one that is found within the dream, where things may be known beforehand or without asking any questions. I looked into their solemn blue-green eyes.



No one knew about the cats nor could anyone account for their presence. I just knew that they have been there, but I cannot talk of a start or an ending; time does not exist in such places. Under the wooden and thatched shacks and perhaps inside them, they have made their home. They looked healthy, the type one has seen in old books on Thai cats. As for their age, I could not tell. Their faces—masterly expressions of composure and restraint—almost radiated a benevolence that may come only with the passing of the years. They did not move but watched intently with an air of bestowing a gift. They had waited; they had been expecting this intrusion into their world. One of the cats slowly stood up and with an ever-so-graceful single motion, arched her back and stretched out longer that it seemed possible. The male jumped into a windowsill while the third cat, watching intently, stayed put, purring, a purring that almost made her body rock, her

breathing timed perfectly with the soothing sound emerging from her.

A cloud shadowed the schoolyard as the sounds of footsteps on dry leaves approached. A young girl, whose face remained hidden from my view, perhaps five but no more than seven years old, was now standing in front of me. What I could see of her, the skin of her arms, her feet, glowed like copper in the gleam of sunshine now beginning to break through the apricot clouds, almost the colour of the cats, as if she was one of them. A long loin cloth or sarong of immaculate white cotton reached to her ankles. She was holding a pure white ceramic bowl in her small brown hands, chest high, as one holds an offering. A shrill of cicadas marked the day's end.

“Do you want it?” uttered a soft voice. “I am Anak Bulan; do you seek Anak Bulan?”

It is hard to remember a dream after you return or as you go in, and it is even harder to remember words and voices within a dream or while awake. It is even more difficult to come up with words, to say anything, to reply to questions and to know answers. So I just replied with a smile.



“Have you come to see ‘those rarely seen’, the *Moyang*, the Ancestors?” She inquired in a voice that resembled a melody. “No one has been here in the last ten years and it will be another fifteen before anyone returns.”

The cats were silent, unmoving, even the purring from the one female had ceased. They did not seem to be hungry and I guessed that the bowl was intended for

them, that it was theirs, and as no words came to me in reply to her questions, I said: “Bring some water; bring them some water in the white bowl.”



She did not move, but simply extended her arms offering the bowl to me, which I took. As I brought it closer, I saw it was filled with water, reflecting a face no longer that of a child, but one that was capable of smiling, that had not turned bitter with the passing of years. This was a place of walking in beauty where the path of the sun follows one hand and the moon pursues another. I gently placed the bowl in reverent silence on the ground where the cats could see it.

The cats approached slowly and smelled the dish, slightly touching it. The two females began to lap the water. “It is Hari Raya Puasa, the end of the fast,” proclaimed the young girl. “It’s the time when the moon comes out to shine on the wet flowers.” The cats looked as if giving their consent, their approval to the girl’s words. “I have lived here thirty years and before that, another seventeen. Why are you here?”

It was getting dark, a few fireflies flittered in and out proclaiming the night. Light was fading fast and I was being pulled back into the sandy track that had brought me here. “I know;” she added without waiting for a reply; “I know it took you many years, but it does not matter.” “Dreams;” she said. “We were all dreaming last night and you came. Take a look; tell me if anything is missing.” The cats lowered their heads to drink some

more and the male joined its companions around the white bowl.

I think I lost my bearings;” I managed to say. “That’s quite a trick;” she replied. “You must not think of this place as a wilderness, as lost. I am the caretaker; the *Moyang* went somewhere but you can see for yourself; they are here as well. I am the caretaker. Maybe someday they’ll be back and I will bring them their favorite food; *ikan kembong*, the fish that rise on the new moon.” I looked at the three cats. “You mean the ancestors will be back?” She raised her index finger. “Yes; eleven of them.” And began to trace a circle in the sandy soil.

I haven’t found my way back to the house at the schoolyard, though it may be clearly marked in a map I cannot read. I continue to get lost. I have returned to a remote anonymous world that seldom makes contact with the *Moyang*. But I see them on occasions; they come sometimes to play during the *selamat malam*, the blessings of the night, and I offer them water and feed them. They even bring their kittens, skipping about, and one works his way up to my shoulder.



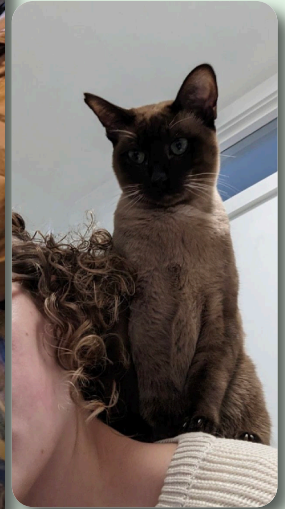
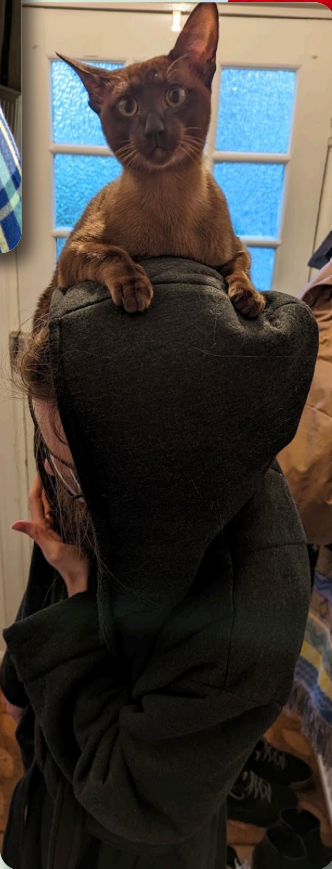
On those nights, I dig my toes into the sandy soil path trying to make certain that I can find my way. A tiny new sickle moon sets above the trees.



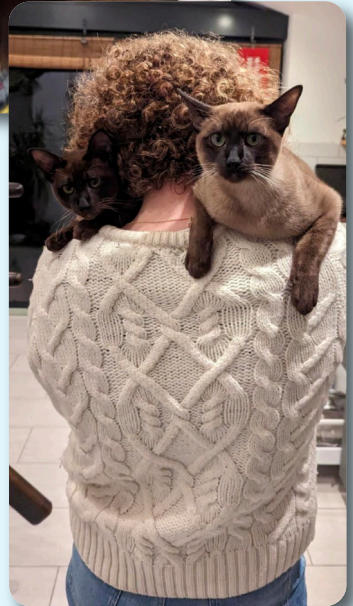
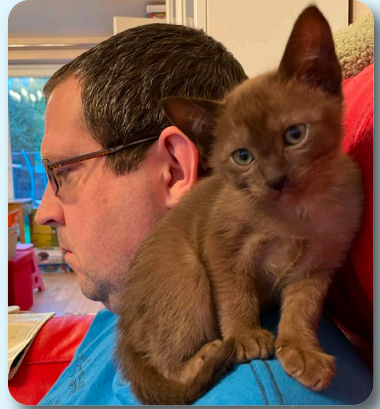
TONKINESE OR PARROTS?

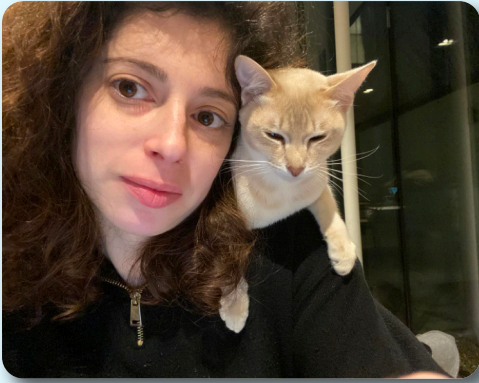
In the last issue, we had quite a collection of Tonkinese balanced on top of doors. This led some people to comment that Tonkinese appear to have a 'parrot gene', as they seem to like climbing on top of their humans too. When I started asking around I was flooded with pictures of various Tonks on their owners' shoulders or even their heads, so here is a selection from a vast number of sources, of Tonkinese displaying their parrot tendencies.

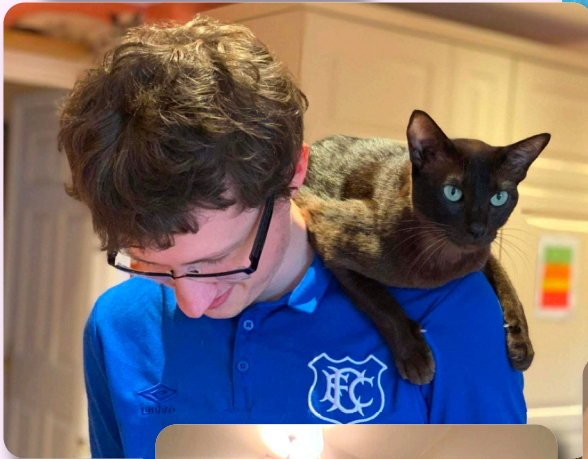
Photos sent in by: Allegra Loch, Dan and Holly Whitfield, Rachel Pennell, Marion Coles, Lorraine Phillips, Zanne Lee, Becky Beard, Nicky Harmer, Mairi Forbes











Introducing ...



This is **Tango** (she is named after the dance, not an orange drink!) She has been to a few shows and now has an impressive title that she doesn't seem to care about very much, but I'm quite proud!

She is just over 13, and is now the senior cat in my household. As you might expect from a senior lady, she can be quite demanding (annoying?). When I have my bath in the evening,

she comes into the bathroom and complains loudly, stands up against the side of the bath and reaches in with claws extended to try and get hold of my hand or arm (I think). I'm not sure whether she's trying to get me out of the bath or just wants attention, but stroking her seems to help (as long as I'm not too damp), but as soon as I stop she is grabbing for me again, and I sometimes have to speak quite firmly about my right to be wet! Her other unpopular habit is in the early morning (around 5 am, at the moment, which might be due to the early dawn) — she gets onto the bed and pokes at my



face with her paw with a claw slightly extended. She never scratches, but will keep poking my face until I respond. I feel very guilty if I push her off the bed or speak firmly to her (neither works anyway), and just as with the bath, I have to stroke her for a bit until she stops. I do wonder if responding is just encouraging her, but as she is my old granny cat I don't like to refuse her.



Julia



WOOL-EATING PICA

from the *BSAVA Manual of Feline Behaviour*

The commonest form of pica is fabric chewing. This was first documented in the 1950s and was thought to be limited to Siamese strains. However a survey of 152 fabric eating cats (Neville and Bradshaw, 1992) showed the behaviour to be more widespread. Although 55% of these cats were Siamese, 28% were Burmese and 11% were cross-bred cats. Males and females were equally represented, and most cats began to show the behaviour at 2–8 months of age. 93% started by eating wool, 64% progressed to cotton and 54% also consumed synthetic fabrics. [I know many owners who have also noted cats who eat polythene bags, elastic bands, and string. ed.]

While some fabric eaters chew or eat material on a regular basis, others do so only sporadically. Many consume large amounts of material, from sources such as woollen jumpers, cotton towels, underwear or furniture covers, without apparent harm, although surgery is required in a few cases to clear gastric obstructions and impaction of material. The damage to property, however, can be considerable.

The reasons for this behaviour are uncertain, although its greater prevalence in some Siamese and Burmese strains points to a genetic factor. One possible interpretation of the behaviour is that it is a redirected form of early suckling behaviour, a hypothesis supported by the fact that some cats cease eating fabric as they mature. Also, it is sometimes seen in cats which are over-dependent on their owners, the fabric-eating being triggered by separation from the owners.

Alternatively, fabric eating may be a form of a redirected prey catching and ingestion sequence. 40% of the fabric-eating cats in the survey had little or no access to the outdoors and hence were denied the opportunity to hunt. Also, some cats eat fabric only or chiefly at mealtimes: if they can, they take a woollen item to the food bowl and eat it in alternate mouthfuls with their usual diet.

Fabric eating may also be a form of stereotypic behaviour. In many cats its onset is triggered by a stressful event, for example moving from the breeders to a new home or the addition of another cat to the household.

Treatment

‘Remote discouragement’ such as a jet of water from a water pistol may temporarily deter some cats, but it merely drives many to eat fabric in secret. There is also the risk of making the problem worse by increasing the level of stress on the cat.

Occasionally, however, neutralising the rewarding effect of the chewing is successful. Baiting a piece of fabric with menthol or oil of eucalyptus and leaving it available for the cat to find and chew will deter a few fabric eaters permanently.

Simply denying the cat access to any edible fabric for a few weeks may also cure the problem by breaking the habit. More often, however, it is also necessary to provide some positive outlet for the behaviour. For example, dry cat food might be made constantly available, either in addition to or instead of the usual diet. Offering the cat gristly meat attached to large bones will increase the time spent handling and eating food: this may decrease or eliminate the desire to eat fabric. Alternatively, the fibre content of wet diets may be increased by adding bran, tissues, or chopped, undyed wool.

Finally, the behaviour may simply be managed in some cats by making available a supply of unwanted disposable woollen garments, especially at mealtimes. Jumble sales are a good cheap source of such material. Case studies of indoor cats have shown that the problem can cease altogether if they are given access to the outdoors.

More rarely, cats may engage in other undesirable forms of pica, e.g. eating rubber or chewing electric cables. In general, these problems should be treated using an approach similar to that outlined for fabric eating. If the behaviour is putting the cat's life in danger, it may be necessary first of all to use remote punishment to deter it: a cap banger (available from most joke shops) may be placed under a cable such as an aerial or hi-fi speaker wire which does not carry electric current. Alternatively, the cables may be made less attractive by smearing them with aromatic oils. The cat should also be prevented from engaging in the pica, preferably by removing the items concerned or denying access to high-risk areas.

Postscript: I occasionally hear of cats 'acting out' (e.g. scratching carpets) to get attention. The cat usually gets what it wants, as the human leaps up to stop them scratching (or spraying or whatever it is they do). The key here is NOT to react in the way the cat wishes. Furniture or stair treads can be protected with carpet samples, and spraying, however distasteful, can be tolerated by placing a small litter tray in the favourite spraying place or using incontinence pads. Neither of these solutions may stop the behaviour completely, but they may go a long way to helping the owner not to respond by giving the cat attention. Cats can also be 'trained' by removing them from the room and shutting them outside the door when they exhibit undesirable behaviour: for Tonkinese, for whom attention is so desirable, this can be very effective!

Stanley

Gillian Harper

Boy what a row Stanley made on our journey home. Luckily it only took half an hour to get here. Yaz the Siamese came running to greet us when we arrived so we put the cat basket down on the driveway. Stanley was so pleased to see another cat and Yaz had a really good sniff through the bars and they were almost kissing.

Yaz had another good sniff when we got inside the house and then buzzed off out into the garden. My neighbours came round and I let Stanley out. To say he is completely happy is an understatement. As you said, that cat is a complete tart and, though I hate to admit it, his name does suit him down to the ground. I was expecting him to run and hide but no, he was all over us as confident as anything. He had a wee, a drink and something to eat and then smarmed all over my neighbours. They fell in love with him. However, my neighbour declared in her best Hyacinth

Bucket voice, that she couldn't live next door to a cat called Stanley, so I told her to go away and come up with some alternatives!

Stanley took absolutely no notice of Yaz and sat on my lap, purring his little head off. Yaz got right inside the cat basket for yet another sniff. She is very wary of him though so I won't let them loose together for a while yet!

I turned the television on and he ran over to it and sat watching it. I left him there while I went into another room to give Yaz some fuss and when I went back, he was still sitting there glued to the telly. It was so funny. I feel like I'm in a French farce here, running from one room to another in order to give each cat some attention. Stanley is asleep in his bed in the sitting room and Yaz is squashed between me and the desk.

I now have to work out a plan for tonight. Perhaps I shall stay up all night!

Well did I have fun on Friday night! As Terry had decided to stay away overnight, I had the task of trying to placate the cat, whilst reassuring the kitten at the same time. Spent the night playing musical beds. I tried to put Stanley back in the cat basket but he was having none of it, so I spent 2 hours in one bed with him and then 2 hours in another with Yaz and then repeated it all over again. Last night was a lot easier because Terry was back, so Yaz slept with him and I slept with a cat necklace, which was lovely but does he have to purr ALL night?



Stan-the-Man has moved in and taken over. You would think he has lived here for months. He is quite happy in any part of the house and is eating and drinking well. He is the most confident animal I have ever come across. Terry keeps saying he can't believe what this cat is like.

Stanley is desperate to play with Yaz. She comes into the room and [] (get off the keyboard Stanley!) stares at him. He used to stare back but this morning he walked up to her and sat down right in front of her. You could see him thinking "Wossup wiv you then?" She stared him out and then ran off. However, within half an hour, he was wiggling his bum and pouncing on her. He also chases after her when she runs off. If he



would just keep still, or show a little humility (ha!) then things would progress a lot faster.

A few minutes ago, I was cuddling him and stroking his belly, when Yaz came over and was sniffing all up and down his tail. Then she walked away but came back again, sniffed some more and then licked him. She went away again, came back, had another sniff and then nipped his tail with her teeth, walked away and spat (not surprising really as it certainly wasn't a divine wind that he had just blown in her direction). Yaz then buzzed off with Terry and went to bed.

Stanley did manage to make me jump out of my skin though. I was mangling a new tune on the piano and I hadn't seen him on the back of the chair behind me. He jumped off the chair and landed on the keys with a big thud. He has just run up and down the keys twice and has been crawling over the computer all the time I have been typing this. So, I feel we have had a bit of progress today and I am pleased to say that never once has Yaz raised the fur down her back or puffed out her tail, so keep your fingers (and anything else you can manage) crossed.



We've spent ages on it. Nothing suits him but Stanley. I've even been on a cat name website and read them all out to Terry but each time I said a name we both said "naahhh". He is so cute that he needs a cute name. Terry suggested calling him Arnie because he is so fearless. I thought we should name him after the Malaysian chap who booked us into the hotel when we went on holiday—his name was Kitty-pong (so apt). However I do have a book of French swear words which may come in useful.

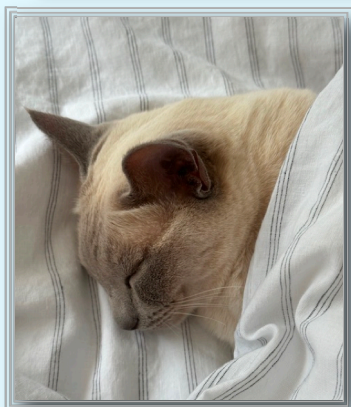
Introducing ...

What to say about these amazing feline souls ...

Our girls **Lulu & Fleur**, 7 years old, entrusted to us by Jo Sturgess from 13 weeks old. They are engaging, strong willed, loving, kind, a little crazy and very beautiful. Lulu, our chocolate girl with her glass-like blue eyes and constant chatter, and Fleur our lilac girl, kind, patient, with the ability to communicate quietly and clearly what she wants. Two very different personalities but how they adore and protect each other.



In their eyes they are in charge: we are there to serve ... food, water from the chiller in a glass which is held by me for them to drink from, a hot water bottle on a chilly evening, the list goes on ... We willingly embrace this because they give so much back to us in return, around them we feel a sense of calm. Seeing them curled up on the sofa giving each other a wash and brush up, feeling their presence in bed with us, knowing they are under the duvet snug and warm, finding them in my dressing room having made a nest amongst my sweaters makes us smile even when we feel down. We forgive them when they wake us in the early hours chasing after each other and running across the bed demonstrating their ability to do hand-brake turns.



Sharing your life with Tonks is not for the faint hearted, but what joy they bring. It is difficult to articulate how our girls have enriched our life. We would be broken-hearted not to share our world with them.



Stephanie Buckler

*Why not introduce **your** cats in the next issue? Don't delay, send something TODAY!*

LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN!

Linda Vausden

I've been breeding a good few years now, but I never fail to be surprised when I hear from my kitten/cat owners about the gifts their Tonks have brought them. I'm writing this article because a wonderful boy from my last Tonk litter now even has a following on Twitter—The Cat Thief from Oxford.

Many, years ago our family had a beautiful cream-point Siamese with truly vivid blue eyes. Everyone knew her and where she lived, very handy when they wanted to retrieve their stolen washing, dog's toys from their gardens and even food stolen from their shopping bags—including at least two sealed packs of bacon. The year she had kittens she brought home freshly cooked chicken wings on numerous occasions, but I think the local Chinese take-away had a soft spot for her.



Our own Tonks built up an impressive collection of twigs, leaves, flower petals, mice, worms and live frogs, poor Fable never did get the hang of getting frogs through the cat flap when they rigidly played dead, but Shadow was pretty good at it—thank heavens Mike intercepted her that early Sunday morning as she was on her way up to present one to me in bed.

Then there was Teazle (Mymystic Tanen) who brought in a live hawk, that promptly dug its talons into his owner's hand while he was trying to detach the hawk from the Tanen's mouth—no harm done to either the hawk or the cat but the owner was taken to hospital. This same lad also brought in a live snake, which swiftly slid down inside the sofa—took a while to remove it, but it was OK, just a grass snake. Yet they continued to love this boy.



There was also Estelle Wolfers's Shifra (Mymystic Shimmer) who, on Christmas morning brought home an excellent Christmas lunch for the family, but couldn't quite get it through the cat flap—pheasant anyone?

However, the trophy has to go to Julie Pickford's Laszlo (Mymystic Minkah). From the time he was old enough to be let out he has been sharing his prize finds with his family. He started with a penchant for household goods such as a feather duster for his friend Sproodle, and brushes of all kinds—scrubbing brushes, paint brushes, kitchen brushes, patio brushes etc. More recently he has taken up sports (sorry that should read 'has taken sports equipment'). Laszlo is helping the local sports ground to extend their training space—by bringing home the field markers; he has no prejudice, any colour red or white will do.



While on the subject of Tonk criminals, or not, Mymystic Mungopark (Overall Best In Show at TBC show 2001), emigrated to Canada to work on a legal Cannabis farm. I understand from his devoted owner that he lived a long and very mellow life.

Photo feature for the next issue: What has your cat dragged home for you? Take a photo of your cat with his or her prize trophy, and receive a mystery prize for yourself for the best offering!!



Bring your cat to the 2023 show VIRTUALLY



How many of us, Tonkinese owners, have cats that we would simply love to enter in the yearly Tonkinese Cat Show, but circumstances seem always to conspire to make it impossible?

- The Show is scheduled for a day we are doing something that can't be missed.
- The location is too far away for us to consider.
- Our cats simply couldn't (perhaps *wouldn't*) sit still for a full day in a pen.
- The cats would yell all the way in the car.

Well – help is finally at hand!

This year, your cat can make a PHOTOGRAPHIC APPEARANCE!

Simply send a photo of your cat that conveys their charm, charisma and character (*make sure it is high quality so that it can be printed clearly*) to the following email:

tonkinesephotoshow@gmail.com

Don't forget to include your cat's name!

At the Show on 2nd September, a board of photos will be set up so that all present can see the true wonderfulness of those cats who could not be there in person.

YOUR CAT WILL STAR IN THE SHOW AFTER ALL!

You will also be helping to spread the word on the delightful Tonkinese breed.

If you wish to take part in this marvellous opportunity, the photos you would like to be displayed should reach the email above by **NO LATER THAN 26th AUGUST.**



A Summer Pasta Salad

At last year's TBC Show exhibitors were invited to join us for lunch (provided by the Club) and we will be doing the same this year — if you are at the show please do come and join us, whether or not you are there with a cat.

I was asked for the recipe for one of the salads last year, though I wouldn't really call it a 'recipe', just a list of things that I threw into the salad, but here it is in case anyone would like to try it.

Pasta Salad

This works well with Penne, the curly pasta shapes, or the little shell shapes

Baby plum tomatoes (the cherry tomatoes were rather bitter this year) halved or quartered

Mozzarella, cut into small pieces. If you buy pearls halve or quarter them

Fresh Basil leaves, torn up if they are large

Green olives sliced in rings

Capers (a few)

Drizzle of olive oil

Cook the pasta until not quite done, very *al dente* (with a slightly hard core), as it will keep cooking as it cools. When you drain it just let it cool naturally, but keep moving it from time to time so that it doesn't stick together. You can add the olive oil when it's warm to stop it from sticking to itself, but don't overdo it or it gets too greasy! Mix in the mozzarlla also while the pasta is slightly warm so that it melts a bit, but not too much. It is fine mixed in when cold too.

You can add pine nuts if you fancy them. The capers cut through the blandness of the pasta, but if you haven't got any (or don't like capers), chopped anchovies work too, but not too many, or very finely-chopped red onion (again, not too much). It does need something sharp to 'freshen' it though.

Oven-Roasted Vegetable Salad

This lasts around 10 days in the fridge, so I make it in large quantities and plunder it whenever I feel peckish. Quantities are just a guide. DON'T add tomatoes!

Aubergine (2)

Courgette (2)

Red onion (2)

Red, green and yellow peppers (1 each)

Garlic or garlic-infused olive oil (to taste)

Honey, Balsamic vinegar

You will need a sieve or colander large enough to drain the whole thing. It looks a lot raw, but cooks down to half or less.

Slice everything up into batons; you don't need to peel anything except the onion. Mix it all up in a deep baking tray and then pour an entire bottle of olive oil over it — certainly enough to drown the vegetables. Don't worry, it won't be wasted!

Put this in an oven at gas mark 3-4 (or the bottom oven of the aga for a couple of hours, or at a very low heat overnight. You can cook it hotter if you're in a hurry or at whatever temperature you like, as long as you keep an eye on it.

When the vegetables are soft but holding their shape, take them out but turn the oven up high; drain off the olive oil. This can be saved with the vegetable juices when cool and used for cooking, or for making another batch of this. Drain well.

Put the vegetables back into the baking dish and drizzle a fair bit of honey and balsamic vinegar over it while warm, mix well. Pop it back into a hot oven for about 10 mins to melt the honey and caramelize slightly. Amount of cooking time depends on your taste. Refrigerate when cool and eat cold. The roasting and balsamic makes it look rather black, but it's delicious eaten with soft bread to soak up the juices. You might need to experiment to get it how you like it.

TBC Recommendations For Breeders

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In addition to the GCCF Code of Ethics and Rules For Registration and Showing of Cats the TBC strongly recommends that the following points are noted by owners of queens and studs.

1. If breeding first-generation (Burmese x Siamese) Tonkinese, ensure that both parents comply with the current Tonkinese Registration Policy. Some cats are on the Reference register because they have ancestors that are not permitted in the Tonkinese breed programme (e.g. Orientals, cats of unregistered or unknown parentage, or experimental colours).
2. A stud owner is not obliged to accept a queen to stud and may refuse mating on application or on inspection of the queen on health or other grounds.
3. GCCF-registered Queens and Studs must be on the active register. Queens not registered with the GCCF may be accepted for mating provided their registration is not endorsed 'not for breeding'. Studs must have their Certificate of Entirety (COE) and DNA test results as required by the Tonkinese Registration Policy lodged with the GCCF prior to the registration of their first litter. Stud owners should retain a copy of the COE and DNA test results to show to a queen's owner if requested.
4. Studs and visiting queens must be vaccinated against Feline Enteritis, Feline Herpesvirus and Calicivirus (no less than 14 days before the mating). Homeopathic vaccinations are not acceptable. Vaccination certificates must be available for inspection.
5. Studs should be regularly tested for FeLV and FIV, even if they are inoculated against FeLV and the documentation should be shown to the owners of visiting queens on request.
6. The stud owner must supply the following for the queen's owner: a) A mating certificate that complies with GCCF Rules For Registration and Showing of Cats Section 1 Rule 3d (<https://www.gccfcats.org/About-GCCF/Forms-Downloads>) b) A full pedigree of the stud showing at least three generations with full registration numbers; c) A receipt for the stud fee.
7. The stud owner must make clear any conditions relating to the kittens or repeat matings, before the queen is left with the stud.
8. The stud premises should be available for inspection, by appointment, by the queen's owner prior to the queen being brought to stud.
9. Queens should be tested for FeLV and FIV before going to stud, ideally no more than 24 hours before the visit (unless from a fully-tested indoor household, when a longer time interval may be agreed with the stud owner), and the documentation should be shown to the stud's owner. PCR testing for Chlamydia, FHV and Calici virus are also strongly recommended for both studs and queens.
10. The queen's owner has a responsibility to make arrangements, including the inspection of stud premises, well in advance of taking the queen to stud, and should make enquiries about the availability of the stud before testing and making any other arrangements.
11. The queen's owner should be aware that the stud fee is for the services of the stud and does not guarantee conception.
12. Kittens should be registered with the GCCF and must not be sold less than 7 days after completion of a full course of vaccination against at least Feline Enteritis, Feline Herpesvirus and Calicivirus. The breeder must supply each kitten owner with a valid vaccination certificate signed by a veterinary surgeon showing that the first vaccination and booster have been completed; a pedigree certificate that includes at least four generations, at least three with full registration numbers; the GCCF registration card for the kitten.
13. It is essential that all breeding Tonkinese must be DNA tested in accordance with the requirements of the current Tonkinese Registration Policy (see <https://tonkinesebac.weebly.com/downloads>). If you are unable to download a copy please contact the Club Secretary (tbc.uk@ntlworld.com) to obtain one.

*List of available DNA tests applicable to the Tonkinese breed (*required for all breeding cats):*

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| *Burmese Head Defect | *Pyruvate Kinase Deficiency (PKDef) |
| *Burmese Hypokalaemia | *Burmese GM2 Gangliosidosis |
| *Progressive Retinal Atrophy (rdAc) | Korat GM1 Gangliosidosis (low prevalence) |
| | Mucopolysaccharidosis VI (MPS VI) (low prevalence) |

