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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



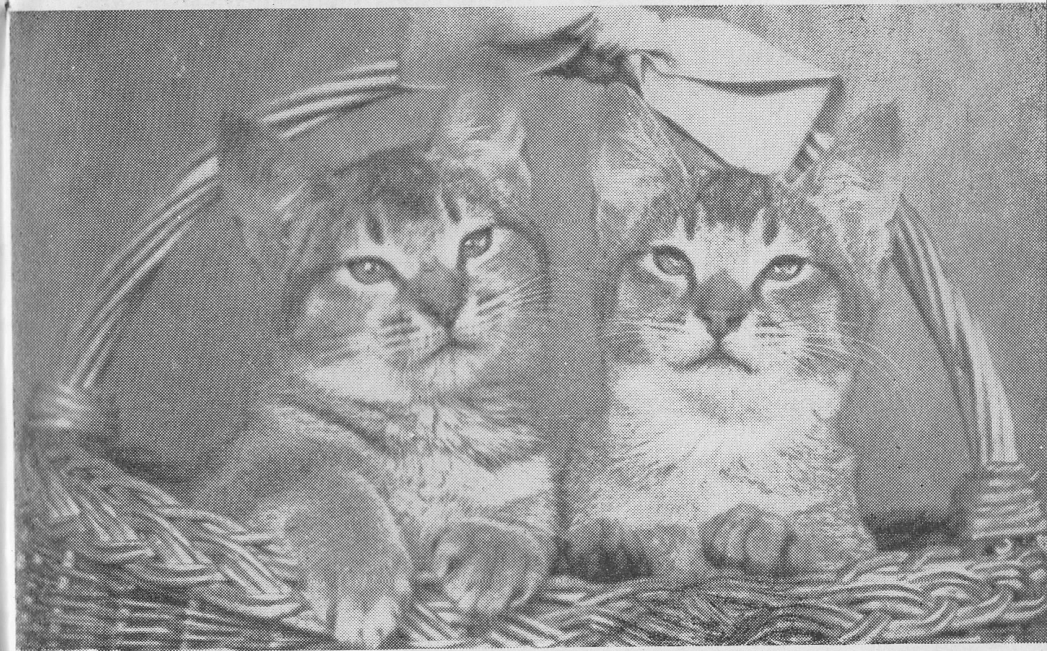
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"MONTANA" and "RENARA."

Bred by Mrs. Major.

Cover Photograph by V. E. Major.

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SIAMESE versus SPANIEL

By JOHN KIRK NELSON.

THE visitor to this sceptred isle might observe from casual encounters and a study of newspapers that the primary conflicts in which our people are involved consist of: The battle between political parties; between football teams; the struggle for supremacy between a number of horses and greyhounds; and, of course, the unending war between the sexes.

Nothing else, thinks our visitor, appears to worry or disturb the reserved phlegmatic English. Oho! Doesn't it just?

Just to prove how wrong you are, dear welcome stranger, ponder for a moment this simple colloquial phrase: "It is raining cats and dogs." What nation would conjure up so startling a word-picture were it not excessively interested in cats and dogs?

No linguist myself, I am prepared to bet that a literal transcription of this phrase into, say, German or French or Russian would be received with astonishment.

I can imagine that it might rain sausages and sauerkraut in Germany, mininettes and models

in France, propaganda and peace conferences in Russia—but never cats and dogs.

To-day it would appear that dog-lovers predominate in England, though the respective merits of the two kinds of pets are as fiercely contested as any election. Was it always so?

The kinked tail.

On Thursday I accompanied the president of the Siamese Cat Club to the nineteenth Championship Show and put the question to him.

"Nonsense!" exploded Mr. Compton Mackenzie, his beard bristling at the thought. "Dogs as pets are a Hanoverian innovation."

How then, I asked him, could he explain away King Charles's spaniels? "If you can call them dogs, I'm prepared to cede you the point. But look at them! They're more like Pekingese—and the Peke is called the Lion Dog in China, which is as good as admitting that it belongs to the cat family."

Having delivered himself of this remarkable exercise in sophistry, Mr. Mackenzie strode purposefully on to the dais and

protested, amid much applause, against the recent ruling that cats with kinked tails should be disqualified. "What is wrong with the kinked tail?" he asked with some passion. "There's a reason for it—and it's pretty."

He told us the reason: Legend has it that when Siamese princesses bathed they took the rings off their fingers and put them on the tails of their cats. The cats would go fishing, swish their tails, and lose the rings. The tails were kinked to prevent this.

Whittington's Dog?

Mr. Mackenzie came back to me, and returned to the attack as we admired some of the 172 exhibits. "Can you think of any dogs in any of our old folk-tales? Can you imagine Dick Whittington and His Dog—or Dog in Boots? . . . It's unthinkable!"

We stopped in front of the cage containing Clonlost Yo-Yo, this year's winner of the Compton Mackenzie Cream Jug for the Best Exhibit in the Show.

The president made winning noises at the kitten. "Would you change that for a dog?" he asked.

Clonlost Yo-Yo yawned and turned his back on us. To my surprise, the president was delighted.

"You see?" he said. "There's dignity for you. No fawning,

no trying to win favours. You remember what Swinburne said:

"Stately, kindly, lordly
friend, Condescend
'Here to sit by me.'"

Mr. Mackenzie sighed. "It isn't that I don't like dogs," he said, "but I get so impatient when people don't recognise that the cat is the superior animal. How can you doubt it? Look at them"

We looked. Sleeping, stretching, washing themselves—they seemed to ignore the hall full of people. What are people?

"They know they're superior," said the president of the Siamese Cat Club.

Well, there it is. Compton Mackenzie is by no means alone among literary figures in his preference for cats.

We enumerated some of them on our way back. Baudelaire, Swinburne, Anatole France, Lewis Carroll, Proust, T. S. Eliot . . . and all men mark you.

"And Flaubert?" I asked. "Wasn't Flaubert a cat-lover?"

"I think," said Mr. Mackenzie reprovingly, "you've got him mixed up with James Mason."

I left the president of the Siamese Cat Club a few doors away from mine. I didn't want him to see my spaniel was waiting for me.

Is it Instinct, or is it Common Sense?

By A. C. JUDE.

A few years ago, I was talking about animals, with a friend who is editor of a well-known Fancy paper. Eventually, the conversation turned to the topic of animal intelligence, and this led to an exchange of ideas about instinct and reasoning in cats. My friend persisted with his views that all actions by cats are merely instinctive, a point of view which is opposite to the one I hold. There was no bias, for we are both cat lovers. But in the end we could only agree to differ.

I expect we all have our varied views on this matter, but to substantiate my own opinion I am going to relate two little stories about my own cats, which have led me to believe that all cats are far more intelligent than my friend would have us believe. But first of all let us be sure about the limits of instinct. Instinct is the natural impulse, especially in the lower animals, leading them without reasoning or conscious design to perform certain actions tending to the welfare of the individual, or the perpetuation of the species. As

opposed to this, common sense is the faculty to think out by reasoning, and come to some conclusion, or to plan before taking action.

My first little story concerns my late long-haired Blue queen, "Wendy of Knott Hall." We have a fairly large garden with a number of fruit trees. My wife has made a habit to collect the fallen apples early each morning, before these are too badly pecked by fowls. "Wendy" was always a great favourite, and usually accompanied us on our walks in the garden. And it was so when the fallen apples were gathered. One morning after the apples had been brought in, we found an odd one just outside the back door. Thinking it must have dropped from the pail, it was picked up and carried into the house. A few minutes later yet another apple rested by the door. Feeling that some explanation was needed, watch was kept, and in due course "Wendy" appeared round the bend, her tail straight out, a look of pride on her face, and in her mouth—yes, an apple, carried quite firmly by it's

stalk. Her action was not by instinct, but through design by sense of reasoning. The most wonderful part to me was that the following season before we had thought of collecting apples, a little pile was made, outside the back door.

The second story brings in our mongrel tabby, christened 13 years ago as "Tib." She shares all the favours showered on our pedigree cats, and fully deserves it all, for many are the litters she has fostered and reared successfully and well.

One summer afternoon we were preparing to go out, and looking from an upstairs window we saw a number of chicks a few days old, nestling together near the greenhouse. They had come in from our neighbour's garden, and in attendance was "Tib," sitting only a few feet away. Although we felt "Tib" would do no harm, we were perhaps a little anxious, but events moved quickly. Into a tree just near the greenhouse,

there flew a magpie, and almost at the same time one of the chicks took it into it's head to do a little roaming. The result was swift. Down came the magpie and with all speed picked up the chick and flew away. "Tib" watched, but did not move. We too were slow in moving, so much so, that before anything was done, the magpie returned with one of it's pals. "Tib" at once noticed what had taken place. She rose, roused the chicks very carefully and without frightening them, marshalled them quite safely through the hedge and to a place of safety. My neighbour came out just in time to see the finish and was astounded at the display of common sense by "Tib," the like of which no human could have improved upon.

I am sure these instances are not isolated, in fact, I myself could quote several more. Yes, of course, cats are full of common sense. I sometimes wish cats could talk—or do they?

AUSTRALIA WRITES

The following is quoted from a letter which we have received from Mrs. D. J. Chandler of 10, Wynna Avenue, Hawthorn, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

"Would it be possible for you to put in your magazine my desire to correspond with breeders and

owners of Siamese cats? I have the "Westwood" Siamese stud here in Melbourne and have arranged to bring kittens out from England in the near future but would like to correspond with owners in the old country, as I feel there is a lot they could teach me."

PADDY AND HIS CAT

By ALAN K. TAYLOR.

(Conclusion).

The gannet is a different customer to the gull. These huge birds will attack when they land on deck if you get too near them. Aye! and they can break a man's limb with their powerful wings. I've seen a gannet chase a deckie the whole length of the ship's deck.

The keen eyes of a gannet can spot a fish fathoms under water, and it's really a thrilling sight to see them dive. Magnificently stream-lined, they hover over the water from the height of the masts, with their great wings stretched full out. They seem almost motionless. Then suddenly—click! The great wings snap tight, and down they shoot with the velocity of a bullet. The disappear clean under the water, with scarcely a ripple.

It is said that a gannet can dive down to a depth of ten fathoms—sixty feet. Think of it! Sometimes, in rough weather, one, by a split-second, mistimes its entry into the water. It dives down with a wing not properly closed. Then a broken-neck—and a poor lifeless heap of fluttering white feathers floating on top of the jealous seas.

We always feel sad. We fishermen also smile quietly when we hear landsmen boast about man's conquest of the air—and think of the gannet! Just as the lion is Lord of the Jungle, so is the gannet King of the Heavens. For effortless speed, beauty, grace, air control, we fishermen will back him against anything that flies. The Creator has not made a more beautiful bird.

But I was always afraid that one day a gannet would get Blackie. Yet somehow, thank goodness, they never clashed. We had Paddy to thank for that. When the weather was bad, Paddy took Blackie down into the engine-room to keep Minnie company. This was all right until one day Blackie got cheeky and Minnie clouted him. She knocked him off the engine-room stairs into a barrel of waste oil, dirty, greasy, oil that had been used. A most unlady-like thing to do. Poor old Blackie, what a mess he was in! What a mess! You never saw anything like it.

A few seconds after this happened. Paddy gave me a hallo on the speaking-tube which leads up from the engine-room

to the bridge. I knew by his rich Irish brogue that something had upset him.

"This dagoned mongrel of yours, Skipper," he growled. "I think he'll be safer on deck. Be jabbers he will!"

"What's the trouble, Chief?" I asked him.

"Throuble, is it! Begorra now, just you come down and have a look at him. I'm turning the hose-pipe on him." Then Paddy entered into details, and snorted indignantly. "You don't expect a pedigree Irish lady to have any darned truck with a mongrel dock-rat, do you?" Poor old Blackie! He certainly looked like a rat when he crept up on deck again.

In a storm, land birds get blown out to sea and often seek shelter aboard. They always die unfortunately. They are generally very hungry, but once they start picking up fish offal they soon collapse. We put down food and fresh water but they just won't take it.

Pigeons, on the other hand, seldom land on deck but generally fly straight on to the roof of the wheelhouse, as we call the bridge. We always wait till night to feed them so as not to frighten them away. Sometimes they arrive when we are outward bound, and travel with us for about three weeks, taking an occasional flight for exercise round and round the ship. They remain our guests until land is

sighted. The deckies feed them with peas and fesh water every day.

One morning Blackie caught a starling. Paddy happened to be on deck at the time, and pounced on Blackie and took it from him before the cat had time to harm the bird. Paddy then got a piece of bread and a panikin of fresh water from the galley, and took the starling down into the engine-room. The bird, as usual, refused to drink. So Paddy filled his own mouth with water, placed the bird's beak into his mouth, and kept it there until the starling was forced to drink.

Then Paddy let it fee, but it remained in the engine-room and next day, which was something of a marvel, it began to eat and drink of its own accord. At first both Minnie and Blackie tried to catch it. Paddy got angry then and smacked them.

One day, when both cats were curled up asleep together on a sack in the engine-room, Paddy, who was too far away to interfere, saw the bird hop on to the sack within a catspaw of both cats. Paddy said his heart nearly stopped. He said to me afterwards:

"I saw Blackie open his green eyes and blink at the bird, but the cat was so darned amazed he looked as if he'd get up and

Turn to page 31

Nina Adopts a Family of Eight

(Re-printed from the Derby Evening Telegraph).

NINA is a slinky black cat of 17 years and she just loves kittens. To-day she is lapping up her milk with a new elegance for she is a heroine in her own right.

It all started two months ago when a temperamental Siamese cat called Chinki Moon Goddess, owned by Miss Nancy Follows, of The Knoll, Duffield, presented her mistress with five lovely cream kittens.

But instead of mothering her offspring as a well-bred cat should do, Chinki Moon Goddess took one look at the bundles of fur and just spat and hissed at them.

Within five hours of being born the kittens had been taken from their angry mother and put in the care of Nina, a common black cat.

Distinguished Father.

As regularly as clockwork Nina has presented her owner, Mrs. E. M. Mather, of Rose Cottage, Duffield, with two litters of kittens a year so that one more family to care for meant nothing to her—but little did she realise that the father of the kittens was Siamese Lindale Simon Pie.

Nina took the kittens into her wicker basket and washed and

fed them with as much care and attention as she would have devoted to her own children, and when the kittens became too obstreperous Nina's four-years-old Judy was there to lend a hand and restore the peace.

Then, two weeks later, Miss Follows' other Siamese cat, Chinki Poppy, produced a litter of six kittens, and although she was more affectionate towards her family than Chinki Moon Goddess had been she could not feed them all.

Nina Again.

So Nina was called on again. Three more Siamese kittens were transferred from The Knoll to Rose Cottage and Nina took the new members of the family into the fold without even a switch of her sleek black tail.

She purred over her family day in and day out, and the only time she showed signs of being ruffled was when Mrs. Mather's Alsatian became curious and poked his nose into the basket to take a look at the kittens.

To-day the 11 kittens are all as perky as can be, with pink ribbons tied round their handsome necks—and although Chinki Moon Goddess is still



Photo by courtesy of Derby Evening Telegraph.

NINA poses proudly with her foster-children to make a picture in black and cream.

to proud to acknowledge her family the kittens are not really bothered.

Firsts and Cups.

Their father, Lindale Simon Pie, has already won 17 first prizes, six silver cups and a number of other awards. He is said to be worth several hundred guineas.

Each one of the kittens is worth at least four guineas, and with championship blood running through their veins there is every chance that in a few years

time they will be following in father's footsteps and become champions.

And now Nina, her job completed, is back in her basket at Rose Cottage, awaiting the arrival of her next family of kittens.

But the Follows household does not stop at 11 kittens and two Siamese cats. There is a Labrador with six puppies, a couple of Pekinese dogs and a baby chick in a cage to complete the family.

BETTY N. EDDY'S TRANSATLANTIC FEATURE BETWEEN US CATS

SNOWBALL was in the dog house! It wasn't usual for this beautiful white Persian to be locked up in a room but he'd been a very bad pussycat. His "Momma" who also loved birds, had on many occasions caused "Snowball" to sit and muse, how unfair it was for them to tempt him. But they'd bragged—actually bragged about Snowball's bird manners—how he "understood" that he wasn't to harm a bird—especially when the birds lived under the very same roof—golly—wasn't that enough temptation for ANY cat—strong willed or otherwise?

But while alone in the house one day, Snowball inspected Dickey's cage. Dicky was a very pretty canary. Snowball really never knew what got into him—but quick as a flash—he'd clawed his way up the drapes and poor l'il Dickey was shortly thereafter breathing her last at the bottom of the cage.

When Momma came home from work that day, she viewed Snowball's handiwork with a sinking heart—which was aided and abetted by a horrible shriek! Poppa came a'running and after one look, started after Snowball with malice afore-

thought. But Momma came to Snowball's rescue. "He's only a pussycat," she said, almost by way of excusing him. "Pussycat or no pussycat," said Poppa, "we've got to teach him a lesson. The one way to properly punish him is to deprive him of something he likes most." So, since Snowball liked nothing better than roaming around out of doors—Poppa decreed that he'd be locked up in a room for at least two weeks! Momma knew better than to argue with Poppa when he assumed that attitude and tone of voice.

The days that followed were pretty rugged for Snowball. They'd feed him at regular intervals, but not a word was spoken—not a pat on the head—not a stroke of his beautiful coat—just silence—and solitude!

Poppa'd come home from work every evening—and after dinner, he'd sit in his chair and read. Snowball would approach Poppa with a muted meow! Almost asking "Hey look chum—why are ya bein' a guy like that?" but Poppa'd keep on with his reading. Maybe if he'd rub against Poppa's legs it'd get him somewheres! Nope—nothin' happened.

This being kept indoors started getting on Snowball's nerves. One evening, after several hours of what appeared to be deep thought—Snowball approached Poppa's chair. Poppa was reading intently. But suddenly Poppa began to feel slightly damp in the neighbourhood of his socks and shoes. He looked down just in time to see what Snowball had done. He was just—er—er—shall we say—lowering his tail and walking away from the area! Why you "said Poppa, and taking Snowball by the scruff of the neck—tossed him out of the house into the garden.

We have been given to understand that Snowball picked himself up—gave himself a few licks to get rid of the occasional blades of grass that'd clung to his long white fur—and walked slowly in the direction of his nearest girl friend. Poppa, of course won't admit it, but Momma swears that just before he negotiated the turn in the road, Snowball stopped—and as Momma says, — absolutely laughed right in Poppa's face! Momma also thinks she heard Snowball talk in his sleep that night and that he said, "Well, that was ONE way of getting out, wasn't it?"

'Full of life and good health'

'I am writing to tell you I have been delighted with Karswood Cat Powders. My Siamese Queen had them before she had kittens and I have continued to give her them since the five kittens were born, and she has never had such lovely kittens, full of life and good health, and she is very fit herself, so I will always now keep a packet in the house. If I had a picture I would send it to show you her lovely family'

(Signed) Mrs. M. Neal,
Flat 1, 11a Highgate Hill, N.19

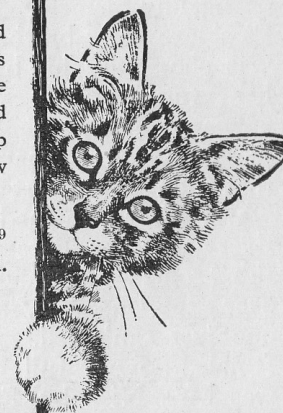
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A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER.

PROFOUND apologies for the non-appearance of notes last month. The Siamese Cat Club Show proved more hectic than ever this year and so to my Editor's disgust I could not make the printer in time. Show news is no doubt somewhat stale by now but judging from the exhibits I should say that Siamese quality is on the upgrade. Some good males, particularly the winner of 1st and championship. A lovely cat with the delightful name of Hillcross Song owned by Mrs. Druce and bred by Mrs. Towe. Here we have an example of the changeling Siamese. Song and Picot are litter brothers. Picot was chosen by his breeder for her future stud for what appeared at that time, obvious reasons. Extraordinary result is that Song won 1st and Ch. whilst Picot remained cardless! Every breeder does the same thing some time or another however experienced. With Siamese one just can't tell. Winning female, now a full champion, was Mrs. Nicholas' Southwood Sunya. Best exhibit in show was Conlost Yo-Yo, a fine kitten owned by Mr. Warner. He is a beauty and should do well later,

or perhaps he won't, but don't be discouraged Mr. Warner. Needless to say these winners came from the good old stock with the ever eternal Oriental Silky Boy at the back of them. Type will tell. New departure was the blue-point judging on points. It isn't my business to pass on comments and I'm not particularly interested in blue-points anyway, although I may be, as Shah-Pashah is nursing one now sired by my Sealsleeve Qui-Sanfou, who is apparently a "getter" of blues. Phyllis Holroyd had a tremendous task sorting out twenty-five females. If her method had been points she'd still be doing it! Heaven forbid that I should criticise judging but some of it did seem slightly queer, a session of stewarding under such stalwarts as Cyril Yeates and Kit Wilson might not come amiss. Most of our old Siamese friends including Mrs. Bowle and Miss Dixon turned up as well as a lot of new comers, one of whom helped himself to the handbags of various helpers and exhibitors. Moral, do not take handbags to cat shows, something that can be carried in the white coat pocket is enough, as crowded

halls are the pickpocket's Eldorado. What a day for poor Cyril Yeates, battling with influenza, but nobly supported by Iris Hancox and Jim Sayers. Compton Mackenzie sang the praises of the kinked tail once more amidst loud applause. Well, the powers that be decided to breed it out long before my time, and I can't say I blame them. A special thank-you to Miss Skelton for the lovely bunch of gladioli. I did appreciate such a charming gesture in the middle of the show-day brickbats.

I was not able to get up to Birmingham for Mrs. Lambs' first show but I heard it was most successful. By the time these notes appear in print, Croydon will also be past and with the National over the show season is well nigh at an end. The show managers will heave a sigh of relief, there will probably be a number of new champions all getting ready for the battle of the stud fees. May the best cat, or the most tenacious owner win!

From Texas and Mr. Price comes news that his two females imported from this country are doing well and their new owner is very satisfied with them. Cathsian Indeg from Mrs. Trefor Williams has not yet called although she is over twelve months old. Perhaps the

climate of Texas does not suit her, or she does not care for Manhattan Mousers. They arrived in record time, London to Dallas in two days and seemed none the worse for their journey.

Miss Good, who is now living in Kuala Lumpur sends the query: "There is a minor controversy raging in Malaya at present and I would like some expert advice please. Are Siamese cats with tails, or lack of them, like Manx cats and with solid square bodies pure or not? Some of them have yellow eyes not blue. The colouring and texture of the fur and the voices are Siamese. Another six months old Siamese kitten is very dark ash colour all over but his owner says he is pure Siamese. He is called "Asap," which is the Malay for smoke which describes his colour perfectly." I should think these cats are definitely not pure but the result of irregular week-ending with the native cat population. However, Mrs. Hindley would know more about it than myself as she brought her original Siamese back with her from Malaya many years ago.

A new remedy, at least to me, for worms. Garlic, one clove given in a capsule night and morning for a cat, half quantity for a kitten. Give for three days by which time the

worms are supposed to have died a violent death. Quite harmless. I have not tried it so cannot vouch for its effectiveness. No harm in trying anyway.

Curiosity has been aroused by the introduction into this country of the Burmese cat and the question has arisen as to whether it is a pure or entirely manufactured breed. Various theories have been put forward and before this new variety can be given an English breed number certain investigations must be made. Miss Gold returned from U.S.A. very taken with these cats which were Siamese in type but a dark brown colour. She brought with her a copy of the pedigree, showing how they had been bred, such pedigree being still in her possession. It was given to her by a breeder of these cats and shows the crossing of Siamese with solid colours to obtain the required result. This is of course a manufactured variety. I have in front of me a very old copy of the Siamese Cat Club News-Sheet containing an article

written by the late Capt. Powell who knew as much about cats as anybody, in which he tells the story of a Burmese cat which really came out of Burma. This creature is not all one colour at all but is of Siamese colouring with long hair and white toes. There is a picture of one of these cats owned by Mme de Marigney and came from Madalpour. It does not look in the least like the Burmese now being bred in the States. So what?

Story told by Miss Lonnon, Queen's nurse, visiting me last Saturday. Whilst attending a patient she was phoned in the middle of the night. Thinking a relapse had occurred she hastened to the bedside. On the bed was a mackintosh sheet upon which reclined a female Siamese. On an adjacent table was a bottle of Lysol and the impediments for the purpose of giving what is known professionally as a "wash-out." Our female had spent the night with the boys and her owner had called the Queen's nurse to fix it! Tact was required!

Elsie Hart

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

ANOTHER Siamese Show, run in her usual slick style by Elsie Hart, complete this time with bar. I was not exhibiting, so did not arrive until afternoon. I am afraid I did not see a great deal of the exhibits, and had no time to mark my catalogue, but these were mentioned last month by my husband. The gate was enormous, and the heat in the hall terrific. How I wished I had an empty cat basket on which to dump my coat as there was no cloak room.

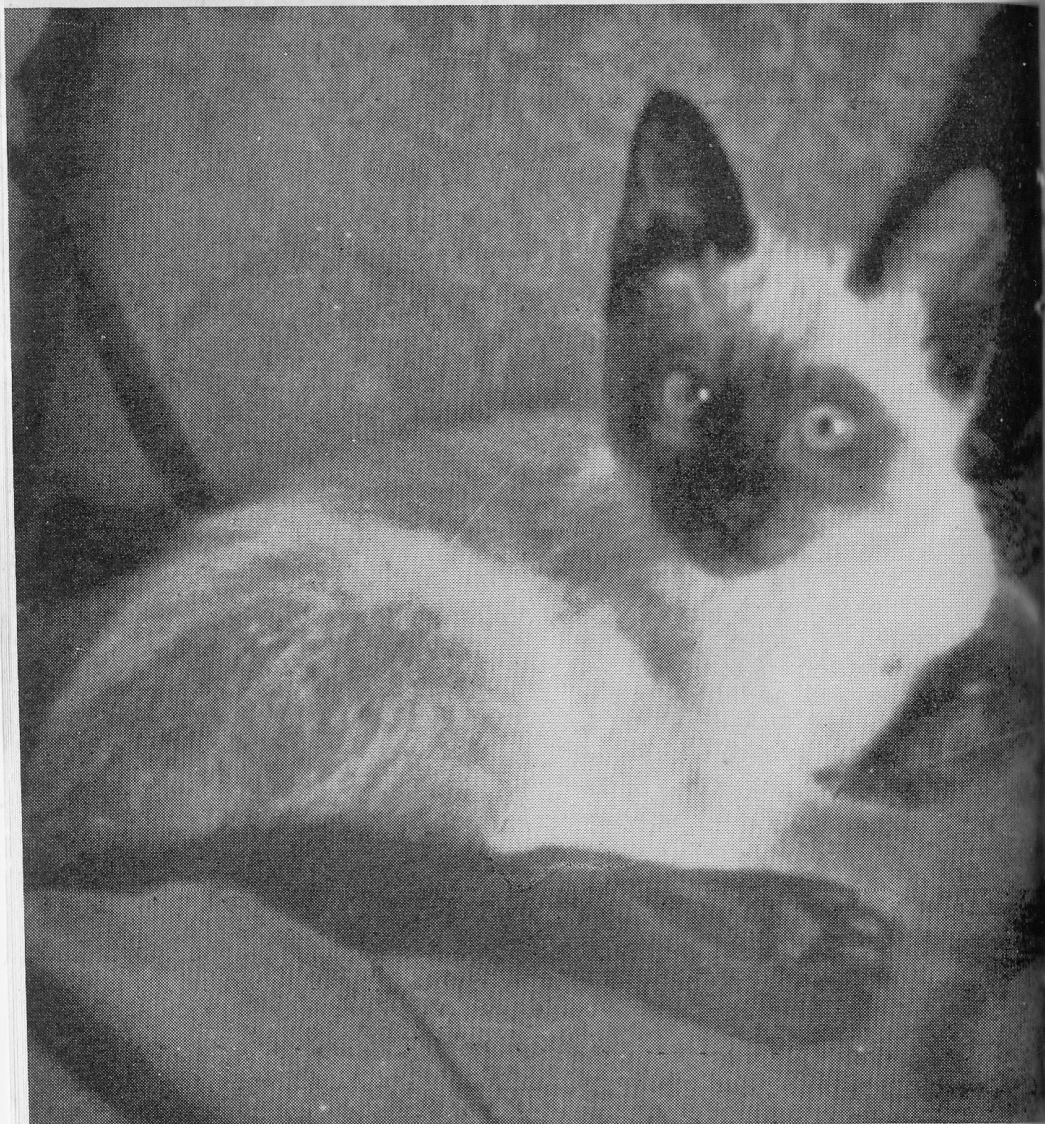
One of the friends I met was Mr. Randell and his son and daughter-in-law, with whom he is staying in London for a short holiday. Mr. Randell tells me he had to wait for the arrival of his Siamese queen's litter before he could leave home, and she presented him with four bonnie babies by Galadima. Mrs. Ivey was there, and we had a word about her beloved Siamese neuter, Joey. The afternoon flew by, and all too soon the exhibits were being packed in their baskets, and it was time to depart.

I have not received any letters this month which would be interesting to quote from. My

own news is that my four Abyssinian babies, born October 9th, are doing very well and look very pretty. The two Burmese who arrived home from quarantine on October 7th have settled down happily and are living together for company. Up to now, I accompany them on their walks in the garden, and shall not let them out alone until I can be sure they won't wander away. They are very sweet, gentle and lovable, and I am sure, will soon have as deep a hold on our affections as our other felines.

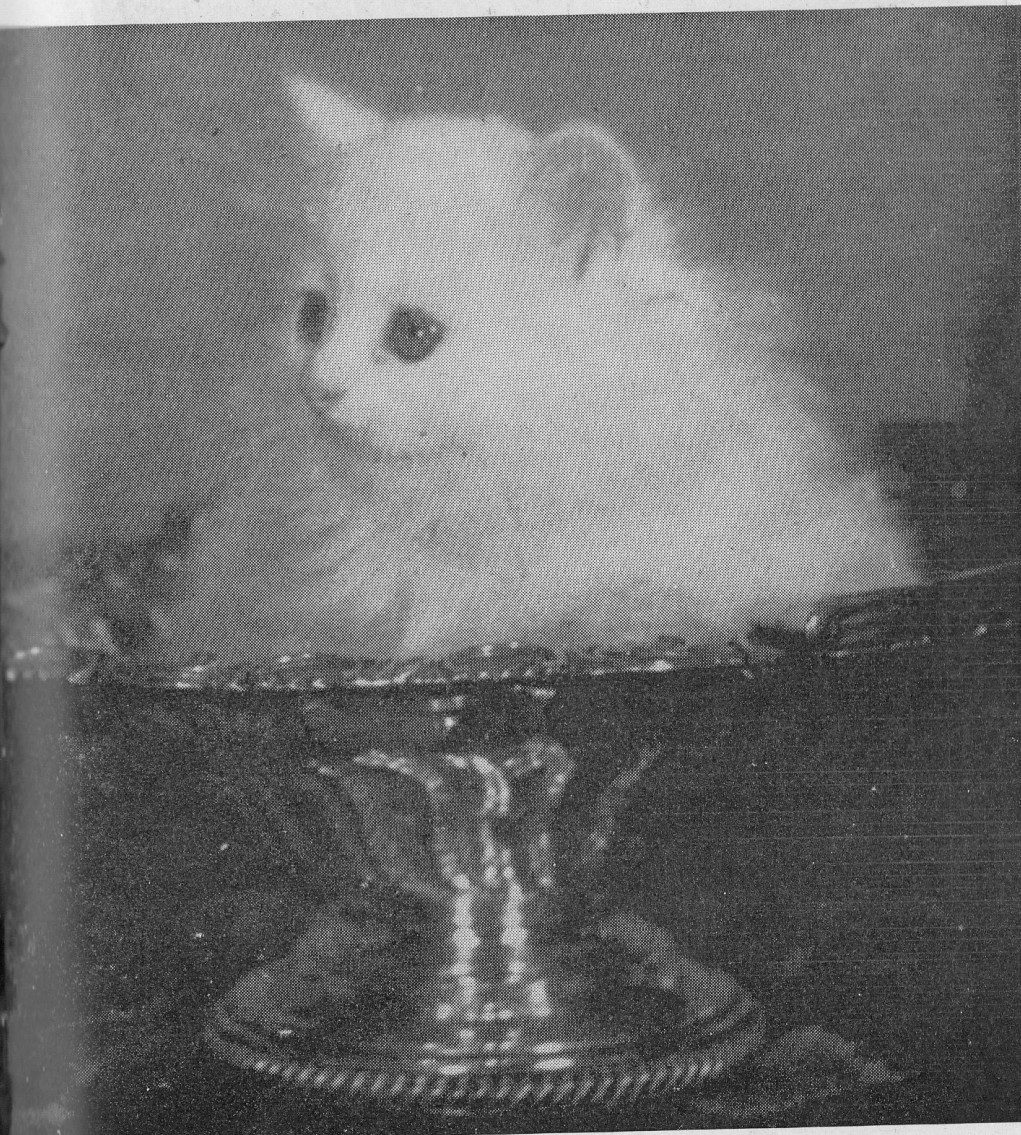
The first post-war Championship Show of the Midland Counties Cat Club was held at Birmingham on October 27th. With over a hundred entries, Mrs. Lamb, the show manager, is to be congratulated on a very enjoyable affair. Particularly nice was the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Lamb never became upset or "hot and bothered" during the day, and were never at any time too busy to have a word with the exhibitors. I was disappointed that the first prize cards were not red. They look so much more distinctive. I met

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CHINKI MOST HIGH

Owner: Miss D. Joan Ollett.



SWEET SEPTEMBER OF DUNESK.

Sire: Adrian of Pensford. Dam: Ch. Dream of Dunesk.
 Winner of many Firsts. Breeder: Mrs. Brunton.

Your Cats and Mine

(from p. 15)

many friends there including Mrs. Southall, who travelled up from Hereford, bringing a female kitten.

I took a male Siamese kitten, Chinki Gaylord, bred by Mr. F. W. Randell, which was placed first in his open class, three to six months, by the judge, Mrs. K. Williams. As I write these notes, he is on my lap, leaning against my arm. Two other youngsters Chinki Jonta and Chinki Sabu Puck, are cuddled up together in an armchair, and Sealsleeve Shah Treschic is looking the essence of cat comfort in front of the fire.

I also took my Abyssinian male, Raby Ramphis, who was 1st and Ch. He was looking his best, and was very much admired. He certainly enjoyed all the attention he got, and very far from being nervous, played up to the visitors when they fussed him.

Now I must tell you the winning cats, which is all I have room for in these notes. First, the long hairs.

Black Male. 1st and Ch. Mrs. E. G. Aitken's Bourneside Black Diamond.

White Blue-Eyed Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. D. Herod's Carreg Comfort.

White Orange-eyed Female. 1st and Ch., Miss S. M. Douglas's Greenfields Swansdown.

Blue Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. D. Harrington-Harvard's Ch. Oxley's Peter John, who was also Best Long Hair in Show.

Blue Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. E. Brine's Campanula of Dunesk.

Cream Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. M. L. Sheppard's Widdington Wintersweet.

Cream Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. D. Herod's Byways Ruffetty.

Chinchilla Female. 1st and Ch., Mr. and Mrs. Barker's Sylvandene Salome.

Tortoiseshell Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. Brittlebank's Hazeldene Amber.

Blue Cream Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. D. M. Benbow's Bayhorne Damask.

Long Hair Kittens. Black Female. 1st, Mrs. Henn's Baralan Mistress Midnight.

Blue, 3—6 months, Female. 1st, Miss Bull's Deebank Penny.

Blue, 6—9 months, Male. 1st, Mrs. S. Watts' Pedmore Sweet William.

Cream, 3—9 months, Male. 1st, Miss Schofield's Shaun Mi-Owne, who was also Best Long Hair kitten.

Chinchilla, 3—6 months, Female. 1st, Mrs. Hacking's Redwalls Farida, also Best Kitten in Show.

Short Hair Adults. Abyssinian Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. L. France's Raby Ramphis.

Siamese S.P. Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. Lamb's Ch. Morris Tudor.

Siamese S.P. Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. Wridgeway's Sapphire of Sabrina, which was also Best Short Hair Cat.

Siamese B.P. Male. 1st and Ch., Mrs. Lamb's Ch. Pincop Azure Kym.

Siamese B.P. Female. 1st and Ch., Mrs. Lamb's Ch. Pincop Azure Zelda.

Siamese Choc. Pt. Female. 1st Mrs. O. M. Lamb's Pincop Poppet.

Short Hair Kittens. Siamese S.P. 3—6 months, Male. 1st, Mrs. L. France's Chinki Gaylord.

Siamese S.P., 3—6 months, Female. 1st, Mrs. Farr's Pansiao, also Best Short Hair kitten.

6—9 months S.P., Male. 1st, Mrs. Nicholas' Rycroft Punch.

3—9 months P.B. Male. 1st, Mrs. Lamb's Pincop Azme Pita.

3—9 months B.P. Female. 1st, Mrs. Cousins' Easter Joy.

Miss Crosher's lovely Blue L.H. Neuter, Vagabond of Knott Hall was again 1st and is now Premier Neuter.

Mrs. Lisle's Siamese Neuter, Redmarley Blue Boy was 1st in the Sh. Hairs. A thoroughly enjoyable show, so here's wishing the Midland Counties Club a very successful future.

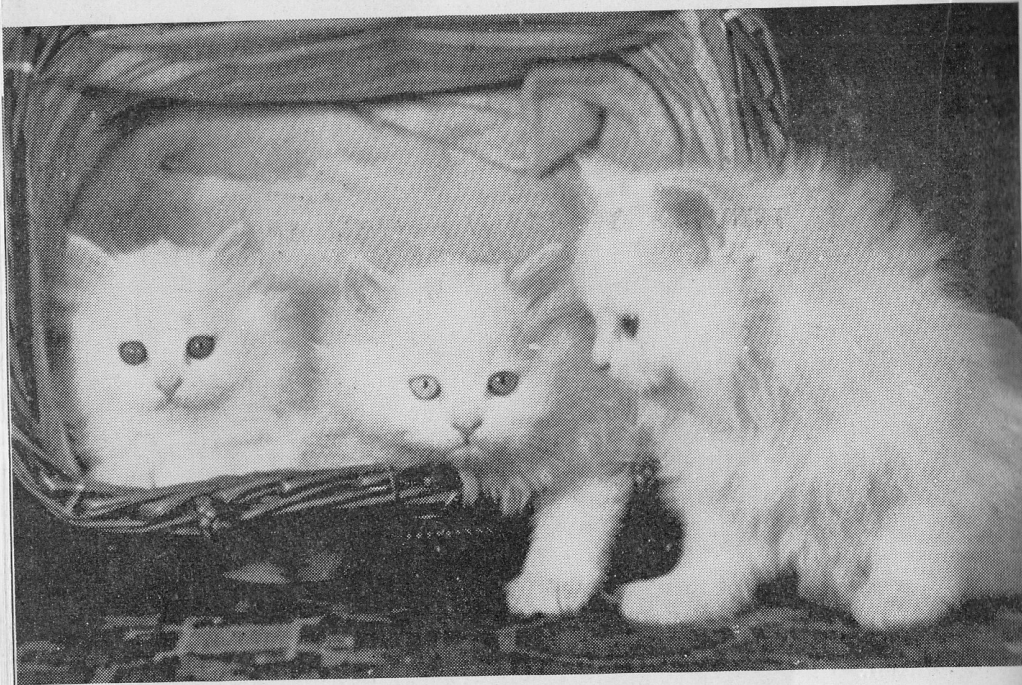
A letter has just arrived from Mrs. Judy Smith of New York, who tells me she has received a pair of Abyssinian kittens from Lady Headlam. They arrived on September 15th, the male is

by Kreeoro Kaffa and Pussner Straw. The female's sire is Raby Ashanto, dam, Pussner Cat. Mrs. Smith says the kittens both have some white on them, so she is still searching for an outstanding female. "Despite his white chin, the male is very beautiful and with his good bloodlines, I hope he will make a good stud if I can find him a suitable partner. These Abyssinian kittens are the sweetest natured cats I have ever known, so gentle and demonstrative. I love their sweet voices—such a contrast to my boisterous Siamese. I am entering the male in about five cat shows in the hope of acquainting people with this lovely breed. Mrs. Warren of California seems very pleased and happy with her imported Abyssinians and tells me she has just received a pair of Russian Blues, which she finds very beautiful."

Good luck Mrs. Smith with this new venture, I hope you enjoy your Abyssinians as much as I do mine.

Miss Kit Wilson has kindly asked me to take on the official notes for Abyssinians in the "Cat Fancy." I am sure everyone interested in this lovely breed will wish to let others know about them, so I shall be glad to receive any news of Abyssinians which you have from time to time.

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LOTUS TANGO, LOTUS CAVALIER, LOTUS CARNIVAL.
Born 27/8/1949.

Sire: Green Lodge Nagypok. Dam: Jennifer Josephine.

AFTER THE SHOW

By A. H. CATTERMOLLE.

A lot has been written lately on how to get cats and kittens ready for Show. But has it ever occurred to readers that there is a lot to do *after* the Show is over. Pack your stock warm and comfortable for the return journey. Should one of your cats appear to be a little feverish, perhaps the nose is too hot, or the cat seems exhausted, three or four drops of liqueur-whisky or brandy in a little water, or better still, give it in a tiny selatine capsule, that will warm their little tummies and settle heart and nerves. I have often done it, with wonderful results. I remember showing a lovely big cream male, Capt.

Powell, the judge, spoke highly of him. The cat had done very well on show day. I was busy doing the feeding, as usual. Towards closing time Capt. Powell said to me your cat seems to have caught a cold suddenly, as his nose appeared too hot and his eyes watery. I said: "Thank you, I will see him presently," as I was still busy helping. Before putting him into his basket, I gave him some whisky in a capsule. Coming home he was put into his quarters and given his usual dish of meat which he ate with avidity. In spite of his watery eyes and too hot nose he seemed happy enough, but just before going to bed myself at about 11.30 p.m., I paid him another visit and gave him another capsule of whisky and next morning he was as right as rain and my husband thought I had been "fussing." But let's get back to "coming back from Show." Cats which have been to Show should be kept away from the rest of the cattery for at least a fortnight, in case a cat has picked up a germ or something and a vet. should be called in at once should a show-cat show signs of not being well. But before you attend to the remainder of your cattery when returning from show it is advisable to change *all your wearing apparel*. I always take shoes and stockings off first of all, then change the rest and put everything out of the way so no

cat can touch it. Overall, towels and pans which have been in use, at show I put into water at once, to which a disinfectant has been added, and I leave the lot in soak over night. Next day everything is thoroughly washed and aired, blankets, baskets, etc. I know we cannot help taking maybe a germ home, but by being careful we can avoid spreading any disease there may be developing. I can hear some of you saying: "O! what a lot of fuss and bother!" Believe me, dear readers, it's worth it in the long run. Another point, that is if you can possibly manage it, is: If one person attends for the fortnight the show-cats which are in quarantine, feeding and cleaning them and a second person to attend to the rest of the cattery. In this way carrying infection would be avoided. I used to be able to do it when I had regular help. As I have to do everything myself these days, I keep a special overall for the cats, wash my hands in disinfectant and change my shoes and stockings also cover my hair with a cloth. Prevention is better than cure, every time.

I get a good number of letters during a week and am asked innumerable questions, one of the most frequent is: "How best to bring up Kittens." I was asked that question by a lady who has brought up one or two

litters already to my knowledge. So I replied: "If you have a good way of bringing up your litters, stick to it!" She answered me: "Funny you saying that, that's exactly what my vet. said!" That's the story in a nutshell! I daresay we have all our own pet ideas on the subject and why not. Then again, when I do explain to newcomers, back comes a letter, Mrs. so and so says this, that and the other and Miss somebody does not agree. Just so, everybody is entitled to his or her opinion. But I still maintain the proof of the pudding is in the eating. One lady wrote: "Must kittens be weaned on chicken!" Gracious no! I have reared hundreds of kittens, but never brought them up on chicken. Quite frankly, I don't think my cats would appreciate this kind of food, besides, not having any poultry of my own, I could not afford the prices we have to pay here for chicken. However, I am always very careful what to feed my stock on, and especially the kittens. I am a believer in wholesome, fresh food. Never feed anything that smells, it sets up gastric trouble. My own Snowballs are now nearly three months old, healthy and strong,

and will eat anything fed to them. They are having lean, scraped meat at night-time, mixed with finely crumbled, slightly moistened wholemeal bread. I feed it at evening time because a meal like that is sustaining. Boiled codding or whiting, also boiled rabbit in the morning. All bones must very carefully be removed. Some porridge oat flakes boiled in the juice is good for them, or where there is looseness of the bowels, rice well cooked should be fed. But I have found when a well-balanced diet is given, and the cats and kits. are healthy, there is no need for it, as it also can easily somewhat constipate them and that should be avoided.

And now in conclusion of this year, I wish all friends, fanciers and readers, a very Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year, and all you are wishing yourself! May you all be able to breed the kittens you have been hoping for and secure plenty of the much hoped and wished for red cards. Remember: When at first you don't succeed, try, and try again! There's always hoping, anyway!



Your Cats and Mine

(from page 19)

I have had some correspondence on the subject of breeding out the white in Abyssinians with Mr. A. C. Jude, but he is not very hopeful about any success, except by selecting any specimens without white, and breeding them together, to see if they will produce unmarked kittens. It would be very nice if this could be done, but present day Abyssinians seem all to have a little white on them. I do not know any completely without, though there may well be some. I feel we do not hear sufficient about Abyssinians from the few people who breed them. If I were fortunate enough to breed an Abyssinian without any white, I should certainly keep it and try to breed a good strain from it. Too many of our best young stock are being exported.

Such a charming letter from Mrs. Warren. I mentioned in my notes recently that Mr. McClure, here on a visit from Australia, was asked by his wife to be sure to call and see my cats. He mentioned he was going to California, so we gave him Mrs. Warren's address, and he called to see her. Mrs. Warren writes:—We met Mr. McClure of Australia as he went through Los Angeles. We took him out to luncheon and

then home to see our cats, and to hear all about both of you and of Australia. Now we feel we know you better than ever. I think he was most taken with the Russian Blues, and he liked the Burmese.

A very sad letter from Mrs. Bradley! I had heard she was unable to go to the M.C.C.C. show as her queen, Poppy, was ill. Apparently she appeared to be in pain, and was given liquid paraffin. She then started to gasp. Mrs. Bradley stayed up with her all night and the vet. came first thing in the morning and injected penicillin, but Poppy passed on later in the day. The vet. diagnosed pneumonia, and Mrs. Bradley wonders if she may have swallowed some of the liquid paraffin the wrong way and got it into her lungs, thus setting up a mechanical pneumonia. She says:—"You see, she was not just like a cat. Each night she went to bed with us, and was more like a baby. She died in my arms and almost at the last moment put her beautiful little paw in my hand. My husband and I are heartbroken about it.

I am sure we all sympathise with Mrs. Bradley in her terrible and sudden loss. Oxley's Blue Poppy, bred by the late Miss Albrecht, was by the Playmate of the Court, and the winner of two Challenge Certificates.

ABYSSINIANS I HAVE OWNED

By A. M. WRIGHTSON.



IN 1936 I went to a kennels in Bushey, Herts., with the idea of buying a Siamese, but arrived home with three little Abyssinian boys, having fallen in love with them. Two I was told were silver. They seem to be considered grey now, and one was golden. Their names became respectively, Ahmed ben Hassan, Menelik and Ammanullah. I did not have the two very long, as they became very ill with feline flu. There were not the remedies to help us as now. After a long struggle to save them, Ammanullah, whom I loved, he was so cuddly, passed away just as the bells rang in the New Year of 1937. Menelik the golden was a lovely shape and colour, also very calm and dignified, recovered only to have a relapse, and a great hole appeared in his chest, so my vet. put him to sleep. Ahmed I had for several years, and a very temperamental young man he was, living furiously, and going into terrific

rages if annoyed, I have no photos of him.

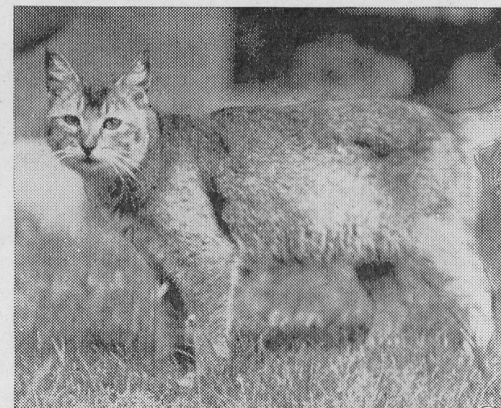
These boys had quite a lot of fun before their illness. I remember on one occasion leaving them asleep on the Chesterfield in the drawing room. To my horror when I went back, they had got the canary out of his cage and were playing football with him. I managed to save the canary, by giving him drops of brandy and water every few minutes. It took a long time but he sang again, so I gave him to a friend who bred them. This bird was rather unique as my aunt used to say "Pretty little dickey bird" to him so often in a day that he used to say it himself.

I returned to the same kennels to see if I could buy a female, and became the possessor of Charmian. She was so attached to the girl who looked after them at the kennels that she fretted and refused to eat. I had to feed her with a medicine

dropper for a fortnight, when one day we had pheasant for dinner, so I took her some to see if that would tempt her. The reaction was surprising. She sat up as if she had had an electric shock, and ate the lot, after which she never looked back.

Charmian was a very loving quiet little cat not the lively colour of Menelik or Ch. Stanton Irma, but never the less a very good queen. She was sold to me as up to championship standard, which proved correct, as she won a challenge certificate the first time of showing. It is interesting, in view of present day prices, that I only gave £3/3/0 for Charmian and Ch. Irma. Strangely enough I have usually won most with cats I have paid least for. Whether this is my good luck, or a mistake on the part of the breeders, I don't know.

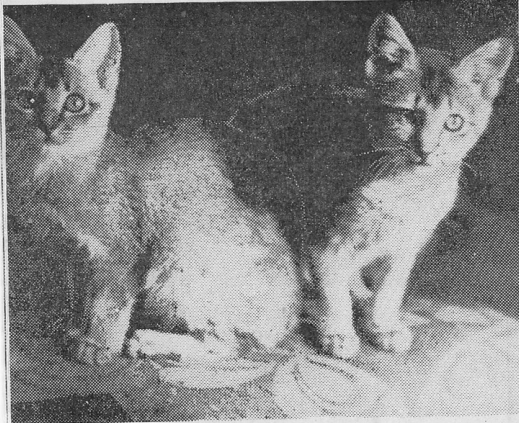
Charmian was a perfect mother, but her kittens were ill starved. I took her first to Mrs. Maturins "Patzenhofer." The result was very disappointing. I thought I had a lot of tabby kittens so saved the best, and destroyed the rest. This kitten became rather handsome, though burred in places. I called him "Benito." For some reason his uncle Ahmed ben Hassan was terrified of him as he grew up, and I think he was the cause of Ahmed's death, as before I could catch Benito one day, he chased Ahmed out of the house



Charmian.

and I was unable to find Ahmed for two or three days. When at last he crawled home; he was smothered with septic places. I worked at him for several days, but he was in such pain that it seemed kinder to put him to sleep. I did not know a great deal about males in those days, but I think now Benito objected to the presence of another entire male. Yet Benito was very affectionate and did not interfere with the males of other breeds although he used to tumble his mother about a lot. He was in lovely condition when I brought him to Wheat-hampstead where he just faded away and died. His photo shows how handsome he was.

Charmians next kittens were sired by Mrs. Searle's "Tide Bel." She had two males and one female. They were lively and thriving when tragedy over-



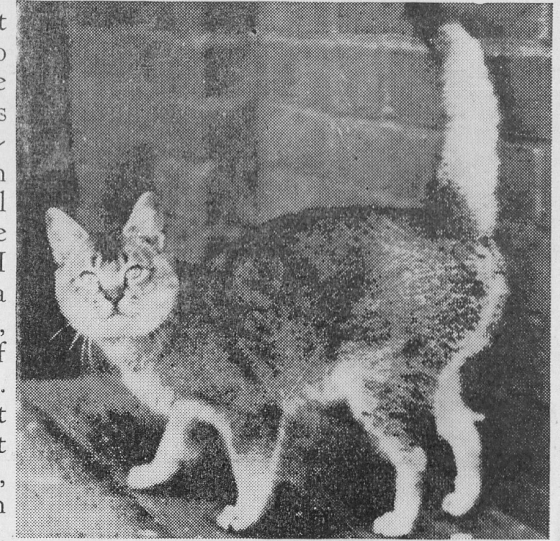
Ayeshu and Ishtur.

took them. I had gone to get their breakfast one morning, forgetting to close the window and Charmian was out for a run and on my return found the two males with their sides ripped open, supporting one another, the little girl safe but suffering from shock. A black shorthair that had been dumped on me one day while at a show, was the culprit, he also was the sire of my red tabby shorthair male, Stanton Gnome. I had him put to sleep as I felt I couldn't bear the sight of him. The female kitten whom I registered as Stanton Iris became a beauty, but I only have a photo of her as a kitten, where she looks most indignant at the noise the shutter of the camera made. She too was yerv affectionate and gentle. I brought her to Wheathampstead where she had a fine time hunting rabbits, which eventually caused her death. The person releasing her

from a snare laid her on a bank instead of bringing her home. She crawled home, but I was quite unable to discover what was wrong with her, no injury showing, not being told till after her death, that she had been in a snare. She was a great loss to me as she would have been better than her mother. She had one kindle of kittens to Ras Hailu. They were the funniest little things, and she did not think much of them, but doubtless had she lived she would have done better next time.

Charmian's next kittens were sired by Ras Imru, this alliance gave me two very good females whom I intended to register as Ayeshu and Ishtar. The one on the right of the photo would have had to have a slight operation to the eyelid, otherwise they thrived and were a happy pair, spending quite a lot of time riding on my shoulders. Still I was not to rear them. I bought four lively looking Blue-British Shorthairs about this time. In a very short time I found every kitten I had dead one morning. A breeder told me this had happened three times to her after receiving kittens from the Blue-British breeder. As you will see in the photo these kittens had no bars at all, and certainly no white patches as is so much the case to-day, so were quite a loss to the breed. Charmian had one more kindle to Ras Imru, but for the first time failed to bring

them up. I think this must have been because she liked to have them on a shelf in the middle of my wardrobe. This time it was not possible. However soon after this her health began to fail and in spite of all we could do she died at the age of seven years, sadly missed. I only have photos of her as a baby, and just before she died, which doesn't give any idea of what a good queen she was. Charmian made her show debut at the Southern Counties Cat Club Show, January 26th, 1938, winning the 1st Ch. in her open class of nine entries, two absent, beating Ch. Standish Tiniu Lynette. I have always made it a rule, never to enter a cat in more than three classes, as it seems to me it must be such a worry to them to keep being judged, though of course some cats like shows. Charmian next appeared at Southsea, October, 1938, where she won 1st and Ch. again in the open class, under Miss Adams, beating Mrs. Maturin's Southampton Ra Iris and Mrs. Searle's Bidolou. She also won a 1st and 2nd. Charmian next appeared at the Southern Counties Show on January 25th, 1939, in an open class for male and female, coming up against Major Woodiwiss's Ras Imru, he winning the Challenge Certificate, Charmian a 2nd, winning 2nd also in A. V. Limit Foreign Cat. This was



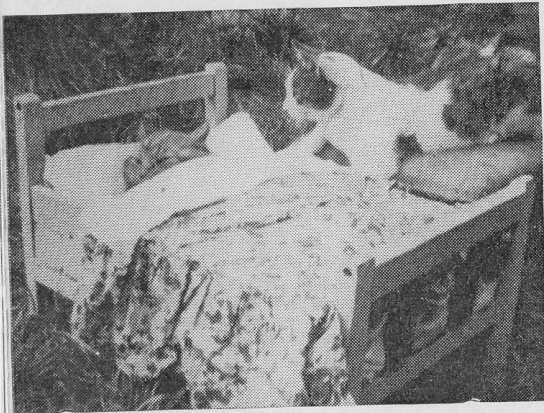
Ras Imru.

her last appearance owing to my move to Wheathampstead in September, 1939, and the war.

After seeing Ras Imru at the Southern Counties, I felt he was the mate for Charmian and longed to own him, so I wrote to Major Woodiwiss asking if he would sell him. He replied, no, but sent along Ras Hailu. He was quite a good cat, but I always thought too thick set for the breed. He proved to be very fierce at first, but gradually became quite tame. Unfortunately I was never able to show him owing to the war and in 1943 he succumbed to pneumonia.

*(To be concluded
in our next issue).*

LETTERS and PICTURES



"Bunny."

2, Shute Orchard Cottages,
High St. Silverton,
Exeter, Devon.

Dear Editor,

"Bunny" is a large long haired ginger tom cat, 10 months old, and one of the most intelligent one could wish to meet. He is owned by my friend and neighbour Mrs. Sylvia Tree of Thatched Cottage, Fore Street, Silverton, Devon.

"Bunny" goes to bed like a child as can be seen in the photo, but on this occasion was moved into the garden for his usual afternoon nap. His little friend from next door paid him a visit saying "any room for me Bunny?"

At meal times "Bunny" sits bolt upright on a chair and sometimes like a naughty child has to be fed from a spoon. When his mistress goes out he looks for her return as a child would its mother.

Has any reader of "Cats and Kittens" ever seen a cat that goes to bed like a human being?

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) Lilian Dixon.

2, Maycroft Court, Hulse Road,
Southampton.

Dear Editor,

The letter in your paper from "B.Sc.," Great Barr, Birmingham, published by you, without comment (what excellent psychology!) will certainly call it forth from many cat-lovers.

My own is that "B.Sc.," should place himself immediately in one of the traps he says is more effective for the extinction of the vermin cats **do not** kill. Doubtless many cat-lovers would gleefully administer the "Coup de Grace."

He never would be missed!

I do **not** seek anonymity for my opinions as does "B.Sc."

Yours faithfully,
L. Dubois-Phillips.

St.Ives, Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

Having read a letter from B.Sc., Great Barr, Birmingham, in the October issue of Cats and Kittens, I agree with he or she, that we do not need to import cats, neither do we need to import **dogs**.

Having had pets (dogs and cats) all my life and being unable to give a dog the exercise he requires (I have a cat and rabbits), have had to give up a dog, if cats were taxed I would be only too glad to pay such. A cat is as much a companion as a dog and has as much brain as a dog, perhaps he or she has not the brain to understand a cat. They say rabbits have not much brain, but they have more brain and reasoning powers than B.Sc., Great Barr, Birmingham has. I wonder if he or she has had a pet dog poisoned with rat or mice poison? They might tell a different tale, perhaps they had a liver attack when they wrote that letter.

Yours sincerely, A. Manger.

TO THE EDITOR

Pitts Lane,
Danhurst,
Binstead,
Nr. Ryde, I.O.W.

Dear Editor,

In reading in your October issue the letter signed "B.Sc., Great Barr, Birmingham," I am surprised to see how warped and biased the scientific mind can become. I wonder what appellation he would give to one, such as myself, who keeps and breeds both dogs and cats, or to the various ladies who manage to keep a home and family going well as well as keep cats. He cannot have had much experience or would not have made so stupid a remark.

He says that his dogs bring out the "best" in him. I doubt that even with two dogs he is perfect, not having experienced the love and affection a cat is capable of bestowing. When he gets to the next world and finds, as I feel we shall, that animals are with us, if any cats, he will no doubt ask for a transfer to the lower regions.

As to traps and poison for vermin, both these methods would, or could, be dangerous to dogs.

The assertion that cat owners only keep them instead of dogs to avoid paying a licence, is to my "old woman" mind utterly childish and is not expected from one so highly trained as a B.Sc.

I am going to have the timidity to sign this letter with my name and not just any degree I might possess.

Possibly B.Sc. did not want to put his initials as the "Sc." might be another letter I could think of that would be very applicable.

Yours faithfully,
Gordon B. Allt.

Cat Lover and I don't care who knows it!

Regarding the letter on cats, published in the Birmingham Mail, and appearing in the October issue of "Cats and Kittens," we can feel certain that it is an outburst from one, who, like a woman-hater, has no power of reasoning, nor any common sense.

Probably he does not care whether he possesses either of these sane and necessary qualities, but he should not go out of his way when venting his spleen on such a useful and highly intelligent animal as the cat to expose his extreme ignorance of history, when he says that a male cat-lover is bound to be a bit of an old woman. At least he says that he has never met a man cat-lover who was not a bit of an old woman. The true story is, one expects, that he has never met a man who is a cat-lover, he evidently moves in narrow circles.

In history, to take only a few examples, Cardinal Wolsey's pet cat shared his seat in Council. The Duke of Norfolk, sent to prison by "good" Queen Bess, had a pet cat whose loyalty made her find her way down the chimney to the room where he was confined. Sir Henry Wyatt's cat followed him to the Tower.

Cardinals Richelieu and Wolsley were devoted to cats, also Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, Marshal Turenne, and many others. And that up-to-date rascal, Mussolini loved cats, and let his favourite kitten sleep in his bedroom slippers.

Regarding the prowess of cats, the men in the Amethyst can tell a story about that.

J.F.A.



"Bunny" Again.

St. Ronans School,
Duffield, Nr. Derby.

Dear Editor,

We have read the letter written by B.Sc., Great Barr, Birmingham, and we have written to say that we do not agree with the writer. Cats are **not** lazy, stupid, or ungrateful creatures.

We both own cats and we have never found this to be true. We do not think that rats and mice should be kept down by traps and poison, as animals such as dogs and cats, etc. are liable to get caught in the traps, and pick up the poison, and we are sure that no true cat-lover would agree with B.Cc.'s letter.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Rosemary Hawthorne.
(Miss) Julia Nevile.
(two cat lovers).

Coach House,
Old Milverton Vicarage,
Nr. Warwick.

Dear Editor,

I fully agree with your remarks that far too many beautiful cats are

labelled for life with clumsy, unpronounceable names, but, no doubt, having regard to the fact that it is impossible to please everybody in this world, the breeder or owner very wisely decides to please him or herself in the matter. But one must pity the unfortunate Judges or Show Managers who have to cope with these tongue-twisters, and bawl them through a megaphone into the bargain. I have to admit that I myself have been guilty of causing a Judge to give up in despair her attempt to pronounce a kitten's name, on one occasion at a small show.

Generally speaking, I try to choose names for my special brand of feline—that, while sufficiently out of the ordinary to satisfy the Secretary of the C.C.F. (in passing is it really necessary for us to flog our weary brains into thinking up seven uncommon names for every cat or kitten registered?) will yet enable a pet-name to be derived from it for home use.

Any oriental name is well suited to the slinky and mysterious personality of its owner should puss be of the variety labelled "Foreign." The svelte Siamese, the alluring Abyssinian or the proved Persian.

Or why not a blending of words or syllables from the names of the Sire and Dam of the animal concerned? Quite a fascinating pastime this and very surprising the number of varieties one can conjure up with this method even when the litter to be registered contains several male and female kittens. But whatever our choice of names, either penny plain, or tuppence coloured, let us try to keep our flights of fancy within reasonable bounds—all cats whether pedigree or 'alley' are dignified creatures and in my opinion we should bear this in mind when filling in the blanks on the pedigree forms.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) A. Cousins.

WHAT'S IN A NAME. Reply.

This was intended for cat names I know, but I cannot resist sending this reply.

Our back gates open on to a cul-de-sac, where children play with safety. They like my dog Paddy to play with them, because, when they tell him to stay put, he does!

Two boys were playing with him when I went out to my car. I said, "Hello Paddy." Paddy came running up to be patted, and one boy said, "Why do you call him Paddy—his name's Peter."

Sydney W. France.

2, Maycroft Court,
Hulse Road,
Southampton.

Dear Editor,

May I express my entire agreement with Mrs. Hart's forthright

words and action on the subject of showing highly nervous and difficult to handle cats.

There is I think a crying demand. Throughout the Show Season one reads in all the "Judges' Notes" so very often "X" was impossible to handle and therefore could not be judged. The misery of a nervous, highly bred animal, penned, terrified by the noise of crowds, flash lights, etc., is heart-breaking to contemplate.

Myself, a breeder and owner of a super-over-strung Siamese queen, if she would take all the Championships on record I would not subject her to such torture.

Bravo! Mrs. Hart! Carry on the good work.

Yours faithfully,

L. Dubois-Phillips.

Paddy and his Cat.

(from page 7)

run for two pins. Then Minnie raised her sleek head, and I got ready to yell. I thought: 'Sure as blazes, she'll have it.' But she didn't Skipper. Instead, she got up, smelt it, then began to play with it. Blackie stuck his nose in, but Minnie promptly clouted him. And for the rest of the voyage Minnie and the

starling played, fed, and slept smuggled up together. Every time Blackie came near, Minnie promptly belted him. I reckon that bird was lonely." Paddy said thoughtfully. "And my Min had the makings of an Irish mother," he whispered, with one of his kind smiles.

Paddy has gone now to the Happy Fishing Grounds, but I still often think of him and his cat. It was nice to meet a man like that—don't you think?

The Kittens' Christmas Party

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS.

THE schoolroom was a scene of great activity—Christmas Day had almost arrived and Edward, Lionel, Babykins, Plumpey and Rolly were excitedly making preparations.

They were giving a party for all their little pupils, and there was still much to be done. They decorated the hall with gay paper chains and Babykins hung up great boughs of holly, squeaking miserably as he kept pricking himself!

Rolly and Lionel went out cut down a lovely tree, which they decorated with silver stars and angels' hair. Round the base they piled all the presents. There was one for each kitten, wrapped in scarlet paper!

"We must have balloons hanging from the lights!" cried Plumpey.

He grabbed a yellow balloon and successfully blew it up, but when he clasped it to him, so it wouldn't float away, there was the most terrific BANG!! and a bit of damp rubber lay at his feet! No further accidents happened with the balloons until Babykins sat on one!!

They went to bed early on Christmas eve, because—though they wouldn't admit it, each had put a note up the chimney for Santa Claus, and each had hung up a stocking!

Christmas Day dawned crisp and snowy, and the five cats woke up early, excitedly unpacking their stockings, for sure enough Santa Claus had called in the night!

Then they began getting everything ready for the party. They had already made jellies and trifles, not to mention a wonderful cake, with white icing! So there was not so much to do.

Soon all the kittens began arriving, all very spick and span, and greatly excited!

Rolly organised a few games such as ring-a-ring of roses and blind man's buff; then tea was announced! What a scramble there was! Especially when Edward produced some crackers! The air was filled with bangs, and soon every cat and kitten was wearing a gay paper hat.

Then—Father Christmas walked in! At least it was really Lionel, cleverly dressed up and wearing a long white beard. But how the kittens squeaked with joy! Especially when he gave each a present! Lionel thoroughly enjoyed his role until a warm hearted little girl kitten kissed him under the mistletoe! But when it was over, they all agreed it had been wonderful!

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