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by Sydney W. France

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Printed in Great Britain by J. H. Broad & Co., Ltd., Richmond, Surrey, for, and published
by the Proprietor, Sydney France, 14, Queen Street, Derby. Trade Agents: The Rolls House
Publishing Co., Ltd., 2, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



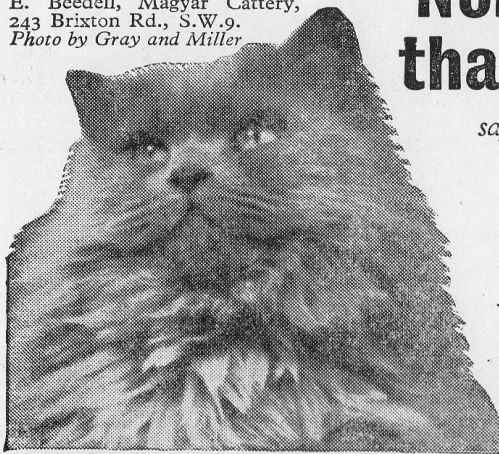
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JANUARY

1950

MONTHLY

Rexina Minette, blue persian cat exhibited and bred by Mrs. M. E. Beedell, Magyar Cattery, 243 Brixton Rd., S.W.9.
Photo by Gray and Miller



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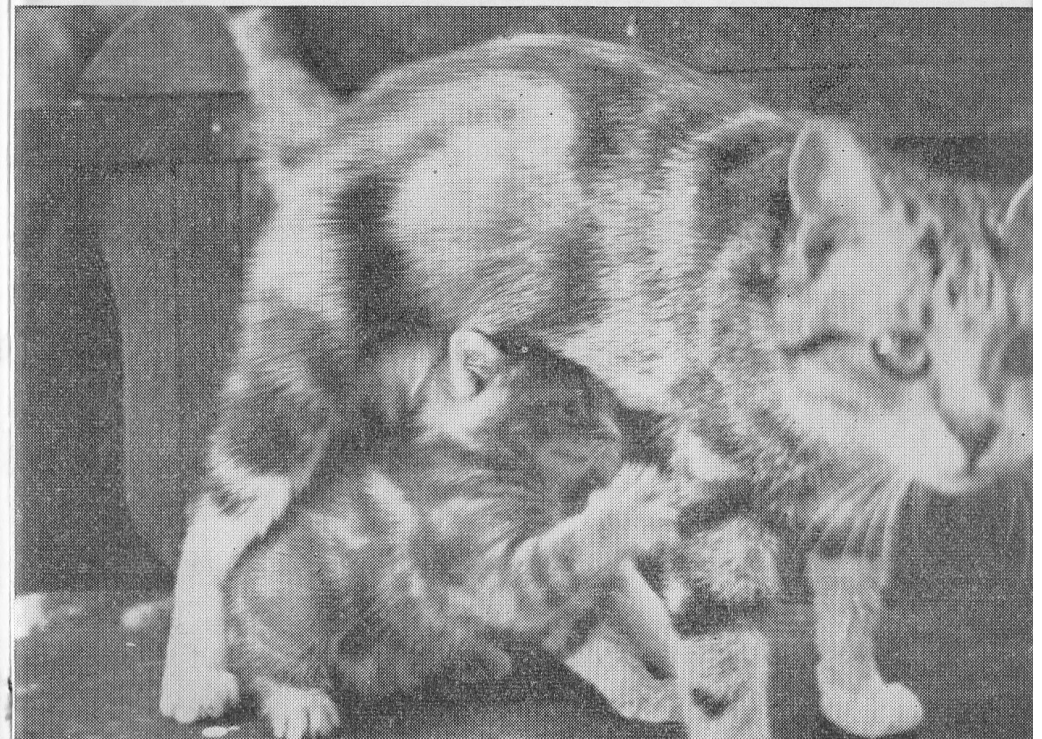
1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

(Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE)

General Offices : 14, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

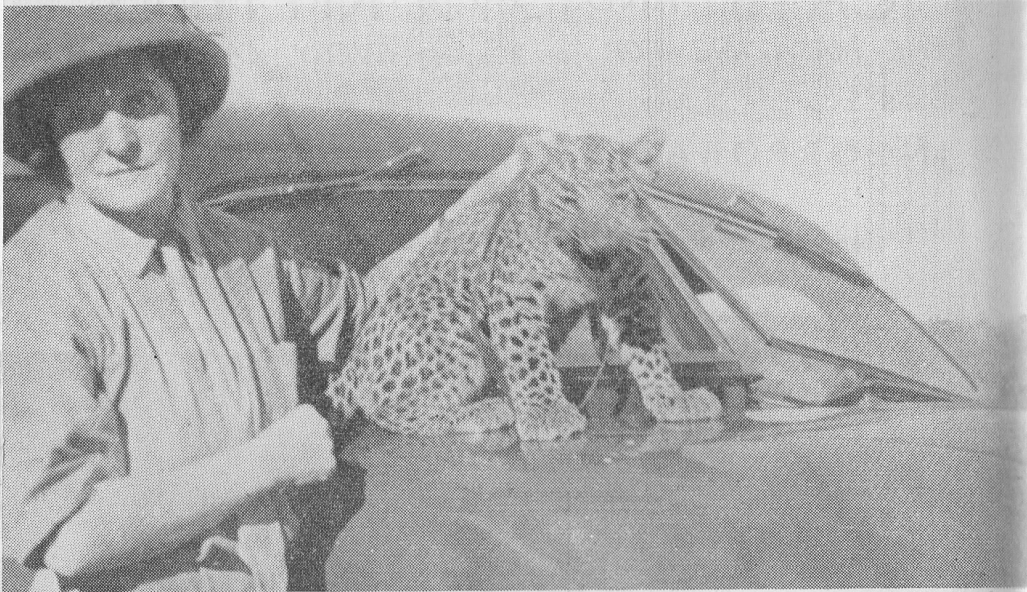
JANUARY 1950.



MILK BAR? PIXIE QUEEN, who died last year, Aged 10, had 87 kittens. Owner: Mrs. Wilkie.

The cover photograph is of Lotus Tango and Lotus Carnival. Dam: Jennifer Josephine. Sire: Greenlodge Nagypok. Breeder and Owner: Mrs. A. H. Cattermole. (Mrs. Cattermole is the well-known Breeder and Judge who is our regular contributor—Editor).

"Cats and Kittens" is nationally distributed, and is sold to the public on bookstalls and at newsagents throughout the country. It must not be confused with small journals in the same field put out for private circulation, and is not connected with them in any way.



MISS BIMBO

WHAT WE LEARNT FROM KEEPING A PANTHER IN A FLAT.

By S. JEPSON.

(Author of "Big Game Encounter").

SHIKAR trips and camps in Indian jungle over the course of 18 years taught me a good deal about that most beautiful animal, the panther. But when my wife started to keep one in our Bombay flat—well, I learnt a great deal more. And both the learning process and the knowledge proved very fascinating.

Miss Bimbo came to us as a tiny cub no bigger than a kitten.

She arrived one fine morning inside a big box with holes bored all round, with an Indian Forest Guard, and a letter from our friend the Divisional Forest Officer in East Khandesh explaining her origin. Apparently Bimbo and her brother had been abandoned by their mother, who may have decided they were surplus to her feeding capacity. At any rate, the D.F.O. was taking no risks, and

with his usual kind-heartedness, he made two guards do special duty up a tree holding the end of a string. The other end was attached to the hinged lid of a box, inside which sat Bimbo and her brother. The idea was that when the mother appeared in response to their mewing, then the little captives should be released, in order to see if the mother would take them away or not. Alas! Mother never appeared—so Bimbo came to Bombay.

Poor Bim! There were great hopes at first entertained of her future. The D.F.O. wanted to present her to Regent's Park Zoo on condition that she should be the first panther to fly home by Imperial Airways. Messrs. Tata agreed to fly her from Bombay to Karachi in one of their mail planes, but with Imperial Airways it was not quite so easy. I pointed out that they would get fine publicity through flying a live panther to Croydon! The reply referred to the regulations forbidding transport of carnivora and other live stock, the lack of facilities, and the fear that lady passengers aboard the plane might be nervous through the presence of the panther! Miss Bim was then the size of a kitten, as I said, and she snuggled down in my coat pocket looking up with big and pretty eyes as I read to her this decision. I told her that Bombay Zoo was the only

alternative. Sticking her head further out of the pocket and opening her big grey eyes which were really very beautiful, she remarked, "Pff, Pff, Meeou!"—which being interpreted meant, "Then if I can't go to London, I want to stay with you for a little while."

She made herself so thoroughly at home that she refused to stop in the box that night, but was quite happy when asleep on the foot of my wife's bed. She was as playful as any kitten and was soon to learn the joys of chasing a ping-pong ball or playing hide and seek round the drawing room furniture.

As Bim grew older she grew bolder, of course, and one day caused great consternation by climbing on the roof, from which precarious position she was rescued eventually by one of the servants.

The folks next door had a pet monkey, and nothing excited Bim so much as the sight of this little animal—the reaction on the monkey was exactly the same, for Kipling was right when he pictured panther and the monkeys as born enemies. Probably the little monkey knew that bad panthers suddenly "woughed" under their trees so that the baby fell off in fright—not straight into the panther's mouth, but it is almost the same thing in the end. Bimbo was trained to be clean much more easily than

any puppy, first with a deep sand tray and then by periodical excursions downstairs. After the first month, she never once misbehaved!

Her memory was remarkable. She remembered sounds like footsteps or words. She was taught the meaning of simple things like up and down, or "no bite, no claw—after which instruction it was quite safe to put your hand in her mouth or shake hands with her. And at this time she had quite good teeth and big claws, she being over three feet long with a magnificent tail.

JUNGLE INSTINCTS.

Her mother could never have taught her to stalk, yet she knew all about her fine art. She would never go down the open centre of a room, her favourite method of progression being in short rushes from cover to cover, the "cover" being represented by handy pieces of furniture behind which she would lie dead motionless, listening and watching like any of the big cats of the jungle. A favourite plaything was one of those small dogs made up like a purse with a zip in the "tummy." She was never tired of chasing this, pulled on the end of a string, and her method of approach, flattening herself before the final rush, and then landing on the animal's back with teeth in the neck, was *exactly* as her mother must have killed her food.



"Bimbo loved to be taken for a motor drive and would hang out of the window."

The sense of smell in panthers and tigers being a disputed point, we made experiments with hidden food. A piece of meat was shown to her, dragged along the floor and hidden where she could not see it. Bimbo would nose around like any dog, but could never find the meat. She had practically no smell though all panthers and tigers give you the impression that they have by the way in which they put their noses to the ground. Perhaps they realise that they are deficient in

this matter and are trying to develop scent, which probably cannot be in their case more than that of human beings.

DIET.

Our friends told us that we must boil her meat, "otherwise she will become fierce!" We found this to be a fallacy, and though we boiled it at first, after she emerged from the milk and rice stage, we soon found that she thrived better on raw meat. To the boiled meat was added Haliverol. Bimbo knew exactly when it was mealtime and loved to listen to the gong and race down to the other end of the flat. On one or two occasions when she was tied up and we sat down to a meal before she had had hers, we were suddenly startled to hear the banging of an enamel plate on the floor. She had seized the plate between her teeth and was protesting loudly! On another occasion when we stayed up after midnight reading, I felt her soft fur brushing against my legs and looking down observed that she had carried my pyjamas off my dressing-room chair and laid them on the floor as much as to say "Come on to bed, it is late enough for anybody." My wife thinks I should never tell this story because it sounds fictitious, but it's true enough!

She was a strong swimmer and liked to go in the sea. Bimbo was also fond of motor-

ing, and the only trouble was that when she stuck her head out of the car in Bombay city such a crowd collected, to the tune of "wagh, wagh," that motoring was not possible! We frequently took her for walks in the jungle, when she would keep very close to heel as though seeking protection from the unknown. At first, we thought taking her off a lead in the jungle might encourage her to bolt; but the jungle had the reverse effect.

But the best of friends must part, and when Bimbo became really big and heavy, we felt it best to present her to the Bombay Zoo. For one thing she had developed embarrassing habits, such as sprawling along the top edge of a settee and showing her affection by licking the top of my head, or placing her paws along my skull and her head on the top of mine. For some reason best known to herself, she loved this particular position and would stay quiet for long periods like this—but I did not feel quite so comfortable. When she was placed in the Zoo she always recognised us, even when we went abroad and returned after an interval of six months.

Later she unfortunately died while giving birth to still-born cubs. Jungle born panthers are notoriously difficult for breeding in Zoos.

WHEN CATS TRAVEL ON THE QUEEN ELIZABETH

By V. ARLINGTON.

THE Queen Elizabeth, our largest luxury liner, has a world-wide reputation for the splendid service and comfort she gives passengers fortunate enough to travel on her. But how, I wondered, were cats looked after when they had to travel on her?

Recently I paid a special visit to the ship to find out for myself. To my delight I saw that, in their way, cats—and indeed all animals travelling on her—were as well looked after and cared for as passengers were in their's.

They are in the care of the ship's butcher (lucky cats!) but he has a very busy job. Archie, one of his assistants, spends most of his time looking after them. He it was who took me on to the top forward deck and unlocked a door with PETS AND KENNELS painted on it and we went in.

It was a lovely place, light, spacious, airy, with a sluice and a sink, running hot and cold water; cupboards for dishes and bowls, another for brushes, disinfectant, and all that is necessary for the proper care of animals.

The cat cages were on top, well away from the dogs. They were lined with 'carpets' of soft paper and a little blanket. The barred doors were wire-netted too, so that there was no risk of the smallest kitten getting out. Everything was very nice and the result of careful thought. But still the health and happiness of all animals largely depend upon the people who look after them.

But all cats crossing the Atlantic in the Queen Elizabeth can be sure of getting kind and sympathetic treatment. Archie loves all animals and they know it. Cats in particular seemed to like his handling and his unusually soft speaking voice.

I was there the day before the ship sailed. There were only two cats aboard but more were expected. One was a lovely soft grey Persian kitten which I immediately named Sonia, because she was the image of a dearly loved kitten that I lost. The other was a rather fat black cat with a white shirt. I called him Evening. They were very watchful but not at all nervous of us. I took Sonia, so exactly

like my own Sonia, and Archie took Evening in his arms.

"Of course they take a day or so to get used to their new surroundings and settle down," Archie said, in his soft voice. "But they soon get to know me and are all right."

Cats might be off their food for a day, just like the passengers, he said, but they soon get all right. Usually they have a terrific appetite and the sea air does them a lot of good. "You can almost see the youngsters grow!" said Archie.

Most of the cats which travel on the Queen Elizabeth are superb creatures of famous strains which are going to America to earn dollars and spread the fame of English breeding. Usually they are champion Persians and Siamese exported to America to found new dynasties or sent to win prizes in important American shows.

But all sorts of cats travelled aboard. Many, like Evening, who was staring at me with his yellow eyes, seemed to be of no particular breed. He belonged to a passenger and some passengers take their cats with them wherever they go. Others just acquire them. Like Margaret Sullivan, the famous film star.

Returning to New York recently, after making films in England, she took two cats back with her. Margaret Sullivan is a cat lover and cannot resist any

cats.

"Her two cats were no particular breed, just common cats like you see in the street every day," said Archie. "But Miss Sullivan was *very*, very fond of them. She came up here to see them every day and played with them for hours. She was a lovely girl!"

For reasons which can be readily understood, cats, like the rest of the animals, are not allowed in any other part of the ship. Their owners, or friends aboard may visit the cats twice a day, in the morning and afternoon, if they wish, and take them out for a game on the sun deck which is specially reserved for animals. If owners are considerate they can stay with their cats almost as long as they like.

Being under the care of the ship's butcher, cats can be sure of being well fed, but quite often owners write and tell the butcher the diet the cat is used. I was shown one letter written, the butcher thought, by a young girl. It read:—

Dear Mr. Butcher,

I am only 11 weeks old and I am missing my mother, brother and sisters. So please take care of me as I have a long journey to make.

I am a very clean kitten so please keep my scratch pan tidy.

I have been accustomed to four little meals a day:—

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KOKO AND THE KITTEN

By MAJOR HUGH MACKAY.

THERE are many strange stories told about cats and kittens, how they make friends with dogs and even MICE! But, I feel sure that the following true tale will interest those who love animal life and the strangeness thereof. This story has not been exaggerated in any way but is plain fact.

Some years ago I was in command of a detachment of King's African Rifles at the Boma of Wajir, an arid isolated outpost amid the wastes and bush of the Northern Frontier District of Kenya Colony, not far from the Southern Abyssinian border.

Except for patrols and the like, life held a lot to be desired, but fortunately, for me, my only European companion, the District Commissioner, loved animals and birds, and in due course, the fact being known among the Somali warriors, they used to bring us in small animals and birds which they had caught in the "nyika," (wilderness).

We had all kinds of species of fauna. An elephant, a baby rhino, leopards, lion, and numerous birds and gazelle. But of them all the most argumentative,

bad tempered, screeching, greedy specimen of the lot was Koko.

Koko was a Keergerti bird, carnivorous and fierce. He stood some twelve inches high, owned a cruel long down-curving beak, and bright yellow, purple and black plumage. His beady eyes showed what he was—a real terror.

Koko soon flew about the boma and stayed with us, especially turning up on parade punctually at meal times. He fed from a saucer, and stole when he could, then—Kali turned up. Kali (Swahili:—"Fierce") was a wild kitten. A Somali warrior brought him in, in a small lined bag. He was only a few weeks old but even then he was the most violent, spitting, fangshowing, fur-framed bunch of living fury I had ever seen.

Even at his tender age he bit and scratched for a while, but the D.C. with his usual skill half-tamed him.

Kali used to live in the lower branches of an acacia tree, and would not come down to be fed, but would condescend, after his usual steam-letting, to take food from a saucer which was held

up at arms' length by our Arab 'boy,' to his perch.

Most of our pets turned up at meal times for their "piece," and even Koko had his own saucer at table.

One day, some three weeks after Kali's arrival, the Zoo was feeding, and Koko, with his usual grumbling croaks, was enjoying his saucer of raw meat. At that moment Kali entered. It was the first time he had ventured from his branch, so far as we knew.

The other animals had gone and Koko was alone at his dish. Slowly and carefully Kali approached with belly close to the ground. I wanted to interfere but the D.C. smiled. "Let them go to it, old man, Koko won't be hurt, you'll see."

I did.

Koko went on feeding, and Kali crept nearer and nearer. I could see the wild cat's body quivering for the spring, and still, Koko fed on.

A final quiver, a spring with outstretched claws and—Koko was not there. He merely fluttered aside. As Kali landed, Koko hopped, and, with a piercing screech, pecked Kali fiercely on the head. With a yowl of terror Kali vanished. Grumbling to himself Koko finished his meal.

This happened several times, until at last one day we noticed Koko sitting on a branch just

above Kali chattering away to him at the top of his raucous voice. Kali merely swore. That evening when Koko was feeding Kali again appeared, but this time Koko did not wait the charge, but merely went round to the other side of the dish opposite to the approaching wild kitten, and waited, gobbling and moaning to himself the while. Kali came closer and closer, then, much to our surprise, bent his head, and took a piece of Koko's meat. We gasped! Koko came forward and, opposite his furry guest, continued the meal.

This was the end of hostilities for, in some way only known to nature, the bird and kitten became fast friends. Sometimes they quarrelled over the food, when Kali would lift a paw to strike Koko, but Koko opening his beak wide would threaten the kitten, who would then lower his paw. He remembered the punishment he had had in the past. They fed together regularly, one or the other turning up first, and sometimes together. Kali slinking along, and Koko with absurd hops and grumbings.

During the day is was a sight to see Kali crouching on his favourite branch, with Koko perched a few feet distant. Koko always held the floor, for

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BETTY N. EDDY'S TRANSATLANTIC FEATURE BETWEEN US CATS

YOU'VE probably experienced the feeling? Good all over—having done what you consider a kind deed? Of course—we've ALL felt that way at one time or another.

With us though, our special incident started a few weeks ago. Poor, dear old Miss Bowen passed away. Every one in the village would miss her—she was such a dear kind old lady. Beyond being a very lonely person, everybody admired her for the care, love and attention she'd given to Pussycat, her gorgeous "pink" Persian. She'd never named the cat. Always called her "Pussycat"—"because that's just what she is!" Pussycat was very lucky. Her Momma, because of her advanced age, had breakfast served in bed each morning. So naturally Pussycat had her's there too! Her Momma always poured Pussycat's milk from her own glass; and Momma ate the whites of her soft boiled eggs because Pussycat liked only the yolk! And so it went through the day, every day—with breakfast procedure serving as an example of the love and care that went into Pussycat's daily life.

But suddenly all this changed. True—Momma's friends all

liked Pussycat, but there's a radical difference between like and love—and then again whoever permitted Pussycat to adopt them would more or less be "in for it," because Pussycat was accustomed to special treatment. For the time being though Momma's housekeeper said she would take care of Pussycat, but didn't know for how long because "I'm going to have to go out and look for other work, and there'd be nobody to take care of Pussycat all day."

The lord n'master of our domain dashed breathlessly into the house one day last week and announced "I saw Miss Bowen's Pussycat out on the road about a mile from where she ought to be. She looked wild—and lost." Hurriedly explaining to OUR cat, Fuzzy, that we wouldn't be away long (you see—we ALWAYS explain to Fuzzy where we're going!) we tore down the road and started to search and search—and search! We were very unhappy. Suppose we didn't find her? Maybe the dogs'd get at her. A pampered cat couldn't long survive this apparently self-chosen hobo existence! But luck was with us. Our eagle-eyes spotted her crouching in the bushes—and

with a little coaxing we got her into our car. We carressed her—we petted her—"Poor dear Pussycat—we know how you must feel without your Mommie—and they probably didn't feed you, did they?—so you just decided to go away from those naughty people—yes Pussycat—we know."

Once inside our house, she calmed down. Of course OUR cat took a look at her and gave one l-o-n-g h-i-s-s-s. Pussycat however didn't seem to mind—or even notice Fuzzy. She walked around the room, sniffed here n'there, then took over Fuzzy's toys and his catnip bed. That was too much—Fuzzy walked indignantly out of the room, his tail high in the air.

But surely Pussycat MUST be hungry—the poor darling—sure—we knew—they'd probably starved th'poor thing. So we prepared a meal of finely cut top-round, milk and water. Pussycat ate ravenously. We looked at each other. "See?"—we knew—"positively starved!" And how tired and worn she looked! Poor—dear—Pussycat.

But what to do with her? We'd quickly have to find a home for her. If nobody in town would take her we'd drive to New York and leave her temporarily with Alice Manchester at her haven for homeless pussycats. At about this point Fuzzy's poppa had a mild brainstorm and asked "Why not

call up Miss Bowen's housekeeper—she may not even know the cat's gone?" That made sense. While our pussycat's poppa was dialing the number we had our own personal misgivings though about even returning Pussycat to her. She couldn't have cared very much—or why would Pussycat have sneaked away?

I heard our end of the telephone conversation distantly. While Poppa was explaining to Miss Bowen's housekeeper I felt so good inside o'me! Yes—we'd positively RESCUED this gorgeous Persian from the proverbial fate worse than death—we'd see to it that she was placed in a home that would provide the same love and care and fastidious meals that dear, dear Pussycat was accustomed to—yes—we DID feel good.

"What was that dear?" I asked, answering Fuzzy's Poppa's call. Ohmigosh! Huh? OH d-e-a-r—!!! It IS???" Well for goodness' sake!! Oh—er—well you really must excuse me getting so flabbergasted—it's just that—well you see—er—well Miss Bowen's housekeeper merely said. "Why no—I can't understand who's cat you have there—Pussycat is right here beside me—she's stretched out having her afternoon siesta just like always—she's just had a great big dish of finely cut top-round! But thanks for calling!"

CORNER FOR LONG-HAIRED CATS

By A. H. CATTERMOLE.

HERE is the New Year and I hope that all of you have made your new resolutions—and kept them! As a New Year's Gift (somewhat belated) I will give you some useful remedies for a few every-day ailments.

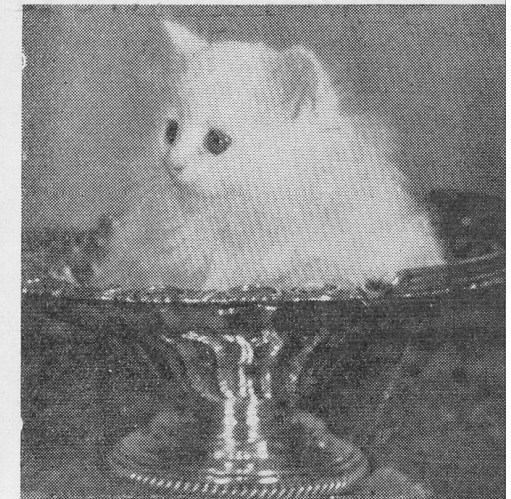
Here is a powder mixture, which was given by a specialist for the use of a human patient, fee, 5 guineas. As it seemed to do good, so I tried it out on my cats with splendid results. The dosage is small in any case. As much as one can put on a six-penny piece is sufficient for an *adult cat* a little less than half the amount for a kitten, 3—6 month's old. Rub the powder with a drop of warm water to a paste then add a little more warm water gradually. Kittens at that tender age often get indigestion, the change of foods or a sudden change in the weather may have something to do with it. It may be given two to three times a day. I usually give one dose a day only. I don't like over-doing things. You have to give it to your chemist to be made up: $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Bicarbonate of Soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Bismuth Carbonate, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Bicarbonate of Magnesia, mixed to-

gether. I never give a recognised worm-cure to a kitten, it's too upsetting. I always give a kitten Cini Anth. 1X. These pills are very tiny and therefore given very easily, the correct dosage is on the bottle, they do no harm whatsoever, the worms and seeds dissolve and are expelled in the excretia in the ordinary way. Worms, as is well-known can cause diarrhoea, another very frequent cause is a faulty liver. When the liver is at fault, the motions are of a grey or sometimes of a nearly white colour, especially in kittens. If that is the case, mix well boiled rice with their food. For years we have been unable to get rice, but now we can get it again, it's a blessing in liver-cases in kittens and cats, even if it is on points. And that reminds me: During the war, when rice was absolutely taboo, I took a litter of kittens off somebody. It did not take me long to find out that these kittens were liverish—and needed rice in their diet, just that, nothing else. I tried all my friends and neighbours. In the end a friend turned her rice tin out and scraped me an egg-cup full together. I was grate-

ful, but as there were four four kittens, and all needed some, not nearly enough. Then another friend called and I asked her. She herself had none, but would ask some of her relations. One lady produced eventually a small packet of ground rice and I was asked, would that do? To show my appreciation, I wanted to know what I could give her in return. A loaf of bread was the reply! It was during the bread rationing period, preferably brown bread, and I gladly gave her my only loaf of bread and cheerfully went without myself. It happened at a week-end and I had no more coupons left either. I know it sounds absurd, but nevertheless its perfectly true.

But soon enough I got my rewards, my kittens got quite right in a very short time and were flourishing. Arrow-root is helpful too, boiled in milk and given as a drink, just tepid, not as thick as a pudding. Cats and kittens like anything like that better given as a drink than a pudding. Some of my methods may be somewhat unorthodox, but after all is being said and done: The proof of the pudding is in the eating!

Robinson's patent ground barley (the blue tin), is an extremely valuable food for kittens and invalids (feline and humans alike), yet when I tell people so, what do I get?



Mrs. Cattermole's Lotus Tango.

Nothing but derision! Try it reader, and see, you will never regret it. There is always a tin in my store cupboard. During the war years, when I had very, very little milk for use, and certainly none for myself, as my husband was very ill and needed the milk, I made barley water with Robinson's patent barley (it's in powder form) and added a little evaporated milk and a little sugar. also a tiny pinch of salt. I reared a big litter on it. The mother cat had some too, and mother and babies did well on it, and the kittens were bonny, and I am still weaning all my kittens on it, only to-day I use fresh milk.

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

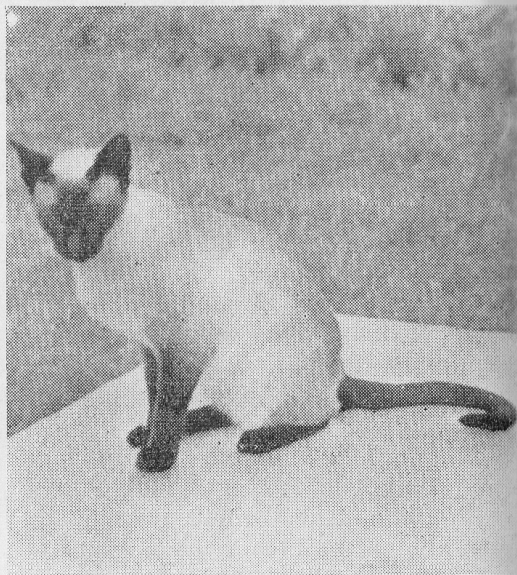
By
LILIAN FRANCE.

THE Croydon Cat Club's Show, held at Shepherd's Bush, on November 10th, was a most enjoyable affair, smoothly and efficiently run by Mr. A. A. Towe. I exhibited my Abyssinian male, Raby Ramphis, who was second in the open to Miss Bone's female, Merkland Adowa, who is by Kreeoro Kaffa and Merkland Talari, the same breeding as my Merkland Sheba, breeder, Lady Liverpool.

My Burmese male, Casa Gatos Foong, made his debut at this show. Many people who had seen his photograph in the previous Sunday's paper, or had seen him televised the night before, came to see him in person, and to get their impressions of the first Burmese cat they had seen in this country. Both he and Ramphis had thoroughly enjoyed the television and I heard many times how well they came through.

My visit to the B.B.C. Television Studios at Alexandra Palace with my two cats was an experience I shall long remember, and look back on with pleasure.

Outstanding impressions? The air of informality and



Champion Southwood Sunya,
Owner: Mrs. Nicholas.

friendliness of all those at the studios. Joan Gilbert's friendly efficiency as Editor of Picture Page. Leslie Mitchell's polished interviewing. The intense heat in the studio from the bright batteries of lights above and round the emitron cameras.

I'm sure the cats enjoyed the heat from the lights and this may explain their extreme co-operation whilst Joan Gilbert was interviewing me—and the cats.

Mrs. Vize and Mrs. Manley also helped to hold the fort for the cat fancy and brought to the television studio two lovely examples of Persians. One cream queen and her lovely

blue daughter. Naturally Jean Gilbert wanted to know how the cream queen came to have a blue daughter, and Miss Manley soon put her and the television audience in possession of this aspect of breeding for colour.

Are you surprised to know that men are often the most ardent cat fans. Among those who came specially to the Croydon show to see the Burmese, as a result of the newspaper and television publicity, I talked with several who were obviously cat lovers, and told me of their interest owing to having seen Burmese cats in Burma. Colonel Gauntlett said he had but recently returned from that country, and that those he had seen were not quite as dark brown as my Da Foong. He was most enthusiastic about Da Foong's friendliness, and wants a kitten when available.

On show day, Da Foong was photographed many times, wearing his American award ribbons. Some lovely photographs of him were sent afterwards to me, and many were published in the various newspapers. After spending the evening being televised, and the next morning being photographed, Da Foong spent every moment from the time the doors were opened to the general public, being admired by the great many who came specially to see him.

He loved it all, and showed no temperament, though I think at one time he would have preferred to have his afternoon nap. He was in perfect condition—his seal brown coat, glossy as silk. The question most asked was "What colour are his eyes?" They are yellow, but it is often difficult to tell the eye-colour in a hall, and the pupil often enlarges with the electric light, thus making the eyes appear darker. Quite a number of people were definitely interested in taking up Burmese when there are kittens available.

Raby Ramphis also enjoys shows. He is delighted if people talk to him in his pen, and certainly is a good advert for the lovable disposition of Abyssinians. I remember one lady at the Birmingham show who said:— I just can't leave your Abyssinian, I have to keep going back. He is so lovable.

I am afraid I had no chance to look at the other exhibits, as my time was fully occupied with Da Foong and his admirers. He certainly swelled the gate, even though he could not compete, as Burmese are not yet recognised here as a breed by the G.C.C.F., although they are quite established in America.

Mrs. Blanche Warren sends me news from California, and says:— I have bought all Mr. Donald Came's Burmese cats. He is allergic to cats, his doctor

says, and after developing these gorgeous cats, now has to give them up, and we wanted them all, for we feel they are the most perfect Burmese over here. A friend in San Francisco has the only true Burmese we know of in the U.S. and she is exactly like in fur and colour, the Came cats. I want to send you an adult proven queen—a Champion, and breed her to a male I have brought, who is a beauty and throws lovely kittens, and is no relation to your two cats.

Mrs. Warren has been kindness itself in her efforts to help us to get the Burmese here in England "because she would like the British people to have them." They are still very rare in the U.S. and enquiries are already coming here from abroad for kittens.

Miss Alvis Peete writes also from California, and says:— I went to the Cat Show, and got in early enough to see Manx and Blue-point Siamese judged, and met Mr. Warren. I saw Raby Nefertari (the Abyssinian queen I sent to Mrs. Warren and which I obtained for her from Lady Barnard). She is a lovely thing. I was entranced by your Russian Blue (the one sent out by Miss Rochford) but he did not win top place as the judge did not like the heavy coat, Mrs. Warren thought. My, how I would like a Blue kitten like him. My Abyssinian is a great comfort, and I am to

have a six months old all black kitten which was at the show. The little creature sat in front of her cage—just delighted with the hum and bustle—a regular show-off! James Mason's latest write up shows him with his seven cats—three Siamese! How many cats do you have? Mrs. Warren says she has dozens and Mrs. Perry (black kitten) has forty! There really was not a poor specimen at the show. Every Siamese had good eye colour and good coats. My Abyssinian is a perfect type, if only he had gotten the show type coat!

Miss J. M. Tomblin of Glasgow sends news of the new young club which she has started there, and says:— "I am sure you will be interested to know what a successful and happy event our show was. Both my Siamese males did well, and my father's Tortie won the household pet class for the second time this year."

Mrs. K. Carbert of York very kindly enclosed with her letter a newspaper photograph of three Abyssinian kittens, exhibited at the Glasgow show by the Earl and Countess of Liverpool. They are Merkland Dembea, Atbara and Tarazza, and a very "rare basketful" they look. Mrs. Carbert won three 1sts with a female Siamese, sired by Lindale Simon Pie, and one of her cream kittens was Best Exhibit in Show, so she felt the



Photo: D. Cook-Radmore.

CROYDON CAT CLUB SHOW, NOVEMBER 10th, 1949.

long journey was really worth while.

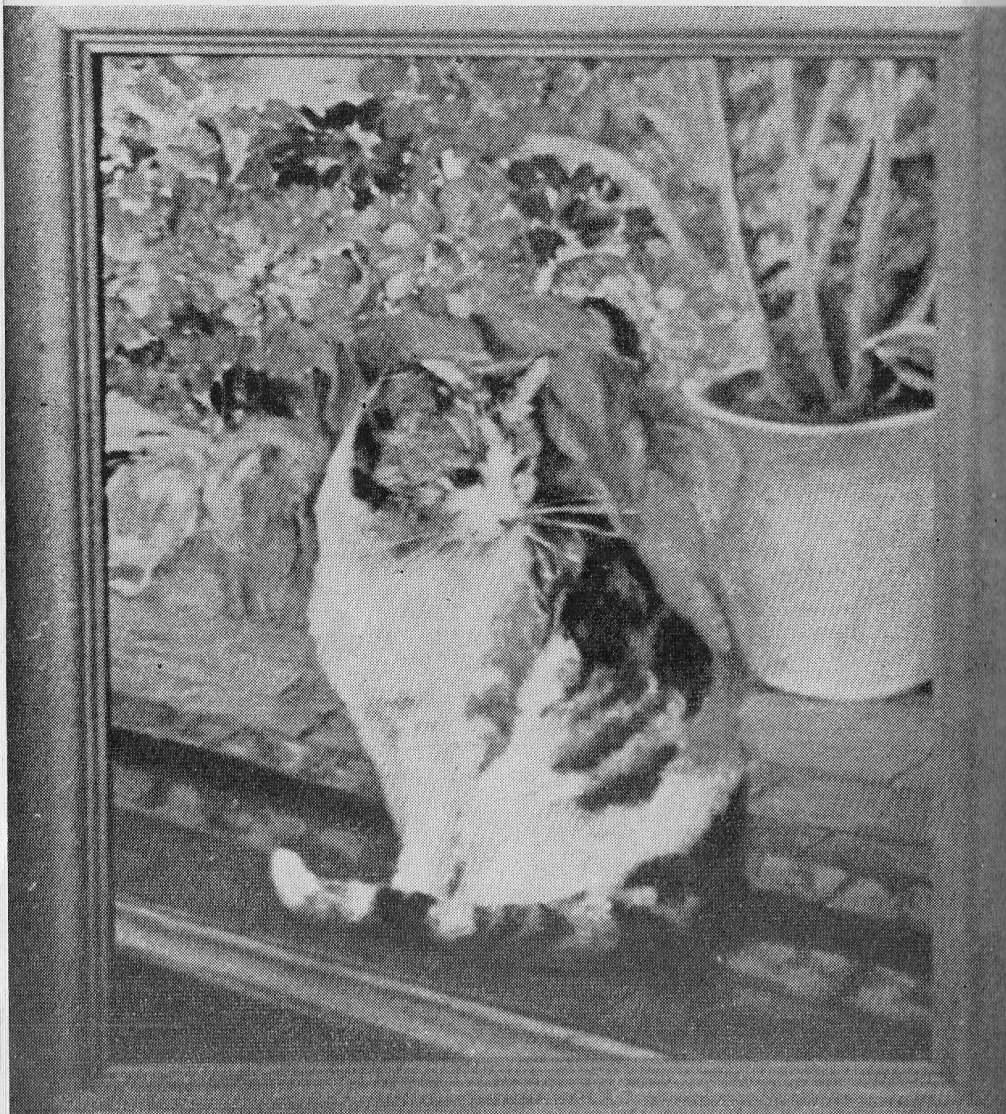
Mr. Norman Winder sends a lovely study of his young Siamese female, Chinki Wintidd Serah. From this she appears to have a lovely coat, but her points are light round the muzzle, and I have advised a course of Parrishes' Chemical food, which should help to darken these.

Mrs. Constance Felstead tells me her Siamese queen, Win-Win, has just had six kittens, sired by Galadima, and all doing well. We decided to keep one of the previous litter, and she is now most fascinating. Win-Win is quite good with her, in

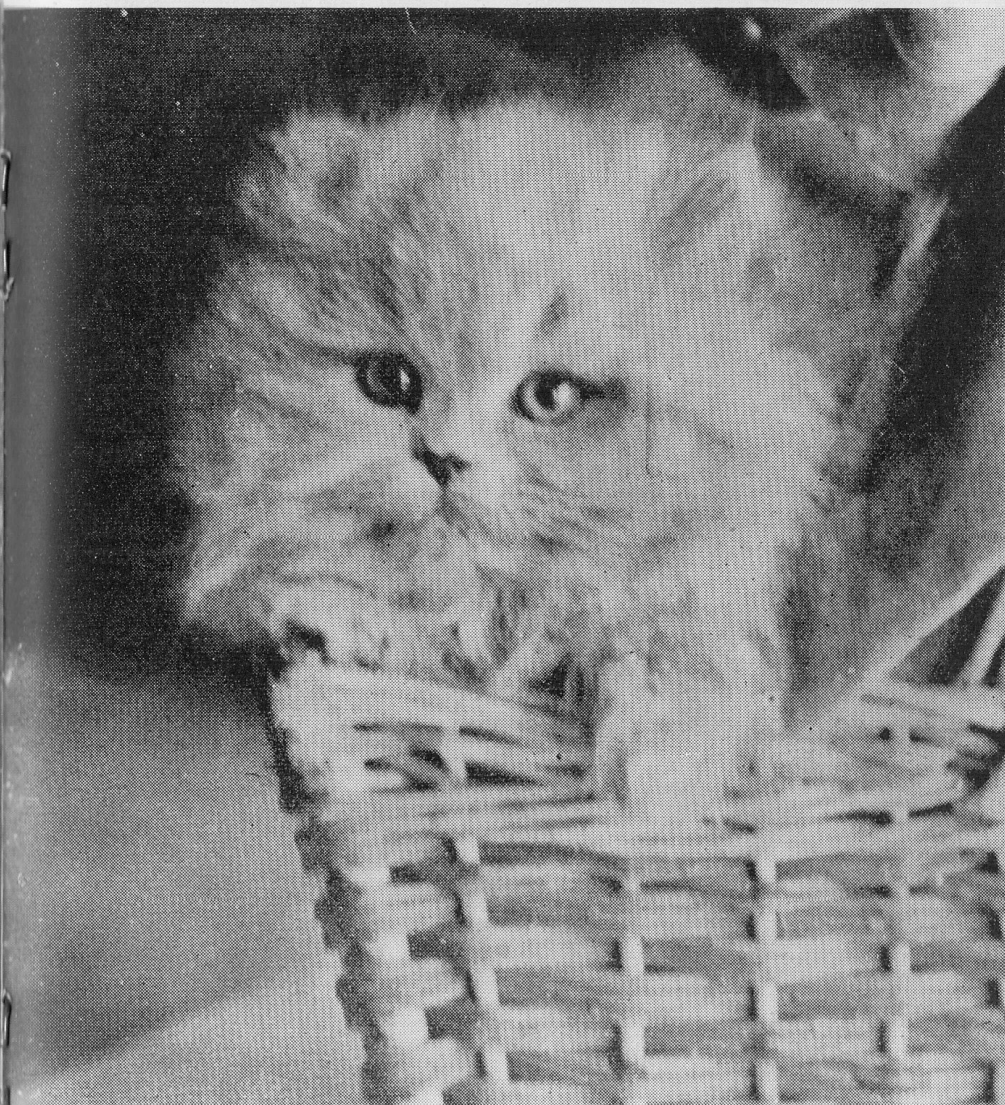
spite of having the new babies."

Mrs. D. Nicholas sends an extremely good photograph of her lovely Siamese queen, Ch. Southway Sunya. She says:— I bought Sunya when she was four months old from Mrs. L. K. Sayers in July, 1946. When she stepped out of the basket, I was delighted with her daintiness, and dense points. Her first show was the Notts and Derby the following December, where she won two 1sts and a 2nd. Each year since she has been in the first three in her classes. She obtained her first Ch. Certificate at Sandy, August, 1948, under Mr. B. A.

Turn to page 25



FLUFFY. Celebrated New York Cat.
Owner: Grace Benson, Gotham Flower Shop,
New York, U.S.A.



SWEET SEPTEMBER OF DUNESK (as Kitten).
Sire: Adrian of Pensford. Dam: Ch. Dream of Dunesk.
Breeder: Mrs. M. Brunton.

Corner for Long-haired Cats

(from page 13)

Barley is very nourishing, soothing and healing. Years ago, when suffering from a wasting disease, the doctor put me on Benger's food and a milk diet, but it was utterly impossible for me to digest either, so at our wit's end what to do, a friend suggested barley water, just plain, nothing added—and it kept me going for a solid six months. That gave me the idea later for my cats and kittens. And again in more recent times, when suffering from the after-effects of bombs, I lived for six weeks on nothing else but barley water.

When cats have been ill and off their food, the first thing I offer them is barley made with half water, half milk, a little sugar added. My vet. approves of it very much. Another thing barley grows a beautiful coat, long and silky, I have found that out. I have often been told my cats and kittens won't take it! That's all nonsense! A healthy little kitten, when being weaned, will lap anything being given. Start them early, and they will love it. Goodness knows I have brought up hundreds of kittens in my time.

Best of luck to all of you! Try it and let me know your results!

Koko and the Kitten.

(from page 7)

his voice was never still. He chattered and groused all day long, while, at meal times Kali PURRED with pleasure. Neither the D.C. or I could pick Kali up, nor Koko for that matter, but they lived with us and approached within arms' length, but woe betide us if we lowered a hand to touch them, then the fireworks started.

One day, nature probably calling, Kali vanished never to

return, and Koko mourned. He refused his food, merely sitting on his usual perch close to where his lost friend had crouched. He lost his voice and mourned. One evening we saw him on his perch as usual, but next morning he had gone. Nor did we see him again.

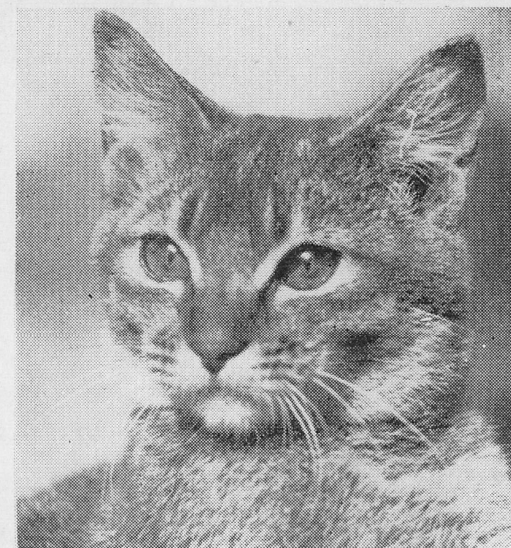
One wonders what happened to those strange pals, whether they ever met again in the thickness of the bush, whether they wandered together through the wild, or what. But they were the strangest friends I had ever known.

ABYSSINIANS I HAVE OWNED

By A. M. WRIGHTSON.

(Conclusion).

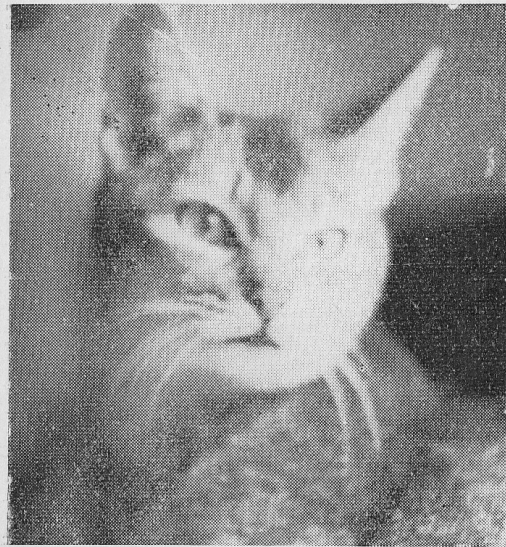
After the arrival of Ras Hailu, I wrote again to the Major, asking if he should change his mind about Ras Imru would he give me first refusal, naming a sum I was willing to give for him. He wrote back saying he couldn't afford to refuse my offer so I found myself the owner of two fine Abyssinian studs, with a move and a war in the offing. Ras Imru proved to be very fierce and difficult to handle, but if one took a towel to put over him he became as quiet as a lamb. However, patience and love made him quite tame. In the end he loved to be held in your arms like a baby and he kissed till further orders. He proved to be very quick at stud work, but no one seems to have used him, so owing to my losses there seems to be no descendants of his about, though one hears of Ras Hailu's. This seems a pity and a great loss to the breed. I may be wrong, but I don't think up to the present day, there has been a male up to the standard of Ras Imru. He had three championships, but two were awarded by the late Capt. Powell. I entered him for



Stanton Iras.

Sandy 1939, but was unable to take him, not thinking to ask if Miss Yorke would, which she told me afterwards she would have done, so he never won his title.

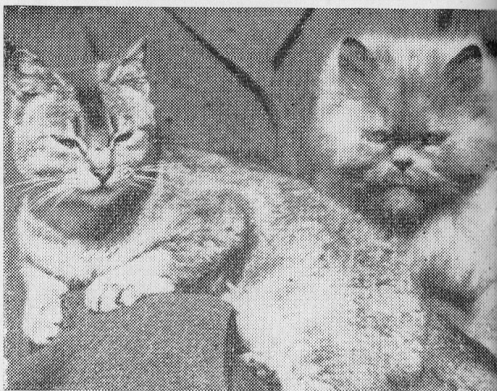
Here again bad luck followed me. A black cat used to wander about this garden and get up arguments with these two boys. Hailu was wise and kept out of the way; Imru showed fight, and went to the bars. One day this cat managed to injure him at the



Ch. Stanton Irma.

back. I had the vet. to him, and worked hard to try to get him right, but in the end he had to be put to sleep, having mated Charmian twice, dying before I could use him for Ch. Stanton Irma.

During this time I had a little female bred by Mrs. Searle, Stanton Bunty. She was an odd little person, daughter of a brother and sister, she eventually died in a fit, so I think she was too inbred. I also had another at this time given me by Mrs. Saunders, by name, Notheredge Myra, a daughter of Tim the Harvester. She had a very hard kitting to Ras Hailu followed by a septic abscess so she died. Both of these were very small queens.

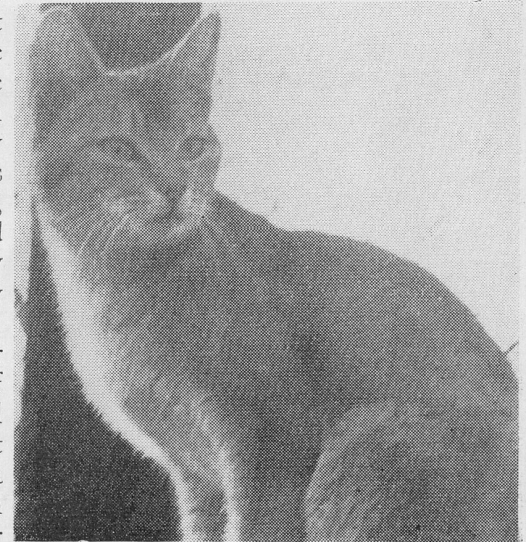


Stanton Bunty and Frierie Queen.

Then Mrs. Basnett sent me my lovely Ch. Stanton Irma in 1942. She was about six months old and a most fascinating little person. I can't think now why her arrival was not postponed, as I had an outbreak of entiritis with a few of my cats. She did not take it, but had a septic abscess in her neck which in due time cleared up, after which I never knew her to ail anything, except the trouble with her foot which was caught in a rabbit snare. It took a long time to heal as Irma did not come to me at once, so the pus took ages to clear up. She was lucky to have her foot at all. The hair never grew again on it and two of the claws were crossed. Hers was a most vivid personality. I don't think she was a hunter, but just liked to race about. She would be on the ground one minute and on a high building the next. She had to be a free lance, as no window kept her in.

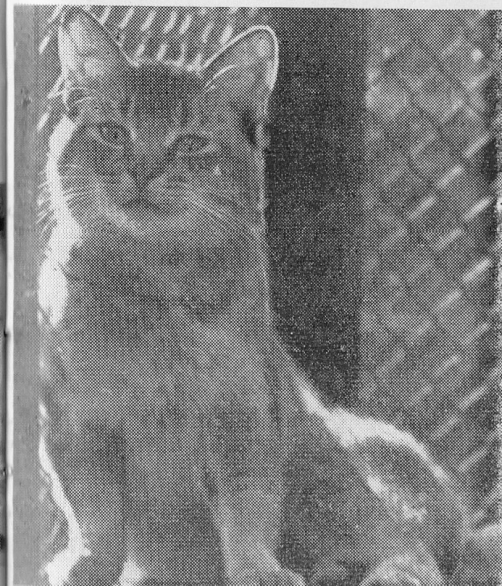
She just opened the fasteners and sailed out "with the greatest of ease" like the man on the flying trapeze. She was the most even tempered Abyssinian I have evr known, and very loving, so graceful that it was a thousand pities she never bred, to reproduce her shape and head. She has left a gap in my heart that it will be very difficult to fill.

Irma was the holder of four Championships and a winner of many prizes, including a special from the Cat Club de Paris. At her last show appearance Irma was brought out for Best in Show three times, but was never awarded that honour. I have sometimes wondered if people mistook her poor foot for a deformity instead of the result of an accident.



Ch. Stanton Isma.

I now have a male given me by the Countess of Liverpool. He is registered as Merkland Amhara, and so far has not been shown. He is a nice colour but I think the Countess will forgive me if I say he is only good in parts. The only photo I have of him is dreadful. If I can get him a little fatter, he is quite a nice shape. My little queen Ruby Pixie was bred by Lady Barnard, so far neither seem to wish to take up family cares, but these two have lived. After having several very nice ones from Lady Barnard, Lady Liverpool, also Mrs. Harding and others, none of which lived, which I found strange as Abyssinians used to be very easy to rear. All this shows why I have never been able to start an Abyssinian line of my own, in spite of having first class cats.



Ras Hailu



P.A. Reuter Photograph.

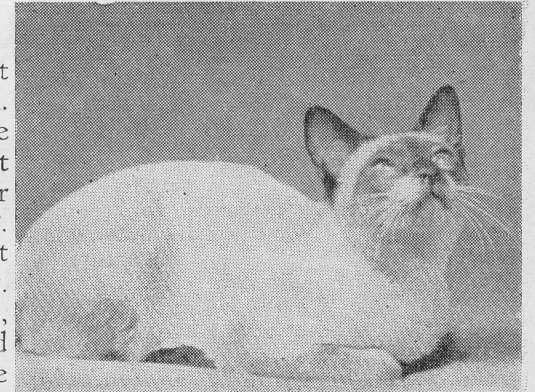
CASA GATOS DA FOONG. Burmese Male.
Recently imported into England. Created a sensation at Croydon Show. Owner: Mrs. L. France. He is shown with his American show win ribbons.

Your Cats and Mine

(from p. 17)

Stirling-Webb. The second, at Sandy, 1949, under Mrs. L. K. Sayers, and her final at the Siamese Cat Club's show at Shepherd's Bush on October 13th, 1949, under Mrs. P. Holroyd. She was also Best Female and Best Adult in show. She has won 17 first prizes, specials for best wedge shaped head, whip tail, and dense points, and altogether has forty cards. Like all the stars, she has been temperamental and not shown herself properly.

Mrs. Leila Gibbons purchased one of my Abyssinian kittens, Chinki Ningara. She is travelling back with Mrs. Gibbon to Lausanne, Switzerland, and is to be a present for her invalid



Chinki Wintidd Serah.
Owner: Mr. N. Winder.

daughter. She says:— "The baby is adorable. I am delighted with her. She is very sweet."

By the time this is in print, Xmas will be passed, and it will be time to wish you all a very happy New Year!

When Cats Travel on the Queen

Elizabeth—(from page 7)

Breakfast—Warm milk and cereal.

Mid-day—Minced meat and brown bread crumbs.

Teatime—fish—no bones, please.

Supper—Warm milk and a very little cereal.

I am used to dried milk and prefer it to fresh milk, please, Mr. Butcher.

If you could take me out for a cuddle and a play I promise not to run away, Mr. Butcher. Mrs.—, Cabin—, is taking me to the Plaza to meet my new mistress. Mrs.— will be appreciative of your kindness.

Love from Sapphire Susan.

"Only someone who was very fond of her cat would write a letter like that," said Archie. And he added that it was not always possible to keep strictly to the owner's diet because a cat often developed a big appetite aboard and you can't let a cat be hungry.

So we put Sonia and Evening back in their cages for it was feeding time and there was a lot to be done. They stared at us but seemed quite happy. And indeed any cat fortunate enough to travel on the Queen Elizabeth and come under the butcher's care can be sure of being well looked after.

LETTERS and PICTURES

"Rock a Nore,"

Woolacombe, North Devon.

Dear Editor,

I have been a reader of "Cats and Kittens" magazine for some years, and I wondered if you could find room in your magazine for a photo of our Siamese cat, "Ting-a Ling," or "Ting" for short.

This photo was taken on the beach at Bude last summer.

"Ting" seems to be very fond of feathers, when we take him for walks on the beach he will run about with a sea gull's feather in his mouth. He also removed some of the tail feathers from the next door hen (without doing any harm).

Yours truly,
Nancy Parsons.

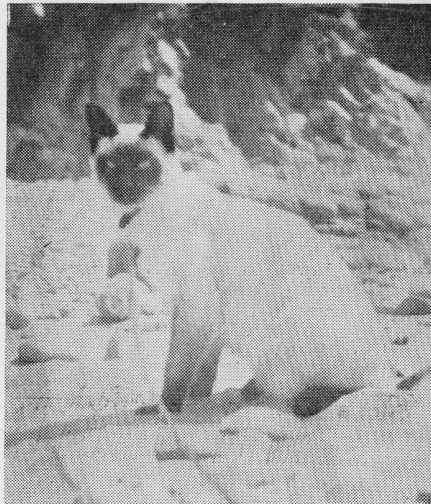
Valleyfields,
Woldingham, Surrey.

Dear Editor,

After reading 'Pussy and the Poets' in your November issue, it occurred to me that there are a number of Nursery Rhymes that have quite a lot to say about pussy.

I remembered several straight away, perhaps because I became fond of cats at a very early age, and the first ones I knew were in the nursery. I have always liked 'Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been. Either the cat thought that seeing a mouse under the queen's chair was the most exciting part of her visit to London, for what cat can resist a mouse in any circumstances; or else she did not want to be bothered with questions. Like someone I once knew who sometimes stayed with Royalty, and on being asked what he had done there, replied, 'We had porridge for breakfast.'

Another rhyme I often think of when I am doing the cooking,



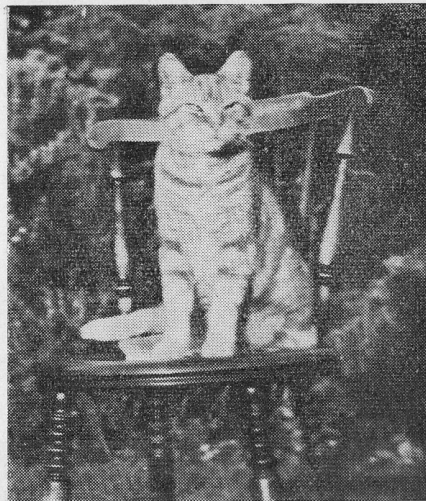
TING-A-LING.

helped by at least two Siamese cats sitting on my Aga, is 'Sing, sing, what shall I sing?' But my cats are quite ready to run away with the whole pudding, let alone 'string' or 'bag.'

I would also like to mention, 'I like little Pussy, her coat is so warm.' 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea.' 'Dame Trot and her Cat,' and 'Little Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree, up went Pussy Cat, down went he.' There is a robin who lives near my goat house and watches me milk every morning. Sometimes my oldest cat also comes at milking time, and her attention is somewhat divided between the milk and the robin. I hope she won't find him off his guard one day.

Lastly, there are two rhymes featuring cats and fiddles. 'Hey diddle diddle,' and 'A Cat came fiddling out of a barn.'

TO THE EDITOR



RAB.

Pet of Mrs. M. A. Wells,
Hedgerows, Purler, Near Reading.

If we now turn to the real poets, my own opinion is that they have given the cat quite a fair share of attention. On the whole not much poetry has been devoted to any kind of animal. More possibly has been written about birds. 'The Skylark, the Nightingale, the Swallow, the Cuckoo.' But Grey is certainly not the only one to write a whole poem about a cat.

Shelley in his early days wrote, 'Verses on a Cat.' Kipling wrote, 'Pussy can sit by the fire and sing.' Wordsworth's poem called 'The Kitten and Falling Leaves,' is delightful.

Finally, I would like to mention Harold Munro's 'Milk for the Cat,' which might be better known. It describes 'The little black cat with bright green eyes' who is 'never late' at tea time. She waits purring

away till the saucer of milk is placed on the floor for her. Afterwards she goes to sleep in the big arm-chair. She is obviously a good, quiet, well behaved cat. My Siamese can hardly wait for their milk to be poured out, they scorn a saucer on the floor. They sit in state on the trolley that brought the tea things in and have their milk on a level with us, where they are easily able to ask for second helpings.

A. Hargreaves.

56, Burlington Avenue,
Glasgow, W.2.

Dear Editor,

I enjoy reading your magazine, and think the photos are really excellent, and wonder if you could publish this one of "Ginger." He is 5 years old, yellow with perfect tabby markings, having five distinct rings round his neck, which we call his pearls. He came to our door a kitten about 3 months old, evidently lost, and demanding shelter. He was taken in, and as he was in good condition we advertised for his owners, but without success. We don't think this worried Ginger very much, as by this time he had adopted us.

He is very affectionate, and highly intelligent. My husband has taught him a number of tricks. One is to come for his Saturday penny, when he puts his head in the inside pocket of my husband's jacket, as you can see by the photo. He also dies for his country by lying on his back, perfectly still, with his paws bent up in front and his eyes closed, and he can retrieve an article placed high up on a door handle, by climbing up on the back of a chair, and after balancing himself very carefully, making a spring

and knocking it off.

He seems to know people who are fond of cats, and pleases them so much by sitting on their knee all the time they are in, and leaving the people who "don't like cats, but of course couldn't be cruel to them" strictly alone. He is very good natured, and very good company and never fails to make a fuss of us when we come in.

He also knows that I am food controller, and never worries anyone else if I am not in. He is sitting beside me as I write, and I have told him this is his letter and I'm sure he joins with me in wishing your Magazine continued success.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) C. Giddings.



GINGER.

More Letters and

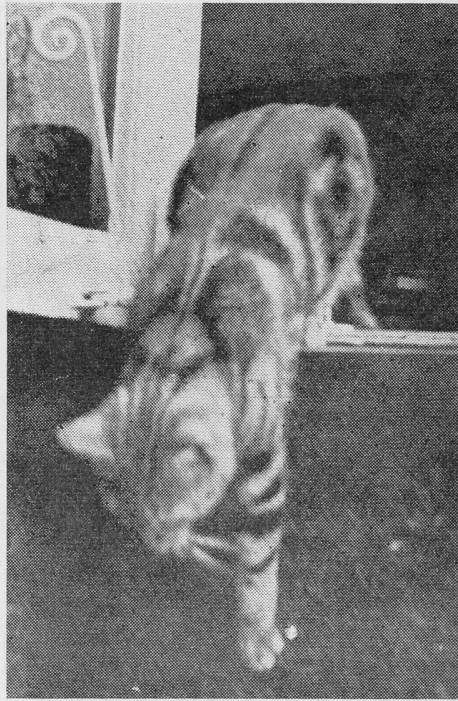
"Westwood,"

Broadway,
Harpfield,
Stoke-on-Trent.

Dear Editor,

Here is a snap of "Tim II," he is just a year old, but was only quite young when he first braved the quite deep descent from the window to the garden.

Yours truly,
(Miss) K. M. Atkinson.



TIM II.

Pictures to the Editor

The Countess of Liverpool writes to us of the Scottish Cat Club's Show.

ON November 29th, I took my three Abyssinian kittens to the Show at Glasgow. They are all out of Merkland Telari by Crohan Abeba. On arrival I was shown the cages, and said at once, my kitten will get out of these. Oh! mother said, no kittens have ever got out, mine will I replied. My friend and I put each kitten in its cage, and at once the first one was out through the bars. While I was chasing the terrified youngster round the large hall my friend was trying to keep the other two in. While doing that, a Siamese next door also got out, but it just sat on her shoulder till removed! This continued, till at last, I had to put them back in their travelling basket and shut them down.

Then people kept asking to see them, and the press and photographers kept buzzing round. All this time judging was going on, and although the

committee tried to keep the people all at one end of the hall, it took so long to judge, the crowd got restless.

My kittens were not judged till after 3 p.m., by which time I had got them into another cage with double bars. Unfortunately there was no class for Abyssinians, but when I left at 5 p.m., I had secured four prizes and I think there may be another to follow as judging was still not finished.

I was not able to see much of the show, first having to guard my kitten, and then answering questions about them. They caused a great sensation, as their breed had never been seen in Scotland before. The Champion, a Persian kitten owned by Mrs. Carbert of York, was very beautiful, and I am glad to hear the show was a financial success. I think the promoters were rather anxious about it, as it was the first held since the war.

In the December issue, an unfortunate typographical error wrongly described The White Kitten in the Silver Bowl. This was of course: Mrs. Cattermole's Lotus Tango, a photograph of which is on page 13.

THE CARE OF THE CAT

By A VETERINARY NURSE.

IT is a more difficult proposition to nurse a sick cat than to look after a sick dog. For one thing a cat gives up the fight to live so much more easily than a dog, and for another thing he requires more skill and more patience to carry out the necessary treatment for his recovery.

The simple operation of castration or 'neutering' a tom kitten is an inexpensive and quick job and does not affect the health and well-being of Master Puss, but, should he have any cat disease, cat distemper or 'flu' on him when he goes to the vet.'s for this, the operation will most likely bring it out and in a couple of days you will have a very sick cat on your hands. But do not blame the veterinary surgeon for this; it would have happened anyway!

The same applies to a Queen kitten who is 'spayed.' This is a more complicated and consequently more expensive operation. In fact, many vets. keep the young lady 'in' for a week, to ensure safe healing of the wound. But again, do not hold him responsible if she falls ill with distemper upon her return home.

It is of course, very obvious when a cat is ill. No animal

more quickly looks miserable and sorry for itself. A sick cat neglects its coat, refuses to eat and very often the skin at the corner of the eyes appears to be growing over the eyes themselves. This disorder will right itself when the little animal is fit again.

Should Puss be ordered pills, here is the best method of giving them. First wrap him up in a strongish blanket with only the animal's head free. Then, holding his body firmly against you with your arm, open his mouth with one hand and throw the pill smartly to the back of his throat with the other.

When a cat is on the road to recovery and is allowed a full diet once more, you will sometimes find that he will absolutely refuse to take any interest in food at all, and, strange though it is, will even starve to death before voluntarily eating again. So he must be fed, little and often, by pushing small pieces into his mouth. Meat, cooked or raw, or fish, is suitable. Even if the food is rejected in the end, he will have chewed some nourishment out of it, and once you can get him to be interested in food, he will feed himself once more.

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS.

"NOW is the time to make our New Year's good resolution," announced Edward as he took the Chair at one of their weekly conferences.

"For my part," he continued, "I intend to do great things and make more of my life!"

"I'm not going to worry," yawned Lionel lazily, "I'm a perfect cat as it is! What is there to improve?"—before his friends had time to reply—he hastily added, "Let's have a ceremony to welcome in the New Year."

"Couldn't we act a play, showing the old year being turned out by the New Year—and so entertain all our friends!" cried Rolly.

"What a good idea," chorused his friends

"We can perform the ceremony in the woodland glade! Just before twelve, I will appear as the old year, frail and dying," cried Plumpey dramatically, "then as the church bells chime midnight, Babykins can float on, waving a wand, and the rest of you can chant 'Welcome New Year,' and drink his health!"

"How do I float?" murmured Babykins, who hadn't much imagination.

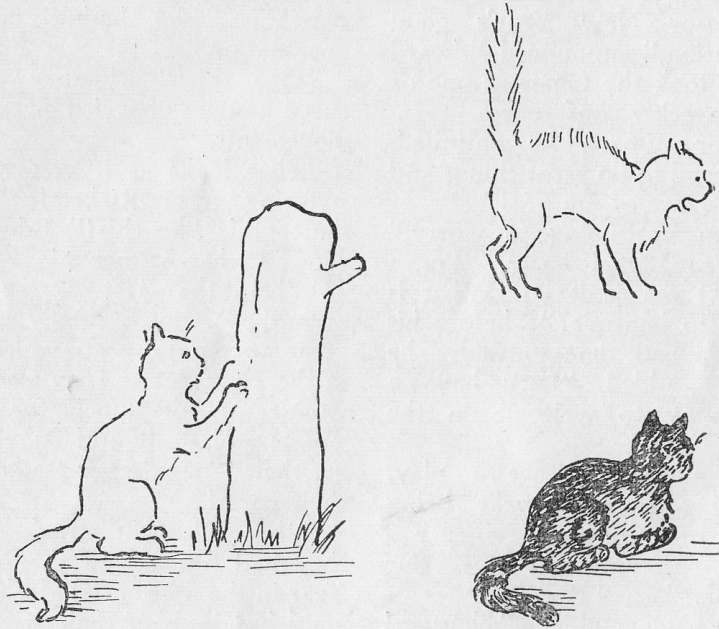
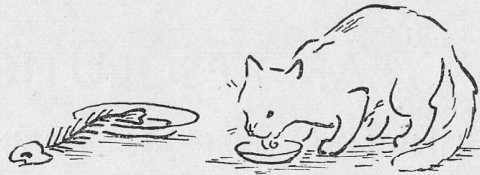
"Like this!" Plumpey executed a series of weird swaying movements.

"That looks as if you were suffering from Rickets! You must glide like this!" Edward showed what he meant!

When the 31st December arrived everyone excitedly made great preparations to welcome in the New Year. They made a wonderful hot punch for the Toasts and Rolly and Babykins got their fancy dresses ready for their parts!

When midnight struck, and they had brought in the New Year in the appropriate fashion, amid hundreds of their friends, Edward insisted that everyone should make their New Year's Good Resolutions.

So they all began promising to do all sorts of rash things—"Rolly said he would not think so much about sport, but let Babykins teach him how to cook! Babykins in reply promised to learn keep-fit exercises and not let himself get lazy and fat.



"Good," nodded Edward.
"What about you Plumpey?"

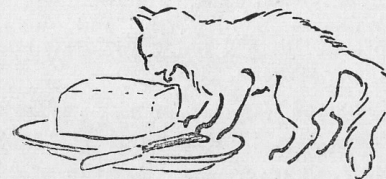
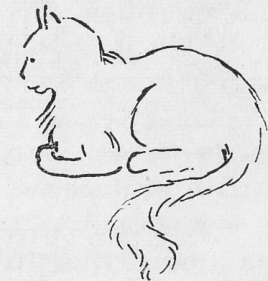
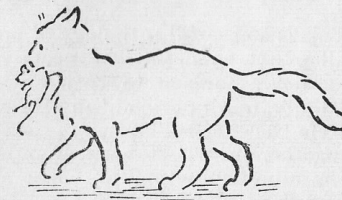
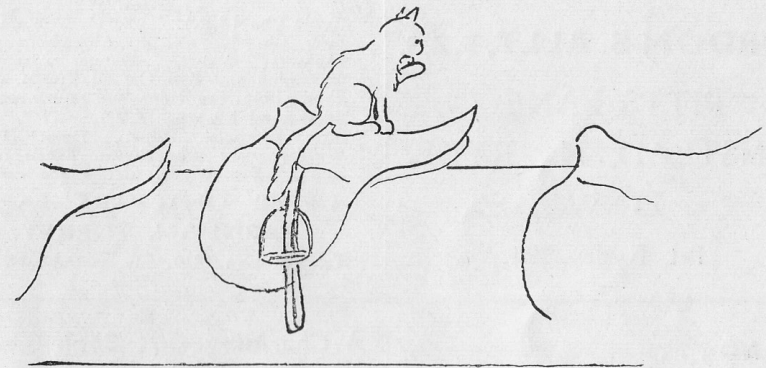
"I vow to dream less about
the Persian beauty next door—
and stop writing ballads to her;
and to be a better, nobler, and
braver cat!"

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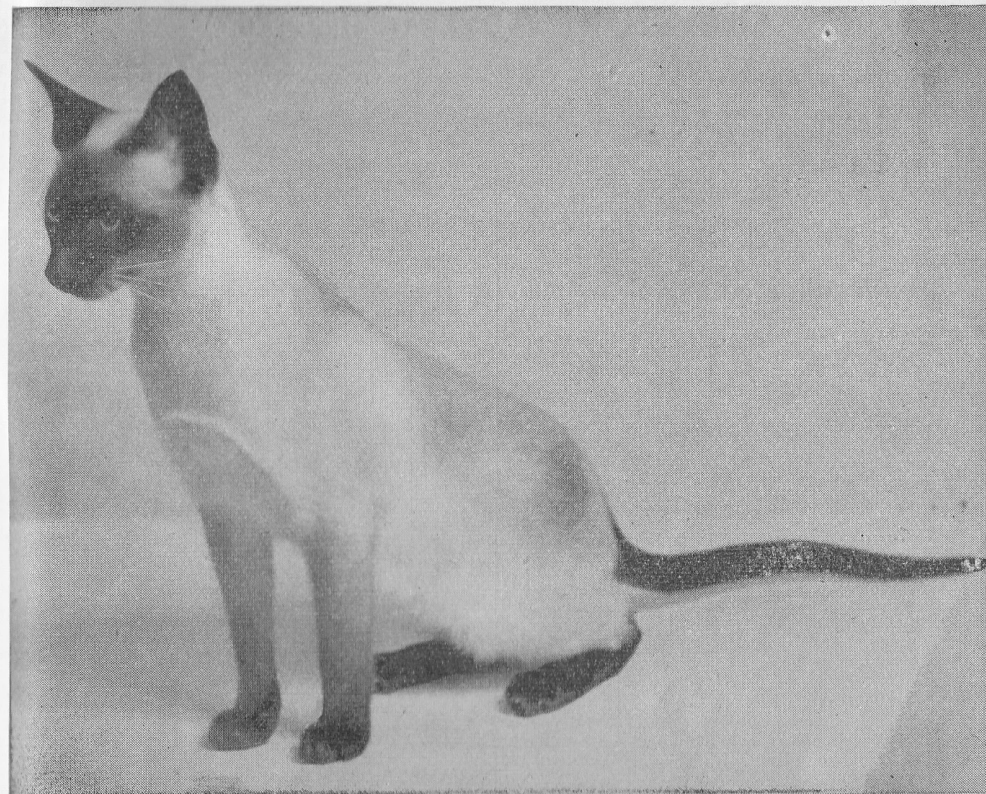
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