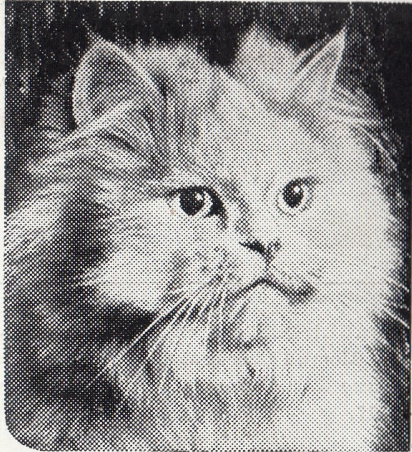


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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/-

FEBRUARY
1951

MONTHLY

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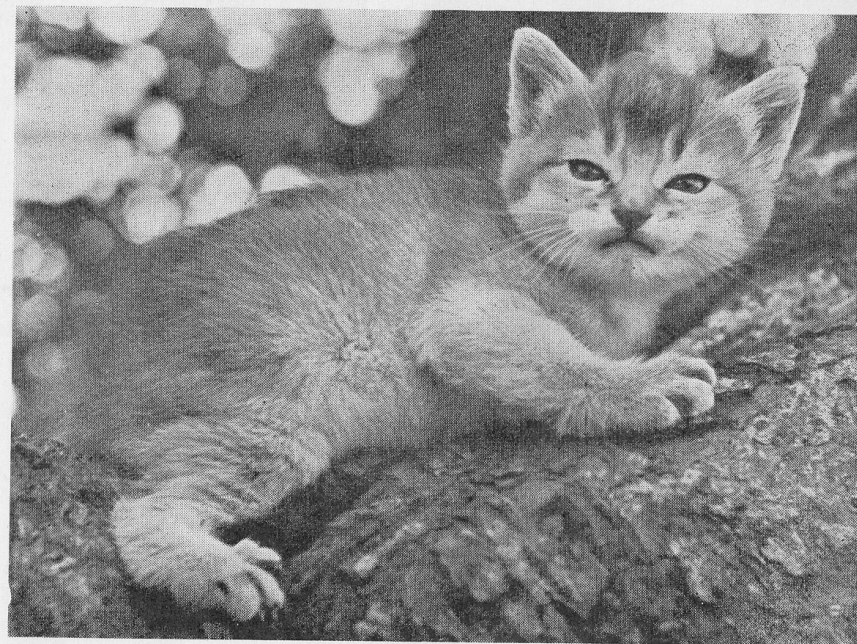
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FEBRUARY, 1951



Bred by Mrs. C. Coldham

Photo by A. R. J. Frost

ABYSSINIAN KITTEN, age four weeks

The Cover photo is of Mrs. Macdonald's
RAARD SER AND DAR

Photo by George Konig, A.R.P.S.

Copyright, Keystone Press

BILL LISTENS-IN

By HILARY JOHNS

FROM time to time the B.B.C. radio introduce cats into their programmes—the famous Captain, of Mrs. Dale's Diary, for instance! But many of them are all too obviously only human beings pretending to be cats, and Bill takes absolutely less than no notice!

Just occasionally, however the feline voices are the real thing, and I have made a point of trying to see that Bill is at home for the time of the programme, and of studying his reaction to the noises coming from the loud-speaker.

There was such a programme on at lunch time on a Sunday not long ago. It was a cold day, and I had no difficulty in keeping Bill within doors. He had, in fact, lain like a log in his basket in front of the fire ever since breakfast had been cleared away!

The programme started off with a little talk about cats, of course, and then they put on the first record, which was of a kitten crying. I thought it was rather over-loud—they had obviously had the kitten pretty near the mike, and had also amplified it. Anyway, Bill

never twitched a whisker, though he has strong paternal instincts which are post as well as pre-natal. He seems very well aware that the kittens are in fact his (which indicates a very good memory on Bill's part!), and displays becoming pride in them (seeing that most of them mirror his very obvious black and white pattern, his pride is excusable!). But he took no notice at all of the radio kitten bawling its head off.

Some more talking by human beings ensued, and then they mentioned Siamese and their marked vocal powers, and put on a record of a Siamese in very full song. It was a truly shattering performance, and I expected to see Bill leap up in the air, but he never moved! It began to seem that this programme, as far as Bill was concerned, was going to be a dead loss.

So it was, too, when they played a record of a Cerval cat with its queer singing cry of "No, no, no, no, no, no!" and the wild cat's snarling grumble, and sundry other cat noises.

Next, someone remarked that of course cats carried on conversations between themselves. The mother cat purred to her kittens, for instance. They played a purring record, but—like the first record, of the kitten—it was distorted and might, I thought, have been anything from a car missing on one cylinder to an electric drill working on granite. Bill slept on. Adult cats also talked to each other, the narrator went on, and said he would play a recording of such a conversation. He put on a realistic record of two tom cats telling each other precisely what they thought of each other, and of each other's ancestors, in words of one syllable, most of them heavily underlined! Not the slightest sign of a movement from my cat. And I need no telling that he knows *all* about such language; his battered ears bear witness!

Almost without comment, they slipped another record on to the turntable. Bill woke. In a moment he was erect, alert, tense. He stepped softly across the hearth rug and sprang lightly on to the settee seat. From the seat he climbed to the back. On the back, he stood on his hind legs, his face pushed almost into the front of the radio cabinet. There he stood, staring and bewildered.

Once he peered behind the cabinet. So he stayed till the brief recording ended. He turned and looked at me in puzzlement. "A cat in the room and me not aware of it? What is it all about?"

What was the record which, alone, had galvanised Bill into life, stirred him from the depths of sleep to instantaneous and whole-hearted response? Maybe you heard the programme yourself, in which case I am sure you will not need telling, but in case you did not hear it, I am afraid I must admit that the voice which woke him was the voice of a lady cat, asking for trouble in the moonlight! A queen called, and my battered old Don Juan answered—as usual—*most* promptly!



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THE "CAT HOUSE" AT HENFIELD, SUSSEX

THERE is a lovely little thatched cottage adjoining the church at Henfield, Sussex, around the outside walls of which are painted a frieze of cats each clutching a bird in the paw. This artistry was provided to commemorate a minor tragedy of long ago. It appears that the tenant of the cottage had a favourite canary, which had the misfortune to be caught and killed by the vicar's cat. The owner of the canary was quite naturally somewhat annoyed at this act of cannibal-

ism and erected a tin cat outside the cottage which rattled in the wind, and every time the vicar passed by on his way to church, he was thus reminded of his cat's un-Christian act. Round the side of the cottage is a small hole cut in the window frame, called a "Zulu Hole," through which the canary's owner watched the vicar's presumed discomfort. Later, the cats were painted round the walls to perpetuate the story, and remain to this day.

THESE CATS REMEMBERED

By H. DYSON

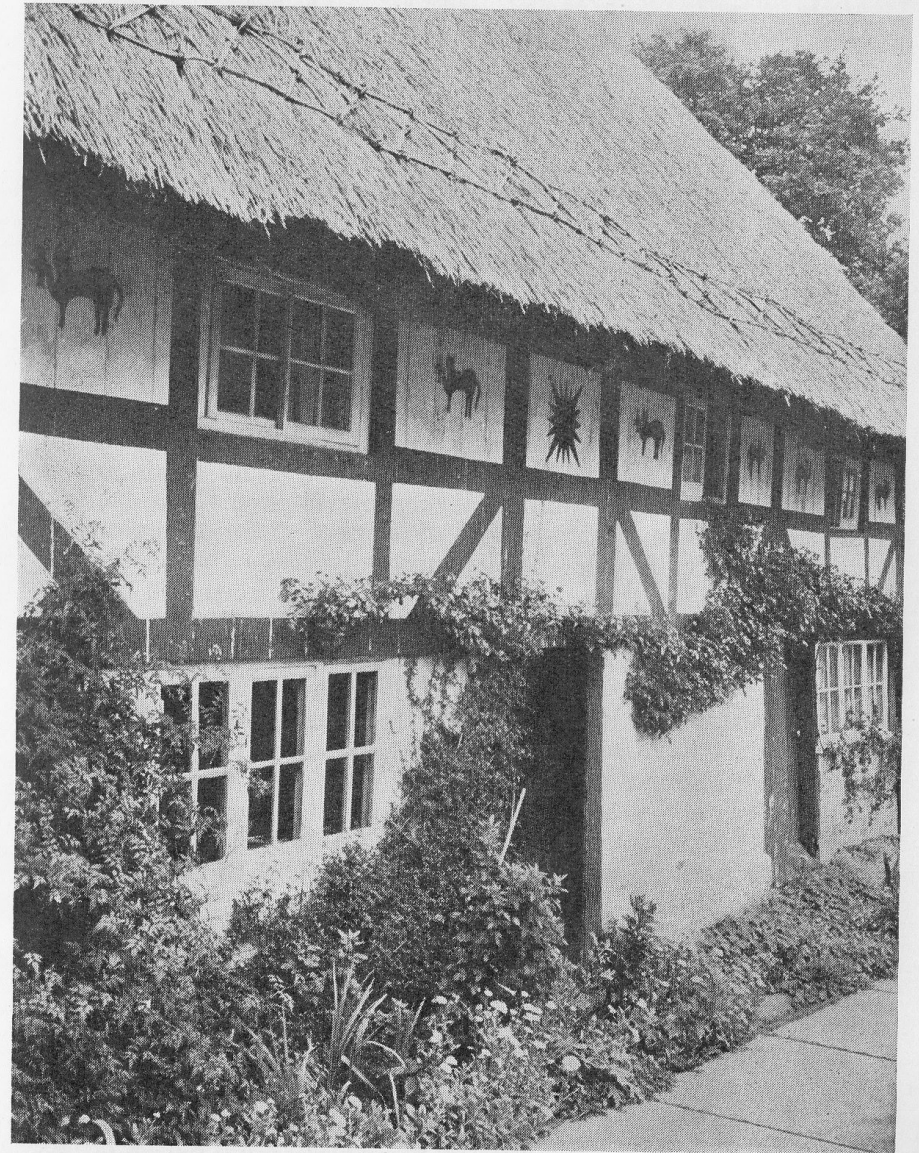
PRACTICALLY every ship in the Navy has at least one cat aboard, but besides being pets they are invaluable for catching rats. Some sailors believe that a cat is a lucky omen.

Recently, Minnie, ship's cat of H.M.S. Victory, died, after serving on the ship for fourteen years. She produced 113 kittens while on the ship's books, and on one occasion, when a court-martial was being held in Portsmouth, she carried her kittens from the ship, one by one into the room where it was being held.

A beautiful cat mascot aboard the Italian oil-tank-steamer, Bayonne, plying between Savona and Point Breeze, Philadelphia, had kittens which were a month old when they reached the latter port. Later, when the ship sailed, the mother, who had ashore gone, was found to be missing.

The wanderer returned the next day and found another boat in the Bayonne's place. Nothing daunted, she visited every ship in the docks looking for her kittens, and finally took up quarters in a watchman's box.

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Photograph by P. H. Lovell

THE "CAT HOUSE" AT HENFIELD

HILL FARM CATS

By P. FALCONER

IT might be thought that cats, running free, and with plenty of food, would grow larger than normal, but such is not the case—at least where hill farms are concerned. I estimate that our hill farm cats are about half the weight of a town cat. They are small, finely built, and usually have very short fur.

We have quite a number running about our farm, and they are practically wild. They appear at milking time, and as regularly, morning and night, as if they had a clock. I have given up wondering how they know it is milking time. Most of these cats have never been handled by a human being, and would certainly resent it if they were. One, indeed, I fed for years, but it would not allow me to pat it. It was not alarmed when I went near it, but it just would not let my hand touch its fur.

So far as food is concerned, they live on the vermin they kill, and they are worth their weight in gold. The only other food they eat is the milk given to them night and morning. Sometimes they will eat bread in their milk, but more often than not, they lap

up the milk and leave the bread. In winter, when snow is on the ground, hunting out of doors is difficult, and they will take food then.

As hunters, they have no equal. Rabbits, rats and mice are their main food, but they will kill other vermin. I have seen them with moles, shrew mice, stoats and voles, but I have never seen them eat any of these. Also, though they normally leave our waterhens alone, I have seen one kill one of these birds, but it was not eaten.

For years, I wondered how a cat, much smaller than a rabbit, could yet manage to kill one. As most of their hunting is done during the night, it looked as if I would never know. But one day, a number of our cats had come for a walk with my wife and I. There was a sudden rustling in the bracken—one of the cats silently disappeared—I watched it through the bracken stems. The killing was quick and clean, and there was a click as the rabbit's neck broke. As it is estimated that five rabbits eat as much as a sheep, it will be realised why we appreciate the work they do.

The cats are fairly easy to tame if one sets out to do so, but they do not make an entirely satisfactory domestic cat. They will rid the house of mice in an amazingly short space of time, but they are apt to go for long spells of hunting. One we tamed caused us a lot of distress by disappearing for as long as three weeks at a time. She lived in rabbit holes then, but, once I spoke to her, she would follow me home.

She had one other bad habit—though brought up with the farm dogs, and, indeed, quite affectionate to our own pet—she did not like dogs, and would attack them without any provocation whatever. Her slinking, direct method of attack unnerved most dogs, and they usually ran away. I watched one collie chase her one day, when she was returning with a full-grown rat in her mouth. She had difficulty in jumping the wall with her burden, and I thought, when I saw her scramble over, that at last she had had the worst of it. But no. Having deposited her rat somewhere, she reappeared over the wall and attacked the dog, which fled hastily. When we expected visitors, we used to shut her into a room by herself, or she attacked the dogs whenever they entered.

This cat, like the others we tamed, was rather dangerous to play with. Not that she

would bite or scratch, but she was so quick that, in drawing one's hand away, one usually got scratched. Once when she was walking across the floor, I drew my shoe along the carpet suddenly—she jumped right into the air, and came down facing the other way, claws ready! If, of course, she was treated roughly and her dignity offended, she would certainly bite or scratch. Yet our baby could handle her as she pleased, and never once was scratched. What instinct tells a cat that a baby should be treated gently?

In colour, our hill farm cats are fairly normal, with black predominating. Occasionally, a long haired kitten will be born, but that is exceptional. In many years spent on the hills, I have only seen two sandy-coloured toms, and one of these was obviously a tame cat, as it jumped on our window sill and looked into the room. It only appeared once. The other was a big cat, the biggest I have seen in the hills, a veteran of many wars. It was very difficult to tame, but I managed to do so in time. It became a very gentle, kindly cat, which used to sit on our doorstep, and play with the kittens in the sunshine. Should another tom cat appear, of course, it was as savage as ever. It was not young when it came to us, but it stayed on

the farm for the rest of its life. It had frequently escaped from snares—I removed at least six from its neck at various times—and it had escaped from the guns of rabbit-trappers, and I was glad to see it living out the rest of its life peacefully.

How many cats do we have on the farm? It is difficult to say. We like to keep about six,

but the number fluctuates. There are always cats on the move about the hills. I see them when in the fields among the sheep. Immediately they see you, they flatten. Should you go over to where you saw them, one thing is certain—they will not be there. They have glided easily and effortlessly away, keeping in cover all the time.

OUR CAT HAS THUMBS!

By HILARY SUTTON

IMMEDIATELY there will be cries of: "Well—so has ours!" so let me hasten to explain that I do not claim any outstanding distinction for Joe, but there may be readers who have never met one of these fascinating creatures, so let me introduce him to you.

When he first came to live with us we did not notice anything special about his paws, and he was rather unimaginatively named Ginger, and remained so for the first week or two. As he grew from the baby kitten to the "little boy" kitten, however, his beautiful sandy-brown boxing gloves became apparent, and he was inevitably renamed Joe (Ginger) Loui-.

Joe has an extra set of claws, beautifully fluffy and set at an angle to the others, giving the

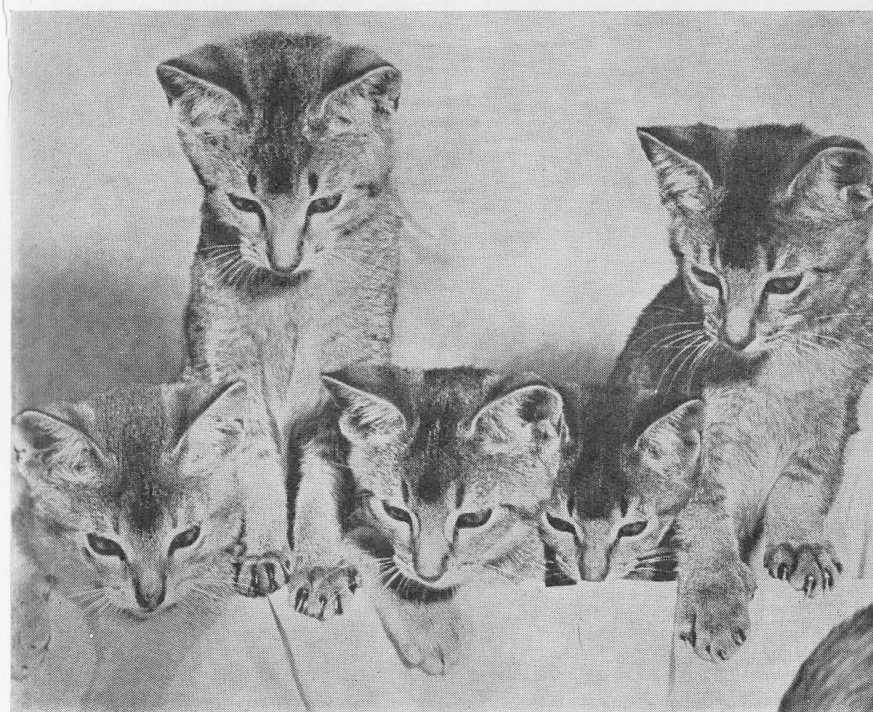
effect of a pair of big fur gloves. He is a personage in the neighbourhood, and people whom we hardly know by sight will bring their friends past the house on the chance that "the cat with thumbs" may be sitting on the wall.

Joe is, of course, the local "wide" boy among the feline population, and his boxing gloves seem to have won him a totally erroneous reputation as a tough character—for we have never actually known him to be involved in a fight.

He has a steady, sycophantic following among the less favoured toms and the alley-cats from the nearby warehouses, and is also undoubtedly the local Don Juan.

Not that Joe is purely a spiv. True, he may frequently be

Please turn to page 30



Photo—Robert Leamey, U.S.A.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

AFTER writing many letters over the week-end complete with New Year wishes, I started my new year by falling on the icy ground and fracturing my left hand. I never could have imagined how helpless one feels with only one hand to use. My husband has been wonderful, but I must get someone in to help with the cats and house, for I cannot expect him to go on doing it.

Mr. F. W. Randell of Pontardulais sends a very nice photo of two female kittens, bred by him, and now in their new homes. They are by Nicholas Muffett, dam La-Loo. Mr. Randell's cats and kittens enjoy the maximum of freedom, and live in beautiful country surroundings. The tree trunk they are sitting on would certainly make a good scratching post.



Mrs. E. Kloos of Florida sent a very good photograph of her Abyssinian male, Ch. Raby Ramphis; also of the litter born soon after he and Merkland Sheba arrived in the U.S.A. Mrs. Kloos says it was difficult to pose the six kits, and one managed to jump out just as the camera clicked. One of the kits has gone to Mrs. Schultz of Minnesota, and from all accounts he is living like a king. Pictures of him have already appeared in the local press, and he has been on T.V. twice. Mrs. Kloos' Black Persian female, imported from Mrs. Henn, went Best Cat opposite sex at a recent show, and her Ch. Black male went Best Ch.

Mrs. C. Coldham of Ipswich writes—I was very pleased to see the photo of my Burmese

kitten Zahran on the front page of the November issue. He is full of devilment, and always determined to have his own way. Whenever the pantry door is opened he gets in, and without being seen. But we soon know! A crash of breaking glass soon tells us that Zahran has been moving some more bottled fruit. He loves the crash, and, if undisturbed, to pat the plums or cherries around the floor. He is growing nicely, and his coat is like satin. He has developed a great liking for milk, and having found that the cream rises to the top, takes a drink first from one bowl and then from the other. He is doing it whilst I write. The vet. called on Saturday, and, seeing my look of surprise for I was not expecting her, told me that as she was passing she thought she would call to see the Burmese. "He is so beautiful!" Zahran should be flattered.

My Burmese queen, Chindwin's Minon Twm, had four kittens on December 5th, born prematurely, so of course they all died. Next time she is pregnant, I shall try the raspberry leaf powder which Miss E. Langston recommends. My other queen, Ch. Laos Cheli Wat, is in kitten, and I hope for better luck and some females.

Please turn to page 34



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

FIRSTLY I would like to wish each and every one of you a very happy and prosperous New Year.

The breeding season will now be in full swing, and we shall be looking forward to Spring litters. For novices I would like to say choose a stud that excels where your queen fails, do not just choose a stud because he is near to you. It is careful mating that produces winning kittens. If you find a stud that suits your queen, my advice is to use him again.

There are some really grand "blues" at stud, and one should get the Stud List, price 3d., from Mr. Hazeldine, 1, Roundwood Way, Banstead, Surrey.

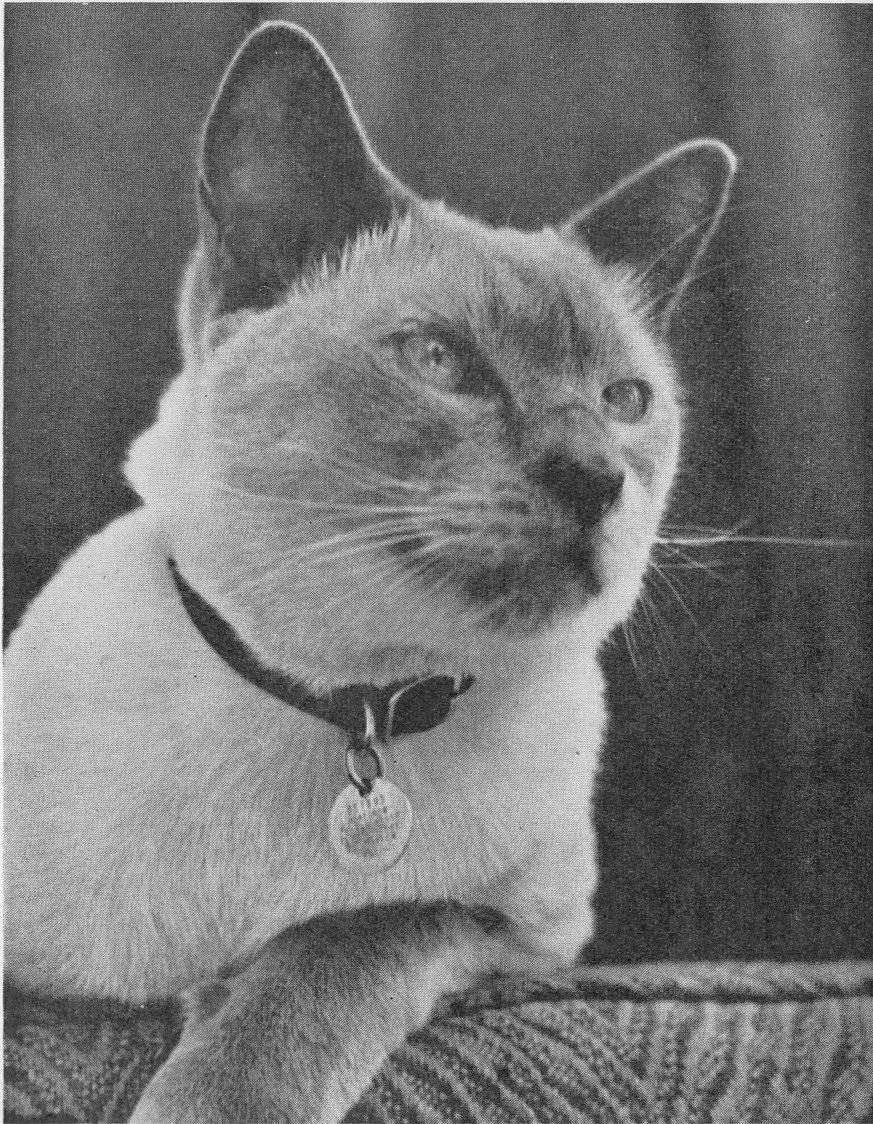
The National Cat Club's Show held on December 5th, was, despite the weather, most enjoyable. Mrs. Brunton won First and Champion with Wild Violet of Dunesk, and Ch. Astra of Pensford won in the males. The blue kittens were a lovely lot, and the judges' task was not an enviable one. Trenton Victoria, by Oxleys Peter John, won Best Kitten in

Show. Avernoll Happy Chance was first in the 3—6 months class. I was awarded Best Blue Pairs with my Ronada Blue Orchid and Ronada Paul.

My husband and I spent Boxing Day with Mr. and Mrs. France, and what a happy time we had! The Burmese cats are quite delightful, and one little female always seems to find my lap more comfortable than any other place! After tea and a nice chat about cats, we viewed "Cinderella" on the television, and quite nice it was, too. We then drove home to find our family of "Blues" waiting to be fed and tucked up for the night.

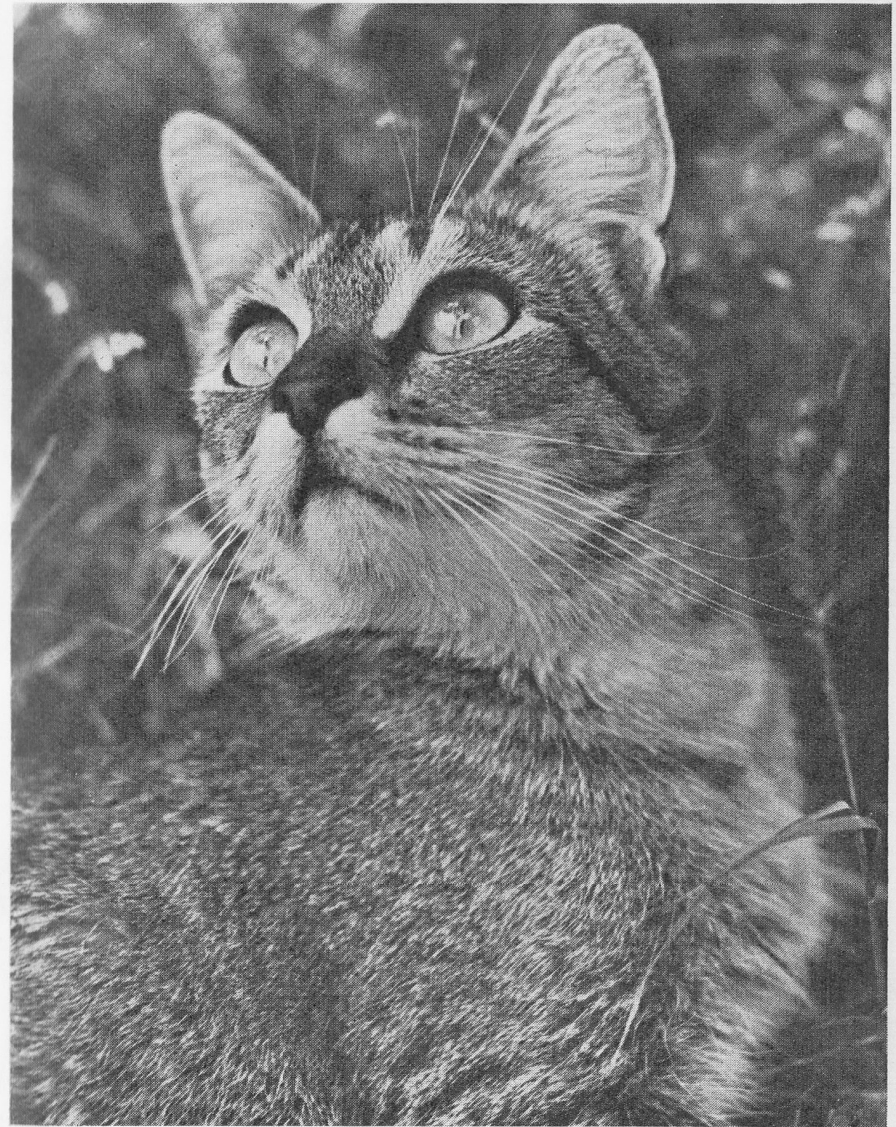
I wonder what 1951 has in store for us. Let us hope we can breed our cats and live in peace. We are living in very trying times, and everything is so dreadfully expensive that cat breeding is a costly hobby these days, but I am sure each one of us would rather have our dear felines than anything.

The best of luck with your new litters, and write and let me know all about them or any other news you think might be interesting.



GAYWICK BLUE BOY

Mrs. C. Coldham is the owner of this Siamese, also the charming young lady opposite



PUSSNER RAY

is a rare Abyssinian, bred by Lady Headlam. Both Mrs. Coldham's cats were photographed by Mr. A. R. J. Frost

THE BEAUTIFUL TORTOISESHELL

By CLARE PRINCE

I HAVE a Tortoiseshell named Crowdecote Juliet. Her parentage is unknown. I know her mother is a non-pedigree Blue and that is all. She was given to me when nine weeks old. Julie is now four years old and is my husband's favourite.

I usually mate her to one of my Blue studs, Areley Rondo or Crowdecote Bo-Bo. She is rather a small cat, and has kittens with some difficulty. Her kittens are always attractive.

She has had blues, creams, reds, torties, and blacks. The red kittens unfortunately never survived, but I am hoping that some day I shall be able to rear one of these. Somehow her kittens always seem to inherit her beautiful nature, and are very much admired wherever they go.

Julie's tortoiseshell daughter, Crowdecote Mistress Patch, was awarded second prize at the National Cat Club Show in December. She is now owned by Miss Ellen Jury, who has recently returned to her home in London, after living for some years in West Mersea, Essex. Miss Jury is delighted with

Mistress Patch, and plans to mate her to her red long-haired stud. I am sure there should be some really exciting results from this mating if successful.

I had a chat with one of the judges at this show. She told me that the colours in a L.H. Tortoiseshell should be intermingled and not patched. Such a statement is rather confusing, particularly as on arrival home I looked up my Standard of Points, which is as follows:—*"Tortoiseshell. To be made up of three colours—black, red, and cream, distributed in patches. No white allowable, free from tabby markings. Colour to be rich and deep, eyes orange to deep copper."*

The tortoiseshell and white is also a most fascinating breed, but I like my torties and I like them patched — *not* intermingled.

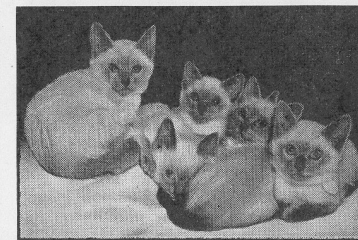
Crowdecote Mistress Topsy, Julie's black daughter, will be making her debut at the Notts. and Derby Cat Club Show. She is a handsome dusky maiden, and although at the moment her coat is a bit rusty-looking, I am told that later on it will be a deep, glossy black!

I was very interested, when looking through the Christmas number of "Harpur Bazaar," to see a mannequin from one of the large fashion houses holding in two sketches, a Blue Persian kitten. In another sketch, a large black cat to enhance the beauty of her hand knitted gowns. Certainly a most effective and charming idea.

Since the war, the popularity of cats has grown tremendously and who can wonder. A cat, no matter whether pedigree or "ordinary," when tended and loved by its owner, is a constant joy and pleasure—I think its chief attraction is its poise and fastidiousness, to say nothing of its ability to extract affection from the most stony-hearted.

When grooming your cats, take special notice of the ears. To keep them clean and free from dirt, clean out gently with a little cotton wool twisted around a used match-stick dipped into warm olive oil. Distribute the oil, getting gently down well into the *inner* ear, as this is where trouble starts. Then dry out with clean cotton wool and powder with boracic. If this is done every week, there is no possibility of canker of the ear developing, as it often does if the ears of a long-haired cat or kitten are left unattended.

A Typical Litter of BANCHOR BLUE SIAMESE KITTENS



Mrs. A. D. Macpherson of Wood Gate, Balcombe, Sussex, owner-breeder of the well-known Banchor Siamese, writes:—

"I recently gained two Firsts and one Second with a litter of Blue Point Siamese. Before they arrived, the mother, Misselfore-Ya-Sunlight, had six Kit-zyme Tablets daily—and more if allowed! The kittens were all started on the Tablets and had them powdered and dusted over their earliest foods. At a later date, they liked to eat them as children eat sweets, and would 'queue' up for them in the most amusing way as soon as the top was taken from the bottle."

KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO

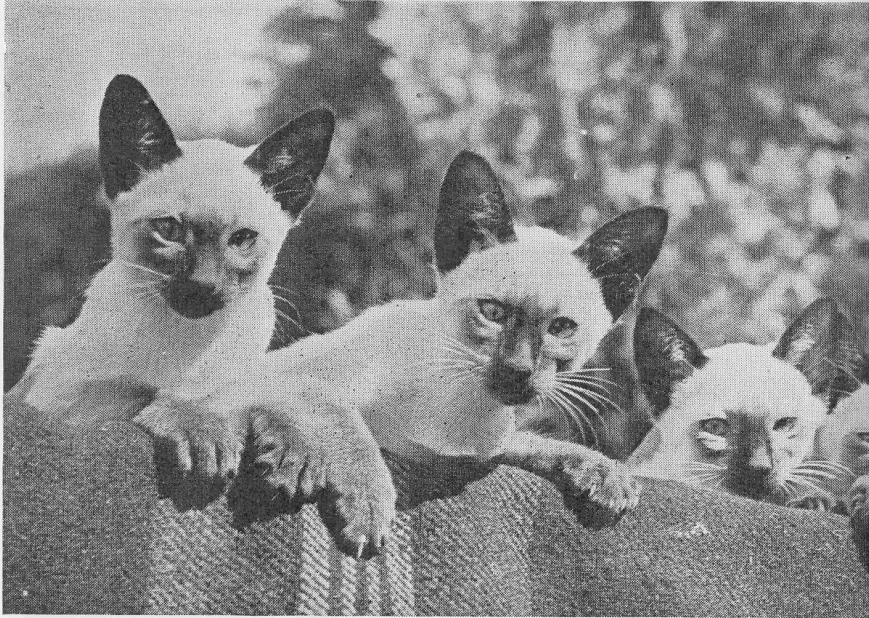
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A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

FEBRUARY and a spate of General Meetings on the way. Terrific onslaught is being made on the Siamese Cat Club, and it will be interesting to see what happens. Voting is postal scrutinized by the Rev. Rees, so there can be no funny business. The desire to get oneself on committees has always puzzled me. Once elected, new members seldom do anything except come and eat a free tea, so it must be the mistaken idea that one becomes important. There is the everlasting cry for new

blood, but what does this so-called new blood do? Precisely the same as the old. Comment was made last year that members did not receive reminders in time to send in nominations, if any. This year such reminders were put in the post well before the Christmas holidays, so no-one could complain. Did it make any difference? Not in the least. With one or two exceptions the nominations rolled in on the last day or a day or so late. Of course we had the usual few who did not get a notice—they never would

unless it was sent registered post. Naturally one cannot guarantee delivery, even when the list is checked and double checked, but the fact is remarkable that notices always seem to miss the same people. Odd, to say the least of it.

Warning to stud owners. Letter received from a lady with a Siamese male at stud. "I wonder if any owner of a stud cat has ever had the experience of my mother a few days ago. We had a phone message telling us that a Siamese queen was on her way by rail for mating to Sinbad. On arrival we found a note tacked inside the cat's travelling box informing us that we were to send our account for stud fee to a London address, which we accordingly did. Two days later a reply came from this address asking if we had made a mistake because they had no knowledge of the matter at all, and the people concerned had never owned a Siamese cat. Unfortunately, we had already sent the cat back to a certain station to be collected and the person who took her over signed an entirely different address! Good-bye to stud fee. This is a new one on me, but novices should always ask for the fee before accepting any queen for mating

when dealing with the unknowns. Honest folk do not mind in the least.

Cable from Sydney Moran tells me that Sabukia Stardust and Killdown Apollo have arrived safely in Wellington. Letter following relates that they had an even better voyage out, if possible, than Spotlight Priddie and Sealsleeve C'est Bonne. The kittens had the run of the passengers' accommodation, and were adopted by a lady passenger who has had Siamese. They slept with her and she saw that they had the best saloon food. Mr. Moran thinks Apollo is a real beauty and has the most lovable nature. Good luck to them, we shall be hearing more of them later.

Things I am asked to do. Take myself to quarantine kennels and see if a couple of Siamese are comfortably housed in heated quarters. What a hope the owner has of that at the place in question. If she ever sees them out alive she will be lucky. Incredible that people do not make the necessary arrangements before they bring their pets into this country, or if they do not know what to do, write and find out.

Here at last is an owner who does not think his cat conforms

The photograph on page 16 shows four of the seven daughters and sons of Proud Maxi, Sire—Mrs. Parker's Lindale Simon Pie

exactly to show standard and is a perfect specimen. Quote from letter making stud arrangements. This queen is a hopeless specimen. She is very dark in coat, and her eyes only just manage to be blue. In spite of this she is completely charming. She is affectionate and playful, intelligent and saucy. She is utterly devoted to me, and even brings her kittens into my bed as early as a week old. Last litter we did have some fun and games over this. She would bring them in and I would take them out. At one point we met just at the bedroom door. I with a kitten in my hands, she with one in her mouth. We both stopped, I looked down and laughed, and she looked up and made a deep rich "Mamma" noise somewhere in her chest. With such tiny kitens I had to be firm, and mother had eventually to be shut up in her room with the family. The kittens find my bed soon enough anyhow, and I have spent many a night of misery with all of them playing silly tricks under the eiderdown. Most of us have! Charming owner, I hope she has another nice litter.

May I once again remind breeders and others that the Siamese Cat Club pedigree forms are for the use of Club members only, and I am unable to send them to anyone else.

Just received, "The Book of the Siamese Cat" by Rose Tenent. A wealth of information for the Siamese lover, illustrated with thirty-two beautiful studies of the most delightful of pets, a book no Siamese fan should be without.

Thanks a million for the wonderful Christmas photographs of your Siamese, I loved them all. And another million for the others who remembered me during the festive season. One gets so many brickbats during the year it is most pleasurable to be surrounded by the *nice* thoughts of so many catty folk.

New Year resolution of Gitto. To absolutely refuse to mate a queen. He tried his best, but she wore him down and it was broken after three days' celibacy! Thank goodness, I thought he might be slipping.

Editor's Note.—The always amusing, sometimes controversial, and usually well informed comments used by our feature writer can by no means be taken as representing the views of the Editor, who, on this occasion, is a member of the Siamese Cat Club's committee.

One new member, at least, did and still does do more than "come and eat a free tea," although the tea is usually no

Please turn to page 31

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Woburn Lodge,
Watford.

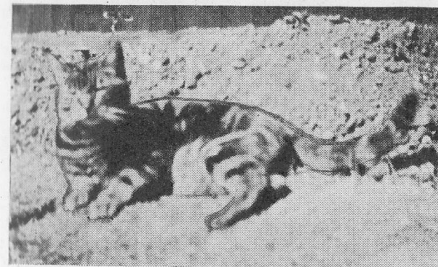
Dear Editor,

The enclosed photograph is of Woburn Raffles (Dandy of Pensford ex Woburn Wink).

I have not shown Wink a lot, but she has been a prizewinner each time. Raffles was second in Novice Kitten, and third in Open Blue Male Kitten at N.C.C. Show in 1949.

Yours truly,

Constance Page.



Nibby

The Quantocks,
Bedford.

Dear Editor,

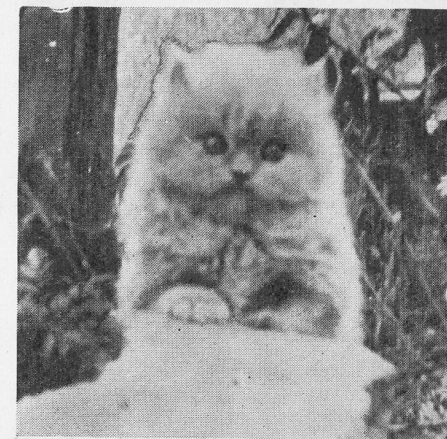
Having read a friend's "Cats and Kittens" last year, I immediately asked for this lovely magazine as a Christmas present. I received it, and I have read it with much interest every month. I especially enjoy hearing of other pets.

I am enclosing a photo of my cat Nibby. I do hope you will print it. He is five years old, but is, at times, as frisky as a kitten.

He always likes to sleep on my bed at night, but one day he found my door shut, so very cleverly he climbed on to a shed outside my window and then he jumped through it and so on to my bed!

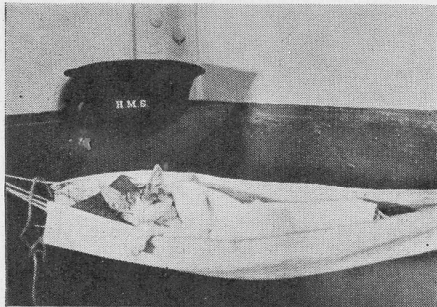
Yours sincerely,

Shirley Hubbard.

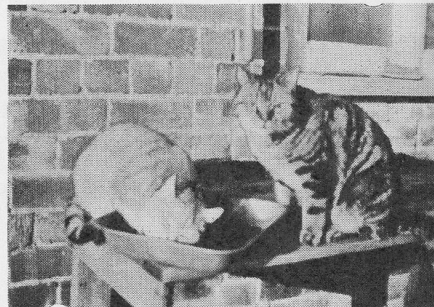


Woburn Raffles

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Mrs. V. M. Deane, of Newark-on-Trent, sends us this photograph taken during the war in H.M.S. Warspite



Tigger waiting his turn with the meat tin, from Miss Brotheridge of Lydiard Millicent, Swindon, Wilts.

Withington,
Manchester, 20.

Dear Editor,

I am a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens," and look forward to receiving it each month. The pictures I enjoy most in your magazine are the ones sent in by readers, and I very much hope that soon I will see my cat taking up a proud position in your book.

I am enclosing two photographs of Mr. Chips, both taken on his second birthday on April 6th. They do not do justice to him, because you cannot see how shiny and sleeky his coat is. He is not a docile cat by any means, and if a cat or dog enters our garden, he is chased out again by a bristling and furious Mr. Chips. Not so long ago he was sitting

on the bedroom window-sill upstairs when he saw a cat appear in our garden and, believe it or not, he jumped out of the window to chase it away! He limped for the rest of the day, but soon recovered.



Mr. Chips

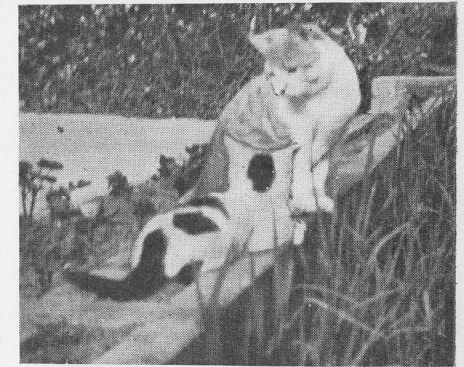
TO THE EDITOR

He thinks nothing of jumping on to my high wardrobe to explore.

His great grandmother was a farm cat, and his grandmother and mother live in the country, so perhaps that explains why he is fierce at times.

He can be affectionate, though, and I would not change him for all the cats in the world.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Maureen Pemberton.



Percy and Charlie

pound ginger neuter, and he is nearly three years of age.

Yours faithfully,
Avril Mitchell,
(age 15 years).

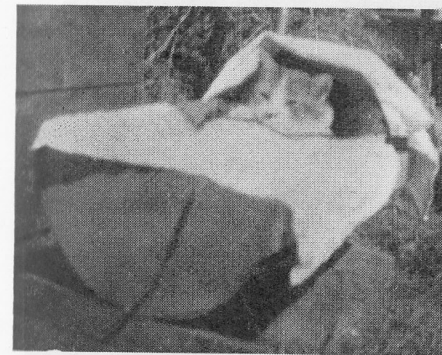
Glenrose,
Near Woking,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I always enjoy reading "Cats and Kittens." I wonder if at some time you could find room for the enclosed photograph of my two young cats, Percy and Charlie.

Percy, who takes a benevolent interest in his young brother, was nine months when this was taken, Charlie was three months.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) E. Ledger.



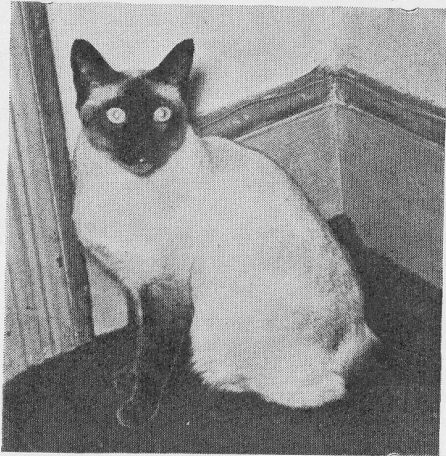
Bijou

Hayes, Mddx.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photograph of my cat Bijou, who goes to bed in a doll's cradle and sleeps covered with a blanket and with his head laid on a pillow. He also walks on a lead attached to his collar. Bijou is a fourteen

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Oriental Sacha Boy

Kensington,
W.14.

Dear Editor,

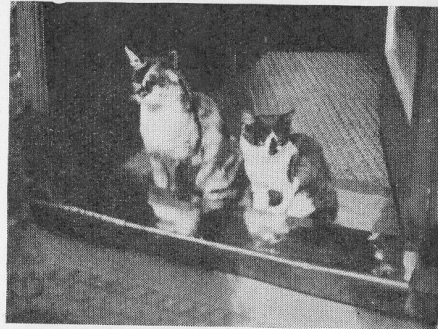
I enclose herewith a photograph of my Siamese Oriental Sacha Boy, neuter, aged three years. Sorry he has not any whiskers, but his sister, Anna, prefers him clean shaven and chews them off as soon as they grow!

Yours sincerely,
Florence Ledger.

"Bijou,"
Hullbridge,
Essex.

Dear Editor,

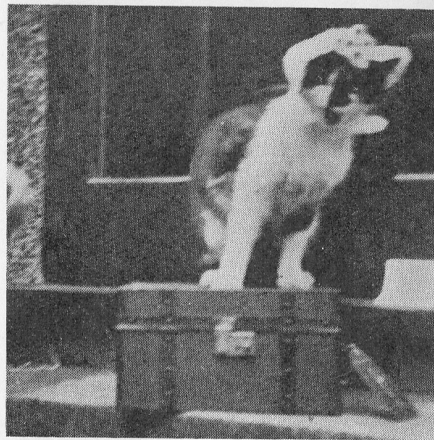
I enclose two cat photographs which I thought might



Mother and Daughter

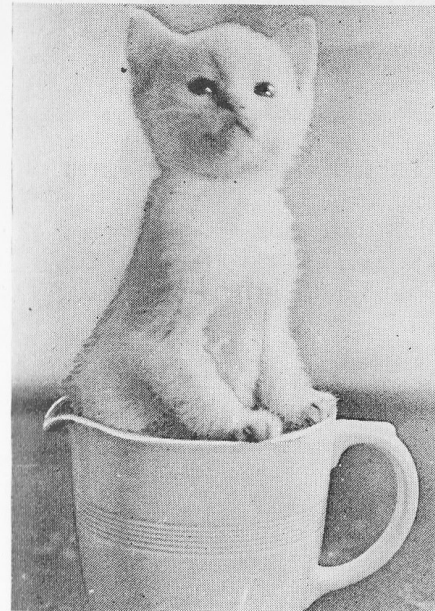
interest your readers. One is "mother and daughter," the other I usually call "Taxi"!

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) June M. Groves.



Taxi

TO THE EDITOR



Peter

Mrs. Irene Feather, of Acomb,
York, sends us these charming
photographs of her cats, Peter
and Dinah.

Delmar,
New Malden,
Surrey.

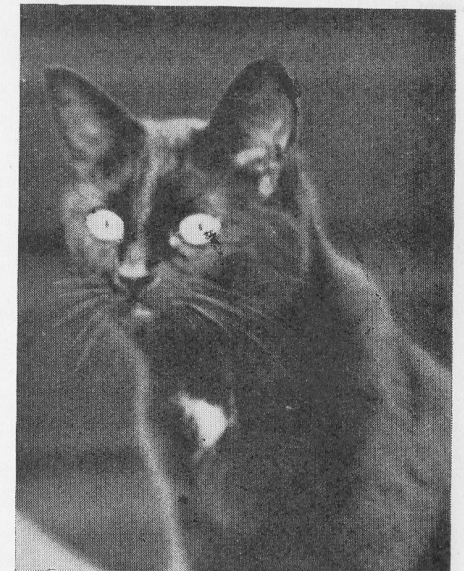
Dear Editor,

Recently a great sadness overtook our household. Our beloved Blue Persian, Dainton Nigel, published in this magazine, April, 1950, had to be put to sleep.

He developed a fluid in his abdomen which, upon analysis, proved to be tuberculosis. The

veterinary surgeon—a gentleman of high reputation—said he must have picked up the germ from milk, food, or another cat.

This was a great shock to us as well as a mystery, because he had always been fed on the best of everything, and given all the love, care and attention equal to any child. He rarely met another cat, we never let him get wet or sit in a draught, and he never had a cold in his life. Although he enjoyed the garden, he was never shut out as he loved his armchair in preference. He was groomed



Dinah

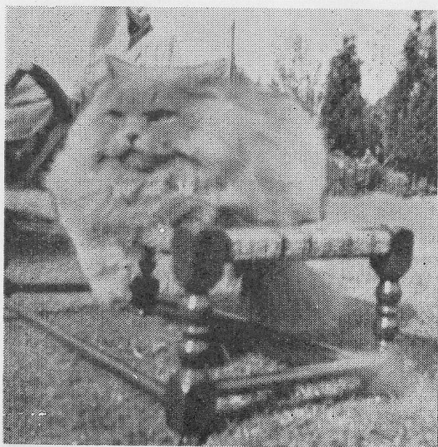
LETTERS AND PICTURES

every day and fed at regular times, and put to bed in a cosy kitchen every night with kind words, caresses and kisses. He was loved, treasured and very much wanted, yet this calamity fell upon us, which, I feel, neither Nigel nor we deserved.

He is a great loss to us, and we miss him in all the familiar places, in fact, we have, indeed, lost a little child.

He was only two years four months—such a short life, but I am sure they were two very happy years which he was permitted to live.

While I do not profess to be a poetess, I have written the enclosed verse which, with this photograph, I would be happy to see reproduced in the maga-



Dainton Nigel

zine as a token of our great love for him and our sadness at having to part.

Yours very sincerely,
Jeanne Hutt.

P.S.—He lies buried in a case of orange velvet, the colour of his pretty eyes, beside the bird bath in the garden, and in the Spring he will be surrounded with tulips and daffodils.

My greatest thanks and appreciation go to the veterinary surgeon and particularly his young lady assistant, who, after Nigel was put to sleep, arranged him so sweetly. He looked like a little angel, curled round with a paw over his nose—just sleeping!

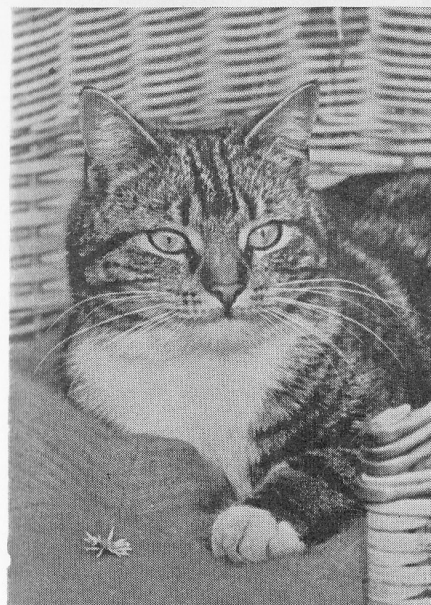
TO NIGEL.

Sweet and lovely little pet
You are not gone you're with us yet.
Your memory will never fade,
A deep impression you have made.
Though you are no longer here,
There is no forgetting dear
The happy hours had from you.
We hope you had some from us too.
We miss you dreadfully each day,
That is the penalty we pay
For dearly loving little cats,
Who sleep on beds, and chairs and mats.

So Nigel darling, come what may,
We hope to meet another day,
Where I am told there is no parting.
We'll just pretend that we are starting.

So until then we'll say "Adieu,"
And constantly will think of you.

TO THE EDITOR



Majak

Wigmore,
Gillingham,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

I thought you might like to see this photograph of our tabby — "Majak," so-called because when she adopted us some two years ago we had no idea of her sex, and simply gave her the Yugoslav word for "cat" as a name. It suits her and she knows it well now. We could not resist her when she came to us as a little grey

ball of fluff and sat on the red carpet in the hall, looking round her as if to say, "I like this place, I think I'll stay." We really had no option at all.

Yours sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. H. Wells.

Ellenbarrie, T.E.,
Pillans-Hat P.O.,
Jalpaiguri,
W. Bengal,
India.

Dear Editor,

Some time ago I sent you an S.O.S. asking advice on one of my cats. I meant to write you long ere this to say how much I appreciated your attention, for within ten days of writing I received medicine in tablet form from veterinary surgeon and Pixie's trouble very quickly cleared up. I have since written to him and told him how pleased I was.

Thank you for so kindly publishing my letter and snap of Tiger Tim and Pixie. I was longing to see them in print! Miss Robinson sent me a charming letter and photograph of her Persian, Davids Misty, who is a well-known champion. I am so thrilled at having a cat-lover as a pen friend!

LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

Again many thanks for your kindness and *such* prompt attention when I was so worried about Pixie.

My husband joins me in wishing you the compliments of the Season and every success to your wonderful little mag. for 1951.

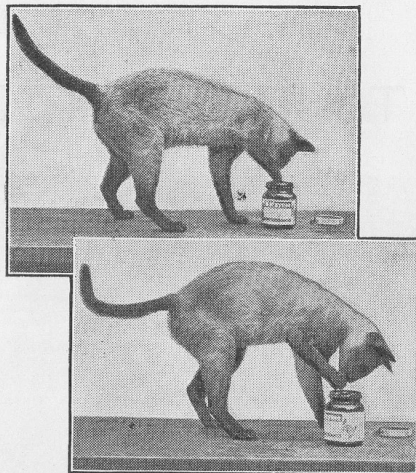
Yours very sincerely,
Wynne B. Walker.

P.S.—I received a copy (complimentary) of *_____. It is not *half* as nice as "Cats and Kittens."

**Editor's Note.*—Another cat magazine name deleted.

Editor's Note.—We mentioned in last month's issue that we are always ready to answer readers' queries relating to cats. Any question will be answered, in urgent cases our readers get replies by return post. In Mrs. Walker's case the medicine and treatment were sent by air-mail to her address in India.

Following complaints that readers are being canvassed by another cat magazine, we are not now printing the full addresses of our readers who write to the Editor



RAINE HELPING HERSELF! [^] _v
(Miss C. Calvert Jones' Tai-land Ranat who won Best Short-haired Cat at the Olympia Crystal Cat Show, 1950)

Miss C. Calvert Jones of Spreadeagles, Bures, Suffolk, owner-breeder of the well-known Tai-land Seal and Blue Pointed Siamese, writes:—

"Although I am extremely satisfied with the effect of Kit-zyme on all my Cats, I feel I must let you hear about Raine, one of my young queens.

^v [^]
Raine (Tai-land Ranat) who was awarded Best Female Kitten at the Siamese Cat Show last year was so very pulled down over her first family—a litter of six—that she was known as the Belsen cat!

I was very worried about her condition until I started her on Kit-zyme, but your product brought about a wonderful improvement. Raine was soon back in excellent condition and she is so fond of the tablets that she sits up and begs for them and has even developed a "Kit-zyme growl" if they are late in arriving! Her latest trick is to help herself from the jar and I have to be careful she doesn't take too many."

(A month later.)

"You will have heard of Raine's success at the Crystal Show. Incidentally, she was much upset by the judging and I hurried her back to her pen and gave her half-a-dozen Kit-zymes, which appeared to soothe her.

I unhesitatingly recommend Kit-zyme to all other cat owners."

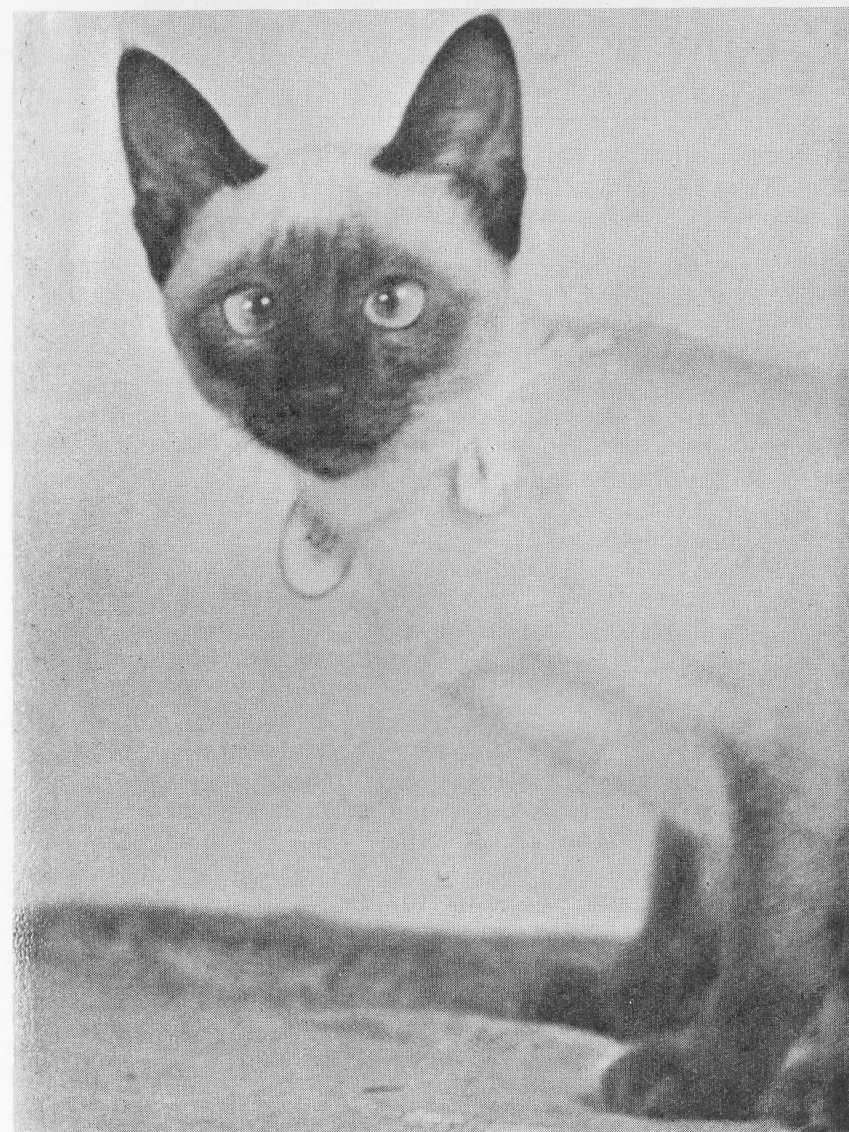
Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-

Sold by Boots, and most Pet Stores

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:
PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD.
Park Royal Road - London, N.W.10
Literature free on request



Jonathan Russell Studios, Thames Ditton

RYECROFT RANCHI

Bred by Mrs. Nicholas, the well-known breeder

“Now a word about Illnesses”

Extracted from a Lecture for children, prepared by Frances Bellerby for the Universities Federation for Animal Welfare (by kind permission)

NOW a word about illnesses. We have a duty towards any animal we keep and that means looking after it when it is a trouble to look after, as well as when it is just fun. It is very mean behaviour to neglect your animal when he is ill; in fact, it is cruelty—and a far too common sort of cruelty, too. If you are much with your animals, and are really friendly with and interested in them, you should be able to see when they are ill or in pain. Then, don't mess the invalid about, giving this and giving that, without being sure what is wrong; far better do nothing, and send for a veterinary surgeon at once. There are, however, a few common ailments of cats which you can often recognise yourself, and can treat; and it is wise, especially if you live in the country, to keep a few simple remedies at hand; you may not only be far from shops, but also far from a veterinary surgeon. Useful things to keep are: Dettol, Boracic Powder, Liquid Paraffin. Caster Oil might be kept, too, as it is very

soothing for sore places on the skin, or wounds; but it is best not to give it internally unless you are advised to by an expert, for quite often it is an entirely wrong treatment of illness, and may do harm.

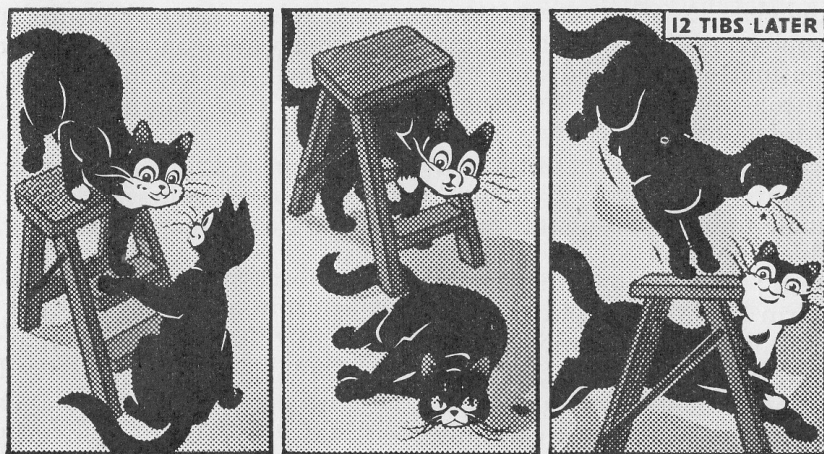
Cats are very liable to get ear canker, and it should be treated as soon as possible, or it may get really bad and cause great pain and distress. The symptoms are: drooping of the ear, tilting sideways of the head, shaking the head, scratching behind and in the ear; sometimes a small sore comes under or behind the ear. Unless the cat is in much pain—in which case you won't be able to touch the ear without causing great distress—this is a good treatment to try: wind a bit of cotton-wool round the blunt end of a slender safety-pin or hair-pin and clean the ear out gently and thoroughly with this; then drop in a few drops of methylated spirit and warm water, equal quantities of each. The methylated-spirit-and-water lotion can be used every day until the ear is clean

and clear; you can use cotton-wool (very gently) for getting the matter out—and burn the cotton-wool at once, for canker is infectious. If, though, there is dry greyish matter in the ear, a better solution to use is one made up of equal quantities of glycerine and of Balsam of Peru; this lotion you should warm slightly by putting the container in hot water; the warmth you need to get, for a lotion to be used in a cat's ear, is blood-heat; test it carefully with your finger; the glycerine and Balsam of Peru has to be warm enough to be fluid, of course, but it must *not* be really hot, or it will hurt the cat. The easiest way to do the job is to put the cat on a table, or take him on your lap (preferably on an old apron); then hold his head on one side and drop a few drops of the lotion into the ear; then you must work the ear about gently, massaging the base outside, so that the lotion penetrates deeply into the inner ear. It is best to do the same to the other ear, as often both are affected, though one is usually much worse than the other. With the glycerine mixture you'll make a sticky mess, and you can clean the outsides of the ears afterwards with warm water, but, of course, leave the insides as they are. This lotion should be used twice a week for three weeks. If your treatment does not cure

the canker, then consult a veterinary surgeon. And in any case where the ear looks really bad, or is very painful, or there is a great deal of matter, or any sign of pus, it is best to attempt no treatment yourself, but at once ask veterinary advice.

An abscess is another trouble which often befalls a cat, especially if he is a fighter; for the small, deep, punctured wounds made by a cat's bite are apt to close up and form an abscess. Then the cat will feel really ill, he will be feverish and drowsy, and will hate being touched. Sometimes a swelling is difficult to see, because of long fur, and then you will not be able to feel sure what is wrong with him, and you had better ask a veterinary surgeon to examine him. If, however, the swelling of the abscess can easily be seen, a gentle fomenting with a cloth or pad of cotton-wool wrung out in hot water until it is practically dry, will usually burst the abscess at once; then the wound must be kept cleaned out with Dettol and warm water until all the pus has come away. But a cat is often very difficult to handle when ill or in pain, and it is very bad for him then to struggle and get upset; and unless there is someone really skilled in your household to see to your cat's abscess, it is best

Please turn to page 34.



Watch . . . your . . . cat . . .

WATCH YOUR CAT at play — one minute a rollicking lion cub, the next as gentle as a doe. And in all his moods a joy to see, provided he is fit and happy. Will you do one little thing to keep him the frisky, friendly companion he wants to be? Give him one 'Tibs' once

a day in his morning saucer of milk. 'Tibs' provide essential vitamins and minerals lacking in his 'civilised' diet. Just one 'Tibs' once a day — and he'll be the liveliest, most lovable cat that ever was, with eyes that shine and a coat like silk!

TIBS

In cartons 8d. and 1/8d. from chemists and pet shops everywhere. Write for CAT BOOK (7d. in stamps) to Bob Martin Limited, Room D39, Southport.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH



OUR CAT HAS THUMBS! — from page 8.

seen, round about dusk, setting off towards the Cats' Palais with the girl friend of the moment — and a heterogeneous collection they are, from blonde, downtown hussies to sleek, svelte, black-haired sirens, frequenters of feline cocktail bars. On the other hand, we are sure it is entirely due to Joe's distinctive

paws that he has become a leading light in local politics, and weekly meetings are held on our garden wall, at which he invariably takes the chair.

His political leanings veer violently to the left, and on the subject of reforms to make life easier for cats he lifts his voice loudly, haranguing all and sundry :

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY—

from page 18

better than any food obtained out, and not half as good as one can get at home, and in this writer's case the journey to and from the free tea, and the expenses for it, works out that the cup of tea, the two cakes and the sandwich would cost approximately £4.

As for the so called new blood doing precisely the same as the old. New blood certainly tries hard, but often gets nowhere because, at the danger of mixing metaphors, the old blood is so "dyed in the wood."

However, club members, stick to your guns, and be like the gardener, remembering that where necessary pruning should not be neglected.

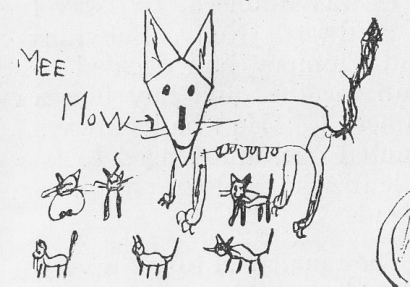
SYDNEY W. FRANCE.

Jo-Anne knows a thing or two about type ! The amusing

With ME ME
Mow.

LOVE
From
Jo

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
HAPPY NEW YEAR



sketch above is reproduced from part of a letter to "old uncle" (the Editor) from Elsie Hart's young daughter, who is about eight years old. Not surprising, as she has been literally "brought up with Siamese cats" !

"We want more milk for less mousing !" he proclaims, with a wave of the distinguished paw : "Equality among cats!"

Sometimes there will be barracking, and a rough-house will ensue, but usually the meeting breaks up with loud cheers from his followers.

Then Joe saunters into the house, calling loudly for food,

and we, his humble servants, run hurriedly to attend to his needs. Finally he will settle down in the softest chair, well fed, well cared for, and as he folds the famous paws under his chin and falls asleep in the lap of luxury, we murmur : "Equality among cats ? What would your Labour friends think of you now !"

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES
THE CATS AND A CAMERA

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

Illustrated by Mary Claisen

IT was Lionel's birthday! Edward, Rolly, Babykins and Plumpey had decided to club together and buy him a camera! He had always wanted one, and longed to be able to take photographs of his friends.

They managed to get a very nice black one, in a case that had a long strap, so that he could hang it from his shoulder.

When he was presented with it, he was so excited! "Can I take pictures right away?" he cried, trying out all the gadgets.

"You'd better consult the little book of instructions to see how it is done, first," said Edward prudently.

"We bought you a roll of film too," said Rolly proudly.

"Oh, you are all so kind, I can't thank you enough! Just wait until I take snaps of you all," squealed Lionel, thrilled to bits!

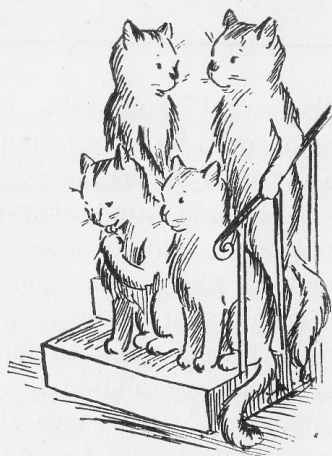
They soon had the film fixed in the camera, and then began

a great discussion as to what to take first?

"I'll take one of all of you, sitting on the front door steps," said Lionel.

So they arranged themselves artistically on the door steps, Plumpey draping himself along the balustrade at the side.

"Have you got the exposure right? I say, you're holding the camera upside down," remarked Edward, as he gave his coat a final lick.



When all the pictures finally came out, they were very good, so successful, in fact, that Lionel bought an album, and stuck them all in! And now whenever he takes a good photograph with his beloved camera, he sticks it in his album, for all to see!



"Never mind! We can just turn the picture the other way up and it will look the same in the end," replied Lionel unperturbed.

With a click he took the photograph. Then he arranged his friends in a group on the lawn, and took another picture.

Edward offered to take one of him, so he posed on the garden bench. Unfortunately, just as Edward clicked the camera, Lionel spotted a vicious looking wasp hovering near his tail, and he spun round to attack it. So when the picture came out, all one could see was a whirling blur of fur!! But Lionel was very proud of it, and entitled it—"Lionel in Action."



THESE CATS REMEMBERED
 from page 4.

Weeks later, the Bayonne was sighted. Long before the vessel docked, the cat, recognising her from afar, quivered with excitement. Then she rushed aboard and went straight to her kittens in the same cabin where she had left them two months earlier.

Another cat which disappeared from a British ship in a foreign port spent a week at the docks, went aboard the next incoming ship of the same line, and, after walking off at the home port, rejoined her original ship there.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

from page 10

I should very much like to get a photograph of a Burmese and Siamese together, for the contrast is lovely. I hope, too, to get pictures of Siamese and Burmese kittens together, as Cheli and Jonta should have theirs about the same time. Jonta has been mated to Mr. R. Warner's lovely male, Clonlost Yo-Yo. I never knew cats liked raisins, but as we could not get muscatels this Christmas, I mixed raisins with the almonds. Jonta would get up on to the sideboard, push some raisins on to the floor from the dish, and then proceed to eat them. She also has a very engaging way of greeting me by running her muzzle like the touch of thistledown all over my face, and then, as if she has made certain it is me, rubbing her cheek against mine. I find it very charming.

Another item of news is that at a meeting of the Siamese Cat Club's Committee on December 20th, I was elected to their judging list, so I hope to be judging next season. This is a very great honour, and one of which I am duly proud.

NOW A WORD ABOUT**ILLNESSES**—from page 29

to put him in a veterinary surgeon's care.

It is best to be prepared for "fur-ball," especially if your cat is long-haired, and you live in a town. "Fur-ball" is a kind of sausage of fur which sometimes forms inside a cat, from all the fur he swallows when he licks himself. It can make him very ill indeed, and quite often cats die from it. But a cat living in the country can usually find some of the coarse grass which cats use as medicine; and this causes sickness, and up comes the fur ball. If you live in a town it is a good idea to grow some of this grass in pots or boxes; it is called Cocksfoot. A dose of liquid paraffin—a teaspoonful or more, according to the size of the cat, will often help a cat to pass the fur if the "ball" has not got too big and hard.

It is, by the way, a good plan, and a help in avoiding "fur-ball," to comb out a cat's loose hair sometimes in summer, when he is moulting. And whilst I'm on this subject, I'll add that brushing and combing are really necessary for many long-haired cats; their tongues simply can't manage the whole job. And extreme discomfort may be caused to them if their coats are allowed to get matted.

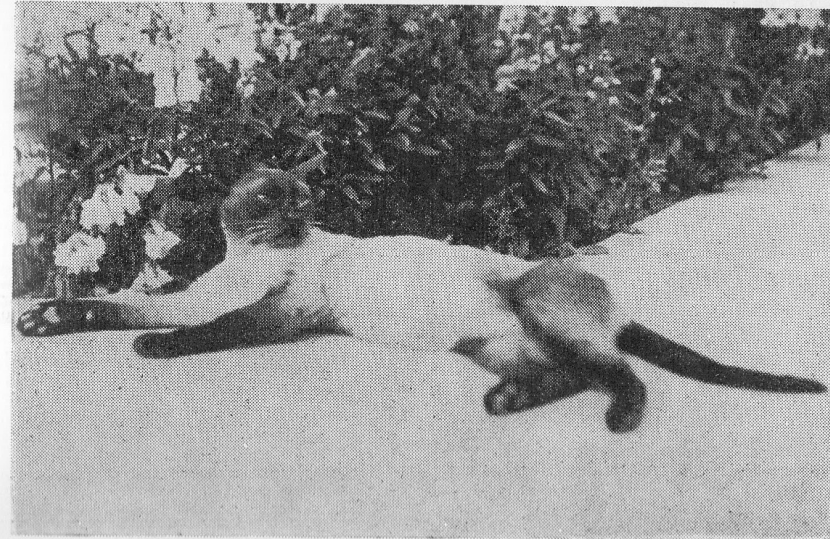
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