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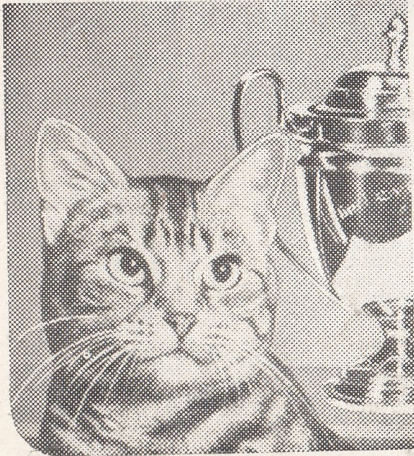
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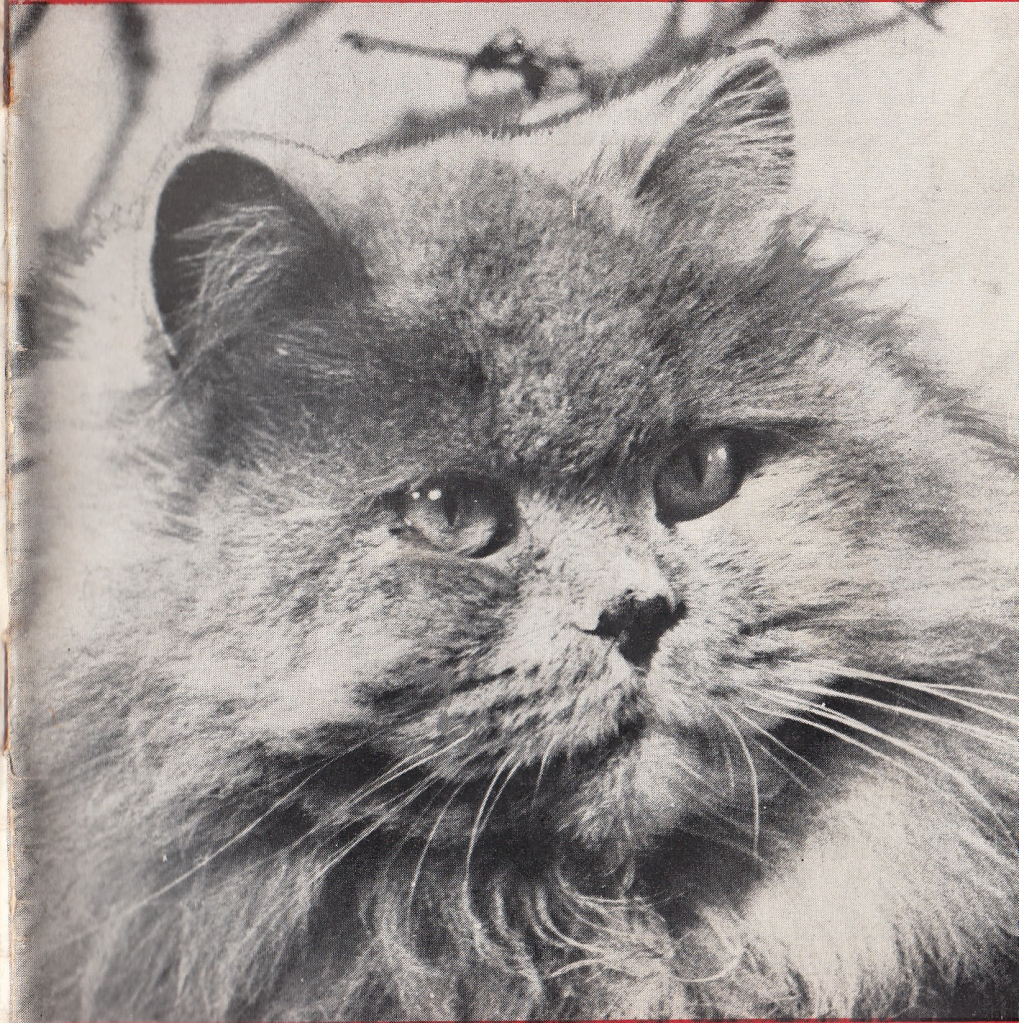
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# CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/-

MARCH

1951

MONTHLY

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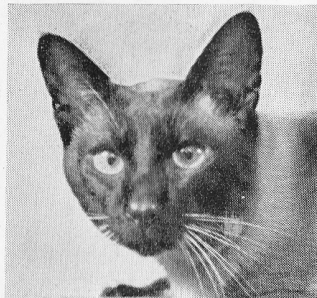
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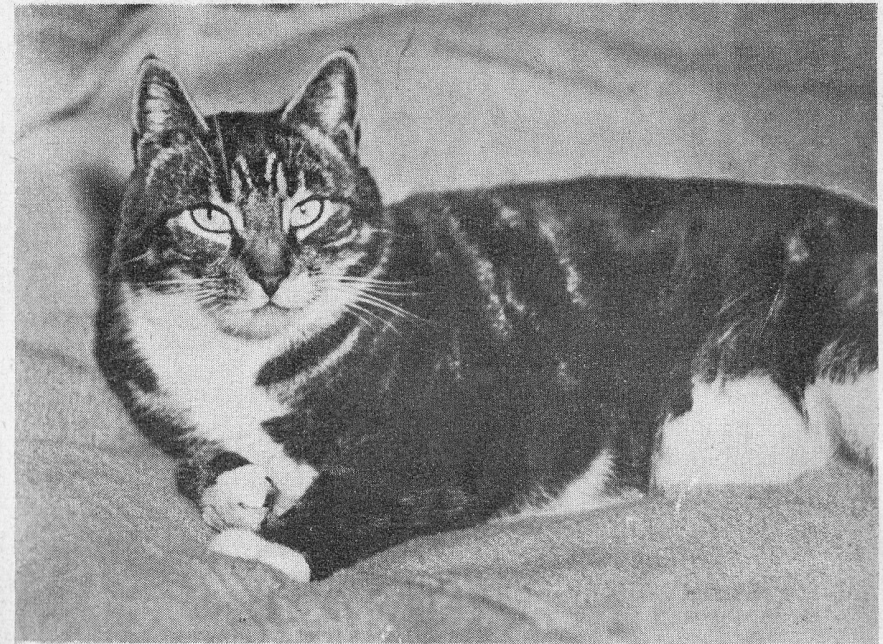
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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Telephone: **DERBY 2069**

MARCH, 1951



“DUTCH” is the pet of Mrs. Jeffrey of Stanford-Le-Hope

Cover photograph is of

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Photograph by Frances Hoyle

## PLAYFUL AS A KITTEN

. . . . but why does a kitten play?

By PETER MICHAEL

"PLAYFUL as a kitten." How often we come across that apt and familiar simile. When we think of playful creatures, the kitten comes almost automatically to mind, even before the high-spirited puppy or the frolicsome lamb. We cannot all study lions and tigers and their offspring regularly; not all of us keep tame mice, squirrels or pet fox cubs. But most of us have a cat or cats about the place, and we all know just how playful is a kitten.

But *do* we? All things considered, just *how* playful is a kitten—and *why* does it play? Does it indulge in fun and games merely because nature fashioned it in playful mould, and for no other reason?

Non-naturalists and sentimentalists might be content to say yes, and leave it at that: sufficient that a kitten plays because it likes to play. After all, the furry, tumbling, excitable energetic little bundle, whether chasing a wisp of fluff across the floor, or making a great show of attacking its fellows or even its parents, seems to be permeated with

the very essence of playfulness—playfulness which, on the face of it, holds no especial significance.

But, in actual fact, a good deal more than mere sportiveness is involved. Kittens do not frolic just because the sense of fun is strong in them. From every aspect their antics are of absorbing interest to the naturalist no less than to the psychologist. All animal play is highly significant, but that of the common but much misunderstood cat is perhaps more fascinating than any other.

For the "domestic" cat must be regarded as an animal which has never become wholly domesticated, and which remains to a great extent an enigma. Association with civilised man may have somewhat mellowed its nature, but has left primitive traits and habits largely untouched. We see, if we have eyes to see, in the cat, an animal which willingly lives with man but is unwilling to be completely subject to him.

Putting first things first—which members of the animal kingdom *do* play? Top of the

list in this connection, and by no mere coincidence rated highest for their intelligence, are the mammals. Members of this class, we cannot help but notice, often play; some more frequently, or with more zest, purposefulness and intelligence than others.

Playfulness is highly pronounced in the carnivores—the predatory flesh-eaters which needs must practise and perfect the arts of stalking, hunting and killing. True, lambs disport themselves; so do kids, playfully "butting" or "chasing." But their play, which seems to a certain extent based on personal protection or the evasion of enemies, in general follows rather stereotyped lines; it is patently lacking in intelligent approach as well as variety contrasted with the more versatile repertoire of, say, the young lion or the leopard cub, the cheetah or the cat.

The young of carnivorous animals are born with the instinct to hunt, stalk, capture and kill, and it is imperative that they should learn, as soon as possible, how best to encompass the death or capture of their prey; how to bring it down and dispatch it promptly. For their future, their very life, depends on their ability to learn these essentials and perfect, through continual training

and practice, the means of putting them into effect. Play helps considerably, the more so since the parents of flesh-eaters do their utmost, by instruction, encouragement, and practical demonstration, to help their offspring in these vital matters.

The parent sets an example, or "behaviour-pattern," not only in regard to personal cleanliness and hygiene, but in the even more important matters already mentioned: while the young themselves turn instinctively to play—play which is, in actual fact, largely a prelude to the grim and earnest business of wresting an existence from life itself. One has but to watch a kitten at play to appreciate that practically every action is, in effect, a rehearsal of some useful tactic or wile which may be adopted in real earnest when the cat has learned to fend for itself—as it would have to were it to turn feral or be cast adrift through the neglect or indifference of humans.

But kittens indulge in mock-fighting as well as make-believe hunting: the ability to stalk or hunt is not of much use if they are unable to protect themselves from their enemies; to preserve what they capture or cope successfully with competitors or rivals. So play, in the ultimate, resolves chiefly into preparation for hunting

and fighting: rehearsal after rehearsal of the means of procuring food; of safeguarding life and limb.

Long before it is able to dispense with material sustenance—indeed, before it is capable of getting around without rolling unsteadily or tumbling over at intervals—the kitten sets about the serious business of “fighting” its brothers and sisters, its friends or its parents. True, seldom are teeth used in earnest or claws unsheathed; yet now and again pretence develops into reality, to the accompaniment of cries of real pain or protest. The kittens are following their instincts; though, as they grow older, intelligence will play a more and more important part.

Of course, in addition, play yields a certain amount of pleasure and relaxation. After a good bout, a kitten will purr its pleasure and its satisfaction as its keyed-up nerves and muscles relax. It seems almost to realise that it has done more than a little good for itself, and to have thoroughly enjoyed the process.

Again, through play the animal learns to perfect its movements and deportment generally while releasing pent-up energy; and the more it plays, the more it appreciates the value of economy of effort

combined with speed in movement. Kittens are pretty awkward for a start; yet the rapidity with which they attain gracefulness and agility in their every movement is remarkable. So, too, is the quickness with which they learn to climb: earnest purpose, determination, grim persistence can be plainly seen in those early attempts to master the fireguard or the sheer leg of the kitchen table.

It is of interest, before concluding, to contrast the playfulness of the kitten with that of its human counterpart—the baby or the toddler. Both young cat and young human are equally happy whether romping with their kind or playing alone, the more so since they share a common trait—an infinite and unquenchable curiosity. Just as our own child seeks to “find out” by touching or by tasting, so the kitten investigates each and every item, however apparently trivial, that comes within its ken: this, too, is part of its training for the business of living.

Doubtless, as one zoologist has commented, in giving full rein to sheer inquisitiveness young animals are “learning to follow a scent and track their prey.” For the four-legged mammal uses its nose a good deal more than does the

*Please turn to page 19*

## “SHE'S A CAT”

By ELEANOR DAY VASILIEFF

One fact incomprehensible is that  
A woman hates to be called a cat.  
Yet a cat never gets a double chin,  
Time never etches crow's-feet in.  
Her forehead never shows a frown  
Nor lacks she a becoming gown.  
And she knows not the strain and stress  
Of shopping for becoming dress.  
No glasses mar pussy's eyes, clear and steady,  
For every occasion she's garbed and ready.

She never needs to fret and stew  
Or changes heed when the style turns new.  
Of her size and looks she never mourns.  
A fine fur coat she always owns.  
And weather causes her no groans,  
For she's equipped for foul or fair  
And no impedimenta need she wear.  
A cat's joints never get stiff and lumpy,  
And never could one call her dumpy.  
Puss will ne'er have a dowager's hump  
Nor that soft and fleshy width of rump.

When she makes her appearance graceful,  
Compliments ensue to fill a pageful.  
What dame would find need of “Vogue” or “Glamour”  
If she could adopt kitty's looks and manner?  
Now, COULD A FINER TRIBUTE BE PAID THAN THAT  
A WOMAN REMINDS ONE OF A CAT?

*Eleanor Day Vasilieff.*

N.Y., U.S.A.

## THE LUCKIEST CAT IN EGYPT

By MONTAGUE H. LEES

TESSA arrived while I was on leave in Palestine. The small, stray kitten, a few weeks old, wandered into our office one day, and made itself quite at home. Soon it had appropriated the place, for upon the first morning of my return to Cairo, it was mewling defiantly at me, as though questioning my presence there, or else, which seemed far more likely, demanding something to eat or drink, for cats, while generally indifferent to strangers, insist upon their own comforts being considered.

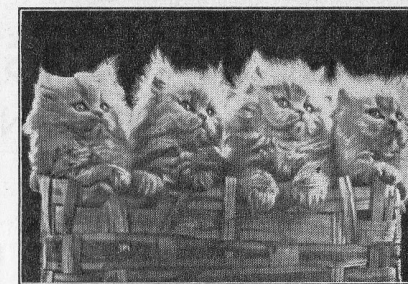
This was the case with Tessa. Not being aware that we had adopted it—or that it had adopted us, I ought to say—I hastened to shoo it away, an action that met with no success, only making the kitten mew the louder in a determined effort to have its wishes gratified. It needed no coaxing, and I was able to pick it up to feel its lovely soft fur against my face. Nor did it attempt to scratch me, but purred away to its heart's content, while I conjured up in my own mind what sort of delectable fare to offer it.

First and foremost came milk. Our office at that time was situated in a large airy room with French windows opening out on a small garden in the Garden City district of Cairo. As we were served by a N.A.A.F.I., we had a standing order for morning coffee, which usually arrived somewhere about nine-thirty, the native *suffragi*, wearing his *tarbush* and a spotlessly white *galabieh*, carrying it in on a tray, which contained the coffee-pot, a cream-jug, and the requisite number of cups and saucers. Of course we placed one of the saucers on the floor, pouring out nearly half the contents of the cream-jug into it, which the hungry little kitten eagerly lapped up, purring contentedly the while.

This constituted the procedure every morning without fail for the remainder of my stay in Cairo, and one day it led to an amusing incident. The *suffragi* having arrived with his tray and placed it on the desk, I was just pouring some of the milk into my own cup before giving the kitten its share when someone entered the office and claimed my attention for a moment or two.

The naughty kitten, which invariably jumped on to the desk at this stage of the proceedings, was promenading perilously near the crockery when all of a sudden it upset the cream-jug, which rolled on to the floor, pouring the rest of its contents down my clothes. Of course, I had to laugh as I dabbed the affected parts with a handkerchief, but Tessa was deprived of milk that morning.

Tessa was a Tom. He had been given a female name upon his arrival, when we were unacquainted with his sex, and it stuck to him. Presently he grew into a lovely cat with a sleek coat and a happy, well-fed appearance, but he was not addicted, as most male felines are, to promiscuous wanderings. In the morning, when I used to arrive early at the office so as to write my letters home before the work of the day commenced, he was there to greet me, and would persistently jump on my knee while I was writing, even though I tried my best to dissuade him from so doing by as persistently returning him to the floor after each excursion. My seat was an arm-chair, which I would draw up close to the table in an effort to frustrate him, but as he was equally as determined to be nursed, he would then jump on to the back of the chair,



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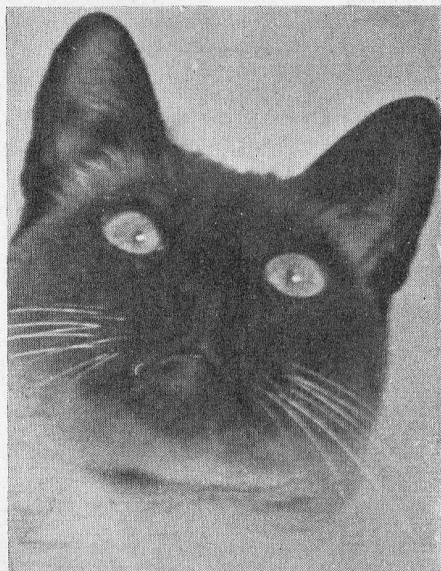
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## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

**G**ALLY celebrated his seventh birthday on February 7th, so I hope to include a photograph of him with these notes.

The Notts. and Derby Cat Club's show, held on January 8th, was as usual a very happy affair, ably run by Mr. J. Barker. Many beautiful cats appeared, outstanding amongst the Siamese was Mrs. Nicholas' lovely queen, Ryecroft Ranchi, and Mr. Richard Warner's Clonlost Yo-Yo, who has since



Chinki Most High

become a full Champion at the Southern Counties Show, and was also Best Short Hair Exhibit. Monday is not a good day to choose for a show, and the gate was poor. Show managers carry top weight, and perhaps it might be a good idea to let someone else manage the publicity side. Apart from gate money making the show a financial success, it seems a pity to go to all the trouble of staging a show for beautiful cats without giving as many people as possible the opportunity of seeing them.

By the time these notes are in print, we shall be thinking of the A.G.M.'s. Attend as many as possible of the clubs to which you belong. You can then voice any opinions you have—perhaps for the better running of shows, club social arrangements, or improved conditions for the cat.

Club subscriptions should have been sent off ere now if they are due at the beginning of the year, so you who have forgotten or put them off until another day, send them off now.

Spring cleaning in the outdoor cattery is as essential as in the house, and it is high time

now to begin. Replace tea chests or sleeping boxes with new ones. Try to paint all houses inside, even if you are only able to do one at a time. The outsides should be painted with creosote, but keep the cats away from it until it is thoroughly dry. Look carefully over the wire in the runs, and repair or replace it where necessary.

The first spate of calling queens has begun. They started at Christmas and have gone steadily on, so there will be very early kittens. My first litter of 1951 will be Burmese, which I am expecting Cheli to produce hourly. The second litter, Jonta's, are by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. I am looking forward very much to the pleasure of having these early kits. I have made a small bedroom into a nursery for them, and they seem very content with it, as indeed they should be, for it is very comfortable.

Mrs. D. J. Ollett sent a lovely photo of her Siamese neuter Chinki Most High, so I hope it will be published with these notes.

### STOP PRESS.

My Burmese female, Cheli, now has six healthy kits, four females and two males.

Jonta has five lusty Siamese kits, first to be able to be described:—Sire, *Champion* Clonlost Yo-Yo.



Sco-Ruston Galadima (Gally)

AT STUD

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## MEET THE BREEDERS

## BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB

IT is with a sad heart that I begin my notes this month as we have lost one of our dearest friends in the Cat Fancy. Mrs. Campbell Fraser will always be remembered by many for her sweet and kindly nature, never a cross word, never too tired to help a novice and, above all, a "real" lover of her feline friends. Our hearts go out to her daughter Lelgarde in her sad loss.

Our "Blues" at this time of the year are beginning to lose their coats, so I thought perhaps a little advice to the novice would not come amiss!

Daily grooming will, of course, help to keep the coat free from knots, but even then knots seem to come overnight. If your cat has become knotty and a comb will not remove them, try teasing them out with a knitting needle. This should loosen the knots, and then they can be worked out with the finger and thumb. A little talcum powder once or twice a week sprinkled on the coat keeps the coat clean and helps to keep it free of knots.

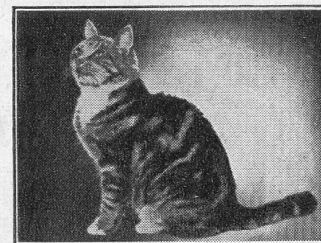
Do not try doing too much at once, as puss gets resentful. Do a little at a time and try to be very gentle.

The Notts. and Derby Ch. Show, held on the 8th of January, was a most delightful and friendly show. I really enjoyed every minute of it. The quality of the "Blues" was very high, and Mrs. Hancox and Mrs. Spiers had a tough job in their task of judging. Ch. Baralan Boy Blue, a really lovely cat, won his fourth Ch. Certificate, and Wild Violet of Dunesk won her second Ch. Certificate. She should easily get her third as she is a queen of outstanding beauty. Mrs. Harrington-Harvard exhibited a lovely little lavender blue male, and Mrs. McVady again won with Gaydene Candy Kisses. My lovely little Ronada Blue Orchid was unfortunately absent as she was getting over a nasty attack of pneumonia, but is now well on the road to recovery.

The Lancashire and North Western Counties Show, held on January 20th, was another delightful, friendly show. I was asked to judge "Blue Kittens." I also had some stiff Siamese and British Short-Haired Classes to do.

My winning Blue kitten, by Dickon of Allington, was a gem. Charmley Simon is owned by Miss. Hirst of Huddersfield, and was bred by Mrs. Chappell. Simon later in the day was voted Best Long Haired Kitten in the Show.

A reader of this popular little magazine wrote to me the other day, and a paragraph from her letter read as follows: "You must be a very busy lady, and I will quite understand if I do not hear from you." Well, dear readers, I may be busy, but I am never too busy to answer any letters from readers of "Cats and Kittens."



BRINDIE

Mrs. M. M. Sewell of Aysgarth, Longstone Hill, Carbis Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall, writes:—

"I am a cat owner and my spayed female cat, Brindie, suffers each summer from attacks of a wet form of eczema which makes her miserable with irritation. I am careful of her diet, keeping fish to small quantities only and feeding her mainly with cooked rabbit and, when possible, raw meat. She has had small quantities of Bakers' Yeast and various other treatments, but all have proved ineffective.

I have heard of the great success of your Vetzyme product for dogs and I believe you are now producing something similar for cats. If so, I am most anxious to try it if you consider it will prove helpful."

A fortnight later:

"I have now been administering Kit-zyme to Brindie for just over a fortnight. She is having seven per day as you instructed and I am delighted with the improvement in the eczema which has troubled her for so long. The raw places are healing nicely and her coat has grown noticeably more glossy. At first Brindie was a little suspicious of the tablets, but after a couple of days she would sit up and beg for them and she always looks for more! This in itself is a relief to me as I have for so long struggled to conceal various medicines in her food. After reading your most interesting booklet it was obvious to me that my cat suffered from a vitamin B deficiency and I am sure that I have at last found a cure for her skin troubles. I am now recommending Kit-zyme to all my friends who keep cats."

Eight weeks later:

"You will be pleased to hear that Brindie has now grown her best ever winter's coat. Last year the fur on her back was very scanty and at one time her chest was almost covered with a large raw patch of eczema. Now her coat is thick and glossy and at times she acts like a kitten although she is five years old."

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## A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

### ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

A SMACK in the eye from our Editor. And I deserve it. Speaking generally re committee newcomers, I quite forgot that he at least makes a gallant attempt to alter every Siamese tradition and at great expense to himself, and should certainly be congratulated on his efforts. I must, however, beg to differ with his remarks about the really excellent tea provided for committee members. I have little knowledge of the fare to be had in the Midlands, but, of course, if fish and chips are expected, well I fear our Editor is telling the truth! Sorry, Sydney, but you asked for it.

Apropos the young artist, I never realised her drawings could be so funny, but did find her remark amusing when on returning from school she went into the kitchen to find two Siamese kittens belonging to Dr. MacLaren disporting about the floor. "Whose kittens are they? What type!" Young judge in the making. Naturally Dr. Mac. thought her quite right, so no doubt she said the right thing.

New cure for catarrh, otherwise snuffles, a thing which has baffled all the cat book writers

for years. Streptomycin drops put up the nostrils. One application cured completely. Let us hope it does so every time. Snuffles is a tiresome long job to tackle, in fact, in the past one could hardly ever get really rid of it.

Warning against the use of peroxide of hydrogen for cleaning ears comes from Mrs. Hewlett, whose husband is a doctor. Peroxide should never be used for ears, human or feline, as the pressure set up by the release of oxygen can push infection through the drum, causing mastoiditis, labyrinthitis and meningitis. This is news to me as I have used it myself a good many times with quite satisfactory results, but always very diluted, and had no idea it was so lethal. However, for some considerable time I have used medicinal paraffin when ears need cleaning. I am thankful to say Sealsleeves are not troubled in this way, and canker is unknown in their household.

Letter passed to my by a contemporary paper: "I have just acquired a Siamese kitten (two months old and registered) and it is already putting paid to my furniture. I would be

glad if you could advise me of any way of preventing this. Is it possible to have its claws taken out, and, if so, can you let me know where I can get it done?" Just one of the old Siamese customs, but a clawing board may help, or chunk of tree-trunk. Writer of letter should be thankful she has not got a blanket-eater, as I have never heard of any cure for this extraordinary habit.

Another famous cat went to join his fellows in the happy hunting grounds when Oriental Silky Boy fell asleep last week. Throughout his fourteen years he never ailed a thing, and for the last year of his life he ran free, sleeping in the kitchen. And there, his owner, Katrina Sayers, found him in a deep sleep from which he would not awake. What better end could one wish. Silky Boy was bred by Miss M. C. Gold, sired by Ch. Angus Silky, out of Sirius Valentina. A son of such a well known sire, he naturally excelled in type and had that particular shaped head, always so easily recognised, without the slightest "in and out," in fact, a perfect straight line. Descendants of Ch. Angus Silky throw it again and again. Silky Boy was an unlucky cat from a show point of view. In 1938 he took his first challenge certificate under Mrs. Marion Cran. He missed it at the

National, but won another under Miss Kit Wilson at Exeter in 1939, but at the Southern Counties the same year he was beaten by his stable companion Penybryn John under Miss Dixon. I had the honour of stewarding at this show, and Silky was so much in love with everyone that he persisted in fluffing out his tail, giving it the appearance of a short thick one. Then came the war, and the model cattery at Rudgewick was disbanded and Silky went to Mrs. Sayers. On the resumption of shows in 1946, the bloom of youth had gone, and so he never appeared again on the show bench. He sired many winners, and was the grandsire of this season's Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. As he did little stud work in his declining years, most of his progeny are elderly. However, he has left three well known sons distributed about the world, Killdown Romeo who went to Sweden, Killdown Apollo in New Zealand, and Killdown Jupiter, winner of two challenge certificates, who carries on tradition at Rydes Hill Lodge. Will he be unlucky like his father, or will he make the grade, who knows?

Another Yo-Yo is spending a fortnight's holiday with me, or rather his people are away

*Please turn to page 18*

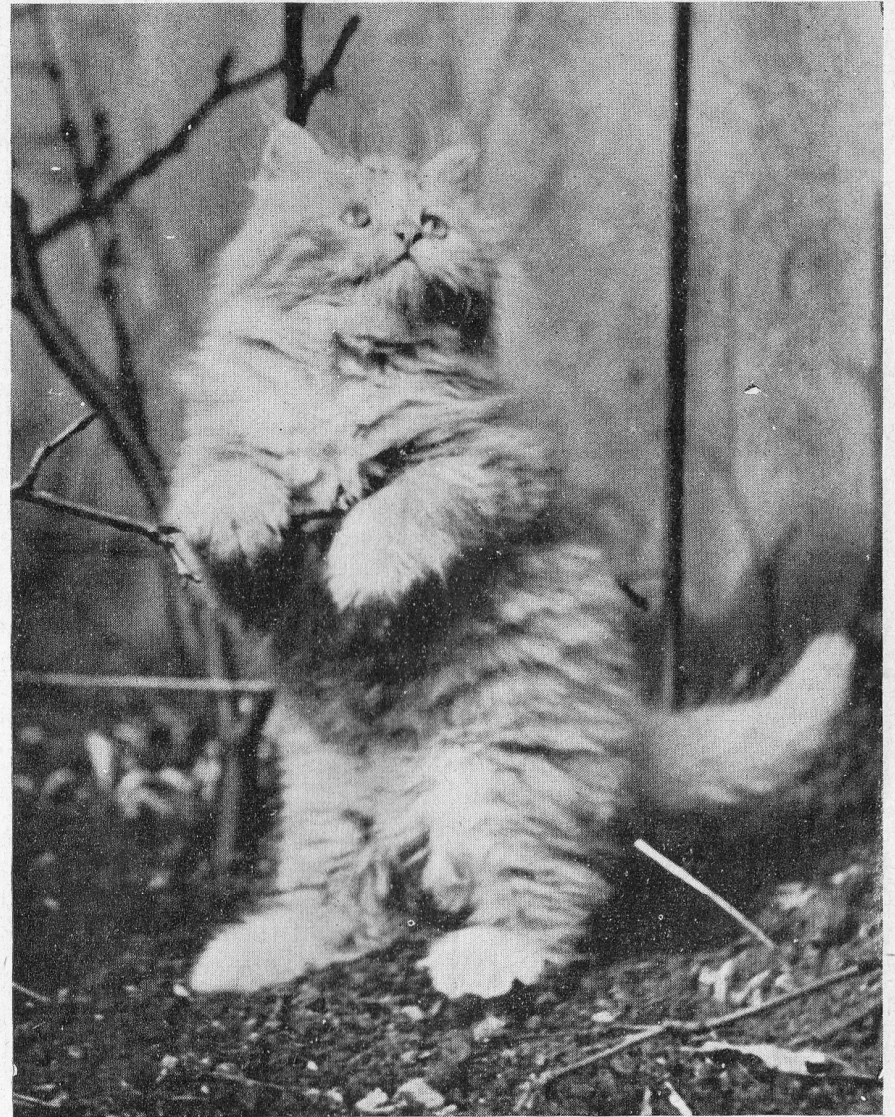




*Photograph by Frances Hoyle*

**ROUGEMONT FERDINAND**

Blue Persian Male Kitten, owned and bred by Mrs. Andre Classe



Mr. Maurice Laban's  
"ORLANDO"

## BREEDING AND SHOWING

By CLARE PRINCE

THE Notts. and Derby Cat Club Show was held on January 8th, and a nice comfortable show it was. No overcrowding and the exhibits shown off to perfection. The lighting in this venue (the Victoria Baths) is very unkind to the coats of Blue Longhairs, which really need sunshine to show off the true colour.

Mrs. Hancox was judging Blue adults, with Miss Kathleen Yorke acting as her steward. Mrs. Hancox should make an excellent judge as she stewarded for many years under the late Mr. Cyril Yates, who has, no doubt, imparted to her much of his valuable knowledge. He will always be remembered as a judge of great fairness and impartiality.

In my opinion, there has been a tremendous improvement in the standard of Blue kittens this season. In type, as well as coat, colour, length and texture.

Mrs. Harrington Harvard's Trenton Buster Brown had an exceptionally pale lavender coat. Well balanced in type and perfectly groomed, this kitten was first in 3-6 months male kitten class.

Mrs. Brice-Webb's Ronada Adrian, another beautiful male, also with a pale lavender coat of great length, and fine texture, very attractive face with large open eyes, came second in the same class.

In the female class of the same age Mrs. Bailey's Charnwood Jenny, a female kitten with the most beautiful head and the tiniest of ears, "powder puff" coat, cobby body, short legs and short full tail, was a little gem.

Mrs. Bradley exhibited a litter of three pale lavender males too young to show in any other class. Very pretty kittens.

All the kittens were of a very high quality and a credit to their breeders.

Mr. and Mrs. France were at the show. They had on view some very attractive photographs of their Burmese cats.

Many breeders from the South of England came along. Mrs. Brunton with Wild Violets of Dunesk (First and Ch. in Blue Female Adult).

Miss Langston came from Maidenhead with several of her winning cats, including Flambeau of Alington and Dylan of Alington.

Mrs. Andre Classe brought Crowdecote Misty Moonbeam from Torquay. This lovely Blue-cream adult took her first championship certificate at this show.

Mr. Herod's Carrey Crasher was again Best Cat in Show.

Fortunately, the snow had cleared from the roads, which made travelling much easier.

Spring will soon be here, and queens will begin calling. To novices I would say, do not be in too big a hurry to send your queen to stud. Just now, when Long-hairs are shedding coats, hair is apt to collect in the stomach and intestines. I think myself this is often the cause of unsuccessful visits to the stud. Far better to keep your queen up over the first call. Give her a course of mineral oil (a little sprinkled on each meal), followed by a course of condition powders. The object being to clear all obstructions and afterwards to tone up the system. The same thing applies to Long-hair studs.

I am delighted to give any advice to novices on the breeding and showing of Blue Long-hairs. Certainly write and tell me of your problems.

In the interest of your animals, attend the annual general meetings of your clubs if at all possible. For it is at these meetings that you have the opportunity of airing your

grievances and suggesting improvements which can be carried out at the shows. Also you can help to vote on to the committee those people whom you feel have the interests of the members (and the animals) at heart.

## SIAMESE CATS

By Sydney W. France

A Third Edition of this by now accepted standard work on SIAMESE CATS is being prepared. Many new photographs

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### ADVERTISEMENTS

we print are read by the largest number of readers! The Cat Magazine with by far the largest circulation is . . . . .

**CATS AND KITTENS**

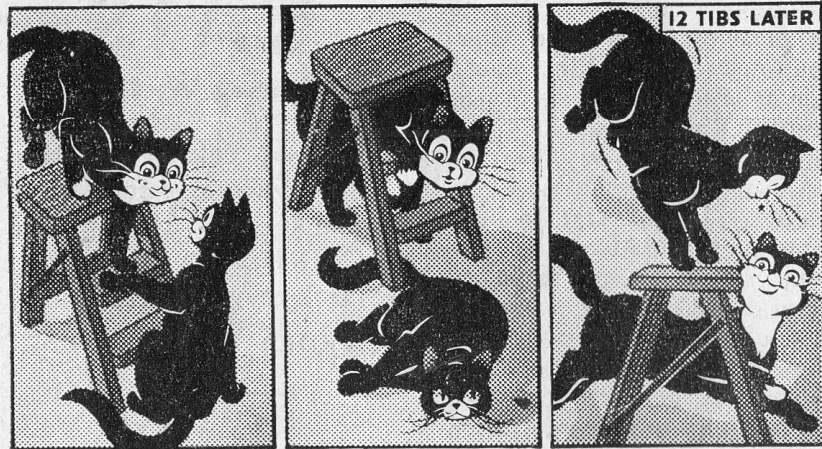
Offices: 14, QUEEN STREET  
DERBY

**A MONTHLY MISCELLANY—***from page 13*

and beguiled me into having him. I do not usually board, but am easily got around when "We could not bear him to go to an ordinary kennels, etc." is trotted out. He is a seven year old neuter, very sweet, fat and lovable, and was bred by Mrs. Jennings of Mundesley. And

he could knock a few spots off some of to-day's winners.

Who was the judge at the last show of the season doing a "Mrs. Braddock" after awarding the championship, complete with thumbs up to the owner in the gallery? Correct me if I am wrong, I was not there, but news in the Cat Fancy flies faster than the African tom-tom.



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

**W**ATCH 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!

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**KEEP CATS KITTENISH**

**THE LUCKIEST CAT IN EGYPT***—from page 6*

mewing and purring and rubbing his body against me till he espied a way of squeezing in to his desired place on my knee. Who then could resist so affectionate a creature? Down went my pen at last, and I fell to stroking him and tickling his ears and chin.

By and by Tessa found a companion. A pretty chocolate and white kitten, half Persian, began to frequent the garden. At first she and Tessa would glare and spit at each other and wave their tails for hours on end. Then they took to playing together just like English kittens, and would rush in and out of doors at will in their mad antics, scampering about with boundless energy, and rolling each other over and over in an ecstasy of high spirits and kittenish delight. It was good to see them gambolling thus. Tessa would hide under one of the tables, while his little friend would race up and down looking for him, till at length he decided to jump out upon her suddenly from his hiding-place. Then the game would start again, and she in her turn would conceal herself in some dark recess, waiting to catch him unawares. These games were made even more amusing to the lookers-on by producing one or two bits of cotton-wool for the kittens to

play with. They went nearly mad with delight then, tossing the bits into the air and clutching at them before they could reach the ground.

All things considered, Tessa was a lucky cat. He was well-fed and cared for. One of the boys would bring sausages for him and cook them in a pan, he repaying this kindness and consideration by catching the mice which at odd times frequented the offices.

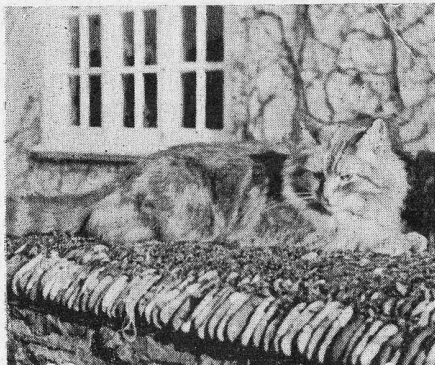
In Ancient Egypt the cat was a sacred animal, but in modern Egypt, as no-one puts himself out to be kind to animals, his successor enjoys a precarious existence as he wanders about the streets half-starved and semi-wild. I think I am correct, therefore, in assuming Tessa to be what I always called him—"The Luckiest Cat in Egypt."

**"PLAYFUL AS A KITTEN"—***from page 4.*

two-legged one—and, incidentally, the scenting powers of cats are a good deal more acute than many people, even cat-lovers, realise.

Are kittens playful? Of course they are! And manifestly they derive the maximum of enjoyment from their play. But we should be doing an intelligent and resourceful animal a real injustice if we assumed that that was the *only* reward it secured through play.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



"Tommy"

Cheadle Hulme,  
Cheshire.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you can publish one or other of these snapshots in an issue of "Cats and Kittens"? My small son, aged seven, looks forward eagerly to the arrival of your delightful magazine, and his pleasure would be tremendous if sometime he would see a picture of his own ginger "Tommy" published in it.

"Tommy" registers delight by holding his beautiful fluffy tail straight up in the air whenever he sees any of us. He comes for a walk every evening when I take the dogs out, and can walk as far as the dogs.

Yours faithfully,  
M. Brown.

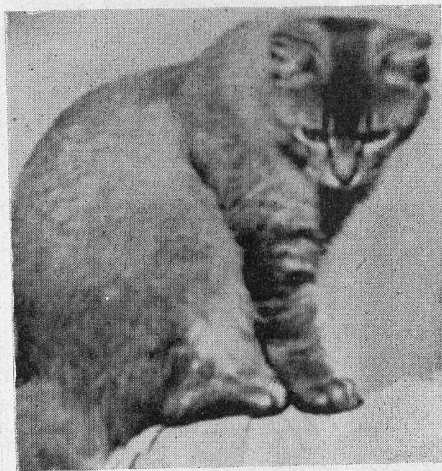
Wells,  
Somerset.

Dear Editor,

I first saw your magazine last summer at a bookstall on a London railway station; since then it has been a standing order at my local newsagents.

I have always been intrigued by the pictures of your readers' pets in the "Letters to the Editor" section, always, of course, comparing them with my own!

The enclosed prints are of Twinkle. You may think them worthy of reproduction in our magazine when space permits. Twinkle is a neutered tom, and was a stray. A friend heard him crying under a basement



"Twinkle"

## TO THE EDITOR

grating one Sunday morning last autumn and brought him to me. After failing to locate his owner, I decided to keep him. Then only a lean kitten, proper feeding and care has turned him into a long-furred giant with a beautiful tail that would put a fox to shame.

Best wishes to "Cats and Kittens."

Yours truly,  
(Mrs.) Eunice M. Hodge.

Southgate,  
London, N.14.

Dear Editor,

I am sending you a photograph of Scamp, our Blue Persian (neuter), a son of Son o'Flick, taken (with my sister Linda) at the age of thirteen. He was born on the 17th May, 1935, and now, at the age of fifteen-and-a-half, to our intense sorrow, he has gone to a better world.

He was in every way adorable and intelligent, knowing, among a host of other things, what was meant by "basket" and "walkies." He understood very well that he was not allowed on the eiderdown, and would sit crying besides the bed until someone went upstairs and threw it back.

We are hoping to find a successor for Scamp shortly,



Scamp

although we know he can never be replaced.

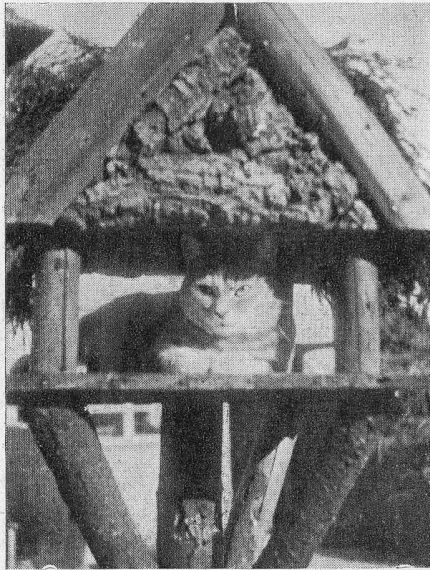
Yours sincerely,  
Eileen Waddy.

Streetly,  
Warwickshire.

Dear Editor,

I have seen so many delightful photographs of cats sent from readers, that I wondered if you and other readers would be interested in this snap-shot of Pearl, our grey cat, in the bird-table. This is her favourite summer time perch, and I thought it rather unusual.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Pearl

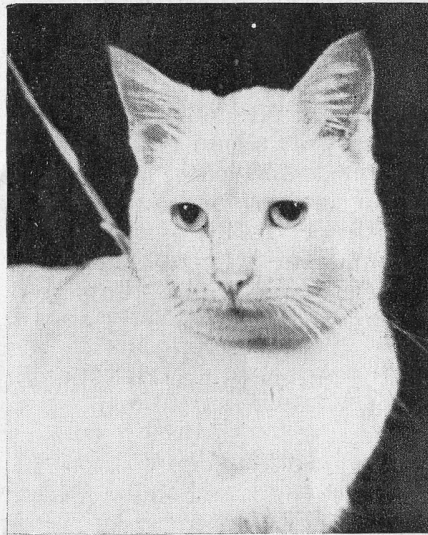
I like your magazine very much, and look forward to its monthly appearance.

Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) Susan Evans,  
(age eleven years).

Dorset Street,  
Southampton

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photograph of our glamour-cat from District 6. This is my favourite, because I think it best does justice to his un-catlike self-possession and unusual head. He has a Siamese voice and Siamese characteristics; I



Alvino

would think the cross was with a white Persian. His name is Alvino (Portugese, meaning, literally, "little white").

Yours sincerely,  
J. Mary Collier.

Southborough,  
Nr. Tunbridge Wells,  
Kent

Dear Editor,

I enjoy reading about and seeing the photographs of other people's cats so much that I thought the enclosed photo might interest other readers.

Reading from left to right of the photograph are Joe, Benjy, Cleo, and Liting.

## TO THE EDITOR

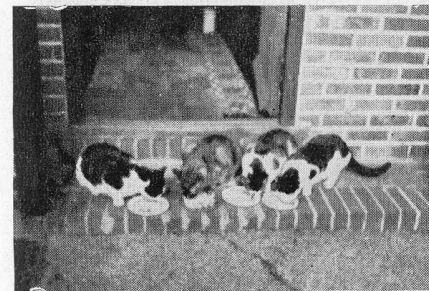
Benjy is a ginger cat who was the first we ever had, and although he is two years older than the others, and rather inclined to be superior, he is really very good with the others.

Joe, Cleo and Liting (so-called because her eyes are slanting) are all from the same family. The mother of them was a stray we took in.

Joe belongs to me and has beautiful green eyes.

Cleo is the most affectionate of them all, and Liting is the most independent. She climbs up our wistaria onto the roof and stands on the gable of our house and looks over at everyone passing by. We have also seen her jumping across the side-ways on to other people's houses further along the road.

Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) Diana Harrison.



Joe, Benjy, Cleo and Liting

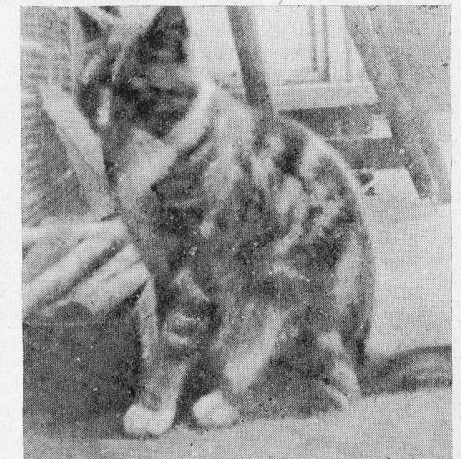
Stanmore,  
Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

I enclose two photos. of our ginger cat George, one of which I hope you will be able to include in your magazine. They were taken when he was about two years old.

I received the writing paper, which I was very pleased with. I have only been taking your magazine a short while, and I do not know if this is a new idea, but I hope you will continue it.

Yours sincerely,  
(Miss) Valerie Perrett.



George

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

Scheveningen,  
Holland.

Dear Editor,

This morning I got the October number of "Cats and Kittens," sent from Djaharta. We left Djaharta on 26th of August with the "Orange," and arrived here on 16th of September. We had to put to sleep eight cats; it was so very sad. We took with us our four neutered tom-cats. All of them are well. They now have an indoor life.

We are living with my sister, who has a large nice flat. We will have to wait a long time before getting our own home. It is nearly impossible to get accommodation when you have no children. My sister spoils the cats awfully; she loves cats as much as I do.

Perhaps it will interest you that those cats changed completely their character.

Klaasie, always very quiet in Djaharta, now is like a naughty little boy, racing up and down the stairs and teasing his brothers. Zantie, very shy and solitary, never liking strangers, now is friends with everybody. Blackout, very bold, now is timid. Only Mankie, our big tabby, who lost his tail when he was three days old, is the same sweet darling he always was.



Mankie on board "Orange"

In the October number I saw the picture of Mrs. Backer Overbeck's cats. I know her from Indonesia. What a pity her Siamese died!

I send you a little photograph. I am "airing" Mankie. Perhaps you can put it in your magazine.

We are missing the tropical sun! But things were not so very pleasant, so we had to leave.

Yours truly, E. Aussems.

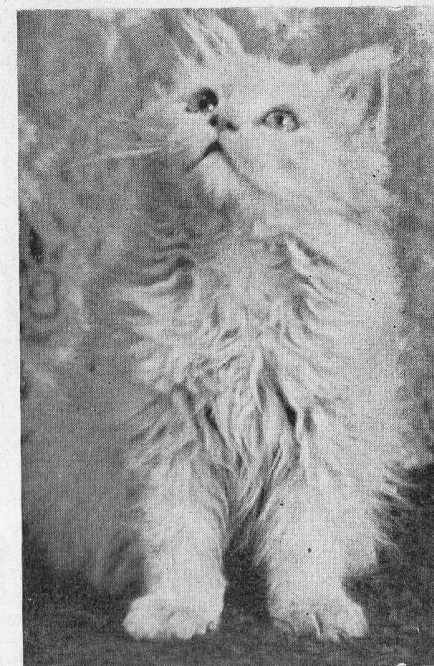
Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.  
Dear Editor,

I am so glad you like the photo of Lavender Blue and you are certainly welcome to print it in the magazine if you like to—in fact, we would feel terrifically honoured! It is a

## TO THE EDITOR

pity it is rather dark, but she is so quick that I have to use the fastest film and the camera's fastest speed to catch her at all; a lot of her snaps are of a disembodied head, a headless body, and garden walls and paths with no cat at all! My ambition is to take my four all together, but although the other three girls are considerably older, eight, nine and ten, they are almost as quick as Blue. She was five-and-a-half months when taken, but is more of a cat now, nine months on Christmas Day.

Sincerely yours, Natalie Griffey.



Photo—Pollard, Ipswich

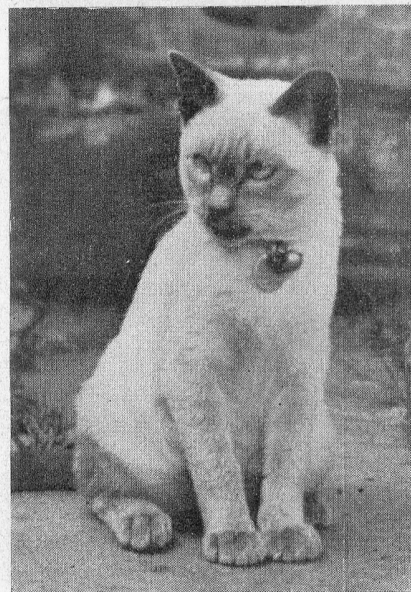
Mingwyk Romio, four months old Cream kitten. Owner Miss Harwood, Malton, Yorks. Breeder Mrs. G. Cattermole, Ipswich. Sire: Ch. Harpur Blue Boy. Dam: Raneef of Sunfield

Baghdogra P.O.,  
West Bengal.

Dear Editor,

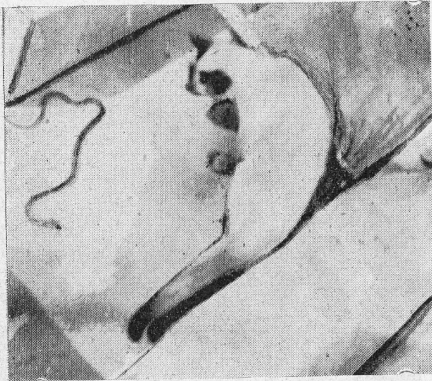
Yesterday I received the two copies of "Cats and Kittens" containing my letter I wrote to you about our cat Binkie. We were delighted with them, and thank you very much indeed for sending them on to us.

Naturally we feel rather proud of Binkie having such a



Lavender Blue

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Binkie

long letter of his adventures fully printed in your grand little magazine,

Since writing my letter to you Binkie has reached the grand total of twenty-one snakes captured and killed (that we know of), and on one occasion I managed to get a few snaps of him stalking a snake. Unfortunately the film had been in my camera too long and was slightly speckled owing to the extreme humidity during the Monsoon, but they are not too bad and fairly clear.

With best wishes to you and the success of "Cats and Kittens"—it is becoming a popular little book amongst the European population out here.

Yours sincerely,  
Enid Williams.

Abbotsbrook,  
Bourne End,  
Bucks.

Dear Editor,

I am now enclosing two photos. of my cat Buddie, taken when he was eighteen months old (last September). I think the best one of him is where I am holding him, but I leave it to you to decide which to insert in your magazine "Cats and Kittens." He is neutered, but is a great wanderer and everybody here knows him, and he is most friendly. We have a brook here (Abbotsbrook) near our garden, and he has been known to catch fish, and goes right into the brook and catches them



Buddie

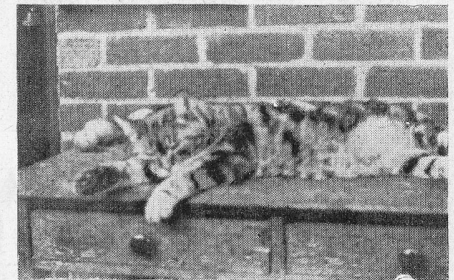
## TO THE EDITOR

with his puddie! He is quite an apt fisherman.

I enclose stamped envelope for return of prints, at your leisure.

Thanking you for your care, time and trouble.

Yours sincerely,  
G. V. Ryland.



Tony

Kingsbury,  
London, N.W.9.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a snap of my cat Tony, taken in the summer of 1949. He was then eight years old. He is a lovely cat and such good company. I am sure he understands everything that is said to him, and follows me like a dog. I enjoy reading your magazine and have been taking it for three-and-a-half years.

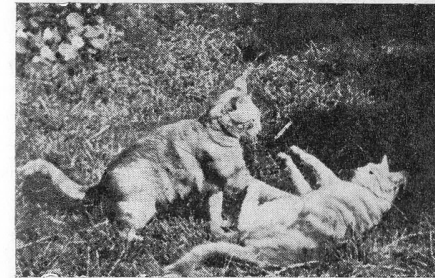
Yours faithfully,  
(Miss) G. Bowyer.

Standford-le-Hope,  
Essex.

Dear Editor,

I always read with much interest your "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

I enclose a photo. of Dutch, my silver grey and black tabby cat, which I hope you will think good enough to

Eireanne Silver Belle and  
Eireanne Danny Boy

Walthamstow,  
London, E.17.

Dear Editor,

I am sending you a photograph of our two Blue Persian kittens, Eireanne Silver Belle and Eireanne Danny Boy, which I hope you will be able to publish on your page of cats and kittens.

They were bred by Mrs. Marlow of Kensington, W.14, and proudly owned by Miss M. Stringer of the above address.

Yours truly,  
(Miss) J. Stringer.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

print. He is to me (quite naturally) one of the most loveliest of cats, though of course I admire them all really.

I keep a cat scrap book, and have well over 450 pictures.

My visit to the Cat Show at Olympia last September was very enjoyable, and although it was my first visit, it certainly will not be my last.

Yours sincerely,  
Diana J. Jeffrey.

(Dutch's photo appears on page 1)

Caldy,  
Wirral,  
Cheshire.

Dear Editor,

Victor Ling, our Siamese cat, is just five years old, but I am sorry to say he is a sick cat, suffering from kidney disease resulting from distemper which he had as a kitten. This does not, however, stop him from rabbit hunting in the fields next to our house. During the summer days he often brings in his victims for us to admire his skill, but in winter he seldom ventures far enough to make a kill. We were surprised, therefore, when one evening just before Christmas he stayed out an unusually long time, ignoring our repeated calls to come in for his meal. My mother and I had long finished our supper, when we heard a

very hoarse, peculiar miaouw outside the window. I opened it. Ling jumped in, a very dirty and muddy cat, his face and chest bespattered with blood. At first we thought he had been fighting, until we noticed a piece of wire round his neck. When we tried to take it off, he howled and struggled and we eventually had to cut it with scissors. The piece of wire was found to be the remains of a rabbit snare which he had bitten through to free himself. The remains of the snare and two others were found next day.

One can well imagine the pain and distress he must have suffered, yet his intelligence made him persevere and go on biting the wire however much it hurt him, till he was free to reach home. We washed and bathed his bleeding mouth, and after a day or two with a swollen face, I am glad to say Ling was quite restored to his former beauty and health.

In spite of his mis-adventure, I do not think he will be deterred from hunting rabbits again when summer comes.

P.S.—Ling is very fond of Ovaltine, and I think it has done much to restore his health after a serious illness some months ago.

D. Holt.

## TO THE EDITOR



Victor Ling

London, S.W.5.

Dear Editor,

I think you might like to publish the enclosed photo. of my Cream Persian. She is only eight months old, and her name is Danhurst Princess. We call her the Devil Cat as she is always full of mischief. She is a dear and very affectionate as well.

Yours sincerely,  
Phyllis E. Stocken.

Fosant,  
Salisbury.

Dear Editor,

I enclose snap of my pet Nicholas, who will be three years old in April. He is a big cat with a beautifully marked coat. I spend a lot of time on

my own and he is great company, indeed I cannot imagine life without him.

May I be allowed to make a suggestion? Cat owners must have little problems re their cats which are too minute to call in the vet. If they were invited to send in questions to your magazine, could you find room for a column in which to print advice. I am sure readers would enjoy same.

Here is my question: My cat has a kind of dandruff in his coat, is this anything to worry about?

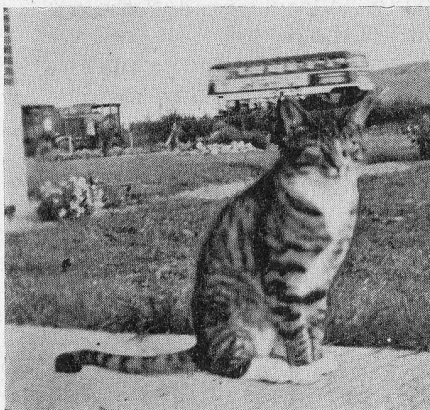
Very truly yours,  
(Mrs.) Joan Stainer.



Phyllis Stocken's Cream Persian



## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Nicholas

Dear Mrs. Stainer,

I wonder if you are brushing your cat Nicholas with a brush that is too stiff? In my experience particles which look like dandruff can be brought to the surface by too vigorous brushing. Just the same, a cat which is not regularly groomed can show the same symptoms. Sometimes hand grooming is an advantage.

I suggest you give him a course of Halibut Liver Oil Capsules, three a day until you feel there is much improvement. They are obtained from Boots the Chemists and are 5/- per 100.—*Editor.*

Forest Hill,  
London, S.E.23

Dear Editor,

I am wondering if you or any of your readers can help me with a problem concerning my Siamese kitten. The day I brought him from the stud at nine weeks old, I discovered he had a tape worm, and now, at the age of nine months, he still has this persistent parasite.

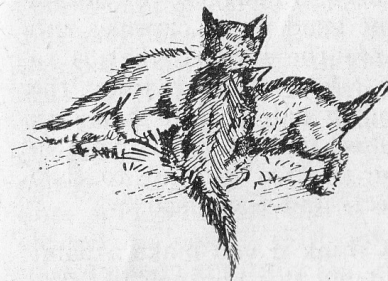
Our vet. first tried the drug which is supposed to melt the worm and rid the kitten of it without affecting him in any way. This was a complete failure although it was tried several times. We then resorted to the usual purge methods which we have continued with short intervals until now, without any result except to make the cat ill. Has anyone any suggestions which might help?

The cat has the usual symptoms of a tape worm, i.e., abnormal appetite, "staring" fur, and a propensity to catch cold too easily. Otherwise he has survived the drastic treatment meted out to him without ridding him of the worm.

Yours faithfully,

J. Wilkinson.

## TO THE EDITOR



Miss Elizabeth Cox of Sidford,  
kindly sent us the charming  
drawings above

Dear Miss Wilkinson,

We are sorry to hear of the trouble you are having with your Siamese, and what he needs is some Nema Worm Capsules, which we believe are made by Parke, Davis & Co., Ltd., but you could buy them from any good, old-established chemist.

They are made in different sizes, so you should explain the age and weight of your cat so that you get the right size, and then follow the directions.

We feel sure this will do the trick.—*Editor.*

New Jersey,  
U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

I just purchased a copy of your book on Siamese Cats, edition of January, 1950, and wish to thank you for much material of interest to me as a Siamese cat owner.

One point, however, on which I would be grateful for additional information: How do you figure the proper quantities of food for a cat?

Mine (two kittens each five months old) are such greedy little beggars they would eat six times a day if it were put before them. Already they are getting too plump. They do not have that sleek slimness I see in show cats. Yet if one starves them they sit and look mournfully at the refrigerator and make eating meals impossible for humans unless the kittens are locked out of the dining room.

Could you offer any suggestions?

Sincerely,  
S. Sameth.

Dear Mr. Sameth,

Thank you very much for your letter of the 10th, and for your kind remarks about my book "Siamese Cats."

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

I am glad you raised the point about the proper quantities of food to give to Siamese. Naturally, this varies according to age and obviously according to sex, as obviously a male would require more food than a female, but I think you will find that the best results are obtained by only feeding two meals a day. One meal at about the same time as you would have your own breakfast, but always before your breakfast, and another meal at about seven o'clock in the evening. This for adults.

Now as to kittens, here in England we find rabbits very plentiful as is white fish (cod, whiting, plaice), and what we do with rabbit and whitefish is to boil until the bone comes away easily from the flesh, sort out all the bones from it and the surplus moisture, and put out as much as would cover a saucer. Naturally, it is best to break it up, or cut it up, small for kittens and for Siamese until they are adult, which is at the age of nine months. After that age they can be given larger pieces about as big as a walnut. Give the kits three meals a day.

It is interesting to see that yours are "greedy little beggars and would eat six

times a day if it were put before them." This sounds very much like worms to me, as in my experience the three good meals mentioned above are quite sufficient. If the cats are healthy they will not be demanding food in between meals. So I suggest you obtain some good worm capsules and starve the kittens, that is to say, do not feed from the evening before, and then give the worm capsule, allowing an hour or two for this to take effect, and then feed.

I think if you make a point of doing this you will find the trouble you mentioned will evaporate, and you will stop them from getting too fat. A Siamese should have a sleek, slender body, without any fat, and the coat should be smooth and flat. If yours have what is called a staring coat, it is quite true that they need worming.—*Editor.*

Groby,  
Leicestershire.

Dear Editor,

I would be extremely grateful if you would give me your opinion or advice about my cat's eyes.

## TO THE EDITOR

For your guidance, I would mention that he is a Tom, and we think he is about twelve or fourteen months old. We took him in as a stray when he seemed to be about six or seven months old. He was in very poor condition. His coat was dull and lifeless, and he had sore places on his legs, and had lice. He had a bad eye, which was watering, and which occasionally had a brown discharge. We set to work on him, and with Lorexane we cleared his coat. With good food, he soon got quite fat, but the bad eye still persisted. We thought that as his general condition improved perhaps it would get better, but it did not. We then started bathing it and putting Golden Ointment on it, but it got no better. He is now quite a healthy little cat, well fed, kept warm and comfortable, and never goes out at night, but now his other eye has started to behave in the same way.

We are very worried about this, in case it might affect his sight, and part from that, it must cause him distress, as he does not seem to like being in a bright light.

We would be glad if you could let us know what you think about this, and if you

could advise us what to do, or tell us what it might be. We feel that it cannot be a cold or it would have cleared up by now.

Yours faithfully,  
N. Haley.

Dear Mrs. Haley,

Thank you for your letter about your cat. You seem to have done wonderfully well with him, but eye trouble does take a good deal of clearing up, and it is obvious that at some time he has had Feline Distemper, which has left that condition of the eyes, and it would appear to be of long standing.

I suggest that you mix twice a day half a teaspoonful of boracic crystals with a cup full of hot water, allow to cool to the right temperature, and bathe with swabs of cotton wool. Ask your vet. to let you have two tubes of mammary penicillin, this is usually used for cows' udders which are infected, but is marvellous for cat's eyes. After bathing with the boracic dry off with swabs of cotton wool and then squeeze a little of the penicillin ointment into the corner of each eye.

A three day course of this, done morning and evening, should effect a cure.—*Editor.*

## FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES VISIT TO THE ZOO

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

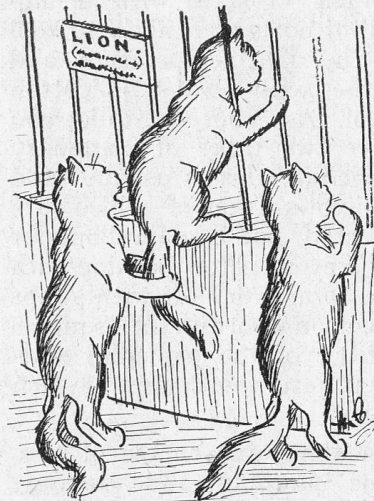
*Illustrated by Mary Claisen*

EDWARD decided it was time that Lionel needed educating! he had actually asked what a giraffe looked like, and if it swam. "I will take you all to the Zoo."

"What is the Zoo," enquired Babykin.

"Have none of you ever been to school?" enquired Edward.

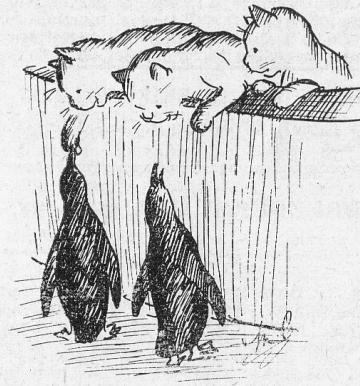
The following day they all set off for one of the biggest and best Zoos there are. Plumpey's only worry was in



case all the animals might be roaming around loose, but Edward assured him that it was quite safe!

When they arrived, they bought a map indicating where all the animals were. "What shall we see first?" cried Rolly, waving the map about in his excitement. "The monkeys," chorussed Lionel and Babykin. So they set off to see the monkeys, who were swimming about in their cages chattering loudly. "Aren't they like humans," remarked Plumpey in a particularly clear voice.

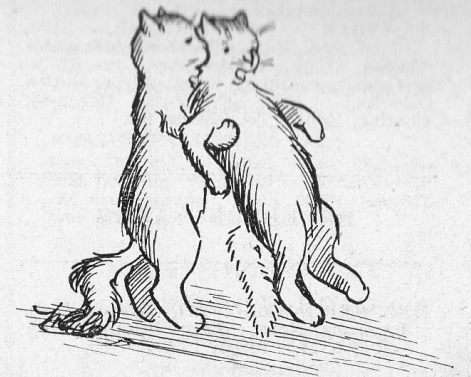
"Let us go and visit the Lion House," said Edward hurriedly; so they crossed a courtyard, and went into another building. Here the Lions were roaming about in their cages chewing great lumps of meat. Babykins was rather frightened, and clung to Rolly's arm, but Lionel, who had such a fellow feeling towards the King of the Jungle, jumped up on to the edge of the cage and put his head through the bars. Suddenly, with a growl, the Lion spotted him and made to



dart forward with his clawed paw! . . . only just in time did Lionel leap down again.

Feeling rather shaken, they all trooped off to watch the Penguins. They leaned over the wall overlooking the Penguin Pond, and had a lovely view. Then they went to watch the Polar Bears, and Edward showed Lionel what a Giraffe looked like. "Oh, I know," cried Lionel, "but I thought they were called Camels." He then had to be shown the Camels, and, in the end, they all had a ride on the Camel's back, sitting in a row.

"I am getting hungry," announced Plumpey, so they went to the Zoo restaurant, and had tea and cream cakes, and ice cream!



After that they took a look at the Elephants and Reptiles, till a particularly long and slimy snake looked at Plumpey, who nearly fainted with fright, and had to be carried out by his friends. To cheer themselves up after this, they wandered into the Aquarium and saw hundreds and hundreds of beautiful fish swimming about, then Plumpey said he did not feel too well again, for the sight of all those lovely fish, and not being able to eat one was too much for him. So they went to see the Birds and Rabbits, and were enjoying themselves so much they forgot about the time, and had to hurry away for fear of being locked up all night with the animals.

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“CATS AND KITTENS” MAGAZINE, 14, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

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