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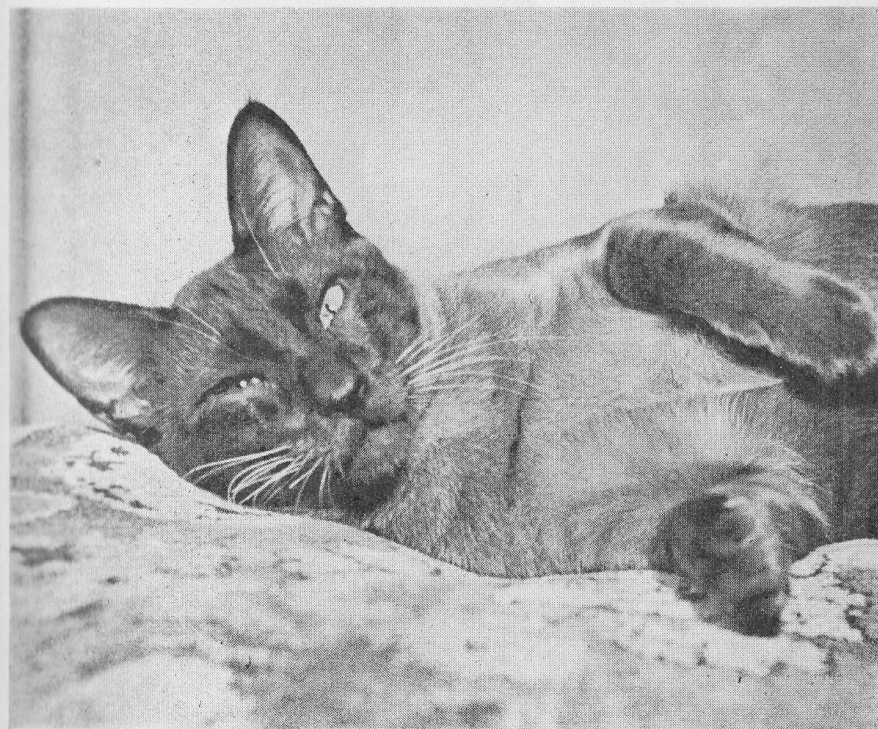
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MAY, 1951



Photo—A. Frost

"THE CONTENTED CAT" is Mrs. Coldham's Burmese.

The cover photograph shows Mrs. Austin's TEDDY
(see page 23)

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

By MARGARET MELVILLE

IF YOU are fond of cats, it is a very good plan to have two. (Or more, of course, if you like.)

Two cats are much more than twice as appealing as one cat. They will stay kittenish much longer as they will always have a playfellow, and you will find a great deal of happiness in watching them together.

My two cats are called the Cat and the Fiddle. I had the Cat first, and he seemed so important an animal, so individual and superior, that I could never think of a name worthy of him. To me he symbolised the beauty, grace and charm of all his kind, so I simply called him the Cat.

A year later the Fiddle came to live with me. He was rather like the Cat in appearance, being grey - black - and - fawn stripey, with large white patches here and there. But he had a rounder face, smaller eyes, a much fatter middle and a much thicker tail.

At first the Cat was vastly affronted. Nothing consoled him for this invasion of his domain, and he would not lie in any of his favourite places

if the little Fiddle happened to have been there. He only ate just enough to keep body and soul together. He maintained this aloof attitude for nearly two weeks, and I was so sorry for him that I began to think they would never be friends.

Then, one evening, I held my breath, as the Cat delicately approached the Fiddle, sitting smugly in the middle of the hearth-rug; he sniffed all round the fat little intruder and then gently licked his face—an obvious kiss of friendship to end the enmity between them. Since then they have been perfectly happy together.

But the Cat always retains his ascendancy, and I sometimes think the humble Fiddle might well be named Second Fiddle, for that is indeed the part he has to play.

The Cat always eats his dinner first—the Fiddle sits patiently waiting. When I go out the Cat escorts me to the end of the road; I think the Fiddle would like to come too, but he seems to feel that it would be presumptuous to do so, and he sits on the garden wall wistfully gazing after us. When I return home Cat leads

the way to meet me; Fiddle follows at a respectful distance.

The Cat is restless and proud,—he does not like to be caressed unless *he* chooses. But when I am busy moving about the room, he will weave in and out of my ankles, nearly tripping me up. When I comb my hair or powder my face, he jumps on the dressing table and rubs his head under my chin. If I want to sit back in the arm - chair, comfortably knitting or reading, he comes and lies on my chest and puts his front paws round my neck. But if I feel lazy and dreamy and want to fuss him and call him sweet names, he will have nothing to do with me.

The Fiddle, on the other hand, never volunteers affection of any sort, but if I pick him up he will sit on my lap purring contentedly for hours. His is an undemanding nature, meek and submissive.

Unexpectedly, the Fiddle is the better hunter of the two. His mother lives in the country and is an expert stalker of birds and little wild animals, and her son seems to have inherited some of her skill. Not that he ever catches anything, he is really too lazy, but he comes much nearer a catch than the Cat ever does. He, whose grace is boundless, cannot stalk a bird without clumsily betraying himself, and

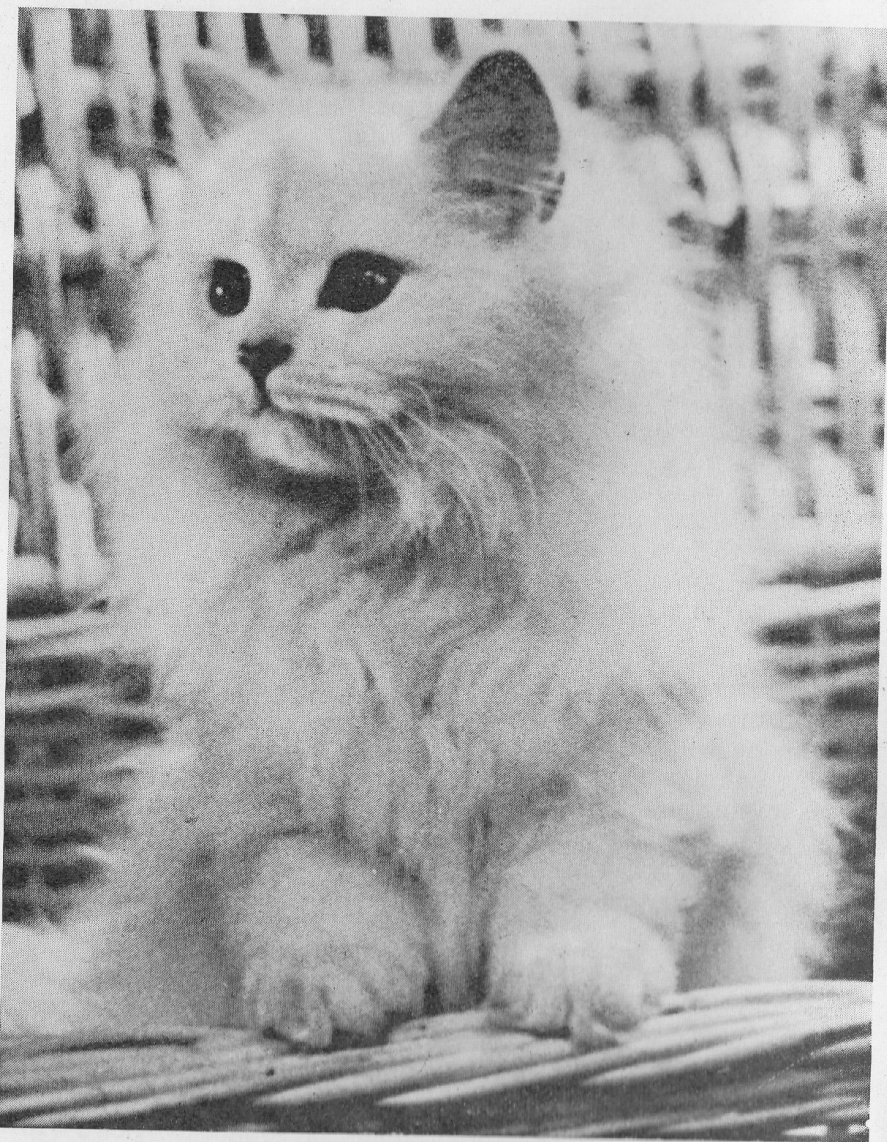
the sparrows almost seem to mock him deliberately by pretending not to notice his advance, and then flying cheekily away at the last minute. He turns aside, uncaring and untroubled, though a little bewildered, I think, at his conspicuous lack of success.

They are an everlasting joy to watch in the garden on a summer evening, as the dusk creeps over the trees and lawn. The Fiddle strolls quietly towards the house—but he does not get there. The Cat pounces on him from behind a bush, hits him smartly over the head and dashes madly away and up the apple tree. Even the docile Fiddle responds to this challenge, and tears after him, bent on revenge.

They chase each other and their own tails crazily around in the shadows, up and down the apple tree, leaping and turning, rushing, lying in wait and pouncing. Their eyes gleam emerald as darkness comes—they are transformed by primitive joy into the epitome of triumphant cathood.

They are beautiful and satisfying and the integrity of their small personalities helps to preserve my faith in the potential happiness of all creatures.

Even Man.



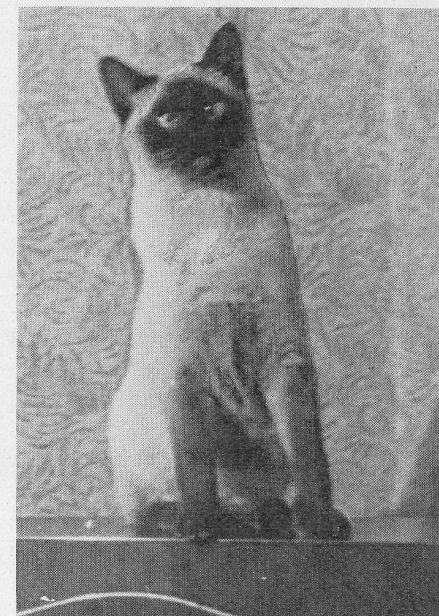
Mrs. Turney's SARISBURY APHRA
First Prize Winning Chinchilla Kitten

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

AT THE Nottingham Show on January 9th, I saw two chocolate point kittens, not really in show condition. Their novice breeder asked me how she could improve them, and I suggested a worm capsule, followed by a course of Kitzyne and Halibut liver oil capsules, plus regular grooming. About three weeks after, the kits were brought to my house for me to see. I liked them so much, I had to buy one, and he is now a well established member of our household. Then I was astonished to read an extremely severe show report of these two kits, which might give the impression they were on their last legs. I thought we were all out to help and advise the novice, and I think this was an instance where kindly advice would have been preferable. I have taken a photo of my kitten to-day, and hope it will come out well so that it can be seen what a lovely boy he is.

During the time we have lived here, and considering it is built up, we have been singularly free of visits from strange cats. The little lady from next door is sometimes to be seen in our garden. She is torty and white with a dash



Regale Remus, Chocolate Point
Siamese. Breeder—Miss N.
Follows. Owner—Mrs. L. France

of tabby, and is spayed. But recently, a big black half Persian tom has made his appearance. He has had a fight with Daffy and with Gally and now he has attacked Gay, torn his ear, and injured his tail. He came running to tell us about it, but we did not understand. My husband put him into his house, and when he got indoors, found he had blood on his hands and face.

I brought Gay into the kitchen so that we could attend to his wounds, and he was very sorry for himself. He is the least quarrelsome tom I have ever known—will live with another tom in peace, and not molest Gally and Daffy in their runs—as they would with half a chance. I have rather curtailed the toms free time as I do not want them to become battered old warriors. Recently this tom was on top of Daffy's run, and, of course, Daffy was hopping mad to get up to him.

Mrs. Coldham has sent a delightful photo of her Burmese Chinki Yong Zahran, which appears in this issue. She tells the following story. One evening recently Zahran forgot his house manners and a little pool appeared on one of the chairs. I told him I was both pained and surprised to see him behave so badly. He sat bolt upright for a few minutes, obviously thinking things out. Then he went to the sideboard, seized the tea cosy and took it over to the chair. There he placed it over the offending little pool, and with a small grunt of satisfaction jumped into my lap and went to sleep.

Mrs. Coldham had a fire at her house at the end of February. Fortunately it occurred during the day or it would have been a tragedy for her cats. Mrs. Coldham sends sad news also, and says:—The dear



Burmese Female,
Chindwin's Minou Twm

little Abyssinian kitten whose photograph appeared in the February issue of the magazine was run over and killed outside her home. She was so gay, affectionate and full of life that we cannot realise she has gone. Her owner was so fond of her and is quite heart-broken. At the Norwich show she charmed everyone.

Mrs. W. P. Gregg writes. Since sending Tina, my Siamese queen, to you for mating, a business development has come up which will mean our being abroad for a considerable period this year. Therefore, we may have to dispose of her.

Will anyone interested please contact Mrs. W. P. Gregg, 150, Prieston Road, Boston, Lincs. Tel. 2878. The queen is Alcaig Tina. Sire, Proud Gnome. Dam, Cally Victoria.

I think my Burmese queen Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat, is one of the most intelligent cats I have ever known. She has her six babies in a bedroom off the hall and when they have a milky or fish meal, she has hers with them, but when it is meat, she has her's in the hall. After a reasonable time, I go to see if she is ready to go back, and there she is, waiting at the door, with a piece of meat, which she has saved from her meal, across her mouth, trying to tell me as well as she can that she wants the door open so that she can take it to her babies.

The Notts. and Derby cat club held their A.G.M. at Nottingham on March 31st. Twenty-seven members attended, which was not bad considering the weather, although the sun did shine on us once during the afternoon. The business was soon satisfactorily disposed of, the officers and retiring members all being re-elected. Afterwards, there was a pleasant tea party, and we indulged in cat chat to our hearts' content, and showing around snaps of our beloved pets. The afternoon went all too quickly. Miss Kathleen

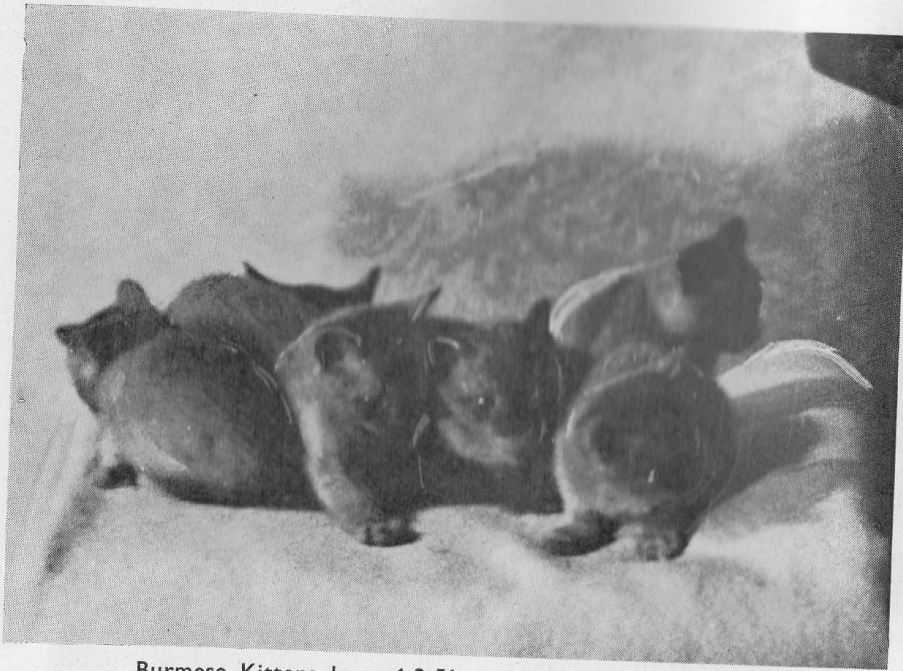
Yorke was re-elected President, and we were all sorry she was unable to be present. Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Webb were also absent, as Dorrie is ill and has to go into hospital on April 3rd for an operation. She has not been well for a number of years, and I hope her health will soon be very greatly improved.

Mrs. Claisen writes: I am sending you a cutting from a Rhodesian newspaper which I receive each week. I thought it rather amusing and interesting and picture little processions of cats, each carrying his or her own bedding and possibly a little suit-case!

HOTEL FOR DURBAN CATS :
THEY SLEEP ON DIVANS AND
HAVE "SUNDOWNERS."

Durban cats can now boast a hotel of their own. Six months ago kennels were opened just outside Durban, where cat owners can leave their pets when they go on holiday, writes a special representative from Durban.

It was surprising how quickly cats settled down, Miss Sebice, the proprietress, said. Miss Sebice, a veterinary nurse, previously kept dog kennels. She finds that cats are far less troublesome. They are too independent to pine over the absence of their owners, and though they may sulk for a day or two, hunger and a tempting dish of meat soon overcome their strangeness.



Burmese Kittens born 6-2-51. Sire Gatos Da Foong.
Dam Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat. Breeder—Mrs. L. France.

When I visited the place there were 15 cats, each in a separate kennel with a wired-in "private garden"; five were Siamese. These were the self-appointed Royal Family, and would have nothing to do with the others. The rest included a nondescript short-haired tabby which ten days ago had just produced five fluffy kittens.

SECOND HOME.

"She is so frequent a visitor to the 'hotel' that she wanders about quite freely and regards it as her second home," said Miss Sebice.

Three large toms have lived in the kennels since they were

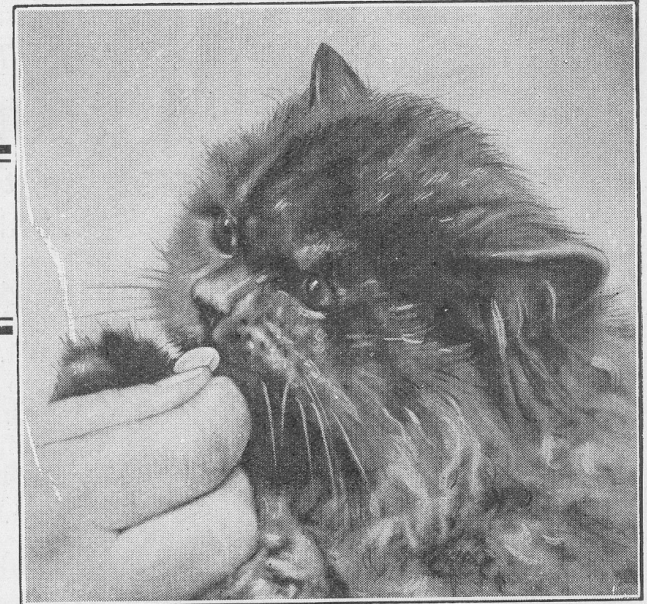
started. The owners of two of them are in England, while those of the third have to live in a hotel until they can all get a home of their own. The third cat had the freedom of the grounds until it disgraced itself by devouring one of the hotel's chickens.

Though this cat hotel is by no means an old age home, one of the latest arrivals is 17 years old. It requires special attention and diet.

Many of the cats arrive with their own little divans and cushions. Nearly all have their personal food fads.

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REDWALLS CRINOLINE



MISS L. L. Elliot
of 5, Cirencester
Road, Charlton
Kings, Cheltenham,
writes:—

"I do not know what you put into Kit-zyme, but every cat I have so far had has been mad about it. If I did not strictly ration the daily dosage I believe my two would eat the bottleful in one fell swoop.

Redwalls Crinoline has her tablets from my fingers (as shown in the photograph), but Merely Rusty races all over the room for his, like a dog.

Both these cats now have wonderful coats, thick and long, and the most prodigious appetites."

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

I RECEIVED a letter from a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" Magazine the other day. She was rather worried because her little cat had shown no sign of giving birth to her kittens (she was two days overdue).

I have known queens of my own go for a week over the nine weeks, and have been perfectly all right. As long as the queen shows no sign of being distressed or straining there is not much to worry about. If I see my own queens straining and nothing happens, I give a dose of castor oil, if this does not produce any result, it is time to send for a veterinary surgeon.

While a queen is eating well and seems perfectly well, I should let well alone. I always give a teaspoonful of liquid paraffin every morning a week before the babies are due. I find this helps the queen to have an easier delivery.

I saw a lovely kitten by Oxleys Smasher out of West-bridge Rosemary last night. What a heavenly colour he was,

a real lavender blue and sound from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail. I do not honestly think I have seen such a colour for a long time. It is rather a pity that this male is already sold and to be neutered, as he is just what blue breeders are aiming for. He is at present boarding with his breeder, Mrs. Bradley of West Bridgeford, Nottingham.

Rosemary is again in kitten to Smasher, and Mrs. Bradley is hoping for a female of the same colour. I wish her every good wish and hope she gets what she wants.

Many readers will I know be interested to know that my old stud, King Kong (a big winner and sire of many winners) will be fifteen years old on the 11th of April. He is, of course, past stud work, but eats well and is very happy. I should imagine fifteen years is almost a record for a stud that has worked as hard as he has. He took on all comers, whether tiresome or otherwise. I should say he was the model stud.

NUNETTE

By A CAT LOVER

FOR sheer perfection in the art of hiding things, if indeed, hiding can be called an art, my friend's cat can compete with any jackdaw.

Every Monday morning my friend used to leave the money for the milkman, together with the milkbook, on a loose box which had been made to fit over the gas meter. To the embarrassment of everyone, the milkman said that the silver was not there, only the coppers were on the book when he arrived. This same statement was made by the milkman for several weeks, and became more puzzling to us each time. One morning, after putting out the money as usual, my friend returned for something she had forgotten, and there was Nunette pushing the silver coins along with her paw, until they fell down at the back of the box. Upon pulling away the loose cover she found a number of half crowns, shillings and sixpences.

Another favourite pastime of Nunette's was to hide money under the carpet, which was only removed when the room had an extra clean, and which was the result of losing a very good "help," who refused to

believe that it was the cat that had put the money there.

One of the worst of Nunette's offences was to run off with the Vicar's over-shoes. It was raining very hard on this particular day when the Vicar called and he very thoughtfully left his umbrella and rubber over-shoes in the vestibule.

Apparently, on hearing the front door open, some little time later, Nunette dropped the second shoe on the garden path and fled in fright, and so the poor Vicar had to go home with only one on.

A few weeks ago we reported to the newsagent that the boy was not delivering the evening paper, and the newsagent promised to reprimand the news-boy. However, still the paper was not to be found, until one evening Nunette was seen running along the hall with it in her mouth and out into the garden. Following very quietly behind, we were just in time to see her disappear into the dog's kennel with it. There we found all the missing papers, about eighteen of them, pushed right to the back.

When occasionally my friend sits down to knit, she has a

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A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

SIAMESE Cat Club General Meeting was battleground reminiscent of the days of the late lamented Phyl Wade. Shots fell thick and fast on the committee, Brian Stirling-Webb and the writer of these offensive notes. The Siamese Cat Club show dares to be different. We do things which are never entertained at any other show. Perhaps we prefer a little more individuality instead of following the usual pattern. No-one can say we do not, at least, have a certain degree of efficiency, and I will challenge anyone to deny that the Siamese Cat Club show is not the best one of the season. Not blowing my own trumpet. It is a show committee which really tackles the job, and the team work of helpers who really do help, makes for success. But it is the fashion these days to whack every little luxury on the head, so why not apply the "Let's all be miserable together" slogan to the cat show too. Not whilst I have anything to do with it, so cheer up. Judges and stewards will not be deprived of their intoxicating refreshment if they want it, even if I have to pay for it myself out of the fifty bob I should not have had.

Impressions of a new member who had never before attended a cat meeting: "I came expecting to hear something about cats, but all I saw was a committee sitting up there to be quizzed and a number of people arguing as to whether a comma was in the right place in the book of rules, which did not matter a tinker's cuss. Only two gentlemen (take a bow, Messrs. Dunks and Murrell) said anything about cats."

How right you are, Miss Duncan. The last thing the average club member thinks about are cats! Happily the grumblers are in the minority, but might I humbly suggest they would do well to first put their own house in order before calling the Siamese Cat Club executive to account. Moreover this is still a free country, and if you do not like the Siamese Cat Club you need not belong to it. If you think the management of the show is all wrong, you need neither exhibit or attend it, and if you do not like my say that I think paragraphs, you need not read them!

Has anyone seen a Siamese with flesh coloured pads? Interesting letter from Mrs. Rudy Eisenhuth of Racekatten

Club, Copenhagen, Denmark. Such an exhibit appeared at a show and was a most beautiful specimen in every way except for this peculiarity. What should the poor judge do? With a seal-point the pads should obviously be dark seal colour, so presumably we put flesh colour down as a defect, the cat being one and a half years old, they are not likely to change. It is an oddity I have not yet come across, has anyone else? Mr. Jude is the obvious person to come to our rescue. Perhaps he will.

Another letter: "My seal point queen needs mating. She has *no* squint and has a whip tail, and I am informed on authority by a well known judge that she is well pointed and very gentle nature. Naturally I want to sire her with similar type. Have you one available if I sent her off on Friday by rail (reg.)? If anything, I would like the sire to have a lighter back as I think my queen has a slightly darker tone than is generally liked, but please phone me and I will return cost, so that I can make other arrangements if necessary. My queen needs a full three to four days with sire. Popoki is her name, and she is 17½ months old, so I would wish for a mate older than that. She has had one litter which indicated she had

mated with a squinter strain, so I do not want that to happen again, hence my change of stud." I have *not* one available.

Still another: "I am told that you are the most likely person to help me get the kind of Siamese cat (male) I am wishing to possess. A high price is beyond my means, so I do not want him necessarily to have perfect show points. In fact, I want him to be a large breed, larger than the 'perfect Siamese' should be. I cannot keep a dog as I am quite unable to exercise one, but I want to train my Siamese as I would a guard-dog, therefore I need one of fierce looking sort and of big and bouncing like 'Charles' who belonged to Mr. Michael Joseph, and whose book has made me long for one. (Can you supply me with 'Cat's Company' by the same author?) I should like my cat to have a very dark big mask and other points, and I want him to have very nice eyes (with as little squint as possible). He would be brought up on Lactol. I would not of course have any kitten under six weeks, but do not want him much older, and I particularly want him to be very healthy and robust. I should rely on your recommendation that I need fear no lice or other vermin."

My recommendation would be the queen I had here last week, guaranteed to frighten Dick Barton himself. She was extra special, and just leapt into the air to the attack every time I put my nose into the cat house!

In the offing—a Chocolate pointed Siamese Club. There is one for Blues so why not Chocolates. So writes Miss Wentworth-Fitzwilliam in a somewhat indignant letter on the subject of the new-old variety. Miss Fitzwilliam emphasises, quite rightly, that some of the present breeders of chocolate-points are handing round the "I was the first to breed them" stuff, when all old established members of the Siamese Cat Club know perfectly well that Miss Fitzwilliam bred this variety long before the newcomers were thought of, and whilst on this subject there would be no chocolate-point to-day had it not been for Penybryn Mont and Elsie Hart. Quite a fairy story in its way.

Penybryn Mont, known to Guildfordians as Gitto, belonged to an acquaintance of mine and led a life of freedom until quite by chance I was shown his pedigree, whereupon the prefix Penybryn brought back memories of the cats bred by Mrs. James Robertson bearing this prefix now practically extinct. Being early war years,

studs were scarce and breeders would not trust their queens to lengthy train journeys, so Gitto now and again visited Pewley Hill for matrimonial purposes, and to this day I regret to say the new tenants of No. 25 ask if anybody kept a cat there!

Apart from a well shaped head, Gitto was no oil painting, but he did sire very nice stock to certain queens, and when visiting a local litter I saw amongst them the unmistakable, very white, golden pointed, differently coloured eye of a chocolate point. I should not have thought it anything other than an odd looking kitten had I not seen one exhibited at one of the Kensington Kitten Club shows many years before, and also made the acquaintance of Val Prentis who was the owner of the only known chocolate point in the country, Georgiana. Quite excited at seeing something which had not been bred for years, I returned home to delve into the pedigree of the dam of these kittens, and, of course, found Penybryn, and, what is more, the original thrower of chocolates, Litabois.

A hurried letter went to Miss Fitzwilliam, who most kindly sent me all her old pedigrees, from which it was found that these cats were descendants of her Sir Brian de Listinoise, son

of this old male. Well, that was the start.

In the next litter a female kitten appeared and to-day she is better known as Henham Chloe. So interested was Miss Fitzwilliam that she sent her queen Seafoam de Listinoise down from York to Mont to see if she would produce any chocolates. She did, Seashell de Listinoise, now owned by Mrs. Williams being one of them. Breeders became interested, and searches began

to find other lines carrying the chocolate factor in order to finally establish the breed now known as 24B. One must not forget Mrs. French when writing about the origin of the chocolate point. A great deal is due to her knowledge of pedigrees and vast experience in breeding for these different colourings. Whether the chocolate-pointed Siamese will ever seriously rival the Seal is doubtful, but time will tell.

Please turn to page 35



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

WATCH YOUR CAT when the light of mischief gleams in his eye—the little tinker knows he has only to rub himself against your leg and all his pranks are forgiven! He depends so much on your care and kindness. 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' a day—and he'll be the liveliest, most lovable pet that ever was, with eyes that shine and a coat like silk!

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KEEP CATS KITTENISH



OUR BLUE LONG HAIRS

KITTEN AILMENTS

By CLARE PRINCE

THIS month I would like to give a few hints to novices (and also to prospective purchasers of young long-haired kittens) on the common illnesses likely to attack these kittens. Particularly long-hairs because quite often illness is caused through the intake of hair into the stomach.

In the first place let us remember that nature must have decreed that hair *should* be swallowed. We have only to make a study of the kitten's tongue to realise this, for once a piece of hair is lodged on the tongue the surface of the tongue carries it into the stomach.

If the cat or kitten were leading a natural life in natural surroundings its food would consist of raw flesh, fish, rabbit, insects, water, grasses and leaves, etc. Also the animal would enjoy unrestricted liberty. Under these conditions the hair swallowed would cause no trouble and would perhaps even help to digest the food.

Under domestic conditions, however, certain treatment is necessary to help to dispose

of the hair which might otherwise accumulate and cause inflammation of the stomach and intestines.

During the first six or eight weeks of a kitten's life the mother cat of course undertakes the cleaning and toilet of her kittens. So that at the time of weaning a kitten has to learn, in addition to house manners, to attend to the cleaning of its own coat, and also how to get used to a solid diet.

At this age, I encourage my kittens to eat grass first thing in the morning. Then on Monday and Tuesday of each week I give them a warm teaspoonful of liquid paraffin.

It is important that a kitten should be wormed as soon after eight weeks as possible. There are some very good worming medicines to be obtained in capsule form, and if you follow the instruction given, a kitten is easily wormed at this age.

Young kittens should have five *small* meals a day. Three solid and two liquid. As the kitten grows into an adult at nine months old, he will then

have one good meal in the morning, a drink mid-day, and another meal in the evening. Always have clean water in a dish where the cats and kittens can help themselves. Meals should be light and finely shredded meat, rabbit or fish.

If the weather is cold and wet, and the kittens have to remain indoors, cod or halibut liver oil may be given daily to supply the vitamins which sunshine normally provides.

Having taken all these precautions, it is to be expected that your kits will grow strong and healthy.

If, however, a kitten starts to vomit a light frothy sickness, and the vomiting continues, it is necessary to act *quickly*. It may only be indigestion, and then again it could be the beginning of an attack of gastro-enteritis, an illness which carries off more kittens than any other illness.

I must say that I have found tasteless castor oil invaluable, as, once administered, it carries the cause of the trouble through the body. It is quick in action, and for this reason no other medicine has quite the same effect.

It is important that it should be given without distress to the cat or kitten. The mouth should be opened by holding the back of the head in one

hand and, while pressing the cheeks with fore-finger and thumb, gently lifting back until the kitten opens its mouth. Then pour the oil *slowly* on the back of the tongue allowing it to be all swallowed before releasing the head. Care should be taken over this to ensure that the oil does not smear the mouth.

Accustom your kittens to taking a little sweetened milk and water from a spoon at an early age, then when the time comes to administer oil or medicine in a spoon, both you and the animal are used to the procedure, and you have not the nervousness of giving or the animal in taking medicine.

To make the oil run freely, first fill the spoon with hot milk and water, then pour all but a drop away, fill the spoon with oil, and have it all ready before you take the animal on your knee.

After giving the warm oil, let your kitten rest for three hours, then give a teaspoonful of warm milk with bismuth every two hours. By this time the kitten will probably take a little milk or scraped meat, but in very severe cases it is necessary to spoon-feed with milk or Allenbury's food and Brand's Essence until the kitten will eat of its own accord. The kitten should be kept warm

Please turn to page 32

YOUR CATS AND MINE—*from page 8*

Cats understand the art of relaxation well. They take their holidays seriously. After dinner at five they have a "sundowner" (milk, neat); they sleep till breakfast; then they doze till 2 p.m., after which they take their constitutional.

Another letter and cutting comes from Mrs. Collingwood, who lives at Melfort, S. Rhodesia. A photograph in the "Rhodesian Herald," shows two lovely blue point Siamese—the first to arrive, and imported by Mrs. Collingwood. They arrived by air in Salisbury after travelling by sea from England. Mrs. Collingwood tells me their names are Silbe Evangelene and Kanana, and she is expecting two more, Roxane Dancing Moonbeam and Prestwick Blue Seashell. Including six seal point Siamese and these four newly imported blue points, Mrs. Collingwood has, altogether, nineteen cats.

Mrs. Diedrich sends news from Australia. I have received some very nice letters and am hopeful of being able to import some nice cats. I have not

been able to answer the letters yet, as I had two bad falls in the slippery mud and injured my back. Having to stay flat, I cannot write. We attended the Federal Cat Club Show last month and were happy to win Best Smoke, Best Black, and Best Torti Kitten. We have lost a lot of our best cats with tick-bight, also our best Australian terrier male. We are getting the ground cleared and ploughed, and I hope it will clear us of this dreaded pest.

I am happy to be able to include a photograph of my Burmese queen, Chindwins' Minora Twm, and one of Cheli's litter of six, taken when they were nearly five weeks old. I hope to get a better one of the six before any of them depart for their new homes.

I should like to make it quite clear that the remarks I mentioned in my last notes made against a cat at the Felixstowe show, were not made by a judge, official, or any member of the committee.

I received glowing accounts of the show from all round, and Miss German is to be congratulated on her able management.

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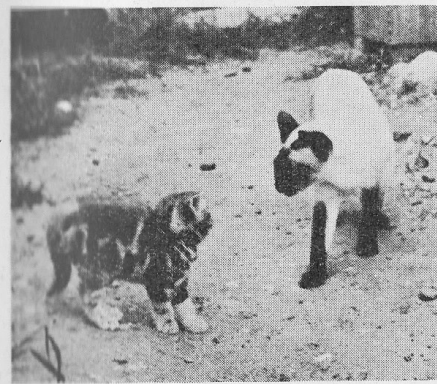
Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Blackie

Sheringham,
Norfolk.

Dear Editor,

I am sending along three snaps for "Cats and Kittens" Magazine. One is of my black cat Blackie. She is three years



Geney and Smokey



Smokey

old and is very sweet, and I am sending one of my kitten Smokey. She is grey and is the daughter of Blackie, and I am also sending a snap of Smokey the kitten with my Siamese cat Geney.

I hope you will be able to find room for them in "Cats and Kittens."

All good wishes,

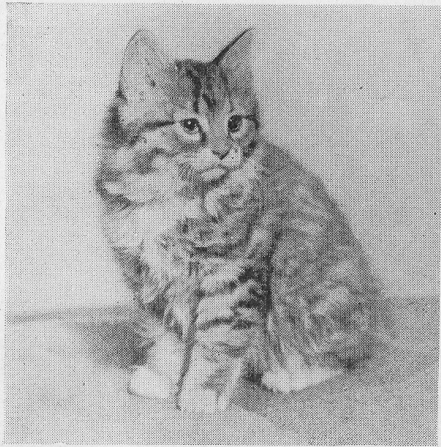
Yours sincerely,
Diana Gowing.

Clapham,
London, S.W.4.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photo of little Tabbytoes taken at the age of nine weeks, which I

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Tabbytoes

should be so pleased to see reproduced in your magazine. She is the daughter of Minna Minna Mowbray, our little tortoiseshell, named, of course, after the cat in Michael Joseph's lovely story Charles. Tabbytoes is almost a Persian to look at, and the first long-haired kitten Minna has had, although she has had twenty-one to date.

We have five other cats, whose photos I hope to send you one day, but up to the present time none I have taken have turned out really clear enough for print.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) S. Nye.

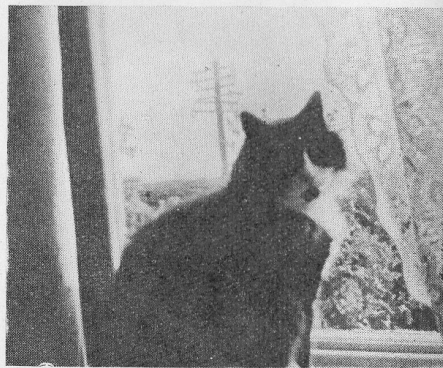
St. Ives,
Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

Am sending a snap of my cat, Nib. He is thirteen years old in May, and is still as playful as a kitten.

He has had to have most of his teeth out owing to abscesses. He is half Persian. I could write a book about all his little tricks and fancies. He is not very sociable, you might say he is a one woman's cat, but very lovable. Have taken "Cats and Kittens" for a good many years now and always look forward to the next issue.

Yours sincerely
A. Manger.



Nib

TO THE EDITOR

Woodhall Spa,
Lincs.

Dear Editor,

I am very interested to read about other people's pets each month in your magazine, and like the photos very much too, so I am sending you one of my ginger cat called Dandy. He always begs for his food. He is not quite two years old, and shall watch your magazine and hope you will be able to print Dandy's photo.

Yours sincerely,
Beatrice Atkin.

Nottingham.

Dear Editor,

Perhaps this little true story of my sister's cat, Peter, whose photo you published in May, 1950, may amuse you. My sister had to have all her teeth extracted, and it was arranged that she should have the doctor to give her an injection at home. Peter was all right until the dentist and the doctor entered the bedroom, but then he dashed in after them and would *not* be put out. Each time he was carried out he deftly slipped inside again. Then he darted beneath the bed and bit at the dentist's ankle! After this, Peter seemed to think he had done his best to protect his mistress



Dandy

and retired quietly behind a hanging curtain, where he remained, watchful, all that day. The dentist declared that Peter was no cat, but a bull terrier!

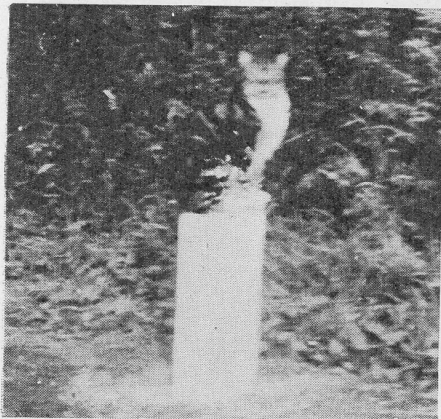
Yours sincerely,
(Miss) V. Lynn.

Rowley Green,
Barnet.

Dear Editor,

As a regular reader of your "Cats" I was very interested in a letter in March number written by Mrs. Holt of Caldby, Wirral, Cheshire, of her poor Siamese cat being caught in a

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Boy.

rabbit snare and having been able to get himself out.

The enclosed snap of my Boy, who had the same misfortune. I missed him January 9th, 1947. I hunted and hunted for him. On January 19th one of the kennel maids came to me and said a cat was crying in the hedge right up the road. I said, it can't be Boy, but I will come up if a cat is in trouble and see what I can do. I went along and fought my way through snow and very thick bush and hedge to the sound, and to my horror when I got to the crying it was Boy with the wire tight round his body before the back legs, nearly cut him through in his effort to free himself for ten days. He was in this state in

the very intense cold. The wire was so tight, I had to rush back to the house to get the garden snips to cut the wire.

Imagine my joy to have him home. I had him under one of London's cleverest vets., and that poor cat had two operations, and I had him bandaged and indoors till March 7th, 1948. And to-day, thank goodness, he is fit and well, with no sign except a waist line and no hair on what was the wound on his tummy.

I wish I had caught the beast who set the snare. I fear I should not be writing this to-day. I would have half killed him.

I do trust you will find room for my Boy. Thanking you.

Yours truly,
(Miss) E. Grimm.

Fairfax Road,
London.

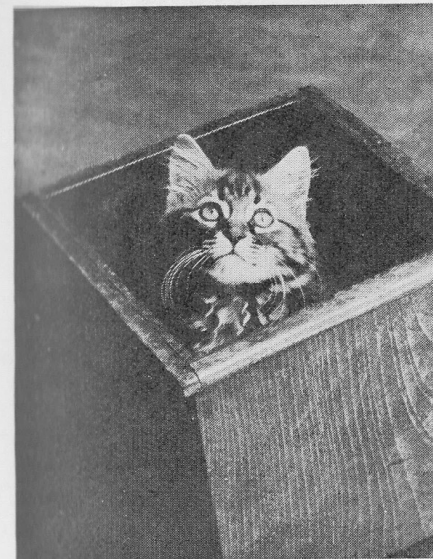
Dear Editor,

I am a reader of your paper and each copy is sent to a German friend of mine who breeds Persians in Bavaria.

I am enclosing a snapshot of Monkey, who is the beauty of Fairfax Road, and therefore spoilt by everybody.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) Helen Arnheim.

TO THE EDITOR



Monkey

Tonbridge,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing two pictures of Teddy, my Siamese, taken on his third birthday. He has the sweetest disposition of any Siamese I have ever possessed. He was a very delicate kitten, but with care, vitamins, etc., he grew into the unusually large cat you see in the picture, weighing 12 lb. 4 ozs. He begs, jumps, and does "Trust and paid for." Plays hide and seek in a very clever manner. He always enjoys a holiday with us and well investigates and

frees from cobwebs corners in hotel rooms, that must have been there for years. Loves to smell flowers, but never sits in flower beds.

It is most amusing to see him scattering mats in hall and rooms as he races about showing off when friends arrive, but he has none of the destructive traits of my previous Siamese. I must admit, however, that he loves food, i.e., rabbit and fish, but only the choicest, and torments us every mealtime until his dish also has a helping.

It would give us the greatest pleasure to see his picture in your "Cats and Kittens" if you can spare the space sometime.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Edna Austin.

Teddy's photograph appears on our cover.—*Editor.*

Mynydd-isa,
Flintshire.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing an enlarged coloured photo of my Siamese cat at the age of seven months, and hope you will have space for him in your magazine. Originally his name was Simon, but now we call him Si-Si. He is very intelligent, hates strangers, and snarls and growls at them like a dog. Si-Si loves

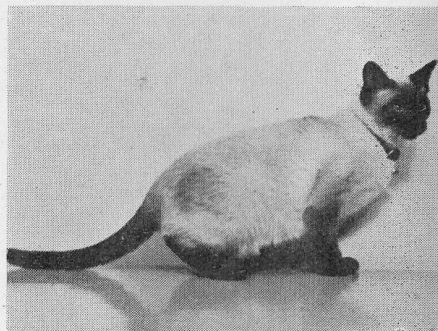
LETTERS AND PICTURES

playing ball, and will retrieve it as often as it is thrown. He brings it up on the bed in the mornings, and keeps dropping it on our faces to wake us, and then he expects us to throw it so that he can bring it back on the bed. He also catches it in his paws if we say catch. He is just getting used to his lead. At the moment of writing this he is sitting on the table at my side.

At Christmas he acquired a taste for dates and brazil nuts, but would not eat any other nuts. His latest trick is wanting a ride on the mat. If we are out for a longer time than usual, he is into mischief, either tearing the paper into confetti or biting the furniture. Last week he tore open the end of the settee and had a pile of stuffing out.

Sometimes if I take no notice of him, he keeps biting at my legs and meows, and fetches his ball, as if to say play with me. He is now eleven months old and is getting quite dark and silky. At the moment he is moulting, but he loves the vacuum cleaner on his fur. I do it quite often as it helps to get rid of the loose hair.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) E. Dolby.



Si-Si

Ilminster,
Somerset.

Dear Editor,

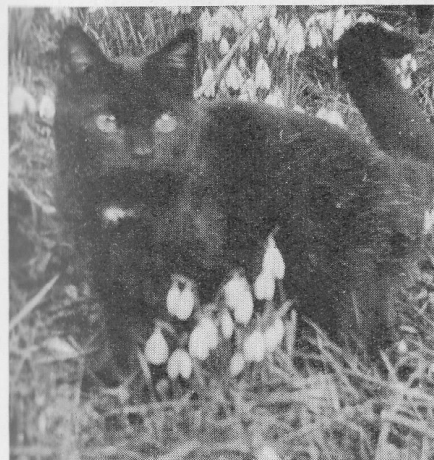
Am enclosing a snap of Topsy I took on a happy morning only a few days before her end. She had unusual white hairs on her back like a silver fox, and a long tail kinked at the tip. There was an indescribable sweetness in the gentle little creature.

I should so much like her to be "remembered" amongst other readers' snaps in "Cats and Kittens" that I find such pleasure in reading about.

May I just, as a matter of interest to you, a cat lover, tell you the story of her end, which I wonder if you may have met with in cat kingdom.

She got out one moonlight night, and after much calling and searching was at last

TO THE EDITOR



Topsy

discovered, having crept under the coal house door—the space was enough for her, but not for anything larger—and she was huddled on the coal in the far corner, terrified and trembling, and she cried at being lifted. She had the symptoms of having been caught by a male and severely crushed. There were no broken bones, but some fur was matted and slightly muddy on her back legs. The road is a good distance, and she never ventured down there, so being run over is very improbable.

We have a Scottie who circles the garden barking as soon as he is let out, and Topsy

would always make a quick get away when she heard him.

We brought her in, and gave her aspirin, but she was restless all night, and worse by the morning. The vet. came and diagnosed internal haemorrhage, saying she was in a state of collapse and certainly great pain. So there was only one thing for it, to put her out of her misery.

It was so dreadfully upsetting at the time, we did not go into why or how the tragedy occurred.

She was small and rather delicate, and just nine months old, and to suddenly lose such a sweet thing as she had become was very hard to bear.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) P. Maidlow.

Branscombe,
Devon.

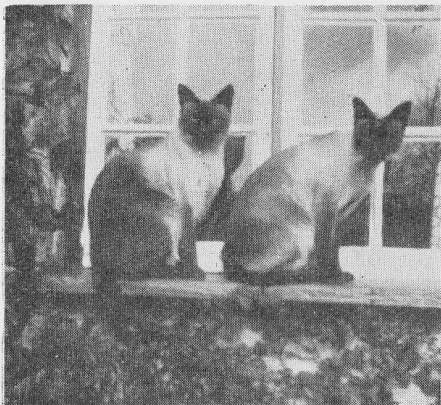
Dear Editor,

I am enclosing you a snap of my Siamese twins, Winkie and Woo.

These cats are seven years old, and were bred by Mrs. Jennings.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) M. Pyke-Nott.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Winkie and Woo

Stoke Mandeville,
Aylesbury,
Bucks.

Dear Editor,

We have recently had to have our tabby cat Henry put to sleep after an attack of pneumonia, which was followed by influenza. He had a habit of climbing over the thatched roof into our bedroom window, and caught a chill after climbing when the roof was covered with snow. He usually laid in front of an Esse cooker to dry himself, but unfortunately the fire went out during the night and he caught a chill.

Through want of experience we failed to put him into a warm bed immediately we noticed he was ailing, but the next day I took him by car to

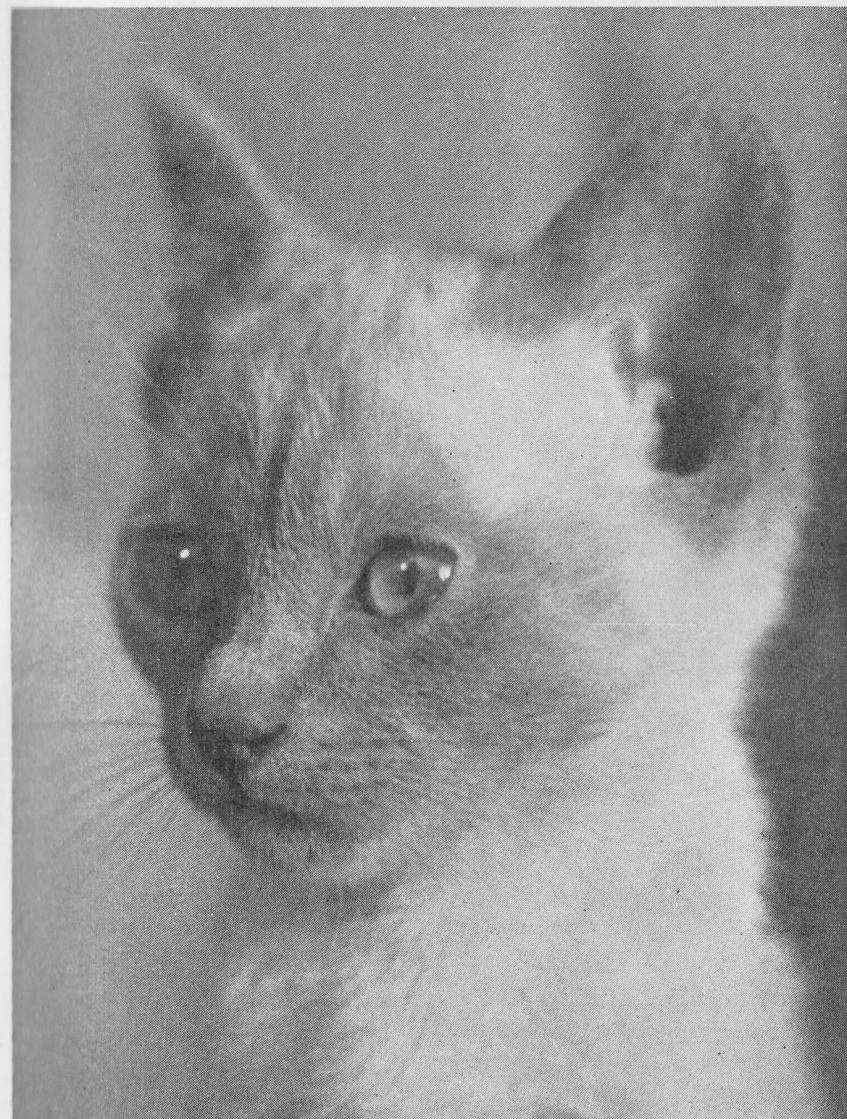
the nearest veterinary surgeon, who injected penicillin and gave us M. and B. tablets (half tablet every eight hours). Henry apparently recovered, but unfortunately was allowed out for a few minutes and went down with influenza or distemper (ropy saliva).

I took him to the vet. a second time, who injected again and gave me glucose to be added to milk, also pills for a suspected touch of kidney trouble. However, distemper or 'flu developed, and it distressed us to see him suffering so we had him put to sleep the following day. He was very much like Majak whose photo appears in your current magazine.

We have a very experienced veterinary surgeon in our district.

In two or three months' time, when danger of infection is past we intend to have another short-haired kitten, but this time he will have a box (sleeping) and I have cut a square hole in a large shed attached to the cottage so that shelter will always be available if the windows are shut. It never occurred to us to rub a cat dry with an old towel when he had been out in the wet, as we have done with dogs.

TO THE EDITOR



DONNIS PEARL

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Mrs. Richardson with Henry

If you know of any book, as well as yours, which gives detailed symptoms and treatment for all the usual ailments, etc., which are liable to happen to cats, feeding, etc., I would be grateful for particulars.

In the course of my own employment, I call on between 400 and 500 families, and very rarely do cat owners have a cat book unless it is perhaps Shirley's. It seems to me that when a veterinary surgeon prescribes medicine for a cat (or dog) that besides the instructions written on the bottle or box of pills, or ointment, if a printed leaflet describing the treatment and care and feeding (also handling) of the patient was given with the medicine, etc., for the

owner to study and carry out, it would save many lives of pets. The cost of leaflets could be added on to the bill. Even the poorest of people gladly pay for treatment, etc., for their pets. The vet. could have his name and address, phone number, and surgery hours printed at the top of the leaflet.

Thanking you.

Yours truly,
(Mr.) E. Richardson.

Southampton.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph I took of one of my little blue-pointed kittens, in the hope that you will be able to publish it. She is now established in another home, but I shall always remember her as my favourite of that particular litter. I kept her until she was eight months old, refusing many offers for her, because of her many endearing ways. When I came into the garden, she would run straight up "my front," putting both paws around my neck, and rubbing her face against mine. Purring fit to burst, she would then gently bite my nose!

It was a great wrench to part with her, but I found I had more breeding queens than I could comfortably cope with. I believe she is the darling of her present domain.

TO THE EDITOR

With best wishes for "Cats and Kittens" magazine, which I always find most helpful and entertaining.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) I. M. Donovan.

Blackheath, S.E.3.

Dear Editor,

I do so love your little publication. Ch. Silver Joey this month is a gorgeous thing, isn't he?

Now I wonder if you could help me. My ginger short-haired cat, Bambi, seven years old, seems to me to need a pedicure. What I mean is, I am afraid his claws are too long. The back ones are, it seems to me, always unsheathed and the front ones, too, are very long and very sharp. They catch in everything. I just wonder if it is at all painful for him to walk—they tap as he walks. If not, it does not matter so much, but if it is bad for him, what do you suggest I do to help?

After receiving your reply I would very much like to send you a photo of him. He has such a funny face with black freckles on a pink nose. And he is so strong-minded—quite despotic I am afraid.

Looking forward to your kind reply.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) P. Dribbell.

Dear Mrs. Dribbell,

We have experienced ourselves trouble with cats which seem to have ultra sharp claws and seem to get caught in everything, one we have even to the extent of having to be unhooked from the things he gets caught in.

If you go to Boots, the chemists, you will be able to buy a pair of small nail clippers, really for clipping ones own finger nails, but excellent for the claws of cats. These just want the sharp points taking off them and then flattening off with a nail file. This is not hurtful to the cat and is quite helpful to the furniture.

We shall be glad to see the photograph of your cat when you have one to send us.

Editor.

Upper Norwood,

S.E.19.

Dear Editor,

Could you advise me about my little cat who has recently had colitis? She is a neutered silver tabby (short-haired).

Just before Christmas she started diarrhoea, and I called on the vet., who said it was colitis, and gave her M. and B. tablets. But it persisted and she had a second course of

LETTERS AND PICTURES

M. and B. The last time the vet. came he was pleased with the improvement, and now she seems all right. Is colitis likely to occur again? The veterinary surgeon lives some distance away, and is also very busy. Wendy is now 8½ months old—I had her doctored 6 months ago. She has always been very nervous and wrinkles up her back and hates being lifted. But she is well grown, fat and full of life. I feed her on fish, rabbit, milk puddings and a "full cream" dried milk. She is always hungry, eats very quickly, and occasionally vomits after a meal of fresh haddock or cod (mixed with bread crumbs).

I am anxious about her, in case this trouble may start again sometime (it lasted about five to six weeks). I should be so very grateful if you would reply in your "Ailments and Advice" column.

Yours truly,
(Miss) M. K. O'Byrne.

Dear Miss O'Byrne,

I notice three things about your letter, which might have a good deal of bearing on the stomach trouble your cat had.

You feed her milk puddings and a full cream dried milk,

that of course amongst other things, you say she is always hungry and occasionally vomits after a meal.

My observations here are. First, I do not think milk foods are terrifically good for cats, and if they are prone to stomach trouble it does not improve but aggravates this trouble. As to her always being hungry, this may indicate that she has worms, and if this is so it would account for her stomach trouble. Your mention of her occasionally vomiting is also a symptom of worm trouble. So it would be a good idea to worm her, and for this purpose I recommend Nema Worm Capsules. You must be most careful to get the right sized ones, which are made up according to the age and weight of the cat, and I should certainly knock off the milk pudding and the full cream dried milk.

Should she get re-occurrence of the trouble you mentioned, I strongly recommend your giving her two Dimol A tablets a day, morning and evening, these are of the 1 gr. size. This is an intestinal disinfectant, and soon cures that trouble in a matter of a couple of days I should say.

Editor.

TO THE EDITOR

Upper Norwood,
S.E.19.

Dear Editor,

I cannot tell you how grateful I am to you for so kindly replying to my enquiry regarding my little Silver Tabby. I shall follow your advice.

I had imagined I was "building her up" by giving her plenty of milk puddings after her major operation. She seems better now, and is losing her nervousness too. Thank you so much for your help which is invaluable.

Yours sincerely,
Marie K. O'Byrne.

Walton-on-Hill,
Tadworth, Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I am a new reader of your magazine "Cats and Kittens" and should like to have advice from you regarding a female Siamese cat which I am thinking of have neutered. Can you please advise me if this is a dangerous operation, and at what age this should be done?

I shall endeavour to get your book each month as I consider it a wealth of lovely pictures and useful information.

Thanking you in anticipation of an early reply,

Yours faithfully,
I. Chudleigh.

Dear Mrs. Chudleigh,

Regarding the female Siamese which you are thinking of having neutered. At one time this was considered a dangerous operation, but technique has so advanced that it is now by no means dangerous, and the cat suffers no ill effects.

For a couple of days after it returns from the vet. it is rather quiet, but soon recaptures the old characteristics except the loud "calling" which is a characteristic of the Siamese female when in season.

The operation can be done at any age, but I suggest not before the kitten is four or five months old. I have known of Siamese females five or six years old which have been "spayed," this is what it is called, without any ill effects.

Editor.

London, S.W.17.

Dear Editor,

Since we removed a week ago we have had to keep our cat in. On the third day he passed a lot of blood with his droppings. Could you tell me the cause of this.

Yours faithfully,
D. W. Bourne.

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Dear Miss Bourne,

Thank you for your letter. Without examining your cat it would be very difficult indeed to tell you the reason for the trouble which you mention in your letter of the 12th.

You do not say the sex of the cat, and very probably it may be a neuter, because whilst this condition is very infrequently found, it does occur in neuters.

I suggest that you give it a mild dose of liquid paraffin for a couple of evenings, and be careful about its diet. I suggest lightly boiled rabbit or fish, finely broken up and carefully examined to make sure there are no bones in it.

Contrary to the general idea, I do not think milky foods are good for cats, and of course I do not approve of any foods but meat or fish for them, as cats are most decidedly not omnivorous. Editor.

OUR BLUE LONG HAIRS—

from page 17

(not hot), and when the kitten is very weak it is necessary to continue feeding a teaspoonful every two hours through the night. Do not disturb the kitten more than is necessary to administer medicine and food, but let it sleep where it is comfortable.

The long and short of it is that if you can manage to keep your kitten's stomach and bowels free from inflammation, you are well on the way to rearing healthy, strong kittens.

In addition, regular combing is necessary to take away as much loose hair as possible from the coat.

If powder is used to clean the kitten whilst it is very young, use Robin Starch or Fullers Earth, avoiding any powder which contains perfume.

Do not use insect powders containing D.D.T., and in any case brush all powders well out of the coat as soon as the desired result is obtained.

For a sore throat, or mouth, which is often caused through teething at the age of four to six months, I usually put one teaspoonful of Glycerine and Thymol in the drinking water. It is quite pleasant to the taste and kittens do not dislike it.

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES FLYING SAUCERS By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

Illustrated by Mary Claisen



"Don't be stupid," said Edward, "You're as bad as your Lady-Love, who rushed around saying she had seen a sugar basin flying backwards."

"Well, she had! The man next door threw one at her the other night, when she was singing on the garden wall," cried Lionel.

EDWARD, Lionel, Babykins, Rolly and Plumpey had been hearing a lot about Flying Saucers, which, the newspapers reported, whizzed about the sky, very high up, and contained little men from another world.

"Are they China Saucers?" asked Plumpey.

"Of course not, silly!" cried Lionel, "China would break! I expect they are made of tin or something."

"Are there flying cups and plates too?" asked Babykins.

"Perhaps there are whole tea and dinner services flying about," cried Plumpey, gazing with alarm into the sky.



"Let's be sensible!" said Edward, "I feel it is our duty to look into the matter. Suppose these saucers of little men land? They might be horrid people." "Perhaps they are full of cream," said Rolly.

Plumpey's gaze into the sky brightened, and he cried, "Do you suppose they are all filled with fish and cream?!" he said longingly. "The saucers I mean, not the little people!"

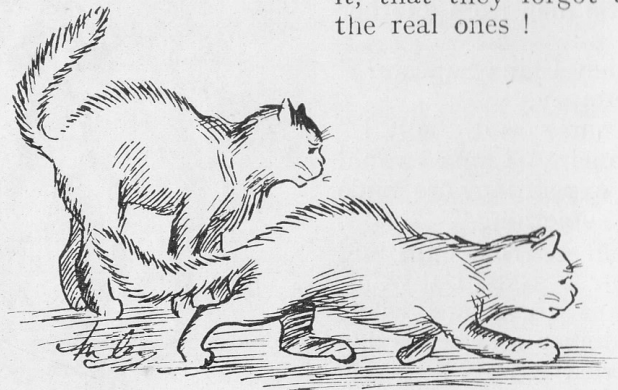
Suddenly Lionel shouted, "Look! Look! I can see one."

"Where? Where?" cried the others.

"See, up there . . . above that tree! . . . Whizzing along at a great rate!"

They were all very excited, as they watched the "Saucer" circling round and round, before swooping down to land on a stretch of grass some hundred yards away.

"Oh! Oh!" squeaked Babykins in fright,



"Supposing it is full of nasty little men from another world!"

"We must investigate," said Edward importantly, "I will lead the procession!" And so saying he led them forward.

When they were nearer he whispered, "make a wide circle, so that we can close in on whoever is in it!"

They crept closer and closer, round the strange looking object on the ground. It was silver and had red markings, but so far no one had climbed out of it, and it looked quite empty.

Suddenly Lionel gave a great yell.

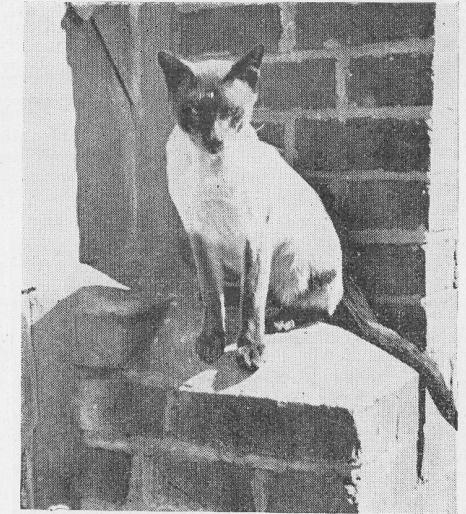
"What is it?" whispered Babykins anxiously.

"Look, it's nothing but a kite! it must have broken away from its string, and the wind has brought it down here."

How foolish they all felt! However, they soon fixed a string to the "Flying Saucer," and were so busy playing with it, that they forgot all about the real ones!

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER—
from page 15

True story: My Siamese pet likes earth for his sanitary pan and so the children went forth to the garden to collect for his benefit. Unfortunately, they shovelled nice, soft, freshly dug soil thrown up by Mr. Mole. More unfortunately still, Mr. Mole got shovelled up as well and showed his displeasure in no uncertain manner when Tom Kitten deposited his person on his pan for toilet purposes, in fact he bit good and hard in quite the wrong place! My Siamese now has peat moss and nothing would induce him to use anything else.



Sco-Ruston Galadima (Gally)

NUNETTE—from page 11

habit of putting the ball of wool on the chair at the back of her. One day, after knitting for an hour, she reached for the ball, but it was not there. Following the trail of wool, she went into the garden, only to find the wool went under the garden gate and out into the fields. After following this long length of wool through various fields and hedges, she eventually found the ball abandoned in some long grass.

There was no Nunette to be seen, but some hours later she came creeping, slowly back to the house, looking very guilty, indeed, to hide under some heavy piece of furniture out of sight, as she always did after one of her particularly naughty escapades.

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Galadima**

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Second Open Male
Championship Siamese
Cat Club Show, Twenty
other awards

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

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