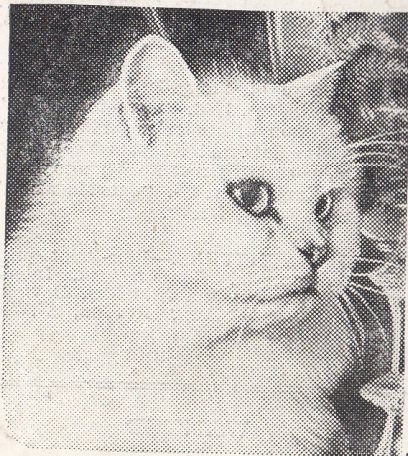


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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE

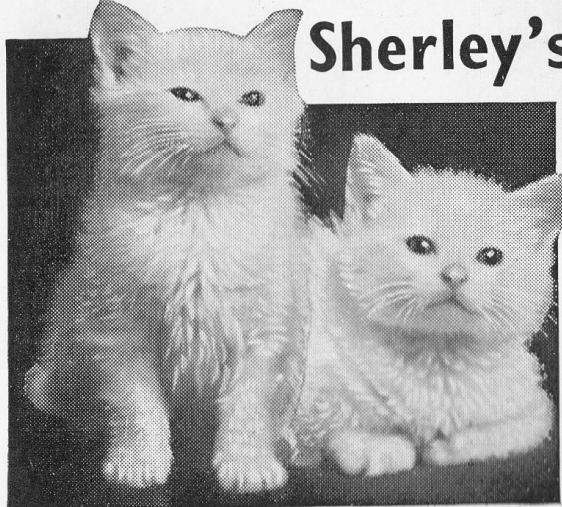


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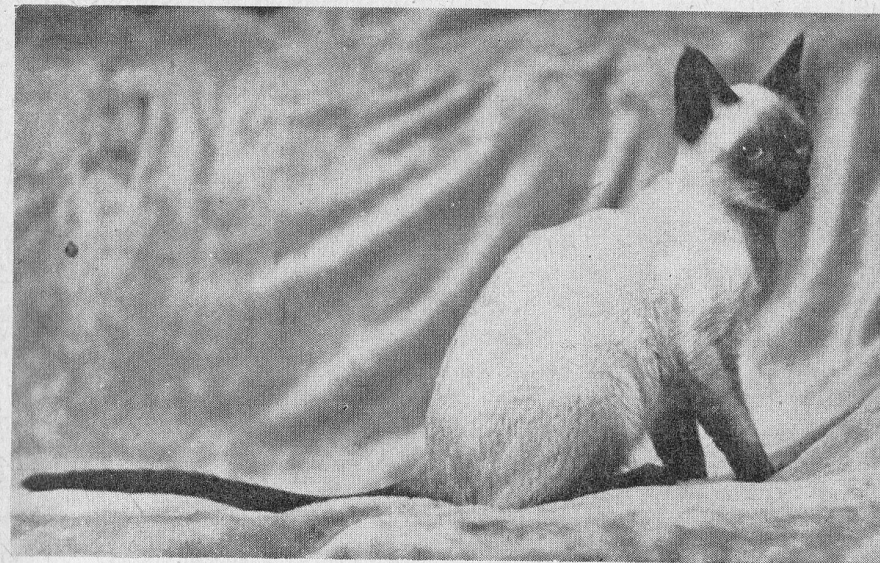
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JUNE, 1951



"GRACEDIEU YAI," owned by Mrs. G. E. Matthes

The Cover photograph shows Miss Robinson's DAVIDS MISTY
 (see page 26)

THE GIRLS

By HAROLDINE CORRIE

SIX weeks after my marriage I went out to do some shopping and returned home with two kittens! Of course I had not gone out with the idea of buying *any* cats, let alone two, but there they were in the shop window, just asking for a home. Two little balls of barred fluff, with the most innocent looking blue eyes that any kittens could possess.

Getting them home was quite a hazardous business, particularly as the shop keeper had nothing more substantial to put them in, than a stout brown paper bag, which I feared would not be stout enough. However, I tried to calm then on the bus by talking what I fervently hoped was baby cat talk, and after a nightmarish journey, we reached our destination.

Once in the house, I opened the bag, and the little dears instantly jumped out and christened my new lounge carpet. I rather foolishly left them to their own devices, while I set about getting our evening meal, hoping that my husband would appreciate the surprise.

"I've something to show you dear," I exclaimed on seeing my husband in the hall.

Together we entered the lounge. I wished I had a camera, for the sight that met our eyes was worth recording on a film. The kittens had evidently hit on the marvellous idea of jumping on to the seat of an easy chair, running up the back of it, jumping down on to the floor, and round again to the front of the chair and up on to the seat, etc., etc., ad infinitum. The sound of our opening the lounge door had startled them somewhat, and there they were, with the same expression on their faces that small boys have when caught in the act of stealing jam. One kitten was balanced precariously on the back of the chair, while the other one was half way up the back of it.

"Aren't they darlings?" I said hopefully, for my husband was looking at them with some misgivings. He could not help but smile all the same.

"How much did you pay for them?" he enquired.

I told him. Three shillings for the two of them.

Ignoring the fact that had we really wanted kittens, in all probability we could have got them for nothing from some person only too thankful to find them a home, his next

question was, "But why buy two of them, why not one?"

I explained that there *were* only two of them in the shop window, and that I had not the heart to take one and leave the other, and anyway they both looked so cute I was spoilt for choice.

My husband remarked dryly that that was the way to sell kittens, and no doubt the moment my back was turned, the shop keeper would place two more in the window from the litter in the back.

However, be that as it may, I finally convinced my husband that the sight of a cat washing itself before the fire completed a home, and if there were *two* cats washing themselves, well so much the better.

I need hardly tell you that they turned out to be females, both of them! We christened them Lily and Ada after two maiden aunts of mine, who would never know of their existence anyway, living as they did in Australia, and Lily and Ada were popularly known as "The Girls."

The Girls soon settled down, and in a comparatively short time they became house trained. Ada was very good at going to the box of cinders I had provided for them, but Lily, well, it was very obvious from the start that Lily was the leader of the pair and inclined to be stubborn. If there was

any fighting between them or mischievous rough-house, Lily started it. If not a Tom cat, she was certainly the tomboy of the pair.

I loved The Girls passionately, and I believe they were fond of me, though my husband insisted it was mere cupboard love. Certainly they vied with each other for my caresses, and if one of them should jump up on to my lap for a quiet snooze, the other would jealously follow suit, so that I got used to having the pair of them on my knee together.

In the past I had always regarded cats as—well, just cats, and nothing more, but The Girls taught me that every cat is a personality puss. Judging from their completely opposite dispositions I can only assume that Lily took after one parent, and Ada the other, for they were genuine sisters and, but for the fact that Ada was the darker of the two, they would have been quite undistinguishable one from the other.

As I said earlier, Lily was extremely lively, and could be a real she-devil when the mood took her, and it frequently did.

She would tear round the house like a miniature whirlwind, knocking everything within her path, swinging on table cloths, and leaping on to chair backs with the agility of a trapeze artist. Ada was so much more refined and sedate.

Even in her eating habits Ada was gentle and dainty, and I finally had to give them separate dishes to make sure that Ada got her fair share of everything, before Lily gluttenously polished the lot off!

However, Ada did have one idiosyncrasy, and it was this; she positively adored drinking the flower water. She would walk up to a bowl or vase of flowers, and tenderly, oh so tenderly, take out of it each separate bloom and lay it gently down on the sideboard or table as the case might be, until the bowl or vase was empty. Then Ada would reach down as far as she could, and lap up the water. At first I used to get very annoyed with her. It was aggravating to have to do the flowers at least three if not four times in a day, thanks to Ada, but after a while, I found this little trick of hers oddly endearing. She was so very careful in lifting each flower in her mouth, and the last thing Ada wanted was to damage them in any way. She just loved the water itself, and although I tried putting saucers of water down for her as well as her usual milk, it was to vases she went for her favourite drink. It did not seem to harm her in any way.

Unhappily, The Girls never knew the joys of Motherhood, for they came to a tragic end

while still in their girlhood. As might be expected, Lily was the cause of their untimely end.

When tiny kittens I had kept them indoors, only letting them into the garden when I was with them myself. However, we had a wooden fence round the garden, and as they grew older, the kittens were allowed out alone. Evidently the impetuous Lily had got tired of the confined area of the garden large though it was, and one fateful day she scratched under the fence until she had burrowed a tunnel through to the Great Beyond, which happened to be a railway embankment. You can guess the rest. A walk along the railway bank soon brought us to the scene of the tragedy. The 6.15 p.m. from Liverpool had caught up with Lily.

I was broken hearted and thought of all the times I had scolded Lily for her bad behaviour. Ada and I tried to comfort each other as best we could, for it soon became obvious that Ada was missing her sister as much as I was, probably more, for they had been inseparable.

And then it happened. Dear, kind, gentle Ada went looking for Lily, and never returned. I blamed myself for that furiously. I should have known

Please turn to page 35

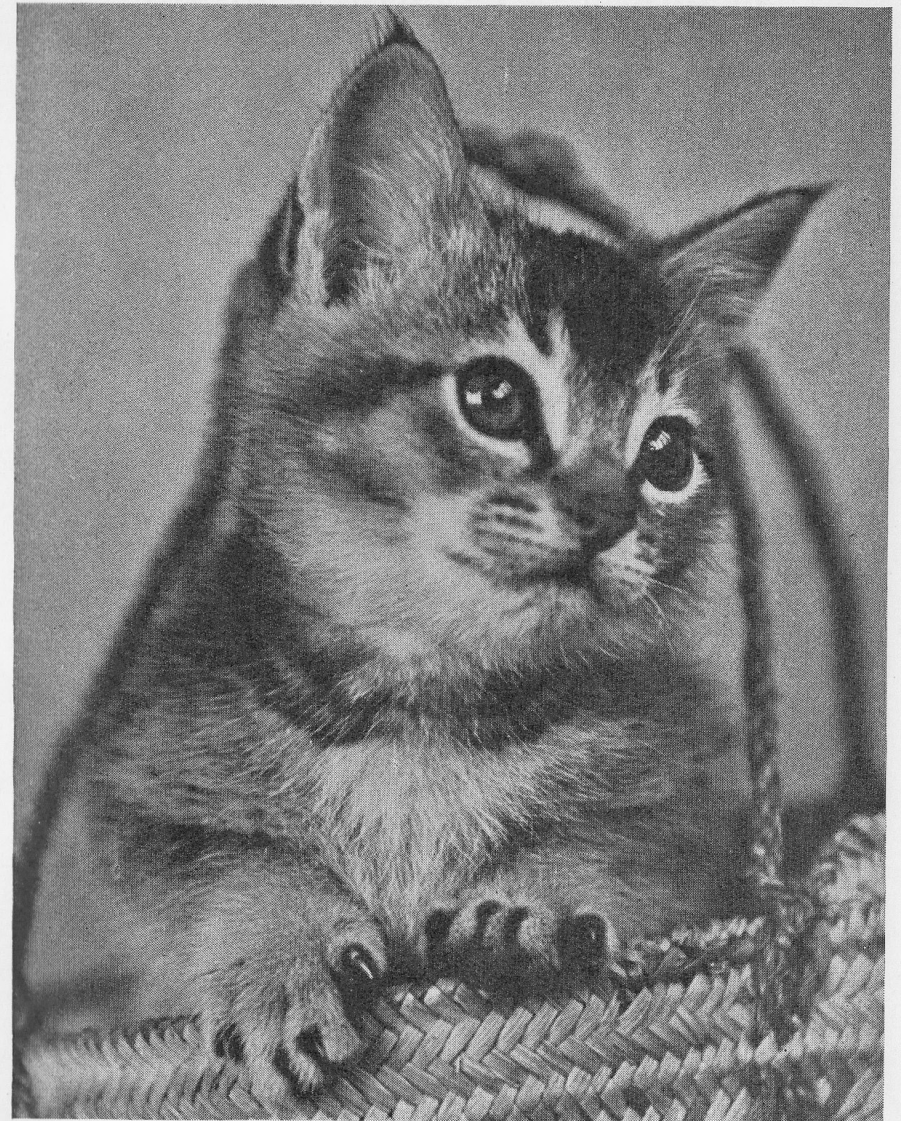


Photo: V. E. Major

“ADRAH CYLDAR”—Abyssinian kitten

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

IN this issue appears a photograph of my lovely Burmese queen, Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat, the mother of six kittens which she reared without the slightest trouble. The photo was taken when the kits were nine weeks old, yet she is in wonderful condition and her coat like satin. The four female kits have gone to their new homes—one to Miss King at Bognor Regis, one to Dr. Atwell at Sheffield, one to Mrs. Dunning at Nottingham, and one to Mrs. Hawkins at Worcester, who also bought one of Chinki Jonta's Siamese females by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. As there was only nine days between them, they will be good companions. One Siamese male has gone to Miss Tomblin in Glasgow to be a future stud, and one male as a pet. The other male, Chinki Ranya, I am keeping and hope to show him later on. The remaining female has gone to Mrs. Norman Winder at Dewsbury. I could have sold many more Burmese females. The two males are still here, having a wonderful time and growing rapidly. Ranya rather missed the Siamese when they had all gone, and seemed a little out of it, but if I take him away,

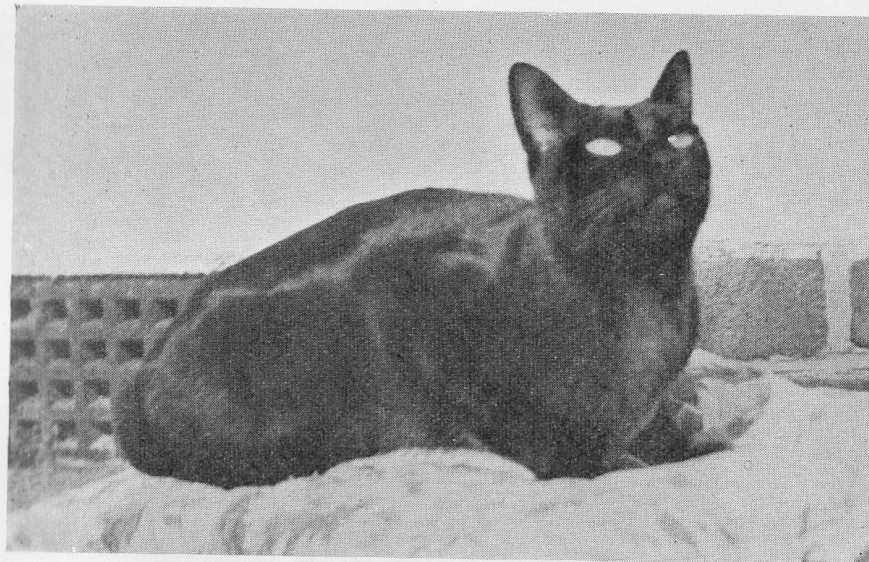
he cries to go back to the two Burmese, so he must be quite happy with them.

Chindwin's Minon Twm is in kitten to Casa Gatos da Foong, so I hope this will be as successful as the last litter.

Miss King wrote to say her kitten settled immediately, was no trouble at all, and she was very thrilled about her. Also, she has a young Siamese male for sale by Ch. Sealsleeve Petit Laid.

From Mrs. Dunning comes the following: We are absolutely thrilled with the Burmese baby, which has settled down already so happily and I have not had the slightest trouble with her. She is eating her four little meals well, loves her cod liver oil, and is perfectly clean around the house. She is quite the most affectionate and high-spirited animal I have ever seen! I will let you know how she is progressing soon, but she is really so happy, and has completely taken possession of us all!

Mrs. Hawkins sends news of her two. They seem to be settling down—appear to be happy and full of mischief. Friday morning, we could not find them. After about an



hour's searching, we found them in the T.V. set. We unscrewed the back, removed kits, but before we could screw it back, they were inside again, so we had to remove set to another room. Later, I entered the room to find they had been up the chimney. They had paddled all over my clean white table-cloth—chair covers full of soot, and covered with soot themselves. I did not know where to start, and visitors due to arrive. But I did laugh—they had looked so sweet when I left them to go upstairs. Never a dull moment! The chimneys have now been stopped up. We are very pleased with both the kits, and they are becoming very affectionate.

Very sad news comes from Mr. F. W. Randell. His queen La-loo (Jennie) was heavily in kitten to Nicholas Muffett, when she jumped on to a table and fell, with the result that the kittens were all born dead. All were ordered, and Mr. Randell had to write and disappoint everyone. I was worried for fear Jennie should be spoilt for breeding, but have since received a letter to say she is again in kitten, so I hope all will be well.

American news comes from Mrs. Blanche Warren: We have just returned from a five week auto-trip to New Orleans, taking in four Cat Shows, and making Champions of three of the cats. We were so proud of all four cats—they were little

angels on the over 6,000 mile auto trip, and all seemed to enjoy it. We took the rear seat and cushions out of our car and built in two large cages for the cats, and they loved it. We took two Russian Blues, a young Burmese male, and a nearly perfect young Abyssinian male out of Merkland Magdala. He made his Ch. the day after he was nine months old. All four cats were undefeated and brought home seventeen cups and trophies, and two large boxes of ribbons and rosettes. We went to St. Petersburg, Florida, and bought Merkland Sheba off Mrs. Kloos. Her husband has been called into the service, and she has to give up her cats. Sheba is a darling, and a gorgeous colour. I hear Mr. Cowhaire in Texas bought Ch. Raby Ramphis. I hope so, for he will have a good home.

I do not know if Mr. Cowhaire did buy Ramphis, but I have recently received an invitation card which reads: Members and friends of The North Texas Cat Club are cordially invited to an open house, Sunday, April 29th, 1951, 4.30 to 6.30 p.m., for the first Dallas showing of the English Champion Raby Ramphis, imported Abyssinian male recently purchased by Mrs. Sumner D. Bacon, 6816, Hillcrest Avenue, Dallas.



Mrs. Dakin's females, Raneë and Maharaneë. Sire: Sco-Ruston Galadima

BARNSELY AGRICULTURAL SHOW, July 21st. Cat Section under C.C. Rules. Judges: Mrs. Joan Thompson, The Revd. B. Rees, Miss W. Fitzwilliam, and Mrs. Brice-Webb. Mrs. L. France will act as referee judge. Stewards: Mrs. Bastow, Mrs. Hancox, Mrs. Carbert, and Mrs. Bradley.

Forty-one Classes excluding special classes for Y.C.C.C. members and Siamese Cat Club. Silver (plated) Cup to be won outright by best exhibit cat or kitten in show. Rosettes will also be given.

Please turn to page 32

BLUE STAR GEORGE at five months

MRS. G. POND, South Lodge, Buchan Hill, Nr. Crawley, Sussex, owner-breeder of the Blue Star Blue Persians, writes:

"I am sending you a photograph of Blue Star George, my five months old Blue Persian kitten who won nine firsts and was Best Long-haired Kitten at the Southern Counties Cat Show in January, 1951.

Blue Star George also appeared in Picture Page on Television and everyone exclaimed at his beautiful pale blue coat, with its perfect silky texture.

I feel credit for this must go to Kit-zyme, as I started giving the queens Kit-zyme last year and, although I have shown kittens before, I have never taken so many prizes, so I feel that the tablets really do keep the cats in tip-top condition.

George's half-sister (who flew to New York last Autumn) was the best long-haired female kitten in the New York Cat Show—she too is a Kit-zyme baby—as will be all my kittens from now on."

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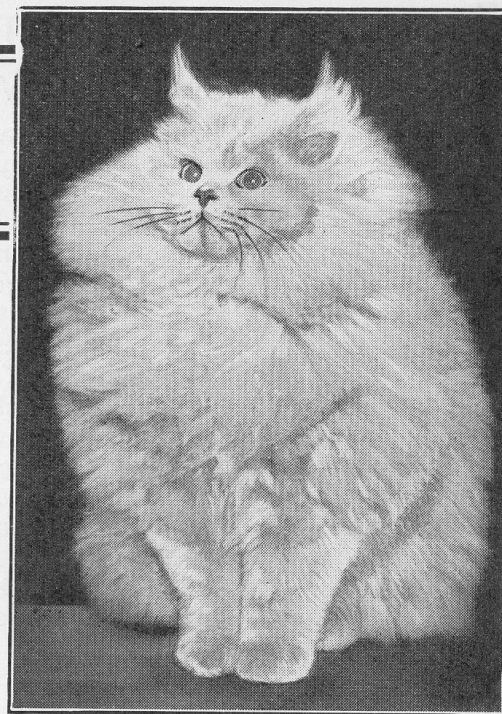
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THE CAT AND THE ORGAN

By E. H. LOWERY

MOST cats love mice, some love people, but we had a cat that loved an organ. His life began in an organ and it nearly ended in one.

He was called Panda because he had the same black and white markings as that attractive animal, and he had a face of such comical sorrow, that whenever he put his head round a door people would burst out laughing. He was as solemn as a verger and as tidy.

His mother had wandered into a small church one bitter night and made herself comfortable in the little room behind the organ. The old organ blower found her there when he went in to "Blow" for the choir practise, and the caretaker fed her.

It was apparent to a wise cat that she had inadvertently reached a cat's paradise, and no doubt the voices of the choir helped the illusion. Anyhow she stayed, and the congregation grew quite accustomed to seeing her curled up in different pews and accepted her as part of the life of the church.

But times changed, and it was decided to install an electric organ and soon men were busy dismantling the old one and preparing to send it

away to another church which only boasted an harmonium. Puss grew miserable. It was obvious to her that her old home was no more, and she wandered about mewling pitifully and plainly asking worried questions.

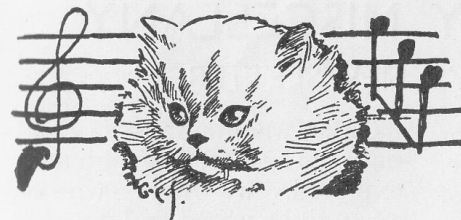
The old organ was duly packed and put on a special railway truck. It should have reached its destination the following day, but those were leisurely times and there days passed before it was delivered.

On the fourth day workmen began to unpack the instrument and to their astonishment a black cat mewed faintly inside. But they were even more taken aback when on reaching the sound box they discovered, not only the cat, but four black and white kittens.

Somehow the mother cat had hidden in the box, her kittens had been born on the journey, and she had managed to keep them alive, half dead as she was with hunger and thirst.

Word was at once sent back to the old cat's home, where consternation was rife at the disappearance of the pet. The minister wired at once, "Keep her. I am coming to bring her back."

Please turn to page 32



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

I AM afraid my notes will be very brief this month, owing to the fact that I am in hospital recovering from a major operation.

All breeders I am sure will be grieved to hear of the passing of my dearest cat, King Kong. He was put quietly to sleep on the 18th of April. He was fifteen years on the 11th. He was a good pal and a wonderful stud and will be sadly missed.

He sired some lovely cats, and my lovely Ronada Peach is a good example. Kong was not ill, but he was getting thinner and thinner despite a ravenous appetite, and the vet. says he could not have lasted much longer. So rather than see him suffer in any way we thought it the kindest thing to do.

Mrs. Bastow is looking after my Ronada Blue Orchid and Ronada April while I am in hospital, and I know they are in excellent hands.

I wish to thank everyone who has sent me letters and gifts. I will do my best to answer each one as soon as I am strong enough.

Editor's Note.—By the time this appears in print readers will be pleased to learn that Dorrie Brice-Webb has returned to her address, Ronada, 249, Chilwell Lane, Bramcote, Notts., but will still have to remain in bed for some time. We all wish her speedy recovery.

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A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

PARADISE for Pussies, or the Cat's dream come true. Entering the premises of Messrs. Chappie Ltd., manufacturers of Kit-E-Cat, the food for King cats, I was confronted by an enormous pile of enormous fish awaiting its turn for the tin. First stage on a tour of inspection to which delegates of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy were invited by the management. Gone are the days when scraps were considered good enough for cats, for here we have a scientifically prepared food containing the correct balance to supply all feline needs even down to the salt. Genial Dr. Cottam, Director of the Research Dept., who conducted my party, told us many interesting facts, such as a herring caught during the winter months contains more oil than one harpooned in the summer, or is it vice versa? Anyway, that deficiency is made up by other means in order to keep Kit-E-Cat quality stable at any season. Throughout the tour I was struck by the cleanliness and efficient working of both machinery and staff. To me the contraption which filled the tins, sealed and conveyed them away for

packing was the most fascinating. The factory premises explored, we were whisked away to be wined and dined by the river, after which the companies' directors amiably answered a barrage of questions. Here was a meeting where delegates of the Council were for once in entire agreement!

Chief recollections of this memorable occasion were Brian Stirling-Webb smoking a cigar as long as himself, Basil Rees confessing he had to go on to a clerical meeting, at which I sincerely hoped he arrived in a clerical state, Siamese Cat Club chairman, P. M. Soderberg, making the wittiest impromptu speech I have heard for many a day, and one well-known personality telling the world at large, "Thank heaven I can still enjoy the pleasures of the table!" In keeping with Siamese tradition, I had helped myself to a small portion of the product on its way out of a machine. During the evening I produced this fragment and carelessly threw it amidst the reposing Sealsleeves. Instantaneous action on the part of Shah-Pashah, most choosy of veterans, who seized and devoured it with as much relish as she did the household's

Sunday meat some weeks ago. What more can I say?

"I have just received your letter . . . the price is much too high. I am not particular as to a Siamese so long as the kitten has not long hair like a Persian. To be truthful and honest with you, 30/- was my limit. I just missed a Siamese for 35/- advertised in the local paper." If you go on keeping your female kittens, selling them cheaply or giving them away, we shall soon find the purchaser will not even pay 35/-.

Home from home for Siamese is, of course, Dr. and Mrs. Francis' establishment near Yeovil, Som. During the last few months I have had glowing reports from breeders and others who have left their pets at this palatial guest house. Mrs. Francis, ordering a dozen copies of Shah-Pashah, writes: "We shall have twelve kits ready to go to their new homes at the beginning of June, and in a busy life your small book is a godsend as it saves hours of writing and explaining this and that! We send each kit out with its copy tucked firmly under one arm and pedigree and diet sheet under the other! All our queens kittened within a day or so of each other this year, which was most considerate of them, and we were able to share out the children

among them and they were none the wiser. Nine boys and three girls in all. We only keep what girls we need, and do not sell them to people who are not fully aware of the consequences. One hears such frightful stories and it amazes me that quite a large proportion of the Siamese that board with us were bought originally at a "pet shop." They must be made of tough stuff if they survive that sort of a start, and the breeder who can dispose of them in that way must be even tougher I think, don't you?" I certainly could not agree more.

Fatal visit to Isobel Keene last week to guess the sire of two kittens born to Sealsleeve Shah Danseur. Now that Oriental Silky Boy has departed this life she has to seek a husband elsewhere. Tough proposition, as the only clue I have is that I do not like the stud in question. First view brings forth the remark, "They might be anybodyes." More careful examination strikes a chord in my memory of last season's winner Sabukia Sweet William. Getting warmer, who fathered Sweet Willy. Am I right? Yes sir, no other than Lindale Simon Pie. Consider this guess a great feat, for I have not seen many of his progeny at the baby stage. And where the idea originated that I am allergic to him I just do not know. I have always

thought him a very nice male, but he prefers the privacy of the home to the noise and clatter of the show hall, and I certainly would not blame him for that. Talking of Pie, I hear from Linda Parker he is very fat and well, has a soft plush coat, and is busy siring litters of kittens, and at four guineas a time! But even so, I would not say there was money in stud work.

Black list. Should there be one? Plenty of names might find their way to it, amongst them the non-payers of stud fees. True, it is partly the fault of the stud owner, who should see the fee is forthcoming before the mating takes place, but one has to be pretty hard boiled to always insist on payment in advance. However, names of these evaders get passed from stud to stud, and soon the caller is answered with "I'm so sorry I've got a

queen here now, have you tried so-and-so?"

Lost a General Meeting! What happened to the Blue-Pointed Siamese Cat Club? Frantic phone call this afternoon from London hotel, could I give any information, room and tea booked by said club and no-one has turned up! Not being a member, I did not know, but when a Siamesite passes by the chance of a scrap and a free feed, something must be wrong!

Warning! Do not believe all you read in Monthly Miscellany. This column is not compiled for a church magazine, and quite a lot of it comes from the little grey cells of Elsie Hart. Funny stories one, two and three are quite often pure invention, so add a generous pinch of salt. True, the cap sometimes fits, but who wears it is up to you.

Elsie Hart



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



Next Season's Shows.—The Governing Council of the Cat Fancy have approved the following Show dates: Barnsley Agricultural Society, Saturday, July 21st; Kensington Kitten and Neuter C.C., Wednesday, July 25th, ch. show; Sandy, Thursday, Aug. 30th, ch. show; Herts. and Middlesex C.C., Saturday, Sept. 15th, ch. show; Siamese Cat Club, Thursday, Oct. 11th, ch. show; Blue Persian Cat Society, Tuesday, Oct. 16th, ch. show; Midland Counties C.C., Wednesday, Oct. 24th, ch. show; Croydon Cat Club, Wednesday, Nov. 14th, ch. show; Scottish Cat Club, Saturday, Nov. 17th, ch. show; Yorkshire County Cat Club, Saturday, Nov. 24th; South-Western Counties C.C., Wednesday, Nov. 28th, ch. show; National Cat Club, Tuesday, Dec. 4th, ch. show; 1952—Notts. and Derbyshire C.C., Monday, Jan. 7th, ch. show; Southern Counties C.C., Monday, Jan. 28th, ch. show; Lancashire and North-Western C.C.C., probably in February.

OUR BLUE LONG HAIRS

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

By CLARE PRINCE

THE best laid plans of mice and men oft gang away, is as true in relation to breeding as in our private lives.

My first litter of this year was due to arrive on the Wednesday. However, when the week-end came and the kittens had not arrived, I was not unduly worried as I usually find three days or so after *my date* is quite in order.

The kittens began to arrive on the Monday. The first was dead at birth. A quarter of an hour or so afterwards an open eyed one came which died immediately; then another dead one which I had to remove myself.

After this, several hours elapsed. It was obvious that my queen was in great discomfort, though there was no labour. I phoned my vet., and she said, "I will come at once." When she arrived and examined the queen she said, "There is another on the way, we will give her time." This was 9 o'clock on Monday evening. As there was no labour it was decided that the

queen should have an injection and bring this on. After two injections there was still no labour, and the kitten was still in the same position.

At two in the morning my vet. said, "I will get my assistant out of bed. Take the queen to the surgery and, if possible, take the kitten away with the instruments." So we packed the queen warmly in a basket, and I sadly watched her go in the car.

At 3 o'clock the vet. phoned and told me they had removed the kitten with difficulty. The queen was very exhausted, but was resting. "I will take the queen to my house," she said, "where I can have a rest and keep an eye on her at the same time. There are more kittens to come—let us hope they come without assistance."

I phoned the vet.'s house at 9 o'clock the next morning. She informed me that the same thing was happening again. "Another kitten dead, and no labour. She has rested well. Call in at the surgery at noon."

When I called at noon she had just taken the fifth kitten away. "This is a great strain on the queen, but she is in excellent condition and she will perhaps come through, let us hope there are no more. All being well, I will bring her home early this evening. She is resting."

At 10 o'clock on Tuesday evening I was getting very anxious when the phone rang. "I have just removed another kitten," said the vet., "I will let her rest for one hour, then bring her up to you. She is very poorly indeed."

Soon after 11 o'clock the vet. arrived with my queen. I opened the basket and, dear me! My poor little soul seemed to have shrunk into nothing! I placed her into a warm box and fed her on a little glucose and water and left her to rest.

My vet. said she had had some tough jobs in her time, but this beat all. She said her assistant had fallen in love with my little blue queen. She seemed to know that we were helping her, and she never lost patience for a moment.

After a cup of tea and a chat, the vet. left. She looked dead tired—I was tired myself, and after seeing that the queen was comfortable I went to bed.

The next morning the queen was a little better and tried a very pathetic "roll" in her box.

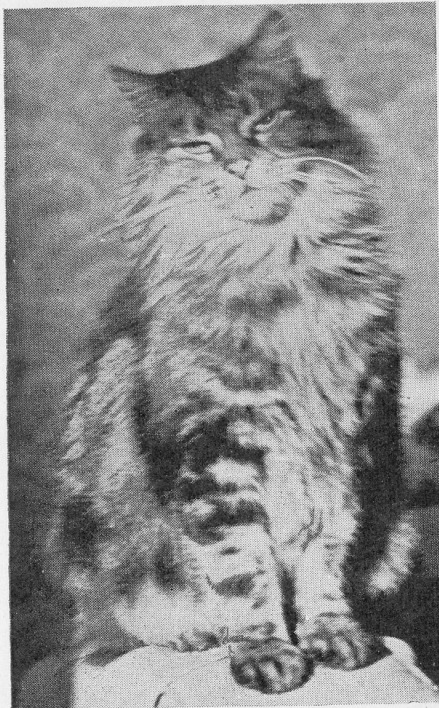
All this was a fortnight ago, and now my cat is getting better and better. Now that the sunny days are here she can sun herself on the lawn.

I hope she will have more kits after a long rest. She is always so fond of her babies! She has always had lovely litters of four kittens. It may have been that six were too many. Also a very severe thunderstorm may have upset her just before the kits were due.

How fortunate I am that my vet., as well as being a vet., is a lover of all small animals, especially cats. During my seven years of breeding she has been an invaluable help to me when in difficulties. Often she has been called up in the middle of the night. I have never heard her complain. She knows all my queens by name, and I have every confidence in her.

My advice to all breeders is this. When choosing a vet. make certain that he or she is interested in *small* animals. It is impossible to treat a cat as one would a dog, horse or cow. Cats are rather special in every way—so they need a special kind of vet.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Fluffy

Dartford, Kent.

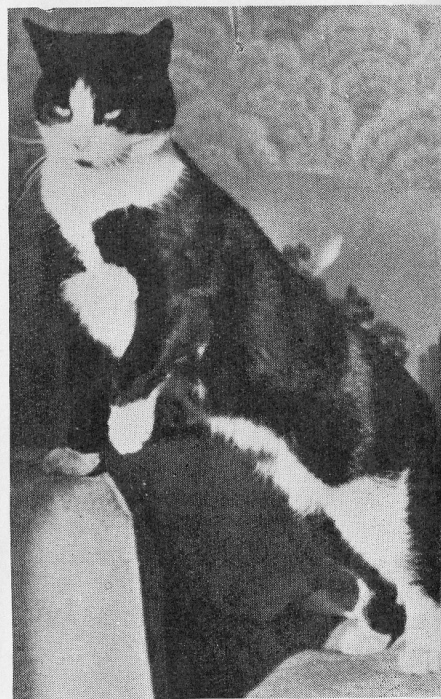
Dear Editor,

I am sending you photographs of my two cats, Fluffy (the tabby) and Micky, who I regret very much to say died three months ago.

I should love you to print them if you could possibly find room.

The best of luck to your excellent magazine, of which I am a regular reader.

Yours very sincerely,
D. M. Humphries (Miss).



Micky

Truro, Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

We have a couple of jealous cats to deal with now. In the April issue of "our magazine" they saw their friend Junior with his photograph well to the fore, and as they introduced Junior and his mommie to "Cats and Kittens" magazine they feel that he has beaten them to it.

I have perforce been requested to send you their pictures and Pussha and Smoky

TO THE EDITOR

hope that you will kindly be able to find a picture page for them, too.

Pusska is a dear friend aged fifteen years, who was born in a chest of drawers at our digs. when my wife and I were first married. He was one of four coal black tom cats born to a lovely mother, Mimi.

Moving to a new house as soon as he was able to leave his mother, Pusska has been with us ever since.

In 1944 we went to Dartmoor for a holiday, and brought back Smokey, a sickly little farm kitten born in a rabbit hole. Nursed back to health on Devonshire cream and whisky, Smokey has grown into a lovely cat, now seven years old.

As a very lively kitten, he plagued Pusska's life out of

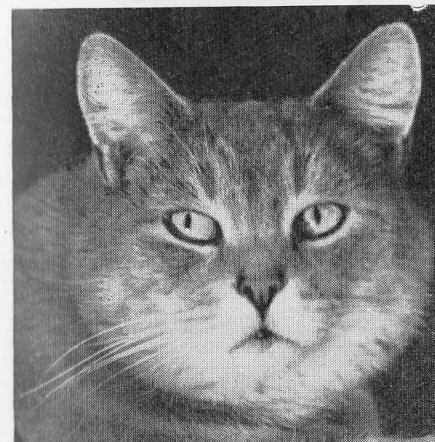
him, but they soon became firm friends. As I write they are asleep in their basket in front of the fire, with Smokey's arms round Pusska's neck.

We love them very dearly, and would advise everyone that two cats are far more fun than one, and we have never regretted getting a brother for Pusska, even though Pusska was a staid eight years old when Smokey, a lovely grey, arrived to torment him.

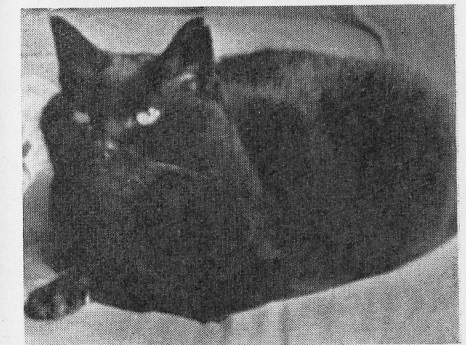
Even now we are often helpless with laughter at their antics as they chase and wrestle with each other in fun.

Though having been seen on the screen by hundreds of people, they would dearly love to appear in "Cats and Kittens" so please, Mr. Editor, will you see what you can do.

Yours sincerely,
S. T. Stevens,
Their Secretary.



Smokey



Pusska

LETTERS AND PICTURES

St. Albans, Herts.

Dear Editor,

My blue and white shorthair cat Claude, whose grandmother was a longhaired black pedigree cat, has just returned home to civilization after nine months on the razzle ! He will be seven years old on April 19th. He was not seen between July and October, 1950, by any of us, and then I saw him one night in the dark and two or three times he has visited the garden—footprints in the snow twice were obviously his ! He came about three months ago close to Timmy, kissed him and ran away. Four weeks ago I got quite close to Claude and talked to him, but each time I have spoken to him, when I have seen him about periodically, he has run away !

He has been fed by neighbours, and one said she saw two big eyes peering in at her glass windowed back door ! When she went out he ran away. He sometimes sits in the churchyard (the church is a thousand years old !), and I was told that Claude had two resident permanent scallywag gipsy wives, and sleeps with them at night in a shed in a neighbour's paddock.

Last night I found him sitting on a wooden table outside the back door, and I spoke to him



Miss De Rayne's Cats

and he answered, and instead of running away he let me pick him up. He was his usual sweet-tempered self. His coat seems in fluffy condition and not matted and neglected as one would expect ! He has two "battle scars"—one ear is slightly collapsed, and a scab on his nose ! He carries on just as if he had only been away a few hours. He kissed me when requested, and even wanted to jump up on Mother's bed !

A rather curious thing happened with my little Blue Point Siamese Blanchland Anna. She had a female kitten on February 5th and a male two days later

TO THE EDITOR

—both Siamese by her resident husband—last year she had some by Claude.

The little Siamese female kit was 2½ ozs. at birth, and went up to 8 ozs., and when I tried to wean her at six weeks she could not "make it" and died. Her brother was double her size, and is doing nicely and very strong—both blue point kits by a seal point paternal grandson of Ch. Zy Azure Phandah, who is also Anna's grandsire paternal but with different wives !

I enclose a snap of Claude and Co.—Anna behind him and his two offsprings in front—the "black blob" is a foster child of Anna's. Timmy Sealpoint, next to Anna, died ten days ago with cystitis. He was twenty months old, and alas he never sired any kits so has no descendants.

Yours sincerely,

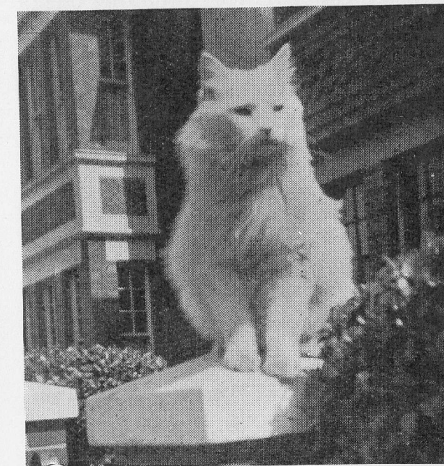
Joan B. DeRayne.

Danehurst Cattery,
Crowborough,
Sussex.

Dear Editor,

May I be permitted to reply to Mrs. Hart's newsletter in your April issue, dealing with Cat Shows in general and their management.

I quote from my own personal experience as an exhibitor.



Bodger, pet of Peter Block of Hove, Sussex

True, I am one of the comparative newcomers to the Cat Fancy, only having been showing for about five years.

This last season, just closed, which is apparently the one Mrs. Hart was referring to, I have attended and shown at eight shows—mostly London ones, *excluding* Siamese, so cannot speak from personal experience of that one. No doubt everything went "according to plan."

To take Mrs. Hart's points one by one. Firstly, the hall cold. Are the show managers to be held responsible for this if and when it occurs—in these "shortage" days.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Refreshments—in some cases not available until mid-day, no doubt, but to say they were uneatable is, in my opinion, quite unjustified.

Queue at Vetting Table. Who is to blame for this? Certainly not the show manager, but the exhibitors, who seem to leave their arrival until the last possible moment.

Pen fastenings loose. In recent shows I think I am right in stating much better pens have been available.

Cats in wrong pens. Here again surely that is the exhibitors' worry, not the show manager's.

Cats getting out. Mrs. Hart tries to conjure up a picture of several cats careering about loose all day. What nonsense. How often does one see or hear cats fighting each other through wire. I am, of course, referring to my own observations at the shows I have had the pleasure of attending, and not, of course, the show I did *not* attend.

Judges and stewards being bitten by exhibits. Surely this is the exception and not the rule — no blame to show managers.

As to wrong classes—here possibly an error can be made in preparing catalogues—but with so many to deal with I am surprised more do not occur.

Catalogues disappearing — is show manager to be held responsible for that, too?

Tallies lost. Can show managers be held responsible for that, rather the exhibitor. I have known various cases where tally lost or mislaid, and I have advised the exhibitor to ask show manager to help, and in no case have I ever heard of a fresh one not being supplied graciously.

Sales table and pay box. In my short experience I refute this statement. Once again, perhaps the show I was not attending had all these things under perfect control.

Mrs. Hart's final remark that she does not know the solution, but if she did she would not tell in case it was copied and she did not get full credit for the idea. I thought we fanciers were out for the welfare of our cats in general and not for our own glorification.

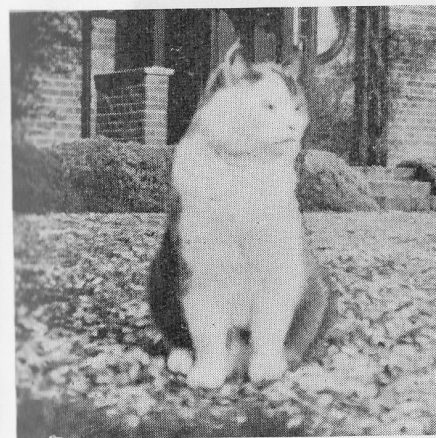
In case Mrs. Hart's letter should upset novice fanciers and possible exhibitors in the future is the reason for this letter, and my advice to the novice exhibitor is come and see for yourself and you will find help and assistance from so many at shows without any signs of patronism. This was my own experience, and still is, for often have I sought advice and never has it been refused

TO THE EDITOR

or given with any sign of superiority. Such is the atmosphere of Cat Shows as I have seen it and long may it continue.

Finally, I *still* say thank you to show managers and committees of 1950-51 shows.

Gordon B. Allt.



Puff

Abingdon,
Berks.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing photographs of our cat Puff, in case you have room to print one in the "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

He is four years old, and partly Chinchilla.

I have "Cats and Kittens" every month and enjoy reading it very much.

Yours sincerely,
Rosemary Porter (age 12).

Lincoln.

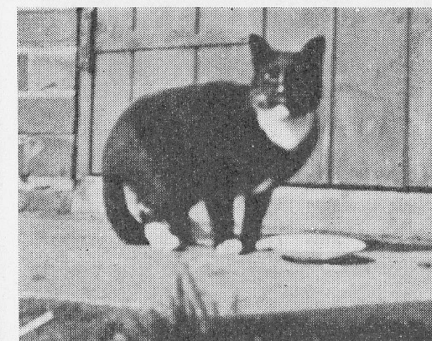
Dear Editor,

I have been a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" since last October. I had then a grey cat, but it unfortunately died of enteritis just before Christmas. Now I have a black and white one called Smokey (after the grey cat).

Smokey is a neutered tom about one year old. He has a very peculiar habit of scratching round his plate when he has finished eating, or if he does not want the food. He is 35 inches from tip to tail.

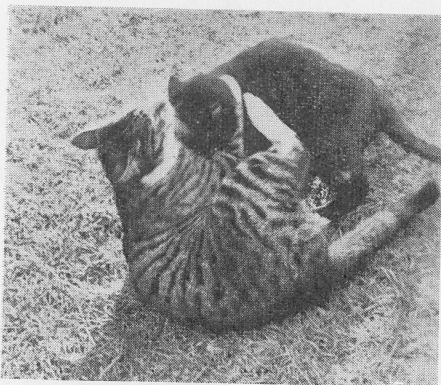
I am enclosing a snap of Smokey (black), and I hope you will find it good enough to put in your magazine. The milk had to be there or the cat would not stay.

Yours truly,
(Miss) P. Robinson (12 yrs.).



Smokey

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Tabby and Tits

Woking,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

Enclosed photos of my cat Tits (the black one) which I am hoping you will publish in your "Cats Mag.," which we all at home thoroughly enjoy reading.

Tits is a wonderful "ratter"—fourteen in one week is his record. Sam the tabby cat lives next door, and Tits is often scrapping with him—although they are the best of pals really.

Through the cold weather Tits would sleep in the arm chair wrapped in an old woolley plus a hot water bottle—which he looks forward to and will not "settle" without—he is very affectionate, more so when he can smell his fish cooking—artful moggy.

He just loves to play with my pearl necklace, which I am tempting him with to take this photo.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) P. Readings.

Ewell, Surrey.

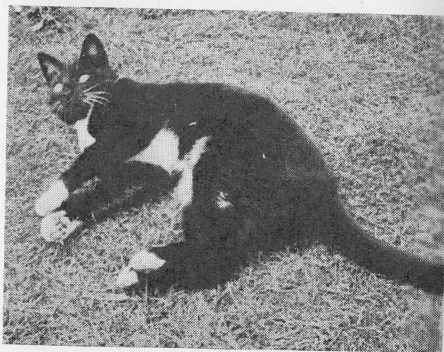
Dear Editor,

"Crystal Cat Show" will be held in the Grand Hall in Olympia on the 12th and 13th October, 1951.

Will you kindly publish this in reply to your query in Elsie Hart's letter in the April number.

Yours faithfully,
H. M. Macdonald.

News of the Olympia Cat Show reminds us that all too frequently our readers have to write us requesting details of shows. Show managers should advertise the venue and date in *good time*. It is in their interests as well as the public's.—*Editor*.



Tits

TO THE EDITOR



Panda

Parliament Hill,
London, N.W.5.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a picture of my cat Panda. He is an out-size black and white (neutered), his weight is 20lbs., and his age 6½ years. He is a restaurant cat, a great favourite with staff and customers alike, and well he knows it. In spite of his size he can be very energetic if any stray rodent comes his way, and once he has seen them there is little chance of escape.

I very much enjoy reading about and seeing photographs of other people's cats, and I thought Panda might interest other readers. I should be happy if you would consider him worthy of reproduction in "Cats and Kittens" magazine, which I enjoy reading and very much look forward to each new issue.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss.) M. C. Whitby.

Leytonstone,
London, E.11.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing herewith P.O. valued 6s. 6d. for a further six copies of your delightful little magazine. How I look forward to its arrival each month.

I am wondering if the enclosed snap is clear enough to print in the magazine. Morris was the dearest old feline friend imaginable. We found him in the garage yard one evening when putting away our old Morris car. He was in a deplorable condition and was obviously quite ten to twelve years old—in fact, we wondered which was the elder—the car or the cat. We thought it would be the kindest thing to have him put to sleep, but my husband suggested we kept him a couple of days, and see how he progressed, so we brought him home, bathed his

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Morris

wounds and gave him a good feed. Within a couple of weeks he had grown from a living skeleton to a beautiful, loving old puss.

He passed on to the happy hunting ground last October, but we feel we have the consolation of knowing that we did our best to make his last year in this world a happy one.

Although I vowed after Morris's death I would have no more cats as he was so dear to me, a young black and white stray "adopted" me, also a friend presented me with a six weeks old kitten, so of course we now possess two cats who rejoice in the names of Annabel and Jane.

Wishing "Cats and Kittens" every success.

Yours sincerely,
Patricia Tabor.

Macclesfield.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of Davids Misty, son of Oxleys David, just taken. I have been taking your magazine "Cats and Kittens" for three years now, and find it gets more and more interesting. I have also noticed "Letters and Pictures to the Editor" is increasing each month. Also I think your advice pages are a really good idea.

My Blue Persian, Davids Misty, you have published him before, but I hope this will not stop him from being published again if you find his photographs good enough. I should also like to thank Miss Kathleen Yorke, through your magazine, for the lovely impression she gave of him in a whole column of "Cats and Kittens" a little while ago. She said he was beautiful when she judged him, and gave him second at the Manchester Show. I am hoping she will see him again sometime. He is now 24lbs. in weight. Everyone seems amazed at the size of him and length of his coat. He is nearly three years old.

Here is wishing your magazine all the best, hoping it gets bigger and bigger.

Yours sincerely,
M. Robinson.

TO THE EDITOR

Studham,
Nr. Dunstable,
Beds.

Dear Editor,

I am a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" and I wondered if you could help me. My cat seems to have developed a kind of scurf in her coat, even though it is soft and silky, and she has a good appetite.

Perhaps some one on your staff would know what is best to do.

I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a reply.

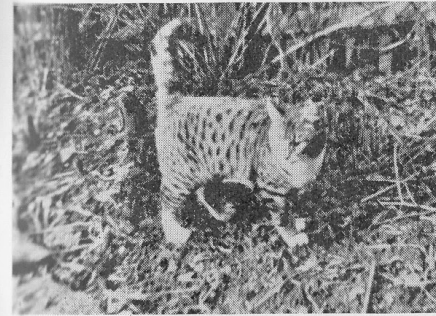
Yours faithfully,
E. Sehenermeier.

Dear Miss Sehenermeier,

Thank you for yours of the 15th regarding your cat's scurfy condition although her coat is soft and silky, I see from your letter, and she has a good appetite.

This condition might well be caused by vitamin deficiency, and I recommend you to keep her on a diet of lightly boiled fish, meat or rabbit, with a little roughage served with it such as can be obtained by breaking over the meat or fish part of a Weetabix and then mixing up with the food. You should keep her off milky foods, which I do not think are good for cats generally.

You could give her a course of compound vitamin tablets



Peter

Ward End, Birmingham, 8.
Dear Editor,

I am sending photographs in the hope that you will be able to print them in your magazine. Peter, the tabby, has a beautiful soft silky coat, and James, though not so cuddlesome, is a very affectionate cat.

I always enjoy reading your delightful magazine.
Yours sincerely, Thelma Reville.



James

LETTERS AND PICTURES

such as Multivite, which can be obtained from Messrs. Boots the Chemists. If she is a big cat give her two of these a day, but only one if she is small, and I feel sure you will find there will be a big improvement in her condition.

Editor.

Muswell Hill,
London, N.10.

Dear Editor,

I have a two-year Siamese queen, who has just had a litter of four pedigree kittens. Could you please inform me as how to obtain the Siamese Cat Club Pedigree Forms. My queen is registered with the Siamese Club, and I would like to have the kittens registered.

My queen was already registered when I had her, so I have no idea how to set about getting the litter registered or to obtain the pedigree forms.

I enclose stamped addressed envelope in anticipation of your early reply.

Yours faithfully,
Miss June Gould.

Dear Miss Gould,

I notice that your Siamese has just had four pedigree kittens. The Siamese Cat Club does not register cats or kittens, this is done by the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, and you must write to Mr. Aitken,

of 2, Commonfield Road, Banstead, Surrey, the assistant secretary to the Cat Fancy, who deals with Siamese cat registrations, and quote the particulars of your cat's pedigree as to its number and so on, the date it was registered, and quote the name of the stud cat to whom your queen was mated, and also suggest the names you wish to call the kittens; he will let you know how much to pay.

You should also ask him to register the transfer of your queen from the person from whom you bought it to yourself.

The Siamese Cat Club only supplies pedigree forms to members, and if you are thinking of joining the secretary is Mrs. E. Hart, of Tye Cottage, Frog Grove Lane, Wood Street, Guildford, Surrey. I think that if you will write to Messrs. Spratt's Patent Ltd., of 41-47, Bow Road, London, you will find that they can supply you with pedigree forms.

Editor.

Anlaby,
E. Yorks.

Dear Editor,

Thank you so much for your prompt reply to my letter. I have not yet tried the Dimol A tablets, as I wanted to get in touch with the vet. in order to

TO THE EDITOR

make sure they would not clash with the treatment he has been giving. He seems to have been out on an urgent case every time I have rung up, but this morning I managed to get through to him. He approved of the Dimol A and said I could give them along with the powders we have been using—they will not clash.

Then I asked him about the Streptomycin drops, and to my surprise he practically laughed at the idea, and said I must have got the wrong word. He said Streptomycin could not be mixed with liquid, and would not cure snuffles anyway, and lastly, it is a very rare drug difficult to get hold of. In case my pronunciation was wrong, I spelt it out to him, but he insisted that it must be a misprint.

I am very much puzzled, and should be glad of further information—could I get this stuff elsewhere? Also, is it expensive? I am also very disappointed, as I do want to get this disease cleared up. It seems to be a very slow infection; it is about seven weeks now since Tweedy started with it, and she still has diarrhoea and makes glutinous, clashing noises when washing or eating.

Wanda, the Abyssinian, had "haws" showing for one week;

last week she was quiet and had a touch of diarrhoea. This week she is much more lively, but very noisy over washing and eating. The vet. thinks that when the diarrhoea stops, the other trouble will clear up too, as one virus is causing the whole condition.

I am most anxious to get it cleared before Wanda's kittens arrive—due end of April—as I do not want them to be infected. Tweedy's kittens, now four weeks old, are all right so far—touch wood!—but the diarrhoea, plus three vigorous kittens, is giving her an appalling appetite.

Hoping for further advice, and with many thanks.

Yours sincerely,
Dorothy Winsor.

Dear Mrs. Winsor,

Thank you for your letter of the 4th. Once again I can only say regarding the Streptomycin that it can be obtained from the vet. as we ourselves have used the drops made up by our vet. for us, and we have had good results from them.

We have had a large number of letters from our readers regarding this matter, some like yourself say their vets. will not supply, and others say what good results they have had. The thing to do is to get the Streptomycin "liquid"

LETTERS AND PICTURES

drops, have a fountain pen filler, and by firmly holding the neck of the cat drop a few drops into each nostril. The cat will sneeze a lot, but it does do good.

I am afraid that it is only through your vet. that you will be able to obtain the Strep-tomicin, but if you tell him that I have obtained it from my vet., and other people in various parts of the country, I think he will supply it. I think a bottle of Streptomycin costs about 10s. 0d.

To dry up the diarrhoea I think you will find that the Dimol A tablets will put the stomach right, and that will automatically cure the diarrhoea. I think the other things the cat has got are secondary to that trouble. Do not forget what I told you in a previous letter, keep off milky foods and give fish boiled with some roughage like Weetabix broken up over it.

Editor.

Harrow,
Middx.

Dear Editor,

I am completely bewildered by the absolutely diverse information I have recently collected about Siamese queens "calling."

In your book "Siamese Cats" you say that the only way to quieten a calling queen is to

have her mated. A well-known breeder tells me that mating does *not* stop their calling—that they will have their call out in any case. She also said calling very seldom lasts more than a week. In your book, though you do say it depends on the individual cat, the inference seems to be that a month is not uncommon. Your book does not mention how often a queen calls per year, but in the last week I have been told by three different breeders that (a) queens call every month, (b) twice or four times a year, (c) twice in 18 months.

I am quite prepared to believe that no two cats behave exactly alike, but these differences seem absurd, and, as I said already, I am bewildered and rather worried.

My cat, of 6-7 months, is calling for the first time, and I find that I am suffering agonies, not because her calling irritates me, but because she is obviously so distressed—which all makes me think once again that one has no right to inflict "civilisation," to such an extent, on animals, just for breeding purposes.

I made inquiries, too, about the use of mild sedatives, but was advised that aspirin was the only safe one. I would have thought that $\frac{1}{8}$ gr. of

TO THE EDITOR

luminal would be more effective and equally harmless.

If you can spare the time, I shall be very grateful if you can write and tell me which statements are more generally correct.

I am, Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) A. Weaver.

Dear Mrs. Weaver,

Thank you for your interesting letter about your Siamese queen, which is "calling" for the first time at seven months old.

There is no doubt that Siamese are much more forward in this respect than any other cat, and it is not at all uncommon to find that a Siamese male will have mating inclinations at that age, and more often than not the female starts to "call" at about the same age.

My own opinion is that it would be well to keep her back until she was adult, which is considered to be at the age of ten months, but, of course, if she is making herself ill by this prolonged "calling" and she is a strong healthy cat, no real harm would be done by mating her at nine months of age.

Now as to the "calling." In experience going back to 1932 with Siamese, I am quite sure that Siamese usually "call"

for ten days, and when the mating season starts in early Spring, that is to say, the middle of February, or early March, and goes through until about the middle of October, an unmated queen will usually "call" for this ten day period and after less than a fortnight's respite will "call" again. This will go on until about the middle of October as I have just said. I think it is bad to keep a queen up which is persistently "calling," as they do go off their food and get themselves into quite a distressed state. Whereas if they are mated up there is a nine weeks' gestation period, and they are happy with their kits for another ten weeks after they are born, so that a healthy queen could have two litters a year during the period from early Spring to the middle of October, and, of course, she will most probably not "call" as I have said, during the winter.

The mating up, if successful, will of course ensure this nineteen weeks' freedom mentioned above, but obviously, as the best time to send to stud is the second or third day of the "call," there will be about a week of "calling," during which time the queen should be kept up, on her return from the stud. In other

LETTERS & PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

words, she will finish her "call."

I am strongly against the use of sedatives for cats, and cannot recommend them at all.
Editor.

YOUR CATS AND MINE— from page 8.

Twenty-one Specials, open to all, given by leading members of the Fancy.

Ten Club Specials, excluding several Club Badges and Spoons. All cats catered for in the Classification.

MRS. L. K. SAYERS SOUTHWOOD CATTERY

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Sire: Prestwick Person. Dam: Ho Tu. Winner every time shown. Excels in eye colour. Prepaid Fee 42/- and return carriage.

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Sire: Typic Pita. Dam: Shub-Ad (throwing Chocolate-points). UNSHOWN. Prepaid Fee 42/- and return carriage

Killdown Jupiter (S.P.)
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THE CAT AND THE ORGAN— from page 10

My father was one of the organ builders, and Panda one of the kittens born in such a strange place.

The curious part of the story lies in the fact that whenever my father played the small organ at home, the cat would immediately jump on the top of the case and his solemn face take on a look of perfect contentment.

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CATS AT STUD — See separate announcement

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FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES I TAUT I TAW— By UNA-MARY NEPEAN-GUBBINS

Illustrated by Mary Claisen

"HAVE you heard the song about the Puddy-Tat?" cried Lionel with great excitement.

"The what!" said Edward.

"'I Taut I Taw a Puddy-Tat,' sung by Titty-Poo," said Lionel with relish.

"Stop talking nonsense, and tell me what you mean," snapped Edward.

"Well, there is a new song called 'I thought I saw a pussy-cat,' and Babykins' cousin, Titty-Poo, is going to sing it at the Cats' Concert next week!"

"I never heard anything so childish," said Rolly.

"Fancy calling a respectable member of the feline society Titty-Poo!"

"Fancy calling a cat a Puddy-Tat, too!" cried Plumpey, "Such shocking English!"

"But that is the amusing part about it," argued Lionel, "It's all in baby language!"

"You don't say!" said Edward sarcastically.

"I'm longing to hear Titty-Poo sing it. She has got a sweet little voice!" said Babykins.

Actually they were all looking forward to the Concert, especially as Plumpey had offered to recite one of his poems, and Lionel was to do a ballet-dance. He was to be dressed as a bumble-bee, with wings made from cellophane paper, brown velvet tights, and a little gold crown! They were all practising madly for the great day, and this sort of thing was to be heard—

"I Taut I Taw—" from Titty-Poo.



"Pas-de-chat — chasse — hop, skip and — ow ! Bang !" from Lionel.

"Her green eyes gleamed," from Plumpey.

"A-tweeping up on me —"

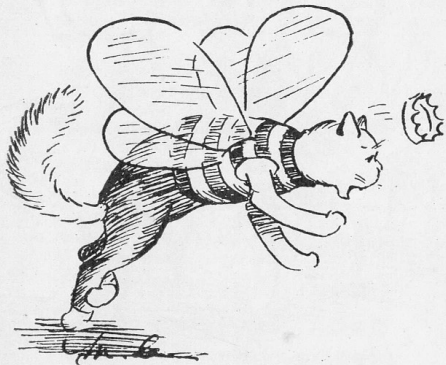
"A-tweeping up on me —"

"With a leap, arabesque and —"

"Your silky paws !"

But at last all was ready, and the day of the concert arrived.

It was quite a full programme beginning with a troupe of dancing girls, in fluffy ballet skirts, and stars tied between the ears. Then came a cat conjuror, who performed some very clever tricks. After him Plumpey's girl friend, Magnolia, sang "Songs my mother taught me" and "Five Blind Mice." Then it was Titty-Poo's turn to render "I Taut I Taw,"



which was a great success ! When Babykins fluttered in crying "Buzz — Buzz — Buzz — Buzz," he was greeted with great applause. He danced very well, though he wobbled on one arabesque, and tripped himself up while doing a Pas-de-Chat, which was quite unforgivable ! After several more turns, performed by other friends, it only remained for Plumpey to recite his poem, which was a great success.

Afterwards everyone agreed that it had been a wonderful concert, — and in spite of Edward's scathing remarks, — all the other cats went away humming "I Taut I Taw a Puddy-Tat."



THE GIRLS—*from page 4.*

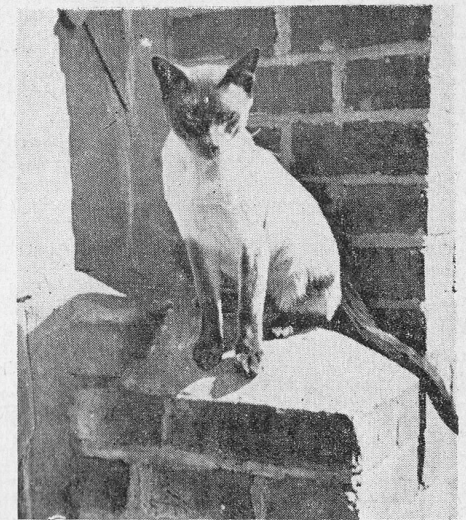
that Ada would try to find her sister, and perhaps it would have been kinder to have had Ada put peacefully to sleep. As it was, she had gone heaven knows where. We advertised for her of course. I even went to the Police, and I spent hours walking round the streets and roads softly calling "Ada," "Ada," until I noticed passers by were looking at me with a rather odd expression on their faces. I suppose it *was* a silly name really for a cat. Ada. Ada and Lily. Two silly names, but names of character, like their feline owners.

To say that I mourned for The Girls was putting it mildly. I had only to glance at a bowl of flowers, to see Ada gently lifting the flowers out and lapping at the water, and it was nothing short of misery to get out my knitting wool at night, and know that no Lily would pull the ball of wool and jump on my lap, causing me to drop a stitch, etc.

My husband tried to console me as best he could. The poor man even suggested getting another cat right away, at which idea I was most indignant. Did he honestly think there was another cat in the world as pretty, as intelligent, as full of character and charm as either Lily or Ada had been ?

Of course there was.

We got her seven years ago, and she is still with us.



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"CATS AND KITTENS" MAGAZINE, 14, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

All advertisements should be on a separate sheet of paper, and written in block letters, or typewritten please.

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Registered queens only.

MOLESEY ALI BABA, fee 2 gns. and carriage. Cream Persian, Sire, Tweedledum of Dunesk, Dam, Molesey Mischief. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst, Old Lane, St. Johns, Crowborough, Sussex. Tel.: Crowborough 407.
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"**SINBAD**" S.P. SIAMESE. Sire, ch. Sam Slick. Grandsire, Billingbear Veeday. Dam, Impkin Simy. Fee £2 2s. and carriage. Queens collected from station (Charing). Mrs. R. Tutt, Danegate, Charing, Kent. Tel. Charing 212.

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AT STUD—contd.

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SIAMESE S.P. Kittens. Sire: Sco-Ruston Galadima. Dam: Hemingley Listra. Born 29th April, 1951. From 5 gns. Mrs. Belcher, 5, Avondale Road, Chesterfield, Derbys.

RARE Burmese Male Kittens for stud or pets. Affectionate, intelligent. Brown satin coats. Mrs. L. France, White Lodge, 353, Nottingham Road, Derby. Tel.: Becketwell 48673.

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