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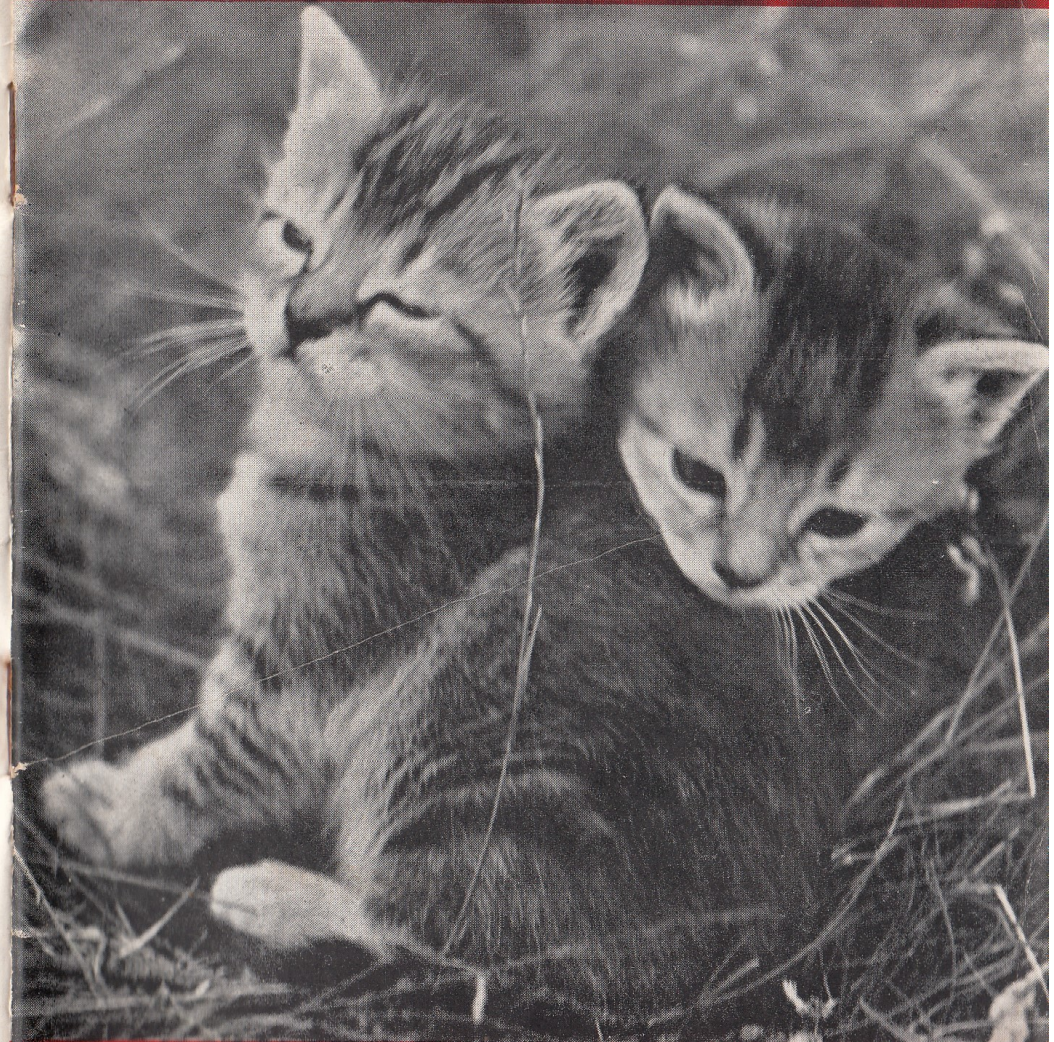
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JULY, 1951



Abyssinian, CH. CASA GATOS AMMON-RA,
owned by Mrs. Blanche Warren of Idyllwild, California, eating out of a
silver bon-bon dish he won at a Texas Show, 1951 (see page 2)

The Cover photograph is of Mrs. Coldham’s Abyssinian Kittens—
photograph by A. Frost

CATS LINK IDYLLWILD WITH NILE

By ERNEST MAXWELL

With acknowledgements to the Californian Newspapers.

Extracted from press clippings kindly sent us by Mrs. Warren.

IDYLLWILD—The San Jacinto Mountains are a far cry from the balmy Valley of the Nile, yet to-day the two areas are linked together by something very much alive—cats.

One of the nation's largest collection of Abyssinian cats, oldest known feline breed and once worshipped by the Egyptians, is housed among the pines at Idyllwild.

Blanche and Howard Warren, Idyllwild residents and cat fanciers, possess five of the rare short-haired Abyssinians. All of them are prize winners.

The Warrens are feeding and grooming 30 rare cats of five different breeds. In addition to the Abyssinians, there are Burmese, Russian Blues, Blue Points, Seal Points, and some Siamese.

They have the largest known collection of Burmese cats in the world, wild or tame. The Burmese is the only brown feline in existence, and comes from India, where it is carried around on silken cushions by servants.

Strangely, there are no Abyssinian cats now in Abyssinia. It is claimed that they disappeared during Mussolini's invasion of the country. The Italians were reported to have eaten them.

The Warren Abyssinians came from England. To-day, England is the only source of the Abyssinians.

Mummies dug up in Egypt have revealed hairs from this worshipped feline among the remains and relics. The cat is a short-hair, and is similar to a wild cat found on the Sahara Desert.

Burmese cats cannot be bought in India to-day because they are so priceless. They are kept by only maharajahs and the very wealthy.

Some years ago, one was sent to this country by an Indian who prized a wartime friendship with an American airman. However, the cat, a female, died without leaving any heirs.

Mrs. Warren, who follows the history of the Idyllwild cats more closely than her husband,

says that her Burmese came from Boston. They were made possible through a special union in the genetics department at Harvard.

Breeding imported rare cats is a delicate assignment. In order to produce the proper characteristics and qualities, experts are generally employed.

At the recent cat shows held in Arizona and Texas, the Warren Abyssinians walked away with a trunkful of ribbons and trophies. In almost every classification, their Egyptian entries were judged the best.

One of the factors that puts these cats in first place is their coats. Apparently, the cold winter here, in addition to proper care, produces superior coats. Admirers in Texas claimed that they had never seen such hair.

Howard Warren emphasizes that despite the protected life of the Idyllwild thoroughbreds, they never lose their instinct to kill rats and mice. He recalls that one Burmese that had never seen a rat—nor his parents before him—attacked a rat that once got in the feed shed.

The cats are fed fresh horse-meat, twice a day. They also receive canned milk and fish. In order to make sure that the cats get their daily ration of water, the Warrens slip it into the milk. Cats are not heavy water drinkers.

The Warren cats in Idyllwild are kept enclosed in a special house, and are never allowed to run outdoors. If one of them ever escaped to the San Jacinto Wild, it might lead to wildlife confusion.

FESTIVAL FOR CATS

We are pleased to report an example of show managerial foresight coming so soon after a recent note of ours deploring the lack of publicity for cat shows which has been so prevalent in the past.

This issue carries an advertisement of a splendid show to be held by the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club under the management of Mr. F. B. Williams. Our readers have asked on many occasions why we do not carry advertisements showing the dates and venues, etc., of the shows, and we do hope that our readers and the public will be able to make plans well in advance to visit this show, which is being held at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, London, on July 25th.

FOR CATS ONLY

Reprinted from a Californian Newspaper with acknowledgements. Cuttings submitted by Mrs. Blanche Warren of Idyllwild, U.S.A.

CATS were sacred once—in ancient Egypt. Judging from the hauteur and regal assurance of many members of their tribe, some recollection of their former grandeur still lingers in the feline subconscious.

Over in a suburban section near Salisbury, England, however, numbers of lady cats to-day have a new excuse to promenade with pride.

These cats have been, or expect to be, patients in one of the most exclusive and best equipped cat hospitals in the world—a maternity home exclusively for expectant felines, and directed by a Duchess, no less.

The niftiest animal lying-in hospital in all Britain was opened before a select assemblage of animal lovers the other day by 72-year-old Nina Mary Benita, Dowager Duchess of Hamilton.

The Duchess had wished to erect a modern building to care for a group whose needs, she felt, had been too long neglected. Unfortunately, housing

materials are still short in Britain. Hamiltons are not easily checked, however. The elderly noblewoman solved the problem by remodelling an old garden pavilion to provide for a number of maternity wards.

A strong wire fence surrounds the unique institution to keep out dogs. Heating equipment has been installed to provide even temperatures around the clock. The wards are divided into cubicles, each decorated in lime green, which was adjudged the most soothing colour for mothers-to-be. Each cubicle is provided with a bed.

Morning and night, white-aproned girl attendants make the rounds, serving saucers of milk and plates of chopped horse meat. A veterinary is available, if needed.

The Duchess, who is chairman of the Animal Defense Society, is not the sort of celebrity who presides at a dedication and then never comes near the project again. She visits patients daily, addresses each by name, and rewards exemplary behaviour with a sprig of catnip.

THINGS AN INDOOR CAT NEEDS

This is an extract from Miss ELEANOR SIMMONS' Book "CATS," with acknowledgement.

Put the rubber mouse away;
Pick the spools up from the floor.
What was velvet-shod and gay
Will not need them any more.

can give them variety and a fairly natural, healthy existence inside four walls.

THIS verse in a poem about a dead kitten, which looked out at me in some forgotten time from the corner of a newspaper, has always stayed in my mind. It says with such simplicity how tragically short the lives of these little creatures are, how willing they are to be happy while their lives last. Even a kitten who grows up to be a cat has a pretty short span, and it is not beneath our dignity, when we keep cats for our pleasure, to make their stay with us as pleasant as we can.

There is no plaything a kitten enjoys as it does small celluloid balls that rattle. Kittens will play with non-rattling balls, either celluloid or rubber, but the rattle fascinates them. I think they cannot figure out how the rattle got inside the ball, and work out their puzzlement in batting the ball. There are shops which have all these balls for sale, and they also have play sticks, flexible sticks with balls attached, which are fine when you want to have a game with your kitten.

Though cats are philosophical and adapt themselves to apartment life so much more graciously than dogs do, they can be badly bored. They have big bumps of curiosity, and nothing quite makes up for freedom to a being descended, however remotely, from the wild. Since, then, in so many places we cannot allow our cats freedom with safety, let us consider by what devices we

Then there are play bags, small cloth bags stuffed with cellophane and catnip, and catnip mice; also rubber mice, and mechanical mice which when wound up run around in a circle. Cats that insist on tearing a catnip mouse apart to get at the stuffing ought not to have them, since they may swallow some of the covering, but most cats are content to bat them about and revel in the smell.

Cats have their own notions about playthings ; what pleases one does not always please another. Once a friend brought my Persians a rubber mouse, thinking, because her cats liked rubber mice, that mine would. She set it on the floor ; they eyed it ; they sniffed at it ; then both of them turned tail, scornfully, and walked away. Somewhat abashed, my friend and I went out for a walk, and when we returned, lo, the rubber mouse had utterly vanished, though there was no one except the cats in the apartment. We looked everywhere, behind furniture and in corners, and did not find the mouse, and for days I watched Fifi and Mimi apprehensively for signs of rubber in their little insides, but they remained hearty. They never did tell what they had done with that mouse.

A log with thick bark on it is a necessity for an indoor cat. Claws must be exercised and the old sheaths got rid of as the new nails grow, and there is nothing like bark for that. Neglect to provide a log for your cats and they are likely to make ribbons of your upholstery, and small blame to them.

I set a tree in my hall, a maple with a trunk about six inches in diameter, the branches trimmed and the top cut off to fit the ceiling, and my cats had

a grand time climbing it. Of course it was fixed to the floor. If you do not care for a tree, then a length of log, cut in half so that it lies firmly on the floor, does nicely. You can easily find the right sort of log in shops where firewood is sold.

Outdoor cats, country ones at least, can find grass when they need roughage in their diet or an emetic to bring up hair they have swallowed, but the indoor cat must be provided with grass. It is easy to grow it. Have three pots of earth, and plant them in rotation, one each week, with oats or rye or birdseed. In this way you will always have fresh grass, and cats love it. My Fifi, when she grew old and lost her teeth, would sit by her pot of grass and wait for me to pull off the tender blades and put them in her mouth.

If cats are not provided with grass they are likely to nip your house plants, which is bad not only for the plants but for them, for the foliage of most plants is too harsh for a cat's stomach. Some veterinarians for this reason advise cat-owners to discard their plants, but I say, give them grass to eat and flowers for pleasure, because many cats have a real aesthetic delight in flowers. Mine, when I brought a nosegay into the house, would walk round and round it, smelling the blossoms with

apparent enjoyment. I once saw a dying cat drag itself from its bed and throw its fevered body under the spreading fronds of a potted fern, as if it thought that green tent could give it relief from pain.

You can raise catnip from seed, but most cats prefer it dried. They cannot go on a real catnip jag on the fresh article ; it must age, like wine and whisky. Dried catnip can be purchased in drug-stores, but if you are a cat-lover you will always, when you are in the woods, keep an eye out for growing catnip, and carry some home to dry for your cat or somebody else's cat, or perhaps for a Christmas gift to the homeless cats in some humane shelter.

Of all the comforts you can give your indoor cat, perhaps a window porch is the most grateful. Cats love to sit in windows, and they are frivolously fond of looking out on life and movement. But an unscreened window is dangerous ; as any animal hospital knows, many a cat casualty is due to a fall from a high window. So you must screen yours securely, and while you are about it why not throw out a little balcony from one of them and make a hot-weather retreat for your pet ?

The floor should be a board about sixteen inches wide,

firmly nailed to the sill and held in place by two lengths of scantling running from its outer corners to the window casing near the top of the lower sash. Stout wire screening forms the front and sides. Of course, the porch should be all put together before being fastened in. With a cushion or two and a pot of grass at each end, this makes a nice place for cats to see the world from by day, and to sleep in on a hot night.

Did you ever hear of a cat commuter from a third-storey window to the ground ? Recently I was passing a house that stood next a vacant lot, and I perceived a basket, with a large cat sitting calmly in it, descending seemingly from heaven into this lot. The basket was attached to a rope and the rope was being paid out by a woman in an upper window. When the car reached the ground its passenger jumped out and scampered away.

I was curious enough to question the janitress, who was beating rugs at the basement door. She told me that Tommy's mistress was a shut-in and had invented this way of giving Tommy his outings. He was a model commuter and always returned promptly. Sure enough, while I stood there he trotted back and got into his basket and was pulled aloft.



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

IT is really grand to be home once again, to be with one's husband and pets makes one realise how much they mean. I have been home from hospital just a month, so am just getting about a bit, and my first outing was yesterday evening to Mrs. Bastow's to fetch Ronada April and R. Blue Orchid. April (a daughter of Cantab Meg and Oxleys Smasher) is in kitten to South-way Echo. I am expecting something good from this mating.

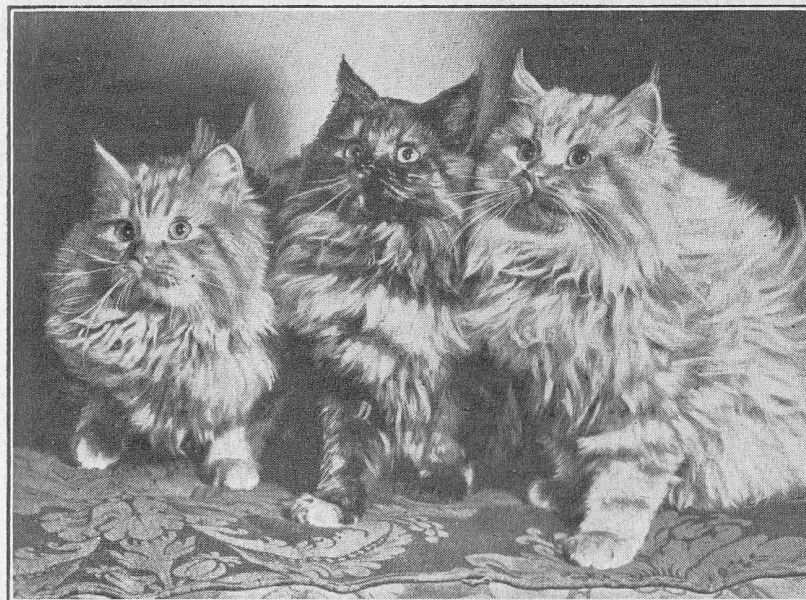
R. Blue Orchid is looking exquisite, almost in full coat, and with her lovely wide open eyes and neat well placed ears she is a cat of great beauty. Mrs. Bastow has looked after both of them wonderfully well. What a true friend she is! Thank you, my dear!

While at Mrs. Bastow's I saw a lovely litter of three by Smasher out of Westbridge Fay, real chocolate box kittens these with lovely pale coats of fine texture. And another litter of

three by S. Echo out of W. Angela. These kits are really lovely type, and written on their box was "If you want type we have it," and believe me this is quite correct. The female of the litter is the image of Ch. Fifiella of the Court. This is not surprising as Angela is by my late Peacemaker of the Court, and I think Mrs. Oglethorpe will be thrilled when she sees this little female.

A little word of advice to all long haired breeders and owners of L.H. cats. Do see they get a regular grooming as the cats are in a heavy moult at this time of year, and fur balls are so very dangerous. Owing to my illness and being away from home my lovely Thiepval Elf has been very ill with obstructive jaundice, but, thank goodness, she is O.K. again now. The obstruction was of course a fur ball.

If owners or breeders of Blues have any news, please send it along to me.



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MRS. DENYS FAWELL, of The Lawns, Salhouse, Norwich, owner of the well-known Barwell Cattery, writes:

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"It is so gratifying," continues Mrs. Fawell, "when the judges say 'in excellent condition' as is so often said of my cats and kittens, thanks to Kit-zyme."

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MY Burmese queen, Chindwin's Minou Twm presented me with two female kittens on May 30th. They are thriving, and Minou is very happy with them. I have two handsome male kittens for sale. One, I hope, will become a future stud, and the other, a pet. Miss King, of Bognor Regis, writes to say her female kitten, whom she calls Yong, is getting on very well, has grown much, and is very happy.

Dr. Atwell, of Sheffield, writes of her Burmese kitten: You will be pleased to know that little Shwegalay is doing well. She really is a funny little soul. I have never had a kitten so full of energy and so affectionate. Her arrival quite upset the other females and kittens, and they have not yet completely accepted her, but she does not let it worry her. The Siamese stud has been quite nice to her. We are very pleased with her, and if all Burmese are as nice they will become a very popular breed.

Mrs. Steiner, of Brighton, enquiring about a Burmese kitten says: I once had a Burmese that I brought from Rangoon. I had him put to

sleep when he was almost fifteen years old. He was no cat—just a human, and I can never forget him. I used to breed Siamese when I was in India years ago, and know all about them. I still have a Siamese, four years old, and a half-breed, three years. But my heart still calls for another Burmese.

Good resolutions about resting queens are apt to become irksome when the said queens continue the call indefinitely. I am often asked how long a queen will call and I usually say, it depends on the queen. My Chinki Jonta started to call on May 1st, and by May 31st was still giving a last defiant cry. She is booked for her next mating to Mrs. Matthewson's Mais-Mor-Marquis.

Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat, my Burmese queen, started to call on April 29th. She is always a very elegantly slim young lady, and by May 19th, after calling continuously, she was becoming very thin, so I decided it would be advisable to send her off to be mated. She was booked to Mrs. C. Coldham's Chinki Yong Zahran, and Mrs. Coldham's

friend, Mrs. Warner, very kindly saw Cheli across London and safely on the train for Ipswich. As was to be expected, the journey put her off call, but as soon as she came on again, Zahran mated her, on May 30th. As this is his first mating—he was a year old on May 19th—I do hope it will be a success. Cheli is back home now, and quite settled down. Whilst she has been away, I have taken the opportunity to have the queens' house decorated and the pens redesigned. They were on either side with a narrow passage down the middle. Now I have a double tier of pens on the back wall, leaving two thirds of the room for the cats to be free in. There are three big windows which they will love to sit in. I also have a new kitten house—where the kittens can be transferred when they are completely weaned. This has glass on all sides so that the kittens get all the light and sunshine possible. It is nice also to be able to look in on their little games, or to peep in on them as they lie asleep all cuddled up together.

Mrs. Judy Smith, of America, who breeds Abyssinians, sends news of her cats. "Pussner Paragon is now a double Champion (C.F.A.) and (C.F.F.). I bought a female, Casa Gatos Chyky, from Mrs. Warren. Chyky is out of Raby Nefertari

and she is beautiful—very ruddy, no necklaces. Both Chyky and Pussner Pride have kittens, Chyky three lovely boys and Pride a boy and a girl. Males seem to predominate in this breed. We are hoping to get an Abyssinian Club started here in the United States. I was disappointed when you gave up your Abys.—afraid there would be less news about them in your magazine."

Well—although I have no Abys. at present, I still like them as much as ever, and when I can get a really good kitten or female, shall start breeding again.

Some time ago I mentioned raspberry leaf powder, which had been recommended for easy kitting, and for queens who aborted their kittens. Last December one of my queens had her kittens slightly before the date they were due. She had a very difficult time, and the vet. had to give her injections. Needless to say, the kits did not live. I decided, the next time she was mated, to try the raspberry leaf. I obtained this in tablet form from Boots Ltd., and gave half a tablet each day through the pregnancy. She had the kittens quite easily and normally and without help. I recommend

Please turn to page 16

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

SWEATED labour. Notes this month are being written under greatest difficulties owing to a boil in the left nostril which causes the most appalling pain and may make me more viperish than usual. Enemies will naturally rejoice and no doubt wish it was on the tip of my tongue. However, like "best in show" judging, it will pass in time I suppose!

Advert. appearing in local paper: Cats. Delightful black kittens (blue eyes), Siamese points resembling famous Russian Blues. Dam ——— and sire, famous Siamese champion ———. Magnificent mixed strain for sale." A very odd litter, in fact, I should say exceedingly choice mongrels! By the way, the advertised sire is anything but famous, unless for this particular litter, and is certainly not a champion, never having been shown at all. What does the Governing Council do in cases of this sort, or the Siamese Cat Club for that matter? I suppose some poor fool will buy the kittens, write to me about breeding, and I shall be called upon to inform them they have been pretty badly done. Does the fault lie with the owner of the sire who gave a phoney pedigree, or the

advertiser who thought the addition of the Ch. might fetch a buyer?

S. O. S. from Southern Rhodesia asking how garlic is administered to cats. Supposed remedy for worms about which I wrote some time ago. Instructions are, take one clove of garlic and crush it up, mix it with butter or in the food and give twice a day for adult cats, half quantity for kittens. If commenced early the kittens apparently like it. Personally, I have never tried it, but was told about it by an American breeder. Worth trying and quite harmless, I should say. There is also garlic oil which might be easier to administer if there were any objections, but I have no idea of the quantity.

Nasty habit was reported to me by Miss Mackenzie from Slades Cross. "Pridie had her first litter a few days before her first birthday and they will be three weeks old at the end of this week. She gave birth to five nice kittens, but yesterday she quite disgraced herself by killing and beheading a male kitten. True he was the weakling of the litter and she evidently was worried about him and felt he should be got

rid of, but this does not justify her becoming cannibal! We were horrified to find his decapitated body amidst her rabbit dinner. This was my first experience of a Siamese mother eating her young. I hope it is not a common occurrence, like sows and rabbits." Since this letter I had a visit from Mrs. Yate, a friend of Miss Mackenzie, who told me a second kitten had gone the way of the first, but so far as I know this was all. It is quite beyond me. I have never heard of a Siamese behaving like this under any circumstances. Maybe other breeders have had the same experience. What one does about it I do not know.

Interesting news of a dual mating comes from Sydney Moran of New Zealand. It appears that one of his Siamese queens, Mylynn Mimi, came into season rather suddenly, and whilst she was running around the stud, Mylynn Ptolemy realised her condition and promptly mated her. As Mr. Moran had meant her to wait for his newly imported Killdown Apollo, he was anything but happy about this mating and immediately shut Ptolemy up. However, at 7 a.m. the following morning the scream of a mated female sent him rushing to the front of the house to find the naughty Mimi rolling around on the path with

an old black and white Tom, a former lover of her mother, standing beside her. There were no other cats in sight, and only one conclusion could be drawn. About six weeks after this event it was evident that Mimi was pregnant and a black and white litter was expected. In due course she proceeded to her usual kitting cupboard and gave birth to a female Siamese (normal delivery). Within half an hour she had produced another Siamese, this time a male. During the next couple of hours she brought forth a male black and white and a black female. There seems no doubt whatever that this litter was the result of a double conception as both the Siamese are pure-bred. Such occurrences are rare, but I have heard of one or two in the Siamese world. Recently arrived Sabukia Stardust has celebrated her entry into a new land by populating it with eight kittens. Ptolemy is the sire. Let us hope they will flourish and do well in the future.

Mrs. Burgess is delighted that a kitten sired by her Bynes Romeo has departed for New Zealand. She tells me she has had several outstanding kittens by Romeo, so maybe we shall see something of them later on in the show pen.

From Mrs. Webbe, breeder of Kentshill Ermyntude, comes

the following information regarding what she calls a mystery disease which invaded her cattery some time ago. "It seems to be a summer complaint. The symptoms were: a slight cough, an undulant fever, the cycle about four hours. Acute vomiting, white froth, acute inflammation of the ears and discharge. Neuters seemed to be only slightly affected, and older cats less affected than young ones. It is usually fatal to cats in kitten as it causes an abortion, and is something over 50 per cent fatal to kittens with very careful nursing. No nursing, no kittens. When the temperature goes down they feel better and will go out if they get the chance, and then get pleurisy or pneumonia, so keep them quiet and in the warm until the temperature has been usual for at least a day or so. M. and B. seemed more effective than penicillin. The vomiting is worse in kittens than adults, so the M. and B. dose is a problem. I saved my last two kittens by dosing them with bismuth carbonate and M. and B alternately until at last they kept the M. and B. down long enough to do them good, but it means keeping a very close eye on them to see whether it has come up again and going on trying. Roughly you have got about three days to do something about it. If they cannot keep anything

down after three days they have probably had it, and kittens often die from heart failure from the strain of continual vomiting. It was very widespread here last summer, the farmyard cats suffered very badly. The ears, incidentally, are obviously painful to them, but all one can do is to keep them clean. It is a beastly disease, and the vets. seem pretty clueless, and it is very distressing to nurse, so I hope it is not the sort of thing they can have twice."

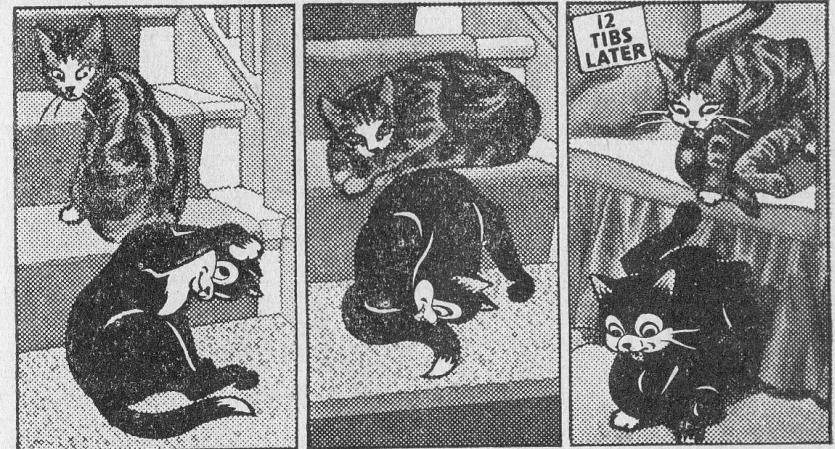
Thank you, Mrs. Webbe, maybe other breeders have had this sort of thing, and pooling experiences always helps. By the way, Mrs. Webbe has a theory one can control the size of a litter by timing the mating, but she thinks she has overdone it this time. Niccy was mated once only at the very beginning of her call as she did not want another big litter, but she could have done with more than two, which was the result!

Such a theory has not worked in this establishment, as Machoux, although mated each day for about a week, Gitto having nothing much else to do, only produced one kitten. But the present litter, born last Tuesday, consists of four, product of two matings, one each day. So what?

Sorry Mr. Allt. No, my remarks were not directed at last season's shows or any other

particular season or club, not even the one to whom, for some reason best known to themselves, the name of Elsie Hart is pure poison. Just generalisation over the last twenty years to be taken with a pinch of salt. Reading through the offending paragraphs I can find no reference to show managers at all. Heaven forbid I should blame *them* knowing only too well

with what they have to contend. Thanks for the smack at the Siamese Cat Club, whose show our correspondent did not attend. He should remedy that forthwith, when he would see most of it *does* go according to plan. True, we spend a little extra money in trying to make it successful, but in spite of the show manager's extravagance her expenses do not come to over ten pounds!



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

WATCH YOUR CAT as he sits washing himself—what pains he takes! The moistened paw goes over his ears, the busy tongue works tirelessly. Yet for all his pride in himself, he depends so much on you for his health and happiness.

Will you do one little thing to keep him the frisky, friendly

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

TIBS

From chemists and pet stores everywhere.
Write for CAT BOOK (7d. in stamps) to Bob
Martin Limited, Room F39, Southport.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH



A TORTOISE-SHELL TOM

From the *Ladies Cabinet*, 1849.

A MALE cat of the tortoise-shell colour is esteemed a rarity, and was formerly worth a considerable sum. Indeed, so seldom is such a thing seen, that a very general opinion prevails that such an animal never existed. We at once profess our inability to decide the point: but we did know an elderly spinster who settled the matter entirely to her own satisfaction by becoming the envied purchaser, at a public auction of household goods and "other effects," of as handsome a Tortoise-shell Tom as ever graced a velvet cushion. He was a beauty, indeed! and, as my friend remarked when she brought him home, "such a real bargain—only £22-10!" A few days afterwards, Tom

appearing somewhat unwell, with a weakness of the eyes, loss of appetite, et cetera, his anxious mistress prescribed a warm bath; and, knowing the proverbial repugnance of cats to water, directed that it should be prepared of milk, warm from the cow. Alas! for the tortoise-shell: the article was not "fast colours—warranted to wash!" and Tom, to the utter dismay of my friend, came forth from his bath an ordinary black and white cat—a regularly marked double-smut, and a very good one of the sort, but still—only a black and white cat! Some ingenious artist had taken advantage of the regularity of the black marks, and, by a liberal distribution of carrots, turned out a handsome picture of a Tortoise-shell Tom Cat.

YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 11.

anyone whose queen has aborted her kittens at any stage, to try the tablets next time she is mated.

The shows will soon be here

again. Do not forget the Barnsley show on July 21st, and the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's ch. show on July 25th at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London. I hope to meet lots of my friends at both,

BEAUMANOR SIMON

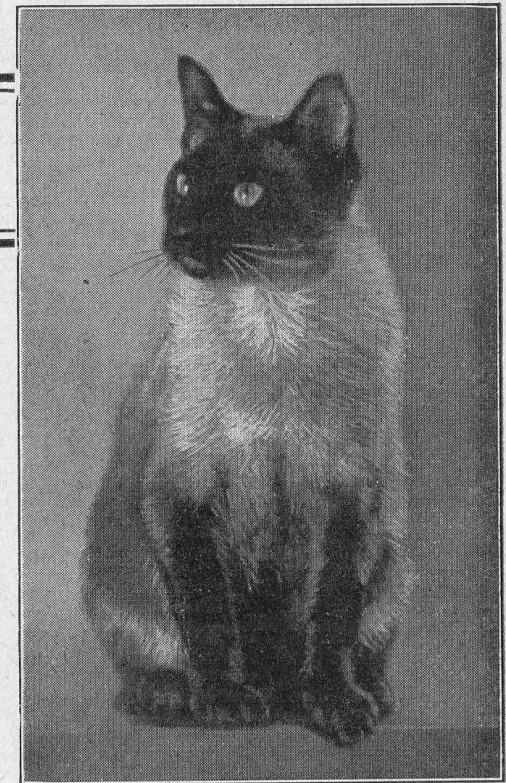
A TYPICAL PRIZEWINNER
BRED BY MISS LANT

MISS Marjorie E. Lant, of The Neuk, Frederick Street, Loughborough, owner-breeder of the Beaumanor Siamese, writes:

"Kit-zyme is a very wonderful idea in every way. Cats hate powders and, most of all, tablets being pushed down their throats, but as for Kit-zyme . . . my pets just love the tablets and, if I happen to forget any time, I quickly get 'told off.'

There is no doubt that Kit-zyme keeps my Siamese in beautiful condition. And whatever may be in the tablets is definitely needed by a cat or he wouldn't be so very ready to eat them . . . cats have much more sense than humans over such things.

I have recommended Kit-zyme to a number of cat-loving friends and they all have said 'thank you.'"



KIT-ZYME WILL BENEFIT YOUR CAT TOO
It is a natural Tonic and Conditioner—NOT a purgative

Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

Promotes resistance to:—LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES

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

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JOTTINGS FROM MY NOTE-BOOK

By CLARE PRINCE

THERE is to be a Festival of Britain Championship Cat Show at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in London on July 25th.

This is good news indeed, as it will enable our overseas visitors who are visiting the Exhibition to see some of our most beautiful cats. I am sure there will be a large entry of both cats and kittens. My own kittens are due to arrive in June, so I am afraid will not be old enough to attend. My queens will also be busy at home, but I shall no doubt find one cat to take along with me.

Mrs. S. France has had a wonderful litter of Burmese kits this Spring. I am sure there will be a great demand for these kittens as they are so rare.

Mrs. A. Classe, of Starcross, South Devon, has four very nice black kittens, the sire of these being Mrs. Aitken's Black Diamond.

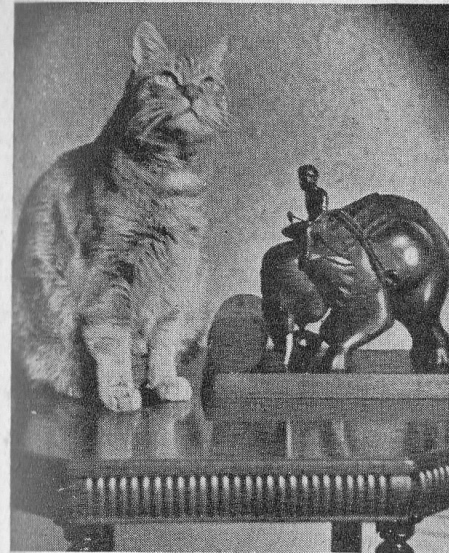
Talking of Black longhairs, the hostess at my home is at the moment Crowdecote Mistress Topsy. She is the daughter of my Tortie C. Julie (sired by Crowdecote Bo-Bo,

now in Mrs. Abram's possession at Leicester).

Topsy, now nine months old, is a dusky beauty, and being the youngest member of my cat family lives in the house. When the Blues comes in from the cattery she is delighted to entertain them. The house at once becomes an upheaval of upturned rugs, ping-pong balls and balls of paper. There is a scuttling of feet up and down the stairs, with Topsy, of course, as the ringleader.

My Blues, all being older and more sedate, seem at first doubtful as to whether such liberties are allowed, but Topsy assures them that "someone" will tidy up afterwards, and so it goes on! She is a delightful creature and so friendly and full of life that she is at present the most admired of all my cats. Every morning she comes up to my room and having had a saucer of milk from the tea-tray, snuggles into bed with me until it is time to get up. She is really very funny, as she lies on her back with her head peeping above the bed clothes and a very pleased expression on her face.

Letters and Pictures to the Editor



Sandy

London, N.W.6.

Dear Editor,

We have been taking "Cats and Kittens" for years, and I greatly look forward to my husband bringing home the next issue. I find all the stories and letters most interesting, and the pictures are lovely. May I tell you about our little Sandy fellow, now eight years old, and weighs over twenty pounds. He understands a great deal of what we say to him, and is always ready for a game. The thing he likes most of all is to help when we are fastening a parcel, and if he appears to be sleeping soundly

he is on the spot just as soon as we touch paper and string. Could you please find space in your magazine for his photo. It was taken in our sitting room on a December morning. We think it is very good.

May you long continue to publish "Cats and Kittens." My copy is passed on to a friend who is also a great cat lover. Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Edith Tibble.

N.Y.C., 27.

Dear Editor,

I was writing to enclose a picture of Tischa (she will be 18 in June!) sitting atop books in the window-sill and looking out upon the squirrels and pigeons across the way in College Green. The pose is so much like that in Rodin's statue that we call it "The Thinker."

Miss Baker and I called on Fluffy Benson recently. His mistress explained that Fluffy had asked to go into the basement, where Miss Benson thinks he knows of a mouse. Fluffy has an ideal location, and his cards and letters make an added attraction to its plants and flowers. "Cat" is prominently displayed, too.

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs. Peter A.) Eleanor Day
Vasilieff.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Tischa

THE THINKER.

A pussy's thoughts are happy thoughts,

For as she sits and purrs,
She knows that the best of
human traits,

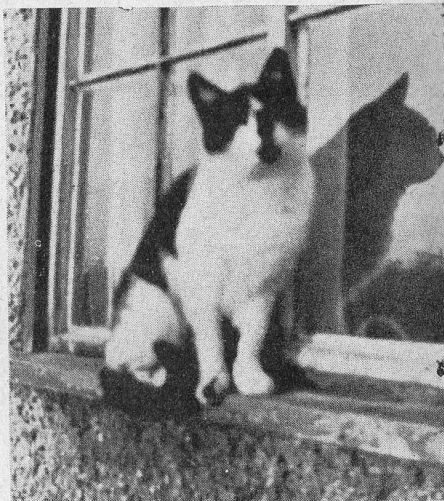
By creation have been hers—
Cleanliness, quiet serenity—
Beauty, grace—oh, let me be
A copy-cat, my treasured pet,
And strive to grow more like
you yet!

Eleanor Day Vasilieff.

Moreton, Ongar, Essex.

Dear Editor,

One day last week my four year old cat, Jennifer, presented me with her forty-fourth kitten. There is nothing particularly unusual about that, and I do not claim her record of births to be outstanding, but the strange thing is that forty-two of her young were born in a



Jennifer

comfortable wicker basket, the other two in a far different type of place. Let me tell you about it.

They were her first kittens, and I prepared for their arrival in a way which I thought correct. The basket was provided and made worthy of two little creatures yet unborn. But Jennifer was not a bit interested in this, and obviously intended having her kittens elsewhere.

When she began leaving the house for many hours at a time and returning only to eat, I realised that somewhere the kittens had been born. For two weeks I remained innocent of their whereabouts. One

TO THE EDITOR

evening I decided to make a thorough search of likely places and began by calling Jennifer's name (adding "Fish" after it), in an attempt to find from which direction she appeared.

Indeed, my Jennifer did appear and certainly from an unthought of spot. With a chorus of meowing and purring she commenced to climb from the higher branches of a tall tree in a neighbour's garden. Yes, that is where they were, way up high amongst the leaves, cosy inside the bark of their top-storey home.

When my father finally rescued them (with the aid of ladder, chopper, etc.) they were placed with Mother Jennifer in the provided basket, and what lovely kittens they were! As I have already suggested, Jennifer has decided not to be a nature girl after all, she apparently realised that there is a lot to be said for baskets compared with bark, the kittens seemed to prefer it too!

Marie L. Dyer.

Blackheath, S.E.3.

Dear Editor,

I was so surprised to find you had printed my letter about Bambi, and I hope others who may have had the same trouble will benefit by your advice. Actually, I did not clip his nails because I was

a little afraid I might overdo it, and then, if he were to jump and miss because of over-short claws, it would be even worse than if they were too long. So I compromised by filing the extreme points off as well as I could. He was not too keen on me doing it, although I chose a time when he was sleeping upside down on my lap. But you know what cats are. He would be apparently fast asleep and I would furtively file one claw and then he would open one eye and lift his head with an enquiring expression, as if to say, "Oy, what's all this 'ere?" and I had to pretend not to be doing anything at all, so it has been a slow process. But I do



Bambi

LETTERS AND PICTURES

think there is some small improvement, and anyway, I expect, if and when the summer comes, he will be able to shorten them a bit on trees, as they do.

In your current issue you have printed quite the most appealing cat picture of all time—Donnis Pearl—it is really quite lovely.

I am enclosing a snap of Bambi, since you were good enough to say you would like to see it, and if you would print it some time I should be most gratified. As I have told you, he has got a funny little three-cornered face with a freckled nose, but although he may not be a "chocolate box beauty" he is definitely an individual and an intelligent personality.

Every good wish,
Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) M. Dribbell.

Horsham, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

As I derive much pleasure from the pictures of cats in your publication, I am enclosing a picture of my ginger neuter "Sandy." He is beautifully marked, two and a half year old cat, with a snow white "shirt front" and magnificent bushy tail. Having been born on a farm, his family tree is somewhat complicated, but there is certainly a hint of Persian in



Sandy

the length of his fur. He weighs about twelve and a half pounds, and will eat nothing but fish unless it is something which we are eating. He will then condescend to accept tasty morsels if fed to him by hand.

His great moment every day is the ritual of brushing and combing prior to going to bed. He will then roll over on to his back and give vent to the loudest purr I have ever heard, clawing the air in ecstasy the whole time. In our eyes he is the ideal pet, pedigree or no pedigree.

Wishing your magazine every success.

Yours faithfully,
(Mr.) J. Coombes.

TO THE EDITOR



Prince Ki-Ki

Norwich, Norfolk.

Dear Editor,

Here is a little true story of our Siamese cat, Prince Ki-Ki, which may interest you. Sitting on the table one Sunday evening in March, he playfully chewed a piece of cotton and accidentally swallowed a darn-needle 2½ inches long!

We were all very worried, and immediately took the unfortunate animal to a vet. As his office was closed, being Sunday, Dad asked the police to call him.

After a hasty operation, for the needle was in the throat of

Ki-Ki, the vet. allowed us to return home triumphantly with the frightened Siamese, and in less than a day Prince Ki-Ki was up to his usual tricks, none the worse for his misadventure!

Prince Ki-Ki (we call him Keats) is three years old, and is a very amazing cat. He climbs the tree in our garden like a monkey, and often we find him sitting on the mantelpiece quite comfortably! He enjoys rolling on his back, and dashing to and fro with loud, weird noises. He was called Doodle-bug for this! He is extremely friendly to everybody, and is generally a very lovable animal.

I have enclosed a snap of him with Leslie, my brother, for the "Cats and Kittens" magazine, if you could kindly find space. Yours sincerely,
Geoffrey S. Goreham.

London.

Dear Editor,

After reading your most interesting magazine, "Cats and Kittens," every month, I have seen letters from some of your readers who say that: "Kit-zyme" gives good results for cats' skin diseases.

I have decided to send this product to Paris for my cat, because I have heard of the great success of these pills.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Bikini

My cat suffers each summer from attacks of eczema and last year the fur on his back was very bad and there were some bare patches.

I hope with "Kit-zyme" to find a cure for his skin troubles.

I am enclosing a photo of Bikini. I hope you will be able to publish it in "Cats and Kittens" when space permits.

Yours faithfully,
S. Reyes.

The Hague, Holland.
Dear Editor,

I enclose a snapshot of my cat Micky, which I hope you will be able to include in your magazine.

I first saw "Cats and Kittens" when I was staying with my English friend. As



Micky

she knew that I also had a cat, she suggested me to send this snap.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Yvonne Jansen
(age 17).

Portscatho, S. Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

I am sending you my subscription, which must be due about this time. I am also enclosing some photographs, the large one is of Judy Johns, aged 15½ years, he was enemy number one to William Prince of Orange. Alas, dear William is no more, through being put out at nights he caught a bad cold. When I opened our front door one morning last November, he was crouched up against

TO THE EDITOR

the wall, he gave a pitiful cry when he saw me. I carried him indoors and got out one of our cat beds and blankets (of which we keep a store), and he was soon cosy and warm in front of the fire. For a week we had to spoon feed him, first on Brands Essence, then on beaten-up egg and milk. He got better, and we were wondering if we would keep him for good or let him go back to his own home, but he solved the problem by developing dropsy, and very regretfully we had to use our lethal box.

Now whether Judy knew all about this, I cannot say, but for six weeks we did not see

him again, and then one morning I heard him crying outside my bedroom window, so I opened it and let him in. I gave him some warm milk and fish, but he did not want anything like that. He was in trouble and couldn't I do something about it, so after watching him for a time, I soon saw what was wrong with him, I carried him to his home (half a mile away), and asked his people (who are devoted to him) to give him a large dose of Liquid Paraffin, which they



Judy Johns



Anna Perry

LETTERS AND PICTURES

did. We have not seen Judy again from that day to this. Which only goes to prove that cats *do* reason and that they do talk, if only we humans would take the trouble to understand them.

The other photo. is of Anna, dear pet of Mr. and Mrs. Perry, of Pescuil, Cornwall. Anna is 14 months old and a darling. She is so pretty her people are devoted to her.

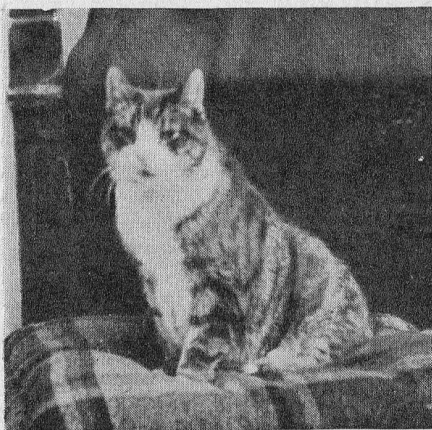
I should like to say how much I look forward to your magazine each month.

Yours faithfully,
M. Ladd.

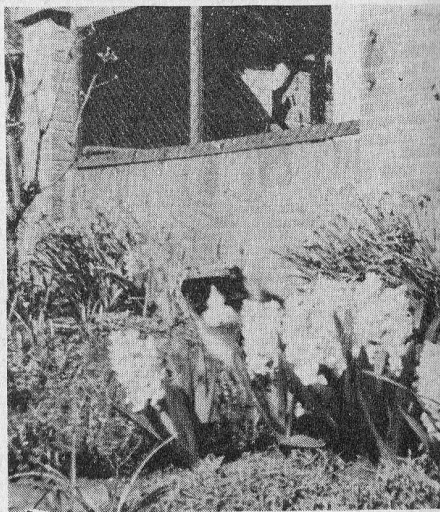
The Hague.

Dear Editor,

Enclosed I am sending you two snaps of a cat named Charly Chaplin, which was



Charly Chaplin



Panda

twenty years old on the first of this month. His picture and story was in one of the Dutch papers, so I thought it might interest you, too. I am only slightly acquainted with Charly's owners, but when they go on a holiday, the cat stays with very close friends of mine and it is there that I saw him and where these snaps were taken.

Charly lives in Amsterdam, is a neuter and very large. On one of the pictures you see him in his "bed", in which he spends most of his time nowadays. According to the story in the paper, he has never been ill, except a little cold. They called him Charly Chaplin because of

TO THE EDITOR

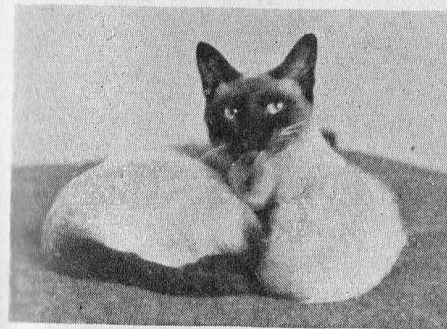
the peculiar pose of his front paws. On his birthday there was a party in his honour, and all the guests brought a little present for Charly. So far as I know, there are no further particulars about him.

On the other snap is our own pet, Panda. Can you spot him between the hyacinths, patiently waiting for a bee to catch?

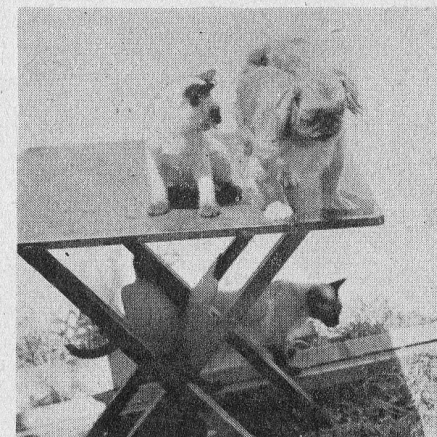
Yours truly,
A. G. Beerink.

Muizenberg, C.P., S. Africa.
Dear Editor,

I enclose a photo. of my cat Valiant of Brakkekloof and his first daughter, Lopokova of Kintyre, which I hope you will print in your magazine. He was Best Cat in Show and won the C. Certificate at the Western Province Cat Club show held in September, 1950.



Valiant of Brakkekloof and his daughter



Mrs. Pocock's Peke with Lopokova of Kintyre

The photos. were taken by my sister-in-law, Mrs. W. A. Pocock, who reserves the copyright. I also enclose a group with my little Peke bitch, Cluney Beluister of Kin Lea—also a prize-winner (whom I bred), and Lopokova of Kintyre.

Yours sincerely,
F. E. Pocock.

Kowloon, Hongkong.

Dear Editor,

We are looking forward to the March and April numbers. I think I told you we have already received the January and February issues. I cannot begin to tell you how much we love the various letters and photos.—especially the snaps of readers' pets. I am enclosing

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Baba Black Sheep

some of ours, and perhaps at some future time you will manage some of them. We specially value the two films of "The Old Man" and "Big Boy" for they were found in a drawer of a "Tall-boy", kindly, no doubt, placed there for safety by the Japanese officer and his family who occupied our flat while we were prisoners-of-war for three years and eight months. Any time we should be grateful for their return. We sometimes wonder what was at the back of the mind of this particular officer, for I think I told you he piled up most of our family-cat's photos, and a few of our

famous film stars, in the amah's quarters. We came home to find them in their original frames—which needed cleaning and hung up again—and we now feel that our grim time was just an awful nightmare. "We three came home" (three sisters).

I wish we had a better photo of our Siamese, Baba Black Sheep, on his lead going for his

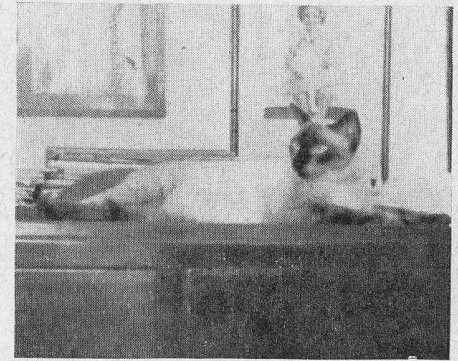


Gable

daily stroll with his amah. Let me tell you how fortunate we are with our two amahs—with us many years before the war. They walked out the very long distance to our prison camp the day of release, bringing us a piece of bread and a banana—oh, what luxuries! We had been deprived of bread for almost all our imprisonment,

TO THE EDITOR

and they say that is why so many were ill—after all, rice is not our staple food as it is with the natives of so many countries. Then, unfortunately, my sisters and I cannot eat fish, so it meant we had less food than others. Mostly the fish they served was what we term "cat's fish"—for it is the main diet of Chinese-born cats. Ours like their meat too, and



Baba

in the Far East—we intend our cats shall have what we can give them while we have it to give. Do you blame us?

They are mostly strays. "Suzanne", who recently passed on, was the mother of John and Gable—both the third all black cats of these names—two before the war. She was three colours and so gentle, but had no voice, just a pretty murmur. So often we read in your magazine of the Siamese loud cry, but our Baba only has a peculiar little grunt. That is when we have a staring game—he usually ends up with it.

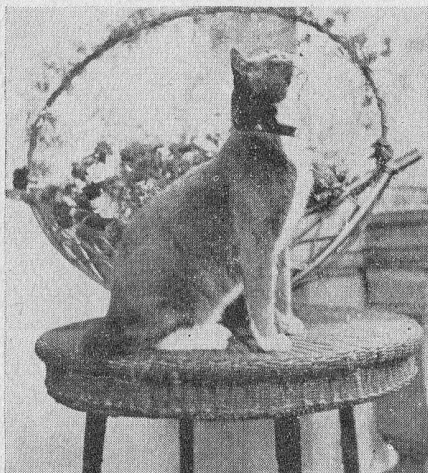
George, for whom I paid \$2 in 1945, is black and white, so tiny, almost a dwarf. He is in fine condition now, but when I bought him in the market, where they tie them up with a piece of string cutting into



John

tins of Carnation and Ideal cream. Spoilt cats they are, everyone thinks, but my sister and I like to give them a taste of a "cat's heaven"—after what we saw in 1941—and our own losses—and the ever-hanging sword over our heads

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Big Boy

their poor little necks most of the time, he was a pitiful sight. That is why he was so cheap, for as all the animals had been eaten during the war, they were asking prohibitive prices for half starved kittens.

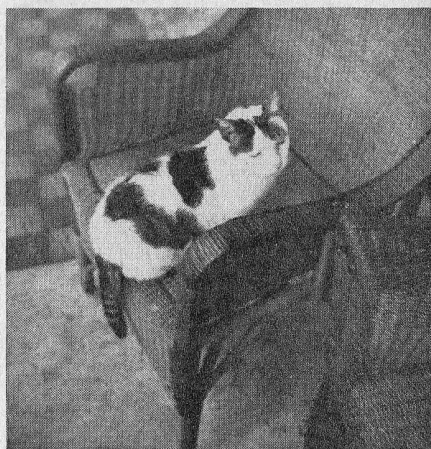
We also bought Robert Montgomery, known as Bobbie, as a bargain, only \$5, no one else wanted him. He is one of our prides now, grown into a handsome, huge white cat. Please do not think you, at home, would think him huge, but we do out here, and most people who see our pets think John, Gable and Bobbie out of the ordinary in China.

Baba, not being a perfect specimen of Siamese, only cost \$45—they fetch around \$100

if they are pukka Siamese. I need not add that to us he is perfect.

There is a large family at present, two more on the doorstep from the same family are called Joy Nicholls and Jimmy Edwards, not forgetting Dick Bentley, who was another of my "pick-ups." My sister never sees me without a basket, for I never know when I am forced to bring some poor little specimen home.

Charles, whom the amahs call Ah Chow, was just one of my gutter-snipes. He is also pure white, and Bobby and he do all their washing for each other. Amah never says anything but "Ah Joy" and "Jimmy Ah" and "John Ah"—we, not



The Old Man

TO THE EDITOR

speaking the language, cannot fathom it.

I think I told you how kind and sympathetic the Government vets. are to us. So many are too pitiful to keep, so they go out humanely. We have our balcony and windows wired, for their fate, if they are lost, is not a kind one. Our local R.S.P.C.A. is now starting to function again, it was very helpful before the war, and the wife of "The Grand Old Man" of Hongkong, Sir Robert Ho Tung, gave us a wonderful spot for a Dogs' Home. I will not dwell on what happened during the war, it is too painful a memory for hundreds of us, but Mrs. Rosa Loseby, the wife of a local solicitor, was too marvellous in her good work for the animals there before the war. I am sorry to say Lady Ho Tung has died—so we have no Dogs' Home now, but the Kowloon Rotary are going to donate an ambulance, we hope, and perhaps we shall have an inspector again, one who speaks the language fluently.

Did I tell you "The Old Man," Barney otherwise (the one on the big chair), died in this flat in his twentieth year, a record for China, I think.

"Big Boy" was twelve when he left us—we had taken him and his lovely brother, Beau Geste, with us to Canada, but Beau

took the 'flu, and we only brought back our adored Big Boy. I had found them in a dirt tin outside a Chinese hotel in Tco-house Street, Hongkong, and I think they had a strain of Siamese and Russian Blue, for they were, what we thought, magnificent cats. Big Boy is the one seated beside the basket of flowers. He and Beau caused quite a sensation in Vancouver, for they both went for their daily walks on leads the same as dogs. The kiddies used to call out to us to "Bring out your China cats."

When Barney died the local papers and Blue Cross magazine had his photo in it with the caption—"A personality of Hongkong"—known to hundreds of people. Amah's delight is to weigh our cats when they come, sometimes half a catty in weight (catty is a little more than a lb.), and after weeks of the Woods Hotel for Cats, they go on gaining weight and learn to keep themselves spotlessly clean.

I had the famous book of "Charles" by Michael Joseph sent recently to me, and our friends in the U.S. also continually send us books with stories on cats.

My sister and I are "Life Members" of the Sydney R.S.P.C.A., and Mr. Moss of the London office has been a

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

correspondent of ours for many years. The Dumb Friends' League is also another of our favourite Funds, and now, I hope, The Cats' Protection League.

Three months ago we lost four with the 'flu, but they went, and more came, and although we have shed many, many tears over our losses, we can feel we have done something for one of God's humble creatures while we could.

Again our thanks to you, Mr. Editor, for giving us a worthwhile little magazine to which we look forward each month with real delight. Best wishes to you, not forgetting the pets.

Sincerely yours,
Misses Aileen and Doris Woods.

Chadlington, Oxford.

Dear Editor,

Can you suggest why my sandy cat (neuter) should lose hair all the year round? In spite of this, he has a lovely coat.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) D. More.

Dear Mrs. More,

There appears to be a good deal of vitamin deficiency in cats to-day, and I think that your neutered cat is shedding hair a great deal more than normal because of a vitamin deficiency.

I suggest that you give him a course of Compound vitamin tablets. Messrs. Boots the Chemists put out their Multi-vite tablets, of which, if he is a big cat, you could give two per day, and if he is a small cat one per day, and I think this will cure the trouble.

Perhaps you will let me know how you go on.

Editor.

Eastbourne.

Dear Editor,

May I warn your readers not to leave the tinfoil coverings of milk bottles or of cheeses, or the silver paper wrappings of sweets in any place accessible to cats? We have just lost a perfectly healthy and most lovable Siamese as the result of this very thing. It started by going off its food, but there were no other symptoms of an apparently serious nature, and the vet. told us that there was no cause whatever for any anxiety. A few days later, however, it started vomiting. There was also a marked stoppage of the bowels. All the remedies given proved quite useless. Finally an X-ray photo was taken and revealed that something was stuck in the pylorus. The vet. said that only an immediate operation

Please turn to page 34

FOR CHILDREN OF ALL AGES

BABYKINS' BIRTHDAY

By UNA-MARY NEPEAN - GUBBINS

Illustrated by Mary Claisen

IT was Babykins' birthday! and to celebrate he was having a tea-party.

Early in the morning Edward, Lionel, Rolly and Plumpy arrived with lots of presents for him, which he opened with great excitement! Edward had given him a beautiful blue quilt to sleep on at night, it was stuffed with soft feathers, and Babykins longed to lie on it, and go to sleep straight away. Lionel presented him with a smart pigskin writing case, already filled with grey notepaper and envelopes to match, on which was his Monogram. Rolly handed him a very exciting looking parcel, done up in gay paper! When he opened it there was a lovely tennis racket, and a box containing six balls.

"We'll teach you how to play tennis, and then you will keep your figure!" Rolly cried. "Oh *thank* you so much!" said Babykins, in-

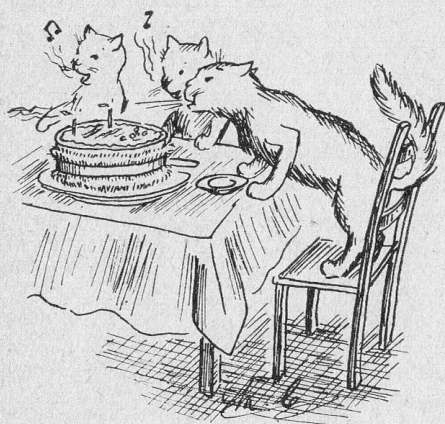


wardly groaning at the thought of "exercise."

From Plumpy he got a book about birds, with some lovely coloured pictures, and a small china cat in bright colours. "Oh how lovely," he cried in delight.

During the day he received several birthday cards as well, and a beautiful greetings telegram, with flowers and blue birds printed round the edges. "I shall frame this," he declared.

At 4 o'clock lots of friends began arriving, and they had



a very gay tea party. Rolly and Lionel between them had made Babykins a birthday cake, and decorated it with blue and white icing, and had stuck five pink candles on top. When the time came, Babykins stood up, took a deep breath, and "puff," and out went all the candles, then he cut it amid a chorus of "Happy Birthday to You" rendered loudly by all his friends, then the cake was passed round, and when they had finished,



they all declared it was the best cake they had ever tasted!

After tea they played games, which Edward privately thought extremely childish, but he did not want to spoil the fun, so he joined in with as much zest as he could muster.

At last all the guests had gone, and Babykins, tired but very happy, declared that he had had the most wonderful birthday, and was already longing for his birthday next year.

**LETTERS AND PICTURES TO
THE EDITOR**—from page 32.

could save the cat's life. On opening up the animal a piece of tinfoil was discovered. This apart from the obstruction it had caused, had also necrosed a portion of the guts, and the cat died during the operation.

One can only assume that our pet had licked the bit of tinfoil because of the taste of cream or cheese on it, and had somehow swallowed it. Hence do I warn cat-lovers to be careful so that they should not suffer the sadness that we are suffering.

Faithfully yours,
Cyril Scott.



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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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