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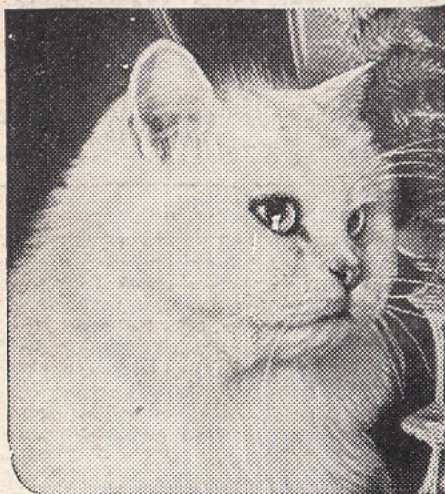
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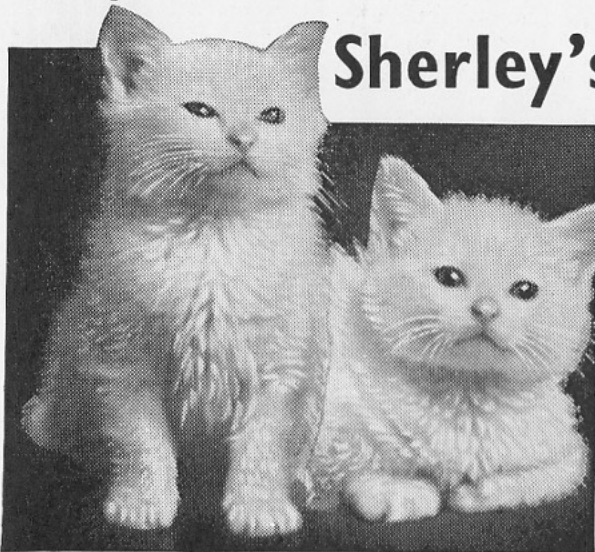
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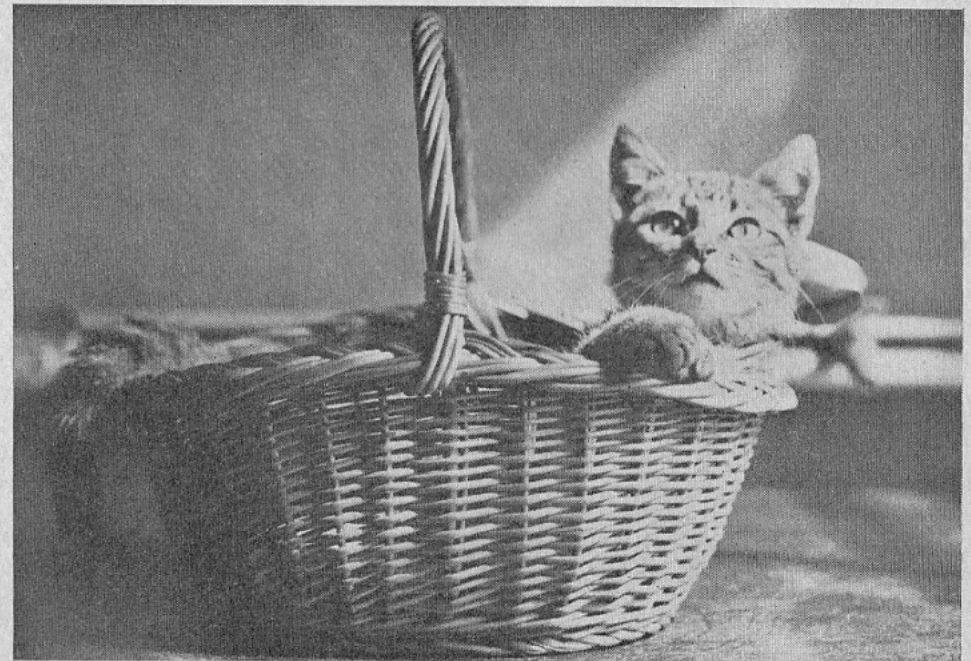
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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AUGUST, 1951



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The Cover photograph is of Abyssinian Kittens owned and bred by Lady Liverpool

SALUTE TO BILL

By HILARY JOHNS

OLD readers of "Cats and Kittens" may remember the large black and white gentleman whose picture so often adorned the pages of my First Aid notes. All too often, I fear, he was bandaged, fresh from his latest sally into the lists of love, for Bill was what we in this village call "a whole tom."

I learned, in fact, all anyone needs to know of first aid for cats in ministering to his lordship. First aid, but not sick nursing, for Bill led a healthy, natural life and was only actually ill once, when he got a bad cold.

He was my constant companion, day in day out, and at night he slept on my bed, for ten years. A cat becomes very much part of one's life in so long a time, and Bill was very much part of mine, as I (I like to think, and do indeed believe), was of his.

Yes—I am writing in the past tense for I have had to say goodbye to my dear old man at last. Now he lies at rest in the orchard he loved, and there is a very big empty place in my life.

I am afraid he was a Don Juan to the end, and that it was his undoing. He came home one day with an ear torn

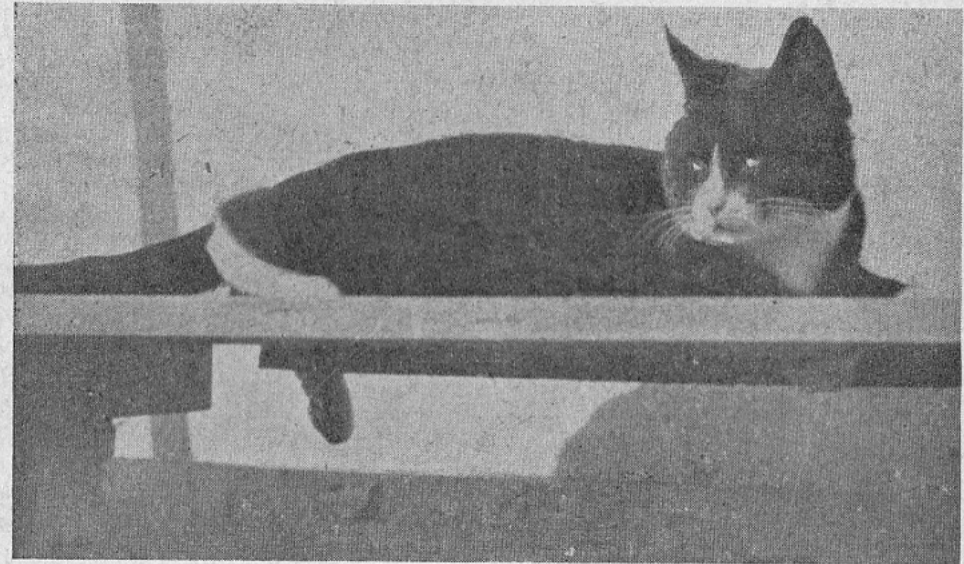
again and claw marks in front of it. I applied the usual treatments and the wound healed nicely. But then the ear began to swell and it was obvious that once more he was getting an abscess. I applied fomentations, but when it did not break, I took him to the vet. Ears are not to be trifled with. She lanced the abscess for him, and he was quite happy and fit and I breathed again.

And then he began to be unsteady on his feet, to stagger if he shook himself, or jumped on to the window ledge.

Seriously worried, I rang the vet., but she reassured me, saying she thought she could syringe the ear if I would take him in. Probably there was some accretion of hardened discharge which was upsetting his balance.

She did her best, and she was more than kind, but . . . I guessed what she was trying to say when she warned me he might always be a little lop-sided. I guessed right, she admitted.

There was only one decision to take, and I took it. Anything else would have been tantamount to sending him out into the world on three legs. But, as he sat purring happily on my knee for the last few minutes, it was more than hard to make that decision, and the journey home and the



Bill

half hour that followed were nightmares.

I had and have no regrets. I know that I did the right, the only possible, thing, I who had always professed to love him. It would have been cowardice and worse than cowardice not to face up to things. But to face going on without him, to walk round the garden knowing I should never again see his black and silver form stretched out in the corner of a sunny bed, to put aside his special plate, to hear noises in the night, and know that whatever else they were, they were not Bill coming in through the window, preparatory to jumping up on to my feet . . . all these things made life an intolerable burden.

Dear Bill. He was a very perfect gentleman always. No halo, maybe, but as a matter of fact I never do remember him committing any real crime. His mother—Ming, also a member of the "Cats and Kittens" family—was never to be trusted and there were incidents with a piece of steak, and with fish, which are best forgotten. But Bill never lapsed. In fact, he actually augmented my larder during the war, when he brought home a fine fat pigeon one day and we went shares!

More than merely well-behaved, he was a kind cat, and one could always be sure of his sympathetic attendance if one was ill or fed up with life.

Please turn to page 7

HOW CATS SPEND THEIR TIME

By DIANA BRINTON LEE

THE title of this article is not mine. The gifted young naturalist, Barbellion, once formed the project of writing a book on this subject, but death overtook him before any of his projects could be realised. I have always regretted that this work, written by a man of imagination and scientific genius, should have been lost to the world.

The cat, unlike other animals, does spend its time in a variety of interests and pursuits adapted to its individual tastes and circumstances, and this ability for the organisation of its life and leisure seems to me to open up a fascinating, and possibly significant, field of study. The fact that the domestic cat, not driven by the urge of hunger or sex, appears to find it necessary to arrange its life, as human beings do, and to fill its day with a succession of interests, seems to me to denote a high degree of brain capacity, and if scientifically observed might throw some light on the development from the animal to the human, the reflex to the self-conscious mind. As far as I know, no other animal has this highly developed capacity for the pursuit of interests

unconnected with immediate necessities. Wild animals are, I take it, mainly preoccupied with the search for food, sex, and the escape of danger. Domestic animals, once the urgency of these stimuli are removed, seem generally to lapse into a state of passivity. The cow, the sheep, and the pig seem to have lost what intelligence they may possess in their wild state, and pass their lives merely in absorbing the food that is fed to them. The horse and the dog, supposedly of higher intelligence, rely entirely on outside stimulus for any form of interest or activity. Except as prompted by hunger, they appear to have no sense of time. They are pleased, or reluctant, as the case may be, to be taken out and exercised, and they will then sleep or sit about until they are taken out again, whether this is in two hours' or two days' time. Dogs occasionally show symptoms of boredom, and will remain in that condition for an indefinite time, waiting for something to turn up. I am aware that some dogs go out hunting, and I myself once knew a dog that used to take the tram in order to pay calls on his friends, but these dogs of independent mind must be classed as brilliant

exceptions. Barking at the postman and chasing bicycles I consider simple reflex actions, comparable to the cat's impulse to spring upon small moving objects.

Unlike the animals mentioned above, and like human beings, cats show a strong sense of time, and a marked tendency to form habits, so that their life proceeds upon a plan which varies little from day to day. They are, however, quick to adapt themselves to changed circumstances, and will explore the possibilities of a fresh environment and quickly fall into a new routine.

Their sense of time is sometimes inexplicable, and cannot entirely be accounted for by the promptings of hunger or any other natural rhythm. I had once an old Blue Persian who was very ill with an abscess on his foot, and had been shut up in my room for several days. One afternoon when he was beginning to get a little better, and could just walk, he crawled out of his basket and staggered to the door. I did not think he was well enough to go out, but was glad to see him taking an interest in life again, so I opened the door for him, and followed. With infinite difficulty but with a definite purpose, he went downstairs, out at the front door, through the garden and kitchen garden and into the orchard. There he

sat down and I discovered that we had arrived just in time to see the fowls fed. The gardener then told me that the old cat always came to see the fowls fed at 4 o'clock. He had been sick and drowsy in a basket in my room for several days, shut away from all the little household events which might, for him, have marked the passage of time, but he apparently knew the time almost to a minute, since the fowls were always fed at 4 o'clock, and the whole business was over at five minutes past.

I have known of other instances in which a cat appeared to know, or sometimes suddenly to remember, the time, in a way which seems unaccountable, but, speaking generally, I should say that a cat's time sense is rhythmic. They are very sensitive to changes in the day, the seasons and the weather, and like to find occupations suitable to the moment.

I have studied the lives of two cats, both neuters, both inhabiting the same small London house and garden, but widely dissimilar in tastes and interests. Some account of their activities may help to illustrate the wide variety of their pursuits and amusements, and their ingenuity in constructing a rich life pattern in restricted circumstances.

The elder of these two cats is considerably hampered in the indulgence of his tastes by the fact that he does not care to meet other cats, even those of the household and, although much attached to his owners, is obliged by his own choice to lead rather a solitary life. He is a mongrel, six years old, heavy, very active, and although very intelligent and affectionate, has been made rather shy and mistrustful by early hardship.

The younger cat, on the other hand, is the son and grandson of champions, bred for beauty and character. He is used to travelling by car and train, staying at strange houses and making friends with, or defying, numerous strange animals. He is just emerging from the kitten stage, and so far has never found anything in life to doubt or fear.

He sleeps on his owners' bed, and when he wakes at dawn his first idea is to "love them up" a little. Raising his head he looks at them fixedly to see if they are awake. They are not or, if they are, pretend not to be. Nothing daunted, he rises and walks heavily up the bed, uttering hoarse cries. He starts by licking and nuzzling his master's face, then he gets into bed and throws himself down with his head on his master's shoulder. His cries get shorter and fainter and he falls asleep.

After a few minutes, however, he wakes with a start, tears himself loose, and licks his master's face again, finally biting his chin. He then staggers across to where his mistress sleeps. Creaking and clucking like a hen, he blows into her ears and licks the lobes, occasionally rolling over in ecstasy. If he is then caught and held tightly like a baby he will sometimes tuck his head under her chin and go to sleep for half an hour, after which he usually wakes and starts all over again.

This inconvenient demonstration started when he was a small kitten, suffering from cold and loneliness, and his owners find it rather difficult to discourage it merely on the grounds that he now weighs 10lb. It goes on, more or less, until his master wearies of it and decides to get up. Instantly he hurries across the bed and almost launches himself into the air in his eagerness to be picked up. This is a purely ceremonial treat and once he has been carried downstairs he is put down, the garden door is opened, and he bundles out to see what has happened during the night.

The old cat, meanwhile, has got up at dawn and gone quietly out into the garden by a secret way of his own. When he slept with his owners he used to return, and by a devious route, jumping from one piece of furniture to

another, reach the top of the wardrobe, where he could see round the window curtain and watch the awakening of the sparrows in the trees and gutters. He never went there later in the day, and it is to be supposed that sparrows keep closer to the house in the early morning. Once, in the country, he spent a week of summer dawns sitting on the transom of a window watching a nest of thrushes six feet below in the creeper. One night they were

all taken from the nest, one by one, by a little owl. It must have been a tense moment when the owl-like cat saw the cat-like owl robbing him of his prey.

Now the big cat keeps out of the bedroom at night, but he appears with the early morning tea. This is another ceremony. He doesn't care for milk, but likes to have a friendly saucer all the same, and since the other cats are

Please turn to page 18

SALUTE TO BILL—*from page 3*

He disliked the telephone, and to the end he jumped out of his skin when the bell rang, but as soon as I began speaking, he would get on to my knee and push his face against the receiver. I think he thought that if I was talking, and no one in the room, I must be talking to him and it was up to him to respond!

He always did respond if I spoke to him as I so often did, in a normal conversational tone. Strangers would stare at us, amazed as we exchanged remarks, Bill answering everything I said to him with a variation in deep-throated "Miaouws." And, of course, his purr was a thing never to be forgotten. It was inexhaustible and forthcoming for a word spoken, without any stroking or other petting.

People are advising me to have another cat, quickly. In a village like mine there is always a plentiful supply of kittens, and every day someone shows me a litter, offering me my choice. They are dear small beasts, as all kittens are, but Maybe if someone produced an exact replica of Bill (and there are plenty in the village, but all grown up!) I might take to it, but not at the moment, I think. Not from any sense of disloyalty. Bill had and has his place for always. Nor from fear of having to face the same ordeal all over again. One has to pay a price for happiness. No—it is that just at the moment I do not want another. In time, maybe, if one happens to come my way. In the meantime I walk in a very empty world.



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

DURING these very hot days do see that your cats and kittens have plenty of shade. Do not forget that blue coats get very sunburnt, and if you are thinking of showing during the coming season this will spoil your chances of winning. Also always see that puss has plenty of clean drinking water handy.

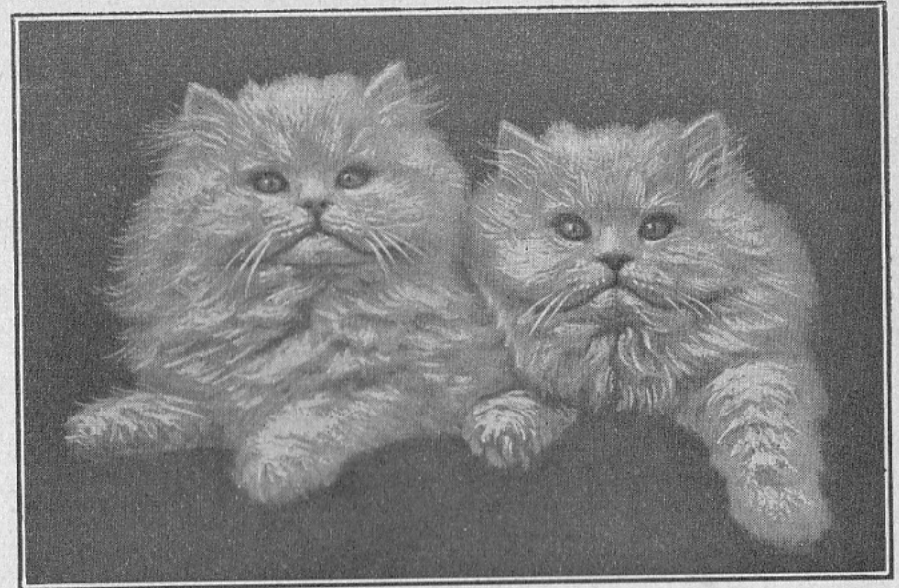
We spent a Friday evening with Mr. and Mrs. France recently, and what a happy time we had! The cats and kittens were all in the pink of condition, and so they should be as "White Lodge" is a cat's paradise. Everything is there for pussies' comfort, a real luxury hotel. I much admired a charming new cat house. This, I was told, is a house for kittens when old enough to be taken from the mother. It consisted of glass all round, and french windows at the bottom for very young kittens to get a full view of all that was going on. The inmates at the moment are two lovely Burmese males and a very good Siamese male by Champion Clonlost Yo-Yo.

I received a very lovely photograph of Ronada Amethyst taken at the Paris Exhibition. Amethyst is owned by Madame Gibbon of Lausanne, Switzerland, and is a lovely queen of very good type with enormous wide open expressive eyes. She is greatly loved and admired by her owner.

Cat shows are always very exciting. The first of the season will be held at Barnsley on the 21st July. I shall be judging blue kittens at this show, so shall be able to tell you something about the winners in my next notes.

I hear from round and about that it has been rather a poor season for breeders of blue kittens. I myself have no kittens at the moment, but Ronada April is due to kitten on the 17th of this month. As it will be her first litter, I am keeping my fingers crossed! Thiepvall Elf is now quite fit and was mated to Smasher a week ago, so it appears she will have her usual late litter!!

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MRS. Priston, the Vicarage, Worsboro Dale, Barnsley, tells me she has a very nice neuter Siamese which she must part with. She says he has a good head and really dense points and would do well on the show bench. Mrs. Priston also has a crossbred litter of Siamese and wishes to give them to really good homes. Anyone interested should contact her.

Mrs. Dunning of Nottingham has sent snaps of her Siamese spayed queen and two of Chinki Yong Channalay, her Burmese female kitten. She says, "The Burmese kitten, whom we call Yanci, is growing well. I am sorry I shall be unable to take her to the Festival show, but Tuesday, the day on which it is held, is quite impossible for me. What do you think of my Siamese, Mowgli Magog. I am certain she would never win a prize in a show, but she is a lovely pet, and has stood up to our gypsy life so well as we have moved at least four times. Once we moved by car, and she travelled all the way sitting on my ironing board, much to the amusement of passers by!"

News of his cats comes from Mr. Norman Winder of Dewsbury, who had one of my Chinki

Jonta's female kits by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. He says, "Chinki Vashni is developing beautifully, and her eyes are much deeper than they were at first. Our torty—old Tiddles, produced two kittens on the 3rd June without the slightest trouble. We were very relieved. After such a troublesome time on the two previous occasions, we were not feeling too happy about the impending events. She is turned fifteen now, and this brings her grand total to ninety-two kittens. What is more, she has produced the first replica of her own colouring. It is a little beauty, though from a show point of view it has not enough broken colour on the face."

I was very pleased to receive a letter from Mrs. Fazary of Birmingham. She has been ill in a clinic in North Wales since Whitsuntide, and has now returned home to find her blue point Siamese queen has two kittens. These, I believe, are by Mrs. Nicholas' blue point stud. Mrs. Fazary has not seen her cats for a long time. She is a great cat lover, and I do sincerely hope she will get well so that she can again enjoy them.

Mrs. Nicholas, owner of Ch. Southwood Sunya, has also

been ill. It is very difficult to cope with animals when one is ill, and Mrs. Nicholas tells me she could not have managed had it not been for the kindness and help given by her husband. I believe Sunya is to be entered for exhibition only at the Barnsley Show on July 21st. I shall look forward to seeing Mrs. Nicholas there, and hope she will be very much improved in health.

Another invalid making a gradual recovery is Mrs. Brice-Webb. She is to judge Blue Long-hairs at Barnsley, and I hope she will be well enough to stand up to a busy and exciting day.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Webb are going up in their car, and are kindly running me up too. The Festival Show, to be held in London, is only a few days later on the 25th. There is a good train from Derby at 5 a.m. so the Brice-Webbs are running over to Derby and catching this train with us. Mrs. Clare Prince, I believe, will also be on it, so we shall be quite a party.

The Notts. and Derby Cat Club's annual show is to be held this time, on January 11, 1952, in Derby. This is very exciting news. The venue is the Drill Hall, which is very roomy and central. Friday is market day, and the town is usually very busy, so I hope there will be an excellent gate.

As this is the first time the show has been held in Derby, I should particularly like it to be a real success, and shall look forward to seeing all my friends there. Mr. Martin and Mr. Tomlinson are to be joint show managers. Do apply early for schedules, and even if you cannot exhibit come along to help make it an enjoyable occasion.

I was interested to read in Elsie Hart's Newsletter last month about a Siamese queen eating her kittens. She says—maybe other breeders have had the same experience. Well—during the war years, I arrived home one afternoon to find one of my Siamese queens had kittened, although they were not expected for another week. One by one they faded out, but by the time there was only one left, another queen had kittened, so, as the first mother had very little milk, I decided I would put the babe amongst the new arrivals. I left the mother quite comfortable and apparently happy, but next morning I could not find the kitten. Frantically I searched, removing the kits and all bedding, and at last I was forced to admit the babe was gone. Only one thing could have happened to it—horrible thought!

On another occasion, when my Burmese queen had her

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

ELSIE HART'S NEWSLETTER

SIAMESE Cat Tea-Party, held at the Hotel Rembrandt, appeared to be a successful "do." We welcomed Kathleen Yorke and Basil Rees as guests of honour and hope they were not bored stiff amongst so many Siamese enthusiasts. Needless to say, several members arrived unheralded in spite of two warnings that the exact number taking tea must be given to the caterers beforehand. Knowing this was likely to happen, I had allowed for such occurrence, so all was well. It is interesting to note that most of the grumblers never apply a rule to themselves. Everything must be just so and according to the book except when it concerns our complainers, then, well, what does it matter?

Letter: "I have an even more lovable litter now, fourteen weeks old, sired by the promising Bynes Romeo. I sold two of this super litter and should like to sell two more to really good homes if you should know of anyone willing to pay well for one or more and assure good homes. They are exceptionally good kittens and their mother has five champions in her pedigree. My kits seem to have everything necessary so

far as I can judge. They have straight tails (whips), violet eyes, uncrossed, oriental slopes, perfect wedge faces, palest close coats and dark velvet markings. Sleek paws, and being bred as pets and house cats have real common-or-garden cat stamina. I think they are worth fifteen guineas each, they look perfect to me." Truly wonderful stock, I should say, but suggest the breeder takes a look at the advertisement columns of a contemporary cat paper, where Siamese male or female can be had from two and a half guineas, also, according to the advertisers, with all the above perfections. With horse meat up again in price, and fish quite phenomenal, I wonder how these cheap kittens are fed and reared, or maybe it is a case of we must get rid of them at any price.

Lovely party given by Lelgarde Campbell-Fraser at Milford mostly for longhaired breeders. Only Siamese folk present appeared to be Mrs. Hindley, Mrs. Sayers, Miss Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams, and myself. Amusement was caused by Capt. St. Barbe heartily slapping an unknown lady on the back in mistake for Miss Fisher. No

doubt she thought he was making a pass at her! After tea we walked to Little Primrose, delightful home of Lelgarde, and saw her beautiful reds in a truly rural setting. A most enjoyable afternoon. Years ago a well known breeder of both longhairs and Siamese told me, then quite a newcomer, the longhair people were so much nicer than the Siamese lot. I am beginning to think she was quite right!

'Phone call from Mr. Bill Young telling me that one can get garlic capsules at Boots' chemists shops. They are about the same size as a halibut oil, and are given once a day. He has used them most successfully in the past for worms in cats and kittens.

Happiest news for many a day came this week. Priddi, Spotlight Pride, and Bonnie, Sealsleeve C'est Bonne, cleaned up the Siamese awards at the recent New Zealand show to the delight of their owner, who returned home with nineteen Specials and thirty-one Firsts, although, as Mrs. Downey also breeds longhairs, some of the prizes went to them. Rather a different story to the one from Australia, where the imports were beaten by the existing stock, at least so I was told, although it was emphatically denied in another quarter, so I take no responsibility for these remarks. I was pleased to

hear that Bonnie took the Special for eye-colour, as well she might, her eyes being real anchusia. Priddie carried off the eye-shape Special, so between them the offspring should be well worth seeing.

"I enclose three photographs of my Cleopatra with the request that you will be good enough to let me know whether she is of the type known as Seal-Pointed or Blue-Pointed. I have had her about three years. Age unknown, ditto pedigree, if any. Her tail is twelve inches long, her general shade very similar to the Siamese which makes the front cover of 'Illustrated.' Eyes very blue, very loving, as are all Siamese cats, I believe. I shall be thankful if you will tell me what you think of Cleo. I fear I cannot offer to let you have even one of the photographs, but if you wish it, I shall be pleased to obtain a further copy or two." Just another of us in the making.

From someone I do not know, or cannot recall, although I know the signature quite well:—

"Of course, Siamese are tough—well, except that they love you to death. I have had four—one only lasted ten weeks, just long enough to feel that the earth was not worth living in when she had to be put to sleep. Her cousin came next. She was a man's cat, and I

could do nothing for her. In the hope that another kitten would make her more friendly, I bought another, and after a week of snarling it worked. At twelve weeks old they went down with gastro enteritis, but I was lucky and recognised it quickly and they recovered. About six weeks later they went down with cat 'flu, and my vet. recommended whiskey—they got it, and Sally loved it. Judy was far the worse, and for three weeks she barely moved, even now she has not fully recovered from the effects of it. Anyhow, they grew up. Sally had lovely kittens, one of which I kept. Now came the real trouble. The house where I lived was sold, and the new landlord refused to allow any animals, and Sally was due to kitten again that week. With the housing problem as it is, I was at my wits' end, but luckily the directors of my firm suggested that they were all transported to the factory. They loved it, the kits were strong and went their way to their respective homes, but

alas, the factory was only held on a short lease, and again a move became imperative. The new factory was too small to house three full grown Siamese queens, and I boarded them out. They were really well looked after, and I visited them two or three times a week, but they pined, and without warning went down with 'flu. Two died, but Judy recovered. This was twelve months ago, and she is trying to help me type this. I dread her calling, as the vet. says mate her. The last time I let her go out with the backyard boy friends, but fortunately nothing happened. Of course, Siamese are tough, anyway she looks well on factory life. The effect she suffers from the early cat 'flu is a weakness in her spine. She has a very stilted walk, or her legs appear to be four in a line, but she can run and jump like nobody's business. I do like your articles."

Tough is the word. I hope she *does* have nice kits. Very many thanks, I am glad someone likes them!

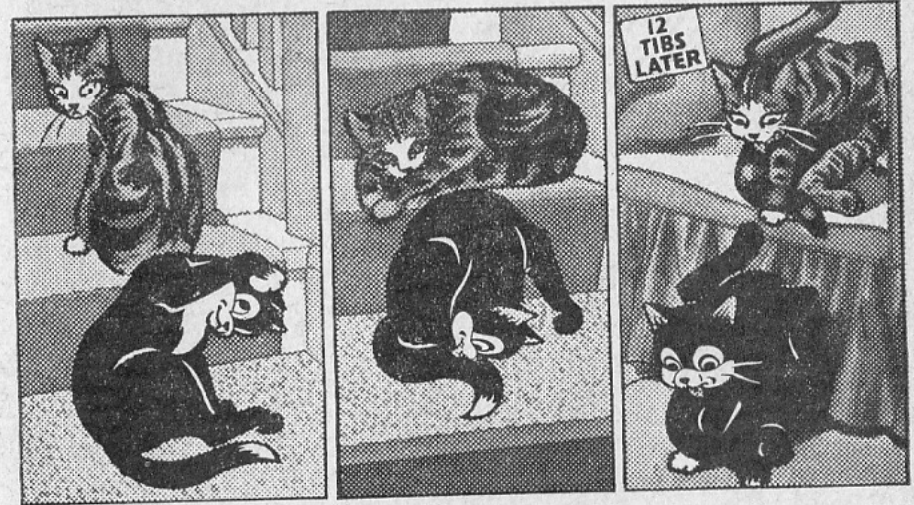
Elsie Hart

YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 11

six kits in a bedroom off the hall, I went in to see they were all right before I went to bed, and I could only find five. I searched all possible and impossible places, then brought my husband along to make doubly sure. Cheli's sides bulged suspiciously, and at last we decided to go to bed,

feeling extremely nauseated and not a little sad to think that our adored Cheli *could* do such a thing. As soon as I got up next morning, I went into her room and there were all six kits! Where *had* the missing one been hiding? Cheli was given a specially nice breakfast as an apology for our dreadful suspicions.



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 (7½d. in stamps) to Bob
Martin Limited, Room F.39, Southport.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH



CURIOUS CAT LORE

By ALTON LOE

THERE is no doubt that the very earliest name for Puss was inspired by the nature of his call.

It is interesting to note that the first name on record was found on an ancient Egyptian cat figure, which has been dated about 2300 B.C. This statuette bears the title of Mait, which is a form of Mau! And Mau is obviously the cry of a cat.

Later on we find the Chinese bestowing the name of Miu on this illustrious animal. It is quite possible that the French Minousse and Minette were derived from these early sources. "Feline" originates from the Latin "felis," which, in turn, is connected with the word to slay or strike—an apt description of the hunting nature of the cat.

There is an astonishing similarity between the different cat-names in different languages. Thus the Greek Catta is allied to the Latin Cattus; the French is Chat, whilst the Italian is Gatto. There appears to be a connection between the German Katti and the Welsh Kath, and perhaps our girl's names of Kate and Katherine were derived from this source.

It is a well-known fact that Puss was an important member of the household in bygone days. In the Egyptian and Roman eras its prominence was actually raised to worship, and many temples were built in its honour. The ancient Egyptians mummified their cats, so as to immortalise them.

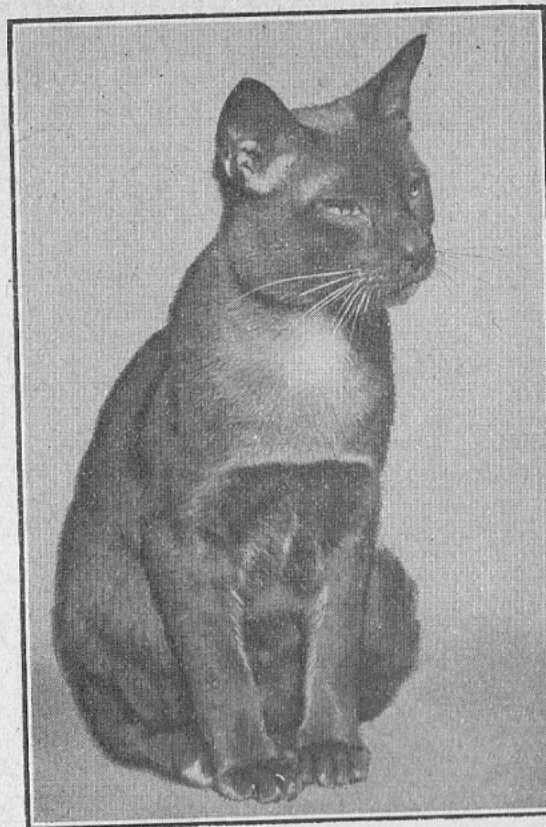
Mummy cats and early bronze images are highly prized to-day, and collectors will pay large sums for a good specimen.

A century or so ago the Welsh valued a cat as highly as a calf. As one old book tells us: "In the old Welsh laws a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny; when it began to mouse, at twopence; and after it had killed mice, at fourpence, the price of a calf."

Needless to say, the penny was worth considerably more in those days.

There is another curious Welsh law, in which unusual punishment was meted out to he that stole or killed a granary cat—that is, one used to keep mice from the stores of wheat. By this old law, the offender was to forfeit a sheep, her fleece, and her lamb. The alternative was to refund as

Please turn to page 34



Incidentally, this Siamese had a digestive disturbance which did not yield to any treatment until I started her on Kit-zyme. Within a few days her appearance became normal and she was obviously once again a healthy, happy cat."

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/-

KIT-ZYME is sold by Chemists and most Pet Stores

Literature Free on Request

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:—
PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS Ltd., Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10



CHINKI YONG ZAHNAN

MRS. C. COLDHAM of Chalklands, Tattingstone, Nr. Ipswich, writes:

"I enclose a photograph of my Burmese Cat Chinki Yong Zahn who is a great Kit-zyme enthusiast. Since coming to me at ten weeks of age he has had six tablets every day, and I am convinced it is due to this that he has kept in such good health all through the last unpleasant winter. Chinki begs for the tablets!"

I also give Kit-zyme regularly to my other cats, and one of my Siamese, not content with her daily dose, chases the jar round the room and, if it is left unguarded knocks it over and proceeds to consume the contents.

HOW CATS SPEND THEIR TIME

—from page 7

likely to be present, he has it alone on the top of a chest of drawers. The young cat comes back at this juncture, still full of affection and excitement, but beginning to be playful, and anxious to join in any activity that is going. He likes to pounce on dressing-gown cords and ribbons, struggle with bed-slippers, and walk round the edge of the bath. So the old cat does down to walk about on the kitchen table and talk to the servant, his trusted friend for years. As soon as the morning is well advanced, he rises through the kitchen window, as if on wings, to the top of the wall, and walks along it till he can drop into the front garden. His ostensible purpose in doing this is to wait for the butcher's boy—a great friend of his apart from his office—but he fills in the time by sitting on the low front garden wall and making advances to the passers-by. Apparently he has had a good deal of success, as we hear that he is well-known and respected in the neighbourhood, and that there are several old ladies who come every day to talk to him. When the butcher's boy arrives he jumps off the wall with a squeak, and crosses the pavement to the bicycle with his tail in the air. The boy waits for this and bends to stroke his head, after

which the old cat precedes him, still squeaking, to the front door. The rest of the morning is spent jumping from the kitchen table to the dresser and back again, trying to persuade his friend in the kitchen that it is time for lunch.

The young cat, on the other hand, never shows any anxiety about meals. As soon as his lunch is cut up he appears by magic from wherever he may be, and he evidently relies on this sixth sense to tell him when food is ready, and never seems to wait about for it. He spends the morning in the back garden, playing with the young queen and her kittens, watching ants walking across a flagstone, and chattering with rage at birds and flies. Once or twice during the morning it will occur to him to miss his master or mistress and he will go indoors, scream outside the studio or the drawing-room door, and ask for a little "loving up." After lunch, he looks round in a business-like way for somewhere to sleep; if it is cold, on a suitable chair in the drawing-room; if it is hot, under a hollyhock or the Solomon's Seal.

The old cat probably does the same. In winter at any rate he sleeps with his head on the right-hand corner of the fender, and looks reproachfully at anyone who gets in the way.

In summer he is apt to disappear and could probably be found on the top of somebody's garden wall, or a sheltered bit of roof. A good deal of his life is connected with these walls. Here he meets and fights all the neighbouring cats, lean toms, more rapacious and ferocious, but none as big and brave as he. Their cautious and dignified battles are fought out for hours according to all the rules of the game. Afterwards the old cat's satin coat is rough and his white nose is scratched. Once a piece seemed to have been bitten clean out of his round white cheek. Since he has more than enough to eat, and no interest in sex, he must fight solely for fighting's sake. He came to it late in life, but, having discovered his ability, appears to enjoy it very much indeed.

The young cat enjoys it, too, but has not yet learnt to take it seriously. On summer evenings he romps with the young queen, knocking her over and over with brotherly affection, rising on his hind legs and rolling over, and generally behaving rather like a bear. Or they will both rush after a thrown tennis ball, while the old cat, holding himself aloof, watches benignly from the top of the wall.

After their evening meal in the kitchen both the old cat

and the young cat go into the dining - room — the former through the hatch and the latter through the door. The old cat sits on a chair beside his mistress and the young cat sits on the table, where he accepts, or occasionally steals, small pieces of green vegetable. This business of eating in a companionable way what they would not eat for its own sake is characteristic of cats in general, and is connected with their curious *penchant* for small ceremonial pleasures. I once knew a cat who would eat any amount of toast as long as small pieces were broken off and thrown for her to fetch. She would not have looked at the stuff on a plate. And the Blue Persian I mentioned earlier in this article used to enjoy lifting Brussels sprouts off my plate with an extended paw, and eating them delicately on the table, though he would not have bothered to steal them if he had been alone in the room.

Cats are, of course, known to be addicted to all forms of sport, and the country cat, like the country gentleman, will spend most of his time in the pursuit of game. My cats, being in London, have little chance of game and have to keep their eye in by chasing insects or anything that moves.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Squeak

Duffield,

Nr. Derby.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing two snaps which I hope you will find good enough to print in your magazine.

One is of my cat Squeak, taken when he was two years old. He was black with a small white patch on his chest. Unfortunately, he had to be put to sleep about a year ago. The other is called Willy Nilly, and he is about 1½ years old. He is white with a dark grey tail, grey on his head, on one hind-leg and on one fore-leg. He adores ice-cream.

I have been taking "Cats and Kittens" for about two years, and I enjoy it very much.

Yours sincerely,

Julie Neville.

Kiveton Park,

Nr. Sheffield.

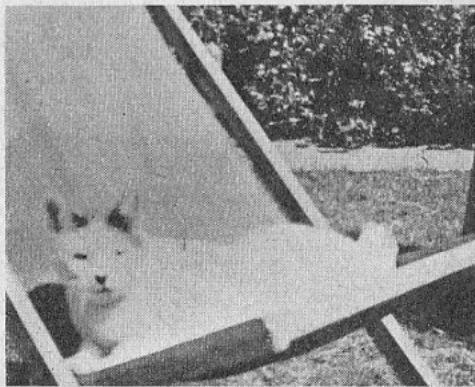
Dear Editor,

Thank you for your kind assistance regarding future shows; I have now received the list mentioned in your letter of the 13th instant.

I am afraid Timothy Titus has not yet got used to the camera, but am enclosing one or two snaps just the same. He loves to roll on his back in the sunshine, and really begs of us to rub his tummy. He is not one year old until the 17th of July, so shall be pleased to have your opinion of him.

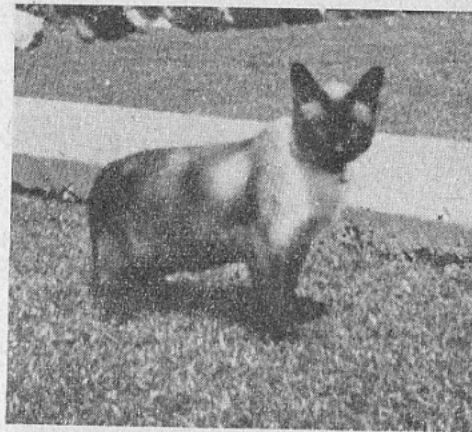
Sincerely yours,

(Mrs.) G. Armstrong.



Willy Nilly

TO THE EDITOR



Timothy Titus

Philadelphia,

Penna, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a snap of Tiddler Boy as I would so much like him to be "remembered" amongst the readers' snaps in "Cats and Kittens." Tiddler Boy had to be put to sleep quite recently as a result of picking up rat poison. He is sadly missed by us all, especially Mother and Dad, who adopted him when we came to the United States three years ago. He was a twelve year old neuter blue Persian (short-haired) with a wonderful disposition. At the rattle of a teacup he would come running and in a very gentle way would demand his saucerful of tea. I could go on

writing all day about the happy memories we have of him.

May I add how much we all enjoy the "Cats and Kittens" magazine my sister sends us every month. Several of my friends love to read them too, but always return them as my daughter Janet Anne is saving all the copies we get, and by now has quite a collection.

Best wishes to "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Wallace E. J. Peacey.

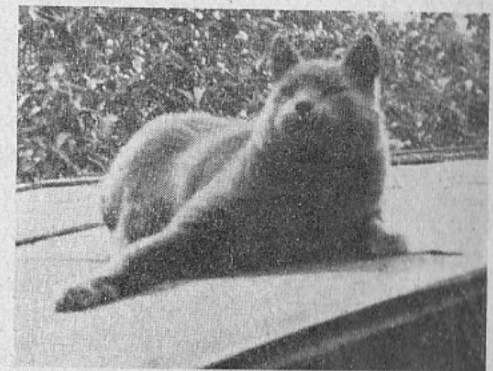
Sheringham,

Norfolk.

Dear Editor,

Many thanks for your letter. I am a member now of the Siamese Cat Club, I heard last week.

I am sending you two snaps for the magazine which I hope



Tiddler Boy

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Diana Gowing with Geney

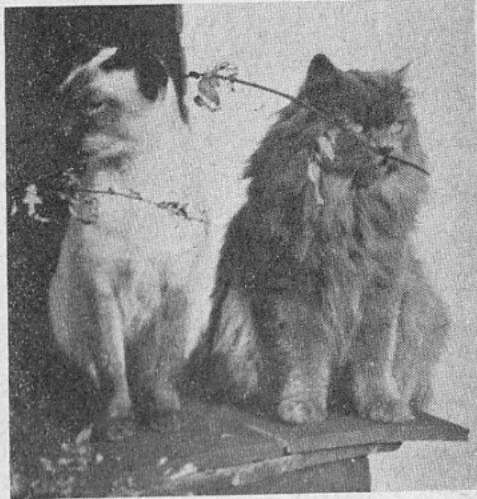
you will like and have room for. One is of myself with my cat Geney. I set the camera and took myself with the cat.

Yours sincerely,
Diana Gowing.

Truro, Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

We were thrilled to see our beloved Junior in your magazine, and the excitement on our little boy's face was a picture we will always remember. He promptly took "The Cat Book" and marched it upstairs to show Junior, who was having an afternoon nap in the bedroom, the latter after being so rudely interrupted smelt the book, yawned, put his paw over his eye and gently purred himself to sleep again.



Geney and Iris

We see in this month's book he is again mentioned in the delightful letter of friends of ours, who are equally as fond of cats as we are, although, I must add, I should hate to hurt Junior's feelings by introducing a playmate for him. He is now nine years old, and a year ago I got a little Persian kitten for my mother, the kitten was only in the house about twenty minutes, but Junior's face was a picture of misery and jealousy, so for us one only.

I am enclosing photos of my mother's two cats, the Persian "Kim" is the one I previously mentioned. He was ten months when the photo was taken, and Snookie, who is ten years old,

TO THE EDITOR

who did not take too kindly to a new playmate and just endures him, so please, Mr. Editor, if you have room to print these photos we should be delighted.

Good luck always.

Yours sincerely,

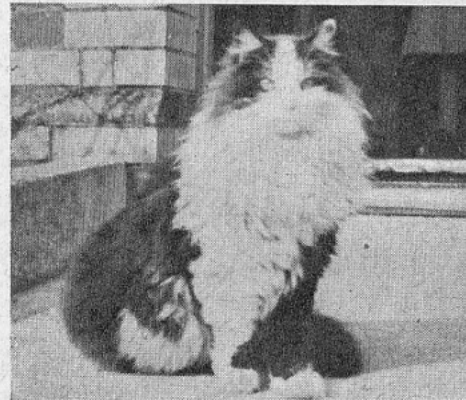
W. C. Langridge.

London, N.W.6.

Dear Editor,

I have taken courage after reading the correspondence and seeing the snaps of writers in your cat magazine, to send you a snap of my Siamese "Chang."

It was taken last year, when he was 14 years 3 months old. He is a great personality, but has never been friendly to other people except his own, on whom he lavishes great affection. His favourite trick is to nip and lick my eyebrows.



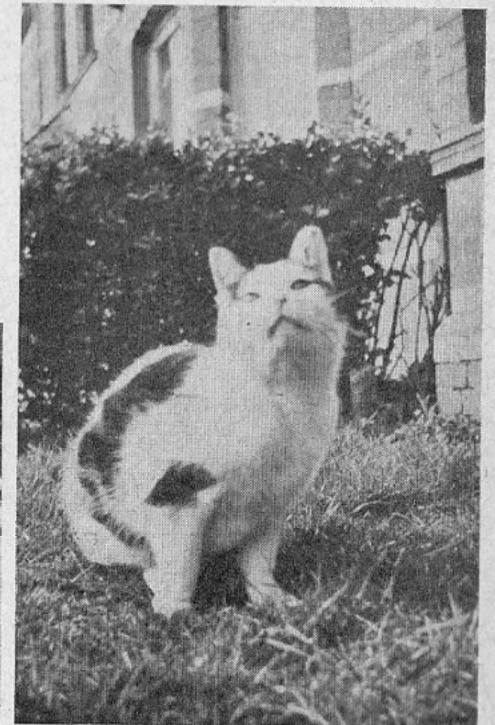
Kim

He sleeps with me in bed, and when it is time to retire he calls me. Should I not come, he will jump off the bed, come into the room where I am sitting, and call me again, returning back on to the bed.

I feel proud of his good condition at his age and in the circumstances.

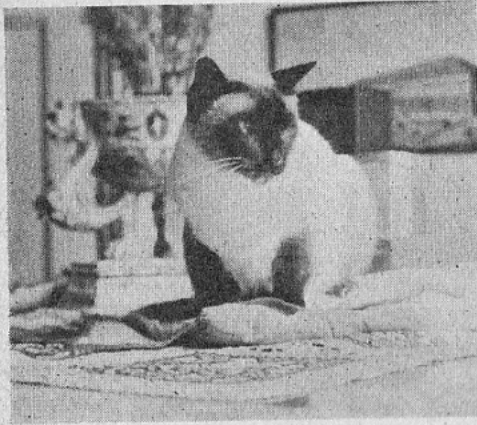
Do hope you will publish his picture and show other cat-lovers how well he carries his age.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Violet M. Riches.



Snookie

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Chang

Salford.

Dear Editor,

Could you please find room in your magazine for the enclosed snap of Susie. She is the sweetest little thing, white and tortoiseshell. Her mother is a lovely ginger.

Susie has only a stump of a tail and reminds one of a bunny rabbit from the back.

I wish we had a little garden for our cats to play in, but there is only a back yard in the dirtiest part of Salford.

All the strays seem to find their way to this house, and up to date we have five cats.

I look forward to "Cats and Kittens" magazine each month and shall be delighted to see my own little Susie sometime if you have a spare corner.

I am, very sincerely,
Doris Norbury.



Susie

Bures,
Suffolk.

Dear Editor,

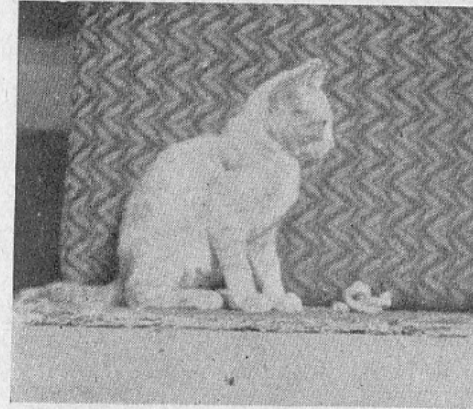
Here are some snapshots of a rather charming cream tabby neuter by the name of Chi-chi. He is a son of my B.P. Siamese Ch. Tai-land Oberon, and our red tabby queen, Orange Ada.

His present owner, Mrs. Rowan (Hyde Park, London, W.2) sent them to me, and would be delighted if you could print one, or more, of them.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Cherry Calvert-Jones.

TO THE EDITOR



Chi-Chi

Benton Harbor,
Michigan, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a picture of my cat Fuzzy, and hope that you will print it in your wonderful magazine. I had one printed some time ago, but it was not dark enough and did not turn out too well.

Incidentally, Fuzzy has seven toes on both of his front paws, which gives one the impression of boxing gloves. They are not noticeable in the snap, though.

I would be very pleased to have Fuzz in your magazine. Thank you very much.

(Mrs.) Marylynn Dragisic.

Beccles, Suffolk.

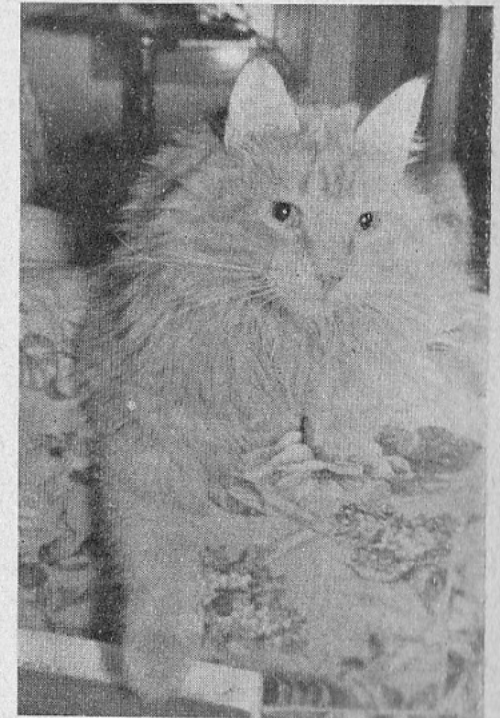
Dear Editor,

Enclosed is a photograph of three of our cats waiting for their dinner.

I shall be very pleased to see it in "Cats and Kittens" magazine if you can find room for it. Their names are Greymouser, Cinders and Rudra. All have recently moved with us here from Hampshire, and have not minded in the least.

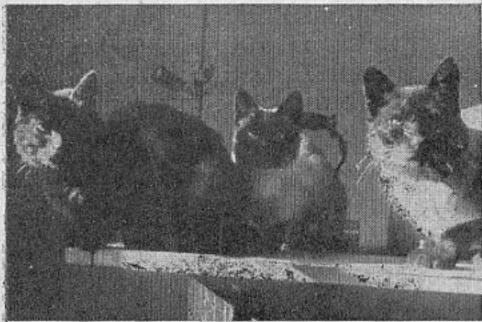
Like all subscribers to "Cats and Kittens" I find your magazine enchanting, and look forward to its arrival every month.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. Hawkins.



Fuzzy

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Greymouser, Cinders and Rudra

East Sheen,
S.W.14.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a picture of Joey at the age of four years, in the hope that he may appear in next month's magazine.

Yours faithfully,
E. Duckworth.

Leigh-on-Sea,
Essex.

Dear Editor,

Can you advise me what to do for my Blue Persian's eyes. He repeatedly gets a discharge from one eye of a brown blood nature which dries hard. I took him to the vet. who gave me drops, but this rather distressed him and made his eye very much worse. Now my other Persian appears to have got the same trouble.

Also can you advise a mild treatment for worms which appear only occasionally.

Thanking you.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) B. E. Millar.

Dear Mrs. Millar,

Ask your veterinary surgeon to let you have a tube of procaine penicillin ointment and wipe the eyes clean with dry cotton wool and squeeze a little into the corner of each eye twice a day. This should soon clear up the eye trouble. Nema worm capsules, made by Parke-Davis and Co., are best for worms.

Editor.



Joey

TO THE EDITOR

Conon-Bridge,

Rosshire, Scotland.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photo of my cat Smut. He is called Smut because he has a strange smut on the right side of his nose.

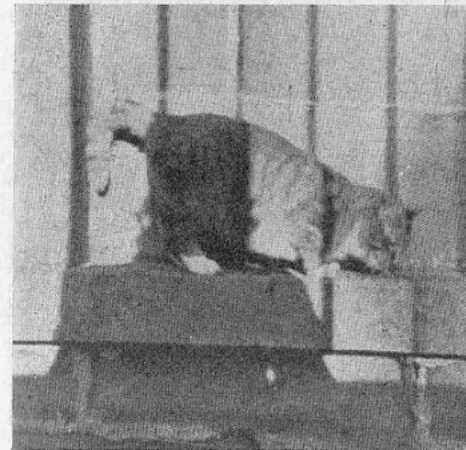
I hope it is good enough to enter into the "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

He was three on the second of May. He is a rich ginger with white paws and long white socks down his back legs. He is very playful and lets you do anything with him.

I bought him a blue collar. He frayed it a bit, but not bad.

His mother, Fluff, went away in November. Please send me back his photo.

Yours faithfully,
Eve Shaw-Mackenzie
(aged 11 years).



Smut



Chinki Yong Chaungalay, rare Burmese Kitten, owned by Mrs. S. Dunning of Nottingham

Conon-Bridge,
Rosshire,
Scotland.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photo of my cat Smoke. He is four years old. I had him since a kitten. He is black with white paws and front. He will jump across anything to get across to you.

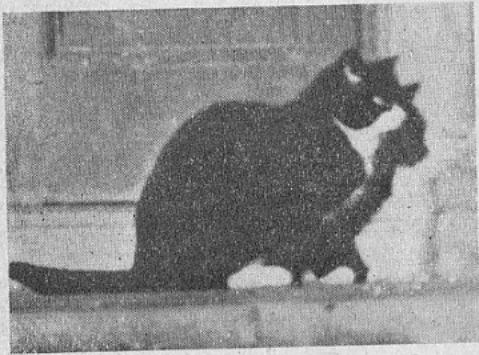
Yours faithfully,
(Miss) J. Shaw-Mackenzie.

Stoke Bishop,
Bristol, 9.

Dear Editor,

I should be so very grateful if you could kindly tell me what medicine I should give my tabby cat (eight years old). Every year for the past five

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Smoke

or so years, she comes out in spots from now till about October, and is a complete misery to herself and other people. I have tried so many things to help her, but so far without success. Someone told me it was too much fish, so I took her off it completely during the summer and certainly it did seem to make a difference, but the cure must lie in more than just diet. Now that she is not having any fish, her food is mostly whale-meat, old tough cow meat, rabbit, with which I quite often mix an Oxo and bread to make a hot meal. She eats anything and goes round the neighbours, I know, for what she can scrounge. She does not have much milk.

Her troubles start like this. First sign I have is scratching, then spots start coming round her ears and all over the throat, very soon they spread down

Mrs. Dunning's Siamese
Nowgli-Nagog

her back, all up her tail, her poor tummy gets covered and so red and sore, and also her poor toes suffer very badly too. She loses weight rapidly, and when it is at its worst, about August, she will hide in the dark all day, and only come out of the garden-shelter for food. Her fur comes out, and she looks and feels terrible. Condition powders do not seem to help, and she does not appear to have worms.

Shirley's "Feskol" is very good on the places, but it makes her look even worse, and I know the medicine should be inside and not outside for a permanent cure.

She is starting the annual crop now, and so I have plucked up courage to write

TO THE EDITOR

to you since the interesting letters and answers on complaints have been published in your magazine. Last September she spent three weeks at the Vet.'s for middle ear trouble, and for three months after that I put penicillin ointment in her ear twice a day, she is now quite cured, and I was so proud to have got her in such fine condition, and now this beastly trouble starts.

I am sending you a snap of my puss from which you can see she is rather beautiful. Her playmates are a lovely Siamese, Nicholas, whose photo I have so often meant to send you and have not done so, and a Pekinese called Skyling. They all adore each other. I have taken "Cats and Kittens" since it first started, and think it THE most excellent magazine for cat-lovers ever published.

Thanking you for your kind attention.

Yours faithfully,
Barbara Cantlay.

Dear Mrs. Cantlay,

I have read your letter carefully regarding your eight-year-old tabby and the skin trouble which she has had every year.

I do not know if she would take kindly to being bathed, but I certainly think that the best thing to do with her is to give her a course of Sul-

phurated Potash baths, and this would mean that she would have to have one every third day for twelve days.

Sulphurated Potash is evil smelling, and is like lumps of hard dark stone. It is best to take an empty tin with a close fitting lid to the chemist, so that you can bring it back without trouble. You will need some soft soap, and the idea is to dissolve about three lumps about as big as a walnut and then add soft soap to make it so that it will lather. When it is reached the right temperature, bath the cat in it, but being careful not to get any in its eyes. Dab the cat dry and, if possible, have a box with a wire mesh front that you can put it in, and then place conveniently near to a gas or electric fire to finish off the drying process.



Mrs. Cantlay's Tabby

LETTERS AND PICTURES

I think it would be advisable for you to give your cat two Halibut Liver Oil capsules every day, or if it is a big, heavy cat, three every day. I think you will soon find that this will effect a cure.

Thank you for sending her photograph along to us, she looks a very healthy and well-fed cat. We shall be glad to use it in our "Letters and Pictures to the Editor" feature.

Editor.

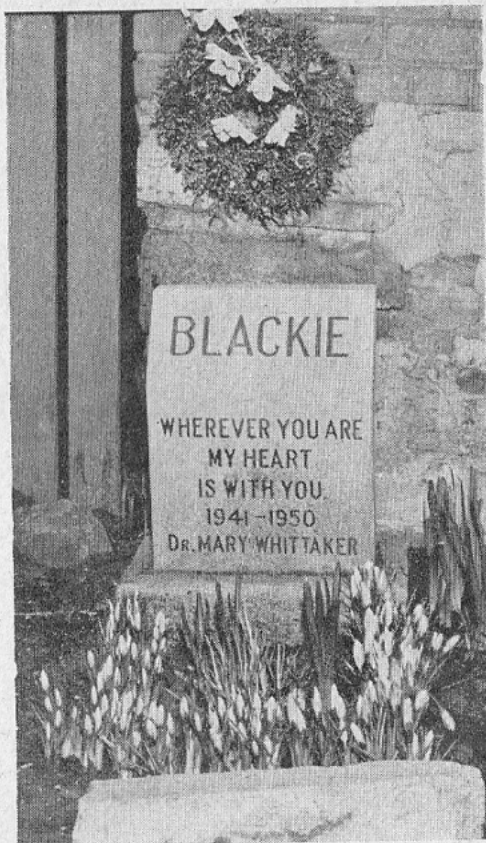
Toronto,

Canada.

Dear Editor,

I want to say how I do appreciate the pictures of my kittens in the April issue. So many people have written to say how much they like it. I am enclosing several letters, if you ever get a few minutes I would like you to read them. I do not need them to be returned.

The fact that Blackie was mentioned in my letter has caused people to write to me about him, and I thought perhaps you would like to see a snap of his grave, which is



mentioned in the letter; also the Memoriam which is mentioned.

Again thanking you for everything. I am looking forward to your new book on Siamese.

Yours sincerely,

Mary Whittaker, M.D.

TO THE EDITOR



He originally belonged to a nearby branch of the Maypole Dairy Co., but much preferred the company and atmosphere of the above firm. He eventually gate-crashed his way to become a permanent member of the staff.

Three years of age, and a neutered Tabby, he has a very affectionate nature, and is, we need hardly add, a great favourite with us all. We very much enjoy your monthly magazine, and wish it every success.

Yours faithfully,
p.p. S. E. Hackett Ltd.
J. Hamilton.

Axbridge, Somerset.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you in sheer desperation and am hoping you will be kind enough to help me.

You see, we have a cat, large ginger and white. He has no wonderful pedigree or anything like that, but he is a pet—I am afraid quite a spoilt pet.

Anyhow, to continue, sir, just before Christmas he started having dreadful abscesses. He had about three or four right after each other. We had him at several vets., even going as far as to board him at the vet.'s for two weeks so he could get the proper care.

Please turn to page 34

You've seen the big prize winners,

The pride of all the shows,
Though I would like, I cannot claim

To be as good as those,
But I'm not really envious
Of fame, and things like that,
I'm truly satisfied to be
A Happy warehouse Cat.

S. E. Hackett Ltd.,
Nottingham.

Dear Editor,

We are enclosing some photographs of our warehouse cat, which we think are very good, and hope you will publish one of them in your magazine.

ON CATS AND MORALS

By DAVID STONE

WE may learn some useful lessons from cats, as, indeed, from all animals. Agur, in the book of Proverbs, refers to some; and all through Scripture we find animals used as types of human character. Cats may teach us patience and perseverance, and earnest concentration of mind on a desired object, as they watch for hours together by a mouse-hole, or in ambush for a bird. In their nicely calculated springs we are taught neither to come short through want of mercy, or go beyond the mark in its excess. In their delicate walking amidst the fragile articles on a table or mantelpiece is illustrated the tact and discrimination by which we should thread rather than force our way; and, in pursuit of our own ends, avoid the injuring of others. In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements, we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action, while their promptitude at the right moment warns us, on the other hand, against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which they spy into all places, and the thorough smelling which any new object invariably receives from

them, commends to us the pursuit of knowledge, even under difficulties. Cats, however, will never smell the same thing twice over, thereby showing a retentive as well as an acquiring faculty. Then to speak of what may be learned from their mere form and ordinary motions, so full of beauty and gracefulness. What cat was ever awkward or clumsy? Whether in play or in earnest, cats are the very embodiment of elegance. As your cat rubs her head against something you offer her, which she either does not fancy or does not want, she instructs you that there is a gracious mode of refusing a thing; and as she sits up like a bear, on her hind legs, to ask for something (which cats will often do for a long time together), you may see the advantage of a winning and engaging way, as well when you are seeking a favour as when you think fit to decline one. If true courtesy and considerateness should prevent you not merely from positively hurting another, but also from purposely clashing say, with another's fancies, peculiarities, or predilections, this too may be learned from the cat, who does not like to be

rubbed the wrong way (who does like to be rubbed the wrong way?), and who objects to your treading on her tail. Nor is the soft foot, with its skilfully sheathed and ever sharp claws, without a moral too; for whilst there is nothing commendable in anything approaching to spite, passion, or revenge, a character that is all softness is certainly defective. The velvety paw is very well, but it will be the better appreciated when it is known that it carries within it something that is not soft, and which can make itself felt on occasion. A cat rolled up into a ball or crouched with its paws underneath it, seems an emblem of repose and contentment. There is something soothing in the mere sight of it. It may remind one of the placid countenance and calm repose with which the sphinx seems to look forth from the shadow of the pyramids, on the changes and troubles of the world. This leads to the remark that cats, after all, are very enigmatical creatures. You never get to the bottom of cats. You will never find any two, well known to you, that do not offer marked diversities in ways and dispositions; and, in general, the combination they exhibit of activity and repose, and the rapidity with which they pass from the one to the other, their gentle

aspects and fragile form, united with strength and pliancy, their sudden appearances and disappearances, their tenacity of life, and many escapes from dangers ("as many lives as a Cat"), their silent and rapid movements, their sometimes unaccountable gatherings and strange noises at night—all contribute to invest them with a superstitious fascination, which reaches its culminating point in the case of a completely black cat.

DANEHURST CATTERY

BLUE PERSIANS

CHINCHILLAS

CREAMS

Kittens only sold to good homes

CATS AT STUD — See separate announcement

Also STUD REGISTER (G.C.C.)

GORDON B. ALLT

F.Z.S.

DANEHURST, OLD LANE

ST. JOHNS

CROWBOROUGH

SUSSEX

Tel. Crowborough 407

CURIOUS CAT LORE—*from page 16.*

much wheat as would cover a dead cat hanging head down.

Berlin has adopted an original method of employing Puss for public services. This city has a number of municipal cats, with a definite official standing. They are liable to be sent out on special duty, to clear rat-ridden areas. Their salary is paid in milk, and these important pussies wear special collars, as uniform!

Again and again Tibb crops up in the old fairy tales and nursery rhymes. There is the

famous Puss-in-Boots, for instance, and the delightful Marquis of Carabas. Neither must we forget Dick Whittington's cat, which is the real hero of the story. In many of these old legends Puss is associated with witchcraft and black magic, and other unholy arts.

The origins of these tales are lost in the mists of mythology and folklore. They are in the roots of our heritage, and are timeless. Thus it may well be said that the cat has as a background more tradition and mystery than any other domestic animal.

LETTERS AND PICTURES—*Continued from page 31.*

Well, at Christmas one of your readers told us to get him some Kit-zyme tablets, which we did. We are giving him the six tablets as instructed, and were very happy, thinking we had cleared them, but two days ago he had a nasty swelling come up just behind his right ear. It burst this afternoon, and a terrible lot of matter came out of it, leaving a tiny hole, but when I got back from work the hole was about half as big as sixpence. My friend says that if I wrote to you you would perhaps be able to help me. I do so hope you can, as I should hate to lose him.

Gratefully yours,

(Mr.) G. A. Tonks.

Dear Mr. Tonks,

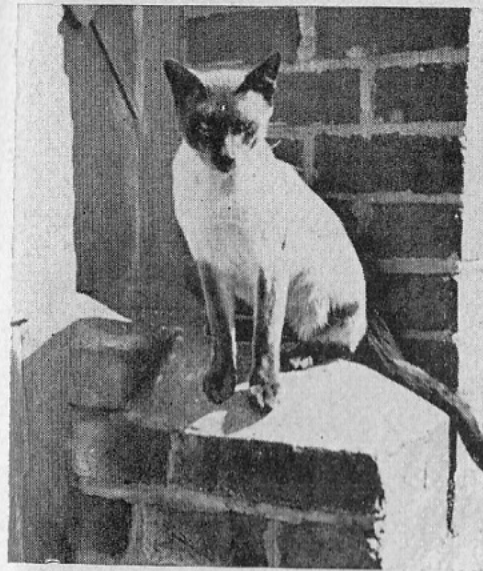
I am sorry to learn of the trouble you have had with your ginger and white cat.

Usually a veterinary surgeon would prescribe M. and B. tablets, and these quickly effect a cure, and, of course, the area of the abscess should be bathed with water sufficiently hot to do good, but not so as to distress the cat. Into this water it would be as well to put one teaspoonful of Dettol to a pint of the water. Use frequently changed cotton wool swabs for the purpose.

A good idea would be to then give your cat a course of three Halibut Liver Oil Capsules a day. These would get it into condition, and a fit cat ought not to have the trouble you mention.

Hoping this will be of service to you.

Editor.



Sco-Ruston Galadima (Gally)

AT STUD

Sco-Ruston Galadima

Winner of Seven Firsts
Second Open Male
Championship Siamese
Cat Club Show, Twenty
other awards

£2 2s. 0d. and return
carriage

Mrs FRANCE
353, Nottingham Road
DERBY

Telephone: Becketwell 48673

FORTHCOMING SHOWS

Blue Persian Cat Society.—Championship Show, Tuesday, 16th October, 1951. Anson Hall, Chichele Road, Cricklewood, London, N.W.2.

Midland Counties Cat Club.—Championship Show, Wednesday, 24th October, 1951. The Friend's Institute, Moseley Road, Birmingham. Judging 10 a.m. Open 1.30 p.m.

Croydon Cat Club.—Championship Show, Wednesday, 14th November, 1951. Seymour Hall, London, W.1. Open 1.30 p.m.

Scottish Cat Club.—Saturday, 17th November, 1951. The Christian Institute, Bothwell Street, Glasgow. Open 1.0 p.m. to 5.0 p.m.

Yorkshire Cat Club.—Saturday, 1st December, 1951. The Drill Hall, Tower Street, York. Open 1.0 p.m.

National Cat Club.—Championship Show, Tuesday, 4th December, 1951. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, London, W. Open 1.0 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.

Edinburgh and East of Scotland Cat Club.—Saturday, 15th December, 1951. Oddfellows Hall, Forrest Road, Edinburgh. Open 2.0 p.m.

Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Cat Club.—Championship Show, Friday, 11th January, 1952. Royal Drill Hall, Becket Street, Derby. Open 1.30 p.m. to 6.0 p.m.

Southern Counties Cat Club.—Championship Show, Monday, 28th January, 1952. Lime Grove Hall, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush, London, W.12. Open 1.0 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.

Lancashire and North Western Counties Cat Club.—Saturday, 9th February, 1952. The Corn Exchange, Manchester. Open 2.0 p.m.

Correction.—The Ch. Show of the S.W.C.C.C. will be held on September 26th at the Corn and Produce Market Hall, Taunton, and not on November 28th as stated in our June issue.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Prepaid Advertisements under this heading are inserted at the rate of 1/- per line per insertion (minimum 3/-) with discounts of six insertions for the price of five and twelve insertions for the price of ten. Additional charge for use of Box No. is 1/-. Instructions and remittance should be sent not later than the 12th of the month preceding the month of issue to:—

"CATS AND KITTENS" MAGAZINE, 33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

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

AT STUD

SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian), Sire, Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, dam, Sco-Ruston Kalisa. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst, Old Lane, St. Johns, Crowborough, Sussex. Tel.: Crowborough 407.
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.
Registered queens only.

REDWALLS JACK FROST. Prize Winner every time shown: 1948, 1949, 1950. Born 7th May, 1948. G.C.C. Registration No. 41684. Stud Fee £2 2s. 0d. and return carriage of queen. Registered queens only accepted. Owner: Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Danehurst, Old Lane, St. Johns, Crowborough, Sussex. Tel.: Crowborough 407.

CHAMPION CLONLOST YO-YO. Seal Pointed Siamese. Sire, Doneraile Dekho, Dam, Foxburrow Puntu. Best Exhibit in Siamese C.C. Show, 1949. Best Shorthair in Herts. and Middlesex Show, 1950. Best Exhibit in Southern Counties Show, 1951. All kittens shown have been prizewinners. Fee £3/3/0 and return carriage of queen. Richard Warner, Little Foxes, Bayleys Hill, Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel.: Sevenoaks 4516.

"**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.

NICHOLAS MUFFET. S.P. Siamese. Magnificent outdoor country bred, proved sire. Excellent eye colour. No better specimen. Fee 2 gns. Randell, "Craig," Crosshand Road, Pontardulais, Swansea.

RAARD BLUE SACCHI now receiving queens at Zeida, Norrels Drive, East Horsley, Surrey.

AT STUD

TYPIC PANDA'S son **JO-KOKO**. Siamese S.P. £2 2s. 0d. and return carriage. Direct fast Trains, Victoria-Bognor. Queens met. Bishop, 212, Lagoon Road, Pagham, Sussex. Tel. Pagham 82.

BREEDERS' CARDS

MRS. BRICE-WEBB, 249, Chilwell Lane, Bramcote, Notts. Tel.: Beeston 55466.
"RONADA" BLUE L.H.

MRS. L. DAVIES, The Old Curiosity Cafe, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 3563. Priory Blue and Cream Persian L.H.

MRS. FRANCE, White Lodge, 353, Nottingham Road, Derby. Tel. Becketwell 48678. Abyssinian, Burmese, Siamese Studs and kittens.

BRUTON RED TABBY AND TORTIE L.H. Mrs. N. Rosell, 13, Celtic Avenue, Shortlands, Kent. Prolific, healthy stock. House trained kittens usually for sale. Torties a speciality.

MRS. MARLOW, 38, Vereker Road, London, W.14. Fulham 6201. Eireanne Blue Persians L.H. Blue Persians at stud.

BLUE PERSIANS.—Mrs. Prince, 141, Normanton Lane, Littleover, Derby. Tel.: Becketwell 49748.

MRS. R. TUTT, Danegate, Charing, Kent. S.P. Siamese at stud and for sale. Tel.: Charing 212.

MISS I. STATMAN, 4, Anson Road, Cricklewood. Gladstone 2056. Anson Blue Persian kittens.

FOR SALE

SIAMESE KITTENS by Proud Brutus (ch. Slades Cross Shahid) and Doneraile Damask (Afga Khan). Ten weeks, house trained, used to dogs, suitable show, breeding or pets. Cheran Sylvester 7 gns. Cheran Sweetie Pie 8 gns. Mrs. Le Neve Foster, Ovington Grange, Clare, Suffolk.

SCAMPERDALE S.H. BLUE KITTENS, one female, two males, Winning British Blue at stud. Sandy Lodge, Sandbanks, Bournemouth.

ADJUSTABLE Elastic Harness/Collar/Lead Sets for Cats, 10/-. Ditto Featherweight for Kittens, 10/-. All colours. C.P.L. recommended. Collier and Collier, 50, Hill Lane, Southampton.

SIAMESE S.P. KITTENS, ready August. Bishop, 212, Lagoon Road, Pagham, Sussex. Tel. Pagham 82.

SIAMESE KITTENS, B.P. Sire Wansfell Ariel—Challenge Cert. Dam, Bintang Suka Hati—2 Challenge Certs. Lovely blue eyes. Affectionate, intelligent, strong. House-trained. Mrs. Davison, 15, St. Mary's Crescent, Hendon, London, N.W.4. HENdon 6177.

TWO BLUE PERSIAN KITTENS (Male). Sire: Ch. Astra of Pensford. Dam: Uffdown Carmen. Grandsire: Ch. Southway Crusader. Write: Miss Noone, 195, Lanark Road, Maida Vale, London W.9.

SIAMESE KITTENS. S.P. Pedigree. Registered. Mrs. P. G. Sayers, 154D, Upper Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells. Tunbridge Wells 21114.

SIAMESE S.P. and B.P. KITTENS. Sire: Champion Clonlost Yo-Yo. Dam: Nina Non. Affectionate, house-trained, excellent show points. Hugh Smith, Spring Cottage, Ightham, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. Tel.: Boro' Green 225.

"**WYNKYN**," S.P. Siamese Kittens. Sire: Salwheel Simkin, Born 30/6/51. Mrs. Joyce M. Greentree, Linedene, Chartridge Lane, Chesham, Bucks.

S.P. SIAMESE KITTENS for sale. Sire: Hillcross Picot, Born 12-5-51, 3 gns. House-trained. Roberts, 47, Harrow Road, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.

PURE BRED S.P. SIAMESE KITTENS. Born 27th June. Pedigree Dam, Sire Pedigree but unregistered. Male and Female, £1 each. Beischer, Arkesden, 8, Walden, Essex. Phone: Clavering 210.

WANTED

WANTED, loving home for Pedigree Labrador Bitch (2 years). No vices. Great pet. Owner unable to keep. Also her dog puppy, 2 months. Seen Bewdley, Worcestershire, Box No. 24D. Replies to: Mrs. Fellows, Netherton Hall, Bewdley, Worcestershire.

BOARDING.

FOR SIAMESE ONLY.

A comfortable and well-run boarding home where cats are loved and cared for as individuals, and the special needs of Siamese are fully understood.

We have been privileged to look after many beautiful cats for well-known breeders and S.C.C. members, to whom reference may be made.

Numbers are strictly limited and stringent precautions taken against possible introduction of infectious disease. For this reason, no cat can be accepted without our Certificate of Health signed by the owner.

Detailed prospectus from Dr. and Mrs. Francis, Low Knap, Halstock, Yeovil, Somerset. Telephone: Corscombe 250.

Through trains from London and Birmingham.

MRS. L. K. SAYERS SOUTHWOOD CATTERY

Blue and Seal-point Siamese at Stud

Ch. Zy Azure Pandah (B.P.)
Sire: Zy Azure Dah (B.P.) Dam: Zy Azure Phantasy (B.P.). Prepaid Fee 45/- and return carriage.

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

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

Killdown Jupiter (S.P.)
Sire: Oriental Silky Boy. Dam: Sealsleeve Shah Danseur. Wonderful type. 1st and Ch. and Best Shorthair, Sandy, 1950. 1st and Ch. National C.C. Show, 1950. Prepaid Fee 45/- and return carriage

**RYDES HILL LODGE
ALDRSHOT ROAD
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