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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



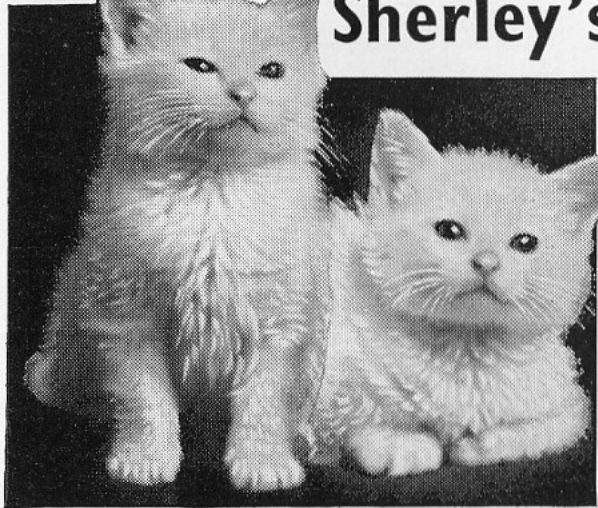
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FEBRUARY

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MONTHLY

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Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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FEBRUARY, 1952

EDITORIAL

LDLY thinking the other day, I pondered over the rival positions which the two greatest domestic pets occupy in our minds and households. There is no doubt that the dog and cat must certainly occupy a unique position in the animal world. Humans make many strange friendships with animals, but there must be something to account for the universal affection and, in many cases, esteem which is held for the dog and the cat.

It would be a long list if one were to count all the pets which we in the human society have pampered and housed from time to time. Budgerigar, parrots, mice, rabbits, and did not Mary have a little lamb? It is a strange household that does not have its dog or cat—or both. Which of the two is the more useful? Well, of course, the cat is reputed to keep mice down and is certainly neat and tidy about the house, but let your dog go out on a muddy day and see what your floor coverings are like when he comes in. Yet here in this country we pay 7s. 6d. a year for a licence to keep a dog, it must wear a collar with the owner's name and address, and the cat gets away without such a price on its head. What would happen if there had to be a licence to keep cats?

The Cover photograph shows an Abyssinian Kitten owned by Mrs. C. Coldham, Ipswich.
 Photo. by A. R. J. Frost

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

MORE ABOUT THE "THOSE WHO DON'T WIN LEAGUE."

Elsie Kent, in her pithy news-letter for last month, asks if she is right in assuming we are to have a society to promote the interests of exhibitors. Well! I for one hope that Mr. Whiting's proposal is taken up by exhibitors, and that such a society comes into being.

We in this country, whether cat exhibitors or not, are not really bad losers, and I am sure that can be said in most other countries, but we do like to know what competition we are going to be up against so that we are going into a thing with our eyes wide open.

One of the recent bones of contention has been the subject of Champion cats said to have been retired, and from which the intending exhibitor can expect no further competition, which unexpectedly "pops up" and scoops the trophies and prizes. A Champion cat is the yard-stick by which the others are judged, and if an exhibitor's cat fails to beat a Champion, well, that's just too bad, but I do think that when a Champion cat has secured, say, four Championship successes, that

it should then be only eligible to compete in a Champion of Champions class.

THE CAT BREEDERS' "BIBLE" as far as illnesses of cats was concerned was the incomparable "Diseases of the Cat" by Hamilton Kirk, M.R.C.V.S., first published in 1925, I believe. The other day, whilst devoting a little of all too spare time to its pages, I was led to think of the tremendous difference in remedies for cats' illnesses at the time the book was written, and now. To-day, for diseases or illnesses of the eye, stomach, the throat, and for wounds, the prescription is usually one containing penicillin or a sulpha drug, and it has been said that the cures effected by these have been nothing short of miraculous. I am by no means sure that the older remedies, so long tried and trusted, are not still equal to those wonder drugs and perhaps indeed superior, inasmuch as they are less harmful in toxic effect to the cat.

Sulpha drugs particularly are in my mind when I make these observations, and I still think that for acute stomach trouble Dimol A tablets are less dangerous and just as likely to cure

as sulpha tablets. It is a point worthy of discussion!

IN THE DEPTH OF WINTER.

Now when we are deep in the winter, it is not hard to find what our cats like. Warmth and plenty of it. Yet I was reading recently that most Ice Factories keep cats for the purpose of keeping down mice and so on, and that they take quite well to these strange surroundings and produce litters of kittens there. I personally think that a cat can stand almost anything but damp, which is extremely bad for it. Particularly as I think cats are inclined to be "chesty."

ON PERFORMING ANIMALS.

The other day the television cameras visited Bertram Mills' Circus at Olympia, and once again we saw the performing elephants and horses. There's something very sad in seeing that noble creature the horse going through a mockery of waltzing to music, and for that great creature the elephant being made to perform various evolutions in the show ring. It has been said that "It's all done by kindness," even if that is so it makes me feel that the achievement is not worth while, and I wonder how long the training took and in what fashion it was done. I have never heard of performing cats, for the simple reason, I should

say, that the cat is not a creature which can be made to do anything that it doesn't want to do. Have you ever tried calling a cat to come in, or to come to you?

THE CAT'S LEGAL RIGHT.

Many questions have been asked from time to time as to cat owners' legal rights. The position can best be explained by relating a case which was held at Perth, Scotland. It was the latter part of the last century in which a cat had killed the plaintiff's pigeon on a neighbour's premises. Making his decision, the judge said: "It is quite legitimate for the plaintiff to keep a pigeon, but just as much so for the defendant to keep a cat. The latter is more a domestic animal than a pigeon. But there are no obligations on the owner of a cat to restrain it to the house. The plaintiff's plea is that the natural instinct of the feline race is to prey on birds as well as mice. So it was argued that the owner of the cat should prevent the possibility of its coming into contact with its favourite sport. But it is equally true that the owner of a bird should exercise similar precaution to prevent its coming within the range of a hostile race. If the defendant's cat had trespassed into the plaintiff's house or aviary

Please turn to page 32.

THE KING OF THE CANARIES

From the Faceiae of Poggio and other mediaeval story-tellers. Poggio Bracciolini was born at Terranuova near the city of Arezzo in Tuscany in 1380.

YOU must know that in the times when our Amerigo Vespucci discovered the New World, there lived in our city a merchant whose name was Messer Ansaldo degli Ormanni, who, though very rich, still desired to double his wealth. He provisioned a fine ship, and began to trade with the newly discovered lands of the West. And, having made the voyage successfully two or three times with notable gain, he wished to travel on a fourth trip, but no sooner had his vessel left Cadiz than a furious storm arose, and he drifted for many days without knowing whither he was sailing.

Fortune, however, was kind to him, and he brought up at an island called Canary Island. As soon as he touched the shore, the King, seeing the arrival of a ship, came down to the port with all his barons, and made Messer Ansaldo a great welcome, and urged him to come with him to the royal palace. Then in the dining-hall the tables were laid with great sumptuousness, and Ansaldo was given a place by the King. And Ansaldo, seeing a number of young men

behind the King with long sticks in their hands such as pilgrims carry, marvelled greatly. No sooner were the viands brought on that he perceived the reason for such service, for a vast number of big rats, running up from all sides, sought to attack the delicate foods; and it was a marvellous sight.

It was only with great efforts that the young men succeeded in protecting the King's plate with their sticks. Messer Ansaldo, having seen the hordes of rats which were without number in the island—nor had any way of getting rid of them been so far discovered—sought by means of signs to make the King understand that he would give him a remedy by means of which the country might be freed of the dirty animals.

So he went back to his ship, and took two fine cats, one male and the other female, and gave them to the King, and asked that the tables be set with food again. No sooner did the odour of the food begin to spread than the usual procession of rats began; but the cats perceiving this, dashed

Please turn to page 31

BOODLE'S ADVENTURES

By ETHEL IRVING

WHEN we gave up our home in the Midi for a new life of adventure to cruise through the French waterways in a motor house-boat, the problem arose of what to do with our beautiful Angora cat. We inquired if it would be possible for him to live happily on a boat and were told that barges, at any rate, generally carried quite a farm-yard on board. Later, we saw what a menagerie *could* exist on these cumbersome barges which ply up and down the French canals. Two or three horses or mules would clatter on board at the end of their long day's work to take up more room amidships than even the bargee's family were allotted.

Crates of depressed-looking poultry, cats, a mongrel dog—though sometimes we saw the fierce Belgian or German barge dog—all these shared the limited space which had also to house the bargee, his wife and children, and often one or two adults.

So I decided to turn our silvery-haired Boodle into a sailor rather than leave him behind in a strange home with new friends, and he was duly popped into a capacious cat-basket to start on the long journey from Marseilles to Paris where my husband had already gone to fix up the purchase of and take over our boat.

Since I was, so far, alone in my compartment on this nine-hour journey, I rashly thought Boodle might like to stretch his cramped limbs, but such novel surroundings were too terrifying for him. When I opened the basket he dashed under the seat to hide behind the hot-water pipes. I consoled myself that at least he could not escape from the train, but I soon began to feel how uncomfortably hot the compartment was getting. Struggle as I might, the tightly-closed windows, as so often in French trains, were too rigidly fixed for my efforts and the steaming air was

becoming unbearable. With visions of roast cat—for Boodle still remained invisible behind his barrier of hot pipes—I became really worried as to his fate.

By this time almost asphyxiated, I rushed into the next compartment to beg for help. A well-dressed Frenchman jumped up, followed me and began poking with his neatly furled umbrella under the now steaming pipes in a vain attempt to dislodge Boodle. So there we were, two complete strangers, grovelling on our hands and knees on the dusty floor, poking at and cajoling in turn, an invisible animal!

"Monsieur," I gasped, "At any rate an opened window will save us from asphyxiation!..." My kind friend then succeeded in forcing open the window and regulated the steam heating, now up to furnace heat and, having earned my eternal gratitude, retired to wash his grimy hands. Boodle was still invisible, but at least was saved from being roasted alive.

Now here comes in the long arm of coincidence, an arm long enough, indeed, to extract Boodle from his lair.

At Sète, the junction for travellers arriving from West

Africa by French liners to Marseilles, who should enter the train and select *my* compartment but a sun-dried and exotic couple with Madame clasping in her arms a wild cat so ferocious looking that I feared for Boodle's life, hidden though he was. Lynx-like, with sharp pointed ears and sinuous body, the creature seemed to sense Boodle's presence and prowled up and down clinging to the walls like a monkey. I explained the situation, but Madame assured me all would be well as her pet had never even seen a domestic cat in his life at Dakar so felt sure it would not attack mine. All the same, I felt Boodle would be much safer tucked up once more in his basket if only we could entice him out. I gratefully accepted some minced raw meat brought for their own animal and we dotted it about under the seat as a decoy.

Gradually hunger prevailed and Boodle cautiously emerged inch by inch, to be at once grabbed and popped into his basket where he remained imprisoned for the rest of that tedious journey. But I still wonder how I should ever have extricated my scared puss without that tempting bait.

Please turn to page 33.

**Mrs. A. A. Banks of
79 Langton Avenue,
Sydenham, London,
S.E.26 writes:—**

"I thought you would be interested to know how much I appreciate your Kit-zyme Tablets.

I have given them to my young cat, Judy, since she was five weeks old and she has never had a day's illness. Judy loves the Tablets—at the sight of the bottle she gets excited and, after having her daily dose, she always looks for more.

I always recommend Kit-zyme whenever I get the opportunity."



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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

NEWS has just reached me that Souvenir Moonbeam of Gaylands has been awarded the honour of Champion in U.S.A. He won his Championship at three consecutive shows in Florida, U.S.A. Ch. Souvenir Moonbeam will, I expect, be remembered here in England as a kitten where he won First in his open class last year at Kensington, Croydon and the National. Twinkle of Pensford, a Blue-Cream kitten, was Best L.H. Exhibit at Copenhagen, November, 1951. Pamiro Adonis is now a Premier Neuter which honour he won at the National Show. These three cats are all by Champion Astra of Pensford, who is living with me while his owner, Mrs. Vize, is abroad. I gave him a big kiss when I heard the above news. Astra is a fine fellow and both my husband and I shall be sorry to part with him, as we have grown to love him, and he us.

While on the subject of stud cats, I would like to pass on a word of advice to owners of female cats who are desirous of sending them for service. Please notify the stud owner when you

are sending your queen, as it is not always convenient to accept her at short notice. Sometimes all one receives is a telegram to say the queen is on the train, and should arrive at such and such a time. This is all wrong, as the stud owner may be away from home for a few days, or there may be other reasons why the queen cannot be accepted. So do please see that you get confirmation *before* despatching your queen on her journey.

Since writing my last notes for the magazine, I have received from Mdme. Larsdotter of Sweden a magazine called "Aret Runt" (a similar magazine to our English "Picture Post"). Portrayed in this magazine are some very attractive pictures of Ronada Anaway, who is now owned by Mdme. Larsdotter. One is a full page picture of Onaway. She has on a woollen jacket and has her mouth wide open, and looks really fed up, and underneath is written "Idel Missar." Another study of her is in the wash bowl, and she is very interested in a little bird which

Continued foot of page 9.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE Notts and Derby Cat Club held their Annual Championship show this year on January 11th, at Derby. Previously, it has always been in Nottingham, and as Derby has perhaps never had a large cat show, it was decided to try the show there this year. The venue chosen was the Royal Drill Hall, which is very conveniently situated, close to the centre of the town. Being large and roomy, the pens looked very smart when arranged and the gangways were very wide. With a hundred and sixty exhibits and over seven hundred and fifty entries, the joint Show Managers, Mr. J. Martin and Mr. F. Tomlinson, must have felt gratified with the good response to their efforts. In spite of the bitterly cold day, the gate was excellent and probably a record for the

Blue Notes—Cont.

is perched on the tap. Another is a head study which is lovely as she looks so appealing with her large round eyes. On the same page is a photograph of Fru Hjelde Andersen with her lovely white Persian, Double Champion Tusse.

A very happy New Year to you all.

provinces. The cats were as good as I have seen anywhere this season, many really lovely specimens being penned. Best Long Hair was Miss E. Langston's Chinchilla male, Flambeau of Allington. Best Short Hair, Mrs. G. Price's Seal Point Siamese Female, Pikha Mia Too, bred by Mrs. Deane. Mrs. Linda (Simon Pie) Parker's S.P. Siamese male Sabukia Sweet William won his third Challenge Certificate, thus becoming a full Champion. Master Roger Parker also won another Ch. Cert. with his lovely blue-eyed white short hair male Ch. Pinewood Brumas. Mrs. D. Brice-Webb's Blue male Ronada Smasher was best Long Hair Stud. My S.P. Siamese Male, Sco-Ruston Galadima was best short hair stud. My queen, Chinki Jonta, was best brood queen. The best short hair neuter was Brigadier Rossiter's S.P. Siamese, Kinki Pu. I was terribly busy all day—I seemed to know hundreds of people and my voice almost disappeared, so I did not fully mark my catalogue, or hear all the best in show results. Mrs. H. Dodd's Sabukia Sinbad was Best short hair kitten—S.P. Siamese, and Mrs. Oakley's cream kitten

best long hair. It was a most successful and enjoyable show and just shows what can be done in the provinces.

The question of too many shows with too short an interval in between is continually arising. Considering the wonderful success of the Festival show held last July 25th, would it not be a good idea to spread the important shows

over the whole year instead of restricting them to a short winter season. Although some cats are not at their best, it is the same for all. This would give the required interval in between and perhaps lessen infection. Many people do not show during the winter because of the uncertain weather conditions, and it would give them a chance to do so if more summer shows were held.

The Cat that walked by Himself

“JUST So Stories” by Rudyard Kipling are again being widely read, and in his delightful story of “The Cat that walked by himself” is told how the cave man and his woman persuaded the dog and the horse and the cow to give up their freedom in return for food and protection; but the cat made a bargain with the woman whereby he is offered milk and a place under the roof by the hearth in return for doing only what he cares to do and would do naturally if he

were wild, play and catch mice. “The Cat keeps his side of the bargain. He will kill mice and he will be kind to babies when he is in the house, just so long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the West Wild Woods or up on the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs, waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone.”

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

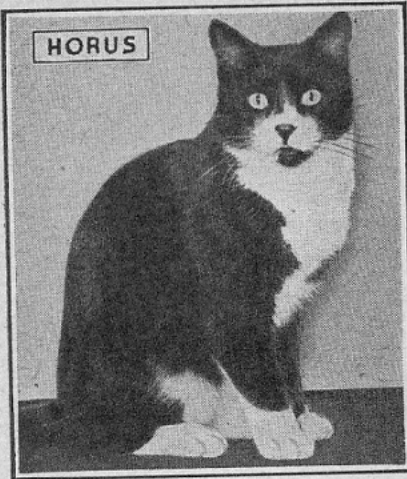
ELSIE KENT'S NEWS LETTER

HAVE we at last a cure for infectious enteritis? This scourge of the cat world has been much in evidence during the past year. Most of our shows have been followed by a bout of this dread disease, and many promising kittens have been lost. Pets have suffered too, losses occurring where the kittens have never seen a show pen or have any connection with the Cat Fancy at all. Reports are coming along of the use of the new drug Chloromycetin, and in many cases cures have been effected. Of course this does not mean a great deal, hundreds of cures would have to take place before one could definitely believe it was the answer to the trouble. One might use the drug on a dozen kittens and all could die in the usual tragic way, but it does seem to be a step in the right direction. I have been told a dose of one quarter of a capsule was given to a kitten, and one-third of a capsule is prescribed for an adult cat. Another queen who appeared to be on the point of death was given this drug and it had an almost magical effect. The great thing is to administer it at once, within half an hour of the first symptoms, so if you suspect enteritis contact your

veterinary surgeon immediately. A word of warning. The drug has a very depressing effect on the cat or kitten, so be prepared for this. Any information regarding the use of Chloromycetin for enteritis and the result will be most welcome.

Mrs. Emery, who lives at Stoke-on-Trent, writes, “If you are ever a bit short of material for your ‘Monthly Miscellany’ would you say something about Felix Cat Food? Our little queen adores it, and I am wondering if it has a lot of food value for cats. I get beef for my cats, and Miss Chloe just takes a sniff and wends her way to the ‘Felix’ dish. She does take some meat, fish and rabbit, of course, but more of these smelly little pellets than anything. She seems well, but is only just over 5lbs. at twenty months. I am probably comparing her too much with Ticky-Mee, 12lbs. at four years, eats like a horse, and none of these crunchy things for him.”

Well, I'm afraid I cannot tell you much about this particular food as I have never used it myself. I don't know if the fussy Sealsleaves would deign to sample a morsel. I feel sure Shah Pashah would



like her old happy carefree self. Once more she was thrilled by the smell of food, ate heartily, enjoyed games and lately has taken to shooting into my room in the middle of the night, a cross between a hurricane and an earthquake, to hold a 'witch's Sabbath,' tearing madly round the room and sending mats and rugs in all directions.

But this is not all. Her son, Horus, for two years running had developed skin trouble in the early Spring and lost his pants. He looked terrible and was painfully self-conscious about his appearance; he also had scabs on his head and neck. I had tried one or two 'cures' but it was not until I put him on to Kit-zyme regularly that he recovered his good looks and high spirits.

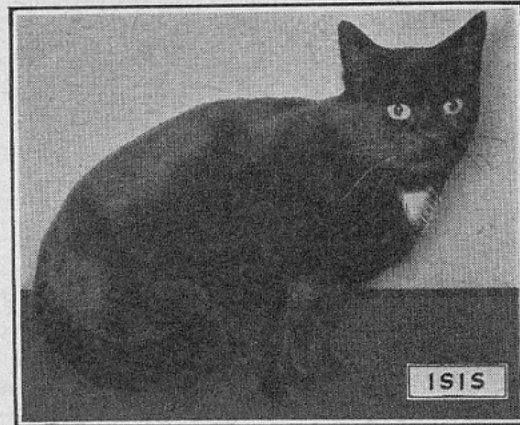
I shall never be without Kit-zyme in the house. With grateful thanks from Isis, Horus and myself."

MISS DOROTHY J. RUXTON of Martin Lodge, Mayfield, Tunbridge Wells, writes:—

"You must have received a great many letters in praise of Kit-zyme, but I should like to add one more.

Seventeen months ago I had my little cat, Isis, spayed. She was at the time 6 years old and had produced 62 kittens. Until the operation, she had always been lively and playful and enjoyed every moment of motherhood from the birth of her kittens to the last finishing touch of their education. Her husband, to whom she was very faithful, continued to visit her and each time she hoped (in vain, of course) for the joy of another family. After each bitter disappointment she became more and more depressed and listless; all interest in life had gone; bored and frustrated she wandered about the house or slept the hours away and even food had lost its attraction. It was pitiful to see her.

Then one day I had a brainwave, TRY KIT-ZYME! . . . and within ten days there was a marked improvement. She took to going out again, exploring hedgerows and day by day growing more



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soon clean the plate, but then, I would back her against any cat to get there first if it were food!

"Could we also have some news of your cats now—it seems ages since you told us about them all." There isn't much to tell these days as I have only one breeding queen, Sealsleeve Machomse, who has four baby kittens sired by Petit-Gitto. At the moment they are at the age when their only name can be "devil," for nothing is safe from them. Machomse is a wonderful mother, and Gitto adores his children. Shah tolerates kittens, but is inclined to hit them over the head if they intrude too much. Mini, also spayed, is not yet old enough to be crabby. She will play with and wash Ma's offspring. Gitto is adorable with his funny round face, short tail and wonderful blue eyes. Not much to look at, but give him the right queen and the goods will be produced. It's all in the pedigree. That's about all. I have no show cats now, but it doesn't worry me. The glamour of winning passed long ago. To me my cats are the finest ever.

Invitation from Miss Rochford, well known breeder of Russian Blues, to come to see her cats, in particular the result of an experimental mating of a Russian Blue with a Blue-Point Siamese. So now

I am on the track of what?

Miss von Ullman, who is staying with Miss Rochford, also sends news. "I have had more bad luck with my Siamese. My little queen kitted just before Christmas and produced a litter of one, to which she took an instant dislike. I fostered it on Maxi, who had very conveniently had a mongrel litter the day before, and hoped all would be well. My Siamese took possession of one of the mongrels and nursed it with great devotion and lashings of milk. Then after ten days the Siamese kitten petered out, leaving me with two high yielding milkers and only one mongrel kitten, which cannot possibly empty them although he is doing his best!" However, Miss von Ullman is determined to have Siamese kittens sometime, or I should say rear Siamese kittens, no disrespect intended, so good luck to her.

Reading through judges' reports, I find a most interesting one from colleague Noni Beckett on Brigadier Rossiter's well known neuter Premier Miya Taklif. According to Noni, at the National Show in December he was looking his best after being not so good at earlier shows, his colour had improved and he had fined down a lot. To those with little knowledge of judges' jargon, "fined down" means "not so

heavy and a lot slimmer." On the same day, at the same show, I also judged this Blue-Point, and my own comments were, "Not looking his best, fawn streak on back and tail, much too fat"!! Evidently either Noni or I, or both, are crazy.

Why is it that two Siamese judges, both judging to the same standard, see the exhibit in an entirely different light? This is no reflection on Noni, who is as capable a judge as anyone, and one can only assume that each judge interprets a standard differently and sees the exhibit through different eyes. It is the poor exhibitor who is bewildered, and in this particular instance Brigadier Rossiter can't think very much of me, as I do not believe I have ever put up Master Taklif and have consistently reported him too fat!

In explanation, it has always been my contention that a neuter need not be plump, providing he or she had type in the first place. In my early days, talking to that queen of Show Managers, Mrs. Sharman, I asked her how a neuter was judged. In exactly the same way as an entire animal, was her answer, and that is how I set about it. Perhaps I shan't be asked again.

And whilst on the subject of judges and their varying opinions, what could be more controversial than the "Tale

of Sweet William," whose celebrated kink has been described as, a tiny kink at the end, a bad kink, a double kink, a definite fault, a kink in the middle (myself, apologies for the printer's error), in fact, this kink has been in every conceivable place and all sorts of sizes. Funny that the kitten I wouldn't send out of the country because it had a kink in its tail, is, in defiance to the approved standard, now a full champion. Well, good luck to him.

I wonder what they think of our judging in other lands, but then they know the British are mad, anyway!

Opening the little periodical "The Cat," organ of the Cats' Protection League, I find an account of a sale of work for raising the Societies' funds. Guests of honour were the Dale family of B.B.C. fame, probably complete with diary. In the midst of the proceedings, S.O.S. arrives to rescue cats left behind in a locked building. The Secretary is introducing the guests of honour. It is an important occasion for him—but—cats cannot wait, and he immediately leaves to rescue the animals. I have the greatest admiration for this sort of thing. They have no surplus funds to publicize their efforts, but they get things done just the same. Give them a hand, they deserve it.

Continued on page 32.

Modern Research and Cat Health

*How the work of biochemists
and veterinary surgeons helps to make
cats healthier*

IF the diet does not contain a sufficient supply of vitamins, together with what biochemists call 'trace elements,' then your cat can never be really fit and grow a lovely coat. A healthy bloodstream, good bone formation, sound digestion and nervous structure; all depend not only on the correct vitamins and mineral elements, but—what is critical—on their being present in scientifically balanced proportions. This is why 'Tibs' are so necessary for all cats and kittens.

HOW 'TIBS' CONDITION CATS

'Tibs' Cat Powders supplement the 'civilised' diet of domestic cats with vitamins and minerals which it may normally lack.

Every packet of 'Tibs' Cat Powders embodies the research of workers in the field of cat nutrition, and the 'Tibs' formula is scientifically balanced to provide minerals and vitamins which the cat needs in exactly the right proportions. Iron, copper and cobalt are present to provide fresh red blood cells and prevent anaemia; calcium and phosphorus

for healthy bones and teeth; vitamin B₁ and nicotinic acid for healthy appetite, silky coat and good general condition.



A corner of the Bob Martin laboratories where 'Tibs' Cat Powders are being discussed with visitors.

H.Q. OF CAT HEALTH

All 'Tibs' preparations are under constant analytical control in the Bob Martin laboratories at Southport. Veterinary surgeons and pharmacists who are welcome visitors, have expressed their admiration for the research and care that go into every 'Tibs' product.

Visits from the Cat Fancy to the Bob Martin laboratories and factory are cordially invited. Cat Club Secretaries who wish to organise parties should write to the Advertising Department for possible dates.

TIBS

If you would like to have a copy of the TIBS CAT BOOK for reference, please write to Room CK, Bob Martin Limited, Southport.

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Peterkin

Parkstone, Dorset.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you would care to put the enclosed photo in your magazine one of these days. It is of a little black cat whom we call Peterkin. He will catch lizards and eat them. I do not think that is good for him. He gets quite enough food to eat. I always enjoy your magazine very much.

Yours sincerely,

Roma Dunsby.

Hockley, Essex.

Dear Editor,

I should like to say how much I enjoy reading your magazine, which I have been taking for a long time now. It is most interesting, and I love the pictures in it.

I am enclosing herewith a photo of my cat, which I should



Miss Morris's Tabby Persian

be most grateful if you could print. She is a dear, tabby Persian, and completely spoilt. I think she does almost everything but speak! She begs for her food.

We have had her since she was six weeks old, and just laid in the palm of my hand; she is now nearly seven years. She has had several litters of kittens, all very sweet. Trusting you can print same, and thanking you in anticipation.

Yours faithfully,

F. Morris.

Chester.

Dear Editor,

I do enjoy reading the letters in "Cats and Kittens" each month, but some of them, the sad ones, make my heart ache. I felt particularly sad for the owner of Snooky Poo, whose story and picture appeared in the November issue, because on Christmas Eve two years ago I lost the dearest cat I've

TO THE EDITOR

ever owned in similar circumstances.

He went out at 7.30 a.m. apparently perfectly fit, and half an hour later he was found in the garden next door with his back legs paralysed. I carried him home and 'phoned for our vet., but he died in convulsions a few seconds after his arrival. Poisoning was suspected, but a post mortem showed this was not the cause of death. All his organs were perfectly healthy, and the vet. thought probably some functional disorder had developed resulting in a fit. The shock and grief over his death made me ill for months.

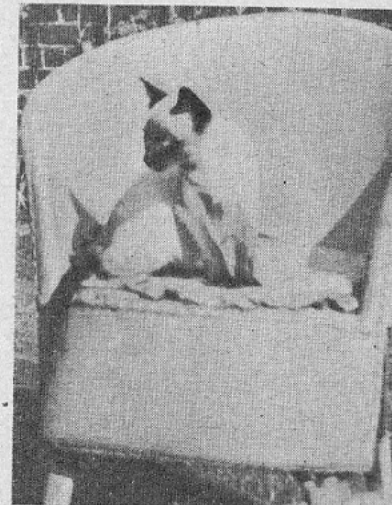
I am enclosing a snap of him taken when he was only seven months old. He was born the day I arrived for my holidays at Bognor in the summer of 1948, and only when his three

brothers and sisters had died did we discover that something had gone wrong with the mother's milk, but Panda's life was saved with the help of a home-made "bottle" and Ostermilk, and when only a fortnight old he travelled with me by coach to Bristol, and after staying there with my sister for two weeks we returned to Chester. During the first month of his life I kept him in a small cardboard box wrapped in old woollen jumpers and he never cried.

He was the most affectionate cat I've ever owned. Every evening, after spending most of the day in the garden which he loved, he would come to me, jump on my knee and overwhelm me with kisses on both



Panda



Blue Hayes Dorryl

LETTERS AND PICTURES

cheeks, and at night he slept at the top of my pillow.

He grew into a lovely cat, almost all white, except for a tawny patch down his back, like a leopard skin thrown over him, and a tawny and ginger patch on his head covering one eye, which was noticeably larger than the other eye. His beautiful tail was frequently admired, it was tawny with deep black bars to the tip and very full.

I have three other cats now, including a fascinating little Siamese female, Bluehayes Dorryl, I purchased from Miss King in Bognor this summer, and coping with her antics and demands has done quite a lot to dim the sad memories of poor Panda.

Yours sincerely,
G. M. Williams.

Halstead, Essex.

Dear Editor,

Do you remember little Chinki Jarana who you sent to me seven years ago last May 15th?

Chinki now weighs 14lbs., and is very lovely. He is very full of beans and very playful and also *very* affectionate. He sleeps with me, either in the bed, under the eiderdown, or on top, just according to how cold it is!! So many times I have meant writing to you as



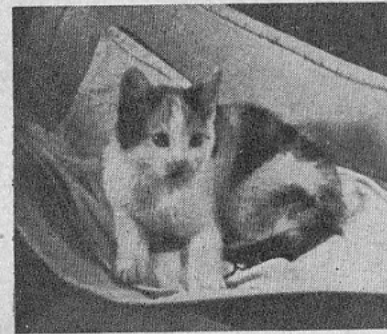
Chinki Jarana

I have taken "Cats and Kittens" all the time, and so enjoy your articles and all the other items in it. Have been hoping to get a really good snap of Chinki, and have at last got the enclosed which I hope you will like. Do you think you will have room sometime to put him in "Cats and Kittens" please?

I still have Felix, the large black and white whose photo you put in the magazine about seven years ago. He is now 13½ years old and doesn't look it. He weighed 17½lbs. two years ago. He is a little less now, and he and Chinki have such games together. I think Chinki has kept Felix young.

Your Burmese kittens must be very sweet, and I hope to see them some day at one of the shows.

TO THE EDITOR



H.M.S. Jamaica's Cat

With very best wishes and thanks for the happiness Chinki is giving me.

Yours sincerely,
Ella Jones.

Penmaenmawr, N. Wales.
Dear Editor,

Some months ago you published the photograph of H.M.S. Victory's cat. A young friend of mine thought their cat on H.M.S. Jamaica was even better looking.

I am sending you his charming snap hoping that you will find room for him in "Cats and Kittens."

My own cats, three in number, think I am not playing the game to them.

Thank you for the pleasure "Cats and Kittens" gives to me and my friends.

Yours faithfully,
S. Gerbier.

(Subscriber to "Cats and Kittens" from the first issue.)

Thornton Heath,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I have been a reader of your excellent little magazine for some months now.

I enclose two photographs in the hope that you may be able to use them in the correspondence section of the magazine. Tiger (who should have really been called Tigress!) was born under the clubhouse of the Redhill Flying Club towards the end of 1948, her mother being a bob-tailed ginger and white cat which was left half wild at the aerodrome when the R.A.F. vacated it in 1947. She was quite friendly and had an endearing habit of rolling on to her back whenever anyone approached as an invitation to have her tummy rubbed. Unfortunately after the arrival of Tiger and her brother, she was put away before I realised that she was (I imagine) something of a rarity as a female ginger and white (or was she?). However, I gave Tiger a good home in London, and in less than seven months, the fast thing, she started increasing the feline population, which she has continued to do ever since, almost without fail producing a ginger male, tortoiseshell female, a couple of black and white, and a black kitten on each occasion.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Tiger

Splash, if I remember rightly, was a product of the fourth litter, being born about the end of January this year. She has a greater sense of propriety than her mother, and at nine months is still a respectable spinster! The snap of Tiger shows her at my old home in London, whilst the two of Splash (named so because of her splashes of colour and after a famous flying instructor at Redhill Aerodrome) are taken at the above address, the first showing her ready for play and the second starting out for an



Splash

evening prowl along the back fence. As you can see, she has a very good line in tails, far better than that of her mother, and she is also much better looking.

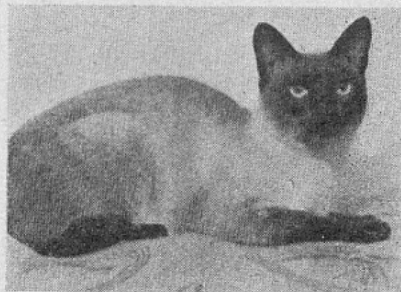
I hope that you will be able to use parts of this letter and also the photographs.

Yours faithfully,
C. Nepean Bishop.

Northam,
N. Devon.

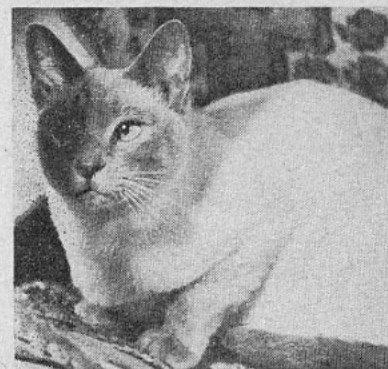
Dear Editor,

I like to read the articles and letters which are printed in your magazine, some of them are very exhilarating, especially Mrs. Hart's Monthly Miscellany. In the November number her "Advert." for a new secretary for the S.C.C. is priceless. Believe me, I have met Mrs. Kent (Hart) and I cannot imagine that she could be rude, one of the qualifications she specializes in her letter. I think she is one of the most patient women I have ever met. I was



Praha-Forte

TO THE EDITOR



Praha-Con-Moto

in London unexpectedly when the National Cat Show was on, and went to see it. I haven't been to a London show for years, and I met Mrs. Kent there, and stopped her, whilst she was judging! I fully expected her to be short, but was she? Not a hope! She was sweet and kind, and I know she had another full book to judge. Of course, I did not keep her for more than a few minutes, enough to congratulate her on her marriage!

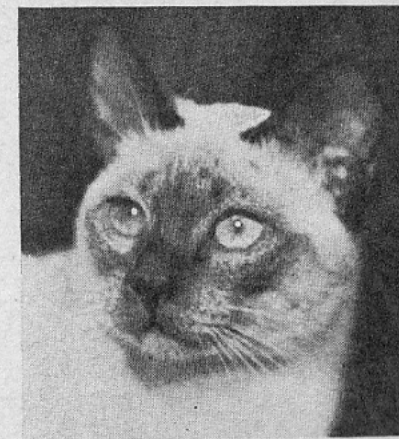
There were some nice cats on show. I also saw a Burmese cat for the first time. They are nice, but to my mind not to be compared with Siamese. But then I am a Siamese fan. I think there is nothing like a Siamese cat, either for companionship or intelligence.

I am enclosing a few photos. If you can use them for your

magazine please do. The one is of my seal point queen, Praha-Forte (unshown), who carries both chocolate and blue point factors. I am anxious to know what she will produce when mated. She is only a year old.

The other photos are of my chocolate point stud, Briarry Sacharin (he has incredibly beautiful deep blue eyes), and blue point queen, Praha-Con Moto.

I thought it might interest your readers to know that the homeopathic medicines are excellent for cats, especially Cina for worms. It is gentle and very efficient. I have used it very successfully. There is a very interesting little booklet by Dr. Van Raat on Homeopathic Remedies for animals. I find this booklet very useful.



Briarry Sacharin

LETTERS AND PICTURES

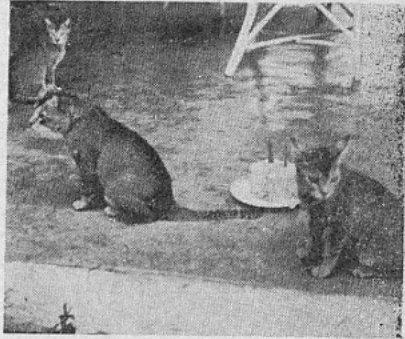
Wishing you and the staff of your paper a very happy Christmas, I remain,

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) E. Fisher.

Jalpaiguri,
W. Bengal, India.

Dear Editor,

Since writing you we have moved from Ellenbarrie to the above address some 150 miles away. Naturally I worried about the journey with the cats, and turned a deaf ear to all the tales about cats disliking changes and are much more attached to places than people, etc. We had boxes specially made for their journey, a little door at the back to allow them to walk into and also another smaller one at the top to allow us to get our hand in to feed them, the front entirely of wire netting so that they could see us and all that was going on. Unfortunately we had the boxes made a little too big to get into the back of our car, and after much thought we decided Oscar should be put on to the lorry and his favourite "boy" with him. Pixie and little Nikki in the one box and this sat on the back seat of the car with their "boy" to comfort them!! At first they were inclined to fight, to my surprise, but we managed to restore order with



Nikki beside her cake, with Oscar and Pixie in the background

tit-bits. The road, although only 150 miles, took us five hours, such a shocking state our roads this "side" are in. They hated the bumpiness, although my husband tried to avoid this. We soon discovered they did not mind being shut up, long as the car was at a standstill, so we stopped frequently and fussed and fed them. Little Nikki spent nearly all the time crouched in a corner looking enquiringly at us with her great lovely eyes, and Pixie taking a keen interest in the passing landscape. The journey was not half the ordeal I thought it would be, but we were all very glad to get to our new bungalow just the same. Poor Oscar had a long, long day, and had "cried" most of the time and had broken a claw scratching on the wire.

Three of our servants stayed here for a week or two and that

TO THE EDITOR

helped them to settle down quicker than anything, they were so attached to these boys. We had rather an upset. The end of the first week Pixie went off at lunch time on the Saturday. We searched all day Sunday and Monday for her. I was frantic because I knew she was not in heat, and it was so unlike Pixie to wander. I kept calling and calling for her as I felt sure she had lost her way; but could not help but think of all the dreadful things that could have happened to her. We were overjoyed to hear her miaow outside our bedroom door at 1 a.m. Tuesday morning, none the worse for her adventure, but she has never as much as put her head outside the fence ever since!!

For a week or two Oscar was very fed up, especially after the servants left too. I think he was missing his old haunts at Ellenbarrie, his favourite daily walk down to see "John" Chinaman's cat (although a young tom) was named after our Pixie!

However, he has settled down perfectly, and daily visits the two assistants' bungalows, and we think he is the father of Susie's new family. He always comes home from these excursions hungry as a hunter,

and demands all the meals he has missed, including his mutton bone he usually has every evening.

Pixie and little Nikki have settled down wonderfully as if they had never lived anywhere else. Nikki rushes about (in all this heat) the whole day long catching crickets, grasshoppers and butterflies, whilst most of the time Miss Pixie looks sedately on—experience has taught her to take life more quietly as the thermometer rises to 98°—99°.

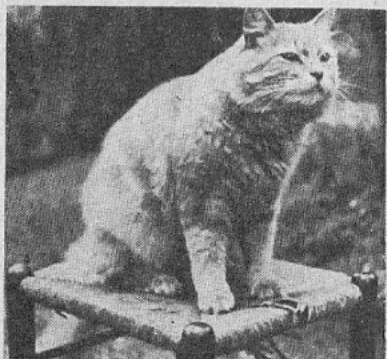
Yours very sincerely,

Wynne B. Walker.



A sweet Kitten owned by D. Meredith of Port Hill, Shrewsbury

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Lionel, a three-years-old ginger

Miss Betty Swanwick has kindly sent along these three charming snaps of her pets.

Raynes Park,
S.W.20.

Dear Editor,

I have a 3½ year old tabby cat (neuter) who is apparently in beautiful condition and has a good appetite, but ever since he was a year old he has



A Siamese, Miss Chippy, and Harry the black and tan dachshund



Arthur

occasionally had curious attacks of running round and round after his tail. It is obviously not play, as he looks very scared at the time. I have always given him a Tibs powder and sprinkled canker powder into his ears, and then he will probably not have another attack for a week or two. There is no sign of worms, and, in fact, he looks extremely healthy, has a lovely thick soft coat. I am enclosing a snap in a characteristic pose, asking for his tummy to be rubbed, and you will see from this that he is a fine cat. Incidentally he has Kit-zymes regularly.

I am enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and shall be grateful if you can suggest any reason or remedy for this condition.

TO THE EDITOR

My sister and I always get a lot of pleasure from your little book, and find the articles on Siamese cats most interesting. We are devoted to them, but have been consistently unlucky with them, we cannot seem to be able to keep one.

Yours very truly,
F. Davis.

Dear Miss Davis,

Thank you for sending me the very happy snap of your beautiful tabby.

The curious action which he sometimes has of running after his tail may indicate that he is suffering from some vitamin deficiency which causes some skin irritation which is more acute at that area, and I think it would be a very good idea to give him a course of compound vitamin tablets, which can be obtained from Boots or most of the big chemists. I think you would find that this would probably be the remedy.

I am sorry that you have not been able to keep Siamese



Monty

and have been unlucky with them. You don't say why, but there is no reason why you should not be able to enjoy the company and pleasure of having a Siamese, as they are quite robust and healthy except that in the winter it is best to keep them from damp as they are inclined to be "chesty."

Editor.

Penarth, Glam.

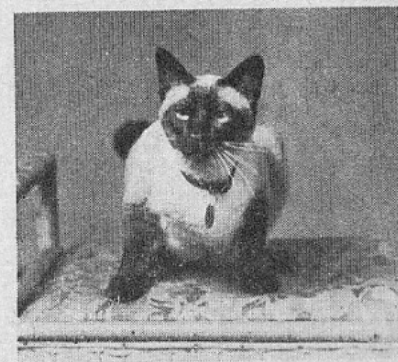
Dear Editor,

Enclosed are two photographs of my four year old Siamese cat. We call him Kinkie, because of the kink in his tail.

His constant companion is our cocker spaniel, and his greatest joy in life is go for a walk with him.

I do hope that you will have room to put him in your magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Patricia Morgan.



Kinkie

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Liverpool, 19.

Dear Editor,

I have two champion strain short-hair Blues, mother and son. Would it be harmful to breed from them, not for show purposes?

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) E. Holt.

Dear Mrs. Holt,

I could not advise you to mate your two Blues to each other, not even if the kittens were to be solely for pets.

Such close inbreeding often results in weakly stock, and as you no doubt have the pedigree I do think it would be better for you to send the female to the owner of a Blue Stud whose pedigree is completely different to the female cat.

Editor.

Leics.

Dear Editor,

I would be very grateful to you if you would let me have any information regarding the law governing cats.

In a recent argument, I was informed that a man has the right to shoot and kill a cat if it walked across his garden. Providing he killed it, and didn't maim it, the law was on his side.

My argument was, that a cat has the right of trespass, and a man has not the right to

shoot and kill a cat if it walks across his garden.

I will quite understand if you are not at liberty to discuss this matter with me, but feel sure that if it is possible you will pass on to me any information which will help me to dispel the illusion that this man has about this matter.

I am very upset about the attitude of this man, and would be happy to be in a position to quote the actual law about a cat.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) N. Haley.

Dear Mrs. Haley,

You are quite right in your argument, and a man would not be within his rights if he shot a cat which walked across his garden.

The famous legal work "Addison on Torts" quotes: "That a person is not justified in killing his neighbour's cat, which he finds on his land, unless the animal is in the act of doing some injurious act which can only be prevented by its slaughter. And it has been decided by the case of 'Townsend v. Watken,' 9 last 277, that if a person sets on his land a trap for foxes, and baits it with such strong-smelling meat as to attract his neighbour's cat on to his land, to the trap, and such animal

TO THE EDITOR

is thereby killed or injured, he is liable for the act, though he had no intention of doing it, and though the animal ought not to have been on his land."

Editor.

Robertsbridge, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I wish to keep my cat from going outside the garden and I am wondering if you would give me some information on the best way to do this.

I have a six foot close boarded fence round the garden. I wish to stop him getting over this. I believe there is a way in which wire netting can be fixed to the top of it to attain this. I am also not sure how wide the netting needs to be.

I shall be most pleased to have your advice on this, and also any further suggestions you may wish to offer.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) Kathleen Barnett.

Dear Mrs. Barnett,

You would find it difficult indeed to stop your cat from leaving the precincts of your garden, but it would be an idea to net over the whole of the garden. You could get a blacksmith to make some irons shaped at an angle of 45 degrees which could be fixed to the six foot high fence you mentioned, at intervals, and

then some inch mesh twenty-four inch wide wire netting could be fastened to the wire to those. Needless to say, the 45 degrees overhang would be hanging inside the garden so that the cat would not be able to climb over it.

Editor.

Uffculme, Devon.

Dear Editor,

My copy of "Cats and Kittens" came this morning, and I have read it from cover to cover. Great joy!

Mrs. A. Stewart's letter was of great interest to me as I tried to get the garlic capsules for my kitten, who was passing worms every day. I was unlucky, and then I remembered you had recommended Parke-Davis & Co.'s Nema worm capsules in your August number.

I got these in the smallest dosage and gave two, as it said, one for every 2lbs. in weight of kitten. She took these without any trouble, as they are small. She didn't seem to feel any effects, and was as full of life all day as usual, and I am glad to say I have not seen any trace of worms since.

With the winter nearly on us, and the fact that our cats live out doors, except when it is wet, I feel it is wise to have something handy should

LETTERS AND PICTURES

the cats show signs of colds, and not wait for a cough before doing something about it. If you have a leaflet about garlic capsules to spare, I should be glad if you would kindly let me have it. Failing this, perhaps you would be so kind as to write and tell me what you think of creo-garlic capsules, and are these the same as were recommended for worms.

I don't feel I can agree about worms not being a cause for alarm. How can a cat be really healthy if infected with worms, any more than allowing fleas to get the upper hand.

Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours truly, C. M. Douglas.

Dear Mrs. Douglas,

The creo-garlic capsules are obtainable from Messrs. Solidol Chemical Co., of Disney Street, London, S.E. They sound a particularly good thing to us, and I should recommend you to give them a trial.

I am glad you found the Nema worm capsules so satisfactory.

Editor.

Gildersome, Nr. Leeds.

Dear Editor,

I must write and thank you for your very valuable advice and treatment for my Siamese, Taio. I am pleased to say that his trouble now seems to be clearing up.

However, I am rather distressed about the condition of both my cats.

Three weeks ago we noticed our Marmalade neuter appeared unwell, his eyes were almost covered with a skin and he was quite sick. We sent for the vet. as we were afraid it might be cat 'flu. However, Tim had no temperature, and she said it was just a cold, but that he had anaemia, and we ought to give him Parrish's Food. Well, this rather surprised us as he is so full of life usually, and has none of the symptoms of anaemia. He is fed on plenty of horse beef and rabbit, plus Kit-E-Kat each day, and apart from this latest sickness has always been a healthy cat. He is about eleven months old now.

Well, we kept him indoors all the time so as not to take any further risks, and we knew we ought to keep our Siamese away from him for a while, but on trying it one night, Taio cried out for him the whole night through. You see they love one another very much, and have never before been separated, and whilst Tim will accept the circumstances of life—Taio just will not, and he cannot bear to be very far away from his big brother.

A few days later, Taio's eyes were the same as Tim's, and he appeared to fall off his food,

TO THE EDITOR

yet they played together; but both their coats are dreadfully loose, if we just touch either we are covered, and this is a sure sign that they are very much out of condition. Tim, after three weeks being constantly indoors, appears to be throwing his trouble off, and his eyes are almost right again, but Taio's eyes are very bad.

I am a big believer in Kit-zyme, and Tim has always been so fond of it, having four tablets a day since he was very young, but since this illness he will not have anything to do with them, nor will he touch food with which we have sprinkled the crushed tablets. Taio has always refused Kit-zyme.

Yours most sincerely,
(Mrs.) L. Backhouse.

Dear Mrs. Backhouse,

I suggest that you give your cats a course of Multivite tablets. These can be obtained from Boots the chemists. It rather sounds as though the horse flesh, which is very rich, has something to do with their condition, although feeding cats is a job nowadays. I should certainly discontinue the Parrish's Chemical Food.

The condition of the cats' eyes that you describe is called in the Cat Fancy "having the haw up" and, unlike ourselves,

as you know, cats have a third eye lid, and that is the one that comes up when the cat is not in condition. For this the simplest and best thing to do is to bathe twice, and then once a day, with weak Boracic solution. Half a level teaspoonful to three-quarters of a cup full of boiling water allowed to cool off to just over lukewarm heat, and then the eyes bathed with swabs of cotton wool.

Editor.

Erith, Kent.

Dear Editor,

As a very interested reader of your journal, I would be glad if you could give me any advice on the following point.

My cat has just recovered from a bout of 'flu, and during the time he was ill he lost weight and his fur was in very bad condition. Unfortunately, his fur is not growing again as it should be, and I wondered whether you could suggest any preparation that I could give him to help it along.

I would be grateful for any help you can give me, and I enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for your reply.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) M. Allen.

Dear Mrs. Allen,

I notice from your letter your cat is now out of condition

LETTERS AND PICTURES

after having what you describe as a bout of "flu." I now suggest that you give him two Compound Vitamin tablets every day. These you can obtain from Boots the chemists under the name of Multivite, and if you have not used the Kit-zyme tablets you could give him four of those a day as it is obvious that your cat is now suffering from the vitamin deficiency. Editor.

Broughton-in-Furness,
Lancashire.

Dear Editor,

Would you please let me know what medicine to use for worming an adult Siamese queen?

She is the first Siamese that I've had, and for the last year has not been a bit of trouble, but for a week past she has suddenly developed a cough, and as she doesn't seem to have any cold I thought that perhaps it was worms.

I should be glad of any advice. I should say she appears to be going a bit gaunt too, although I give her plenty of food.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) D. McPhee.

Dear Mrs. McPhee,

From the details you give it would seem as though your Siamese needs worming.

You could buy from your chemists Parke Davis's Nema Worm Capsules, specially made for small dogs and cats, and use as directed. Or you could use Sherley's or Bob Martin's worm treatments, which you could obtain from any branch of Boots the chemists or your pet stores.

Messrs. Bob Martin put up a very good book, which can be obtained from them at their Southport address, for 6d., and this gives you extremely valuable information about all cat ailments, including, of course, suggestions for worming.

Editor.

Little Foxes,
Bayleys Hill,
Sevenoaks.

Dear Editor,

It is edifying to note from the final paragraph of Elsie Kent's January Newsletter that "nice" people cease to be "nice" as soon as they stand up to her attacks. But please let her spare us the hypocrisy of pretending that what originated in an unjust attack by her on Champion Clonlost Yo-Yo, is really an unwarranted attack by me upon her!

With reference to her letter on page 19 of the January issue of "Cats and Kittens," Elsie Kent seems to be under the misapprehension that last

TO THE EDITOR

season was Yo-Yo's first at stud; but this of course was not the case, as he was two years old at the beginning of the season.

As for her statement that the season for a Siamese stud is a short one, I can only say that this does not correspond with the facts as I and many other stud owners have found them—namely, that work for a stud is fairly steady from the middle of December until the following October. Of course the peak of the season seems to occur in February, March and April,

but the stud can by no means be described as resting during the other months, until October comes along; and I am surprised that Elsie Kent should, by falsifying the facts, attempt to make it appear that I have misquoted her.

Finally, may I, through your columns, thank the many breeders and stud owners who have taken the trouble to write to me and ring me up, giving me their support in this controversy.

Yours sincerely,
Richard Warner.

THE KING OF THE CANARIES— *from page 4.*

here and there among the rats and with such skill that in brief time they had made a great slaughter. The King, delighted at this and wishing to reward Messer Ansaldo's courtesy with rich gifts, had many strings of pearls brought in, and gold and silver and a number of precious stones: all of which he gave to Messer Ansaldo, who, without sailing to the New World, turned his ship for home, where he arrived in due time richer than ever.

He related several times to companies of his friends the story of his adventure with the King of the Canaries, so that one of these friends, called

Giacomo de' Fifanti, was taken with desire of sailing to the Canaries to try his fortune also.

So he sold a property of his in the Val d'Elsa, and with the money he bought many jewels, rings, and objects of value, and he gave out the report that he was going to the Holy Land. He embarked at Cadiz, and duly arrived in the Canaries. He presented all his fine gifts to the King, arguing with himself: "If I give him so much, then so much will he give me. Since he rewarded Messer Ansaldo so handsomely for a couple of cats, what will he not give me for all these precious things?"

But the poor man was deceiving himself, for the King

of Canary Island, much appreciating Giacomo's presents, thought that he could offer in return no finer gift than a cat. Therefore, he brought him a handsome one which was the son of the two cats given the King by Messer Ansaldo. Thus in great unhappiness and very

poor he returned to Florence, cursing the King of Canary Island, the rats, the cats, and Messer Ansaldo. But he was in the wrong, for when the King gave him a cat, he thought he was giving him the most precious thing in his country.

CANDID COMMENTS—

from page 3.

where the bird was secured, there might be ground for finding the owner of the cat liable for the consequences of its being at large. With parity of reason, had the bird intruded itself upon the territory of the cat, and the cat there had been slain, there could have been no recourse because the owner of the bird should have prevented its escape. In the present case, it appears that both the quadruped and the winged animal were in trespass on neutral

territory. It was the duty of the plaintiff to take the guardianship of the bird said to be so valuable, and therefore, both owners are equally to blame, and the case must be viewed as arising from natural law, for which neither owner without 'culpa' can be answerable. The defendant being at first not sympathetic with the loss of the plaintiff, but rather put him at defiance, and forced him to prove it was the defendant's cat who slew his bird, the defendant will be acquitted but without costs."

A MONTHLY MISCELLANY—

from page 14.

Happy birthday to Prestwick Prince Pando, sixteen years old, my mother's cat. Still going strong, slim, svelte as ever, with glorious body colour, but with faded eyes. He had fillets of sole to celebrate, bless him!

Gone to the happy hunting grounds, Katrina Sayers' Ch.

Zy Azure-Phandah. One of the first Blue Points to achieve championship status, under Miss Gold, the late Mr. Yeates and myself. He sired many good kittens in his day. As far as I know, his only son available for breeding is Racord Blue Sacchi. Good hunting, Phandah!

BOODLE'S ADVENTURES—

from page 6.

My husband met me at Paris, Gare de Lyons, much surprised to find Boodle with me and quite convinced that the hotel would refuse to take him. It certainly took all my eloquence to persuade Monsieur le Proprietaire of Boodle's many virtues, invented on the spur of the moment, but not once did that perfect gentleman of a cat let me down.

For five weeks he was a captive in my hotel bedroom, for I dared not let him out even into the corridors for fear of his dashing downstairs into the street. Too late I discovered, on my wanderings, a tiny railed-in garden reserved for town cats where he might have had some fresh air and exercise.

After shopping or sightseeing, I would return with a tempting meal of fish or minced meat and Boodle would rise stretching, from his cushion with a mew of welcome, delighted to see me. But how he must have pined for the freedom and hunting expeditions in the beautiful garden left behind.

At last the work on our boat was finished, and we could leave Paris on our cruising adventures. Once again Boodle was packed into his basket to start his new life on the water. After his peaceful Paris bedroom, he must have been

bewildered for here was noisy confusion with electricians still on board and much gear which could not be cleared up till they left us at Melun. Near this lovely fortified town on the Seine we tied up, for the first time, lowered the gang plank and in a twinkling, like a puff of grey smoke Boodle vanished into the green meadows which offered the exercise and hunting ground of which he had been deprived all these weeks.

But when he did not return at night-fall, after fruitless search and endless enquiries for our grey Angora, we could still get no news! Yet it was imperative that we left Melun that day so we gave postal directions, etc., at the riverside hotel that, when found, Puss was to follow us South by train. One letter came to say he *had* been seen once near our mooring-place, but had fled again at the sound of strange French voices.

I shall never know the fate of my beloved Boodle. Does that silver-grey shadow still haunt the river bank in search of us who were miserable at having to desert him? But I think he was too beautiful not to find a kind home somewhere on dry land and, perhaps, in that charming old town of Melun, whose name I still never see without recalling the memory of Boodle.

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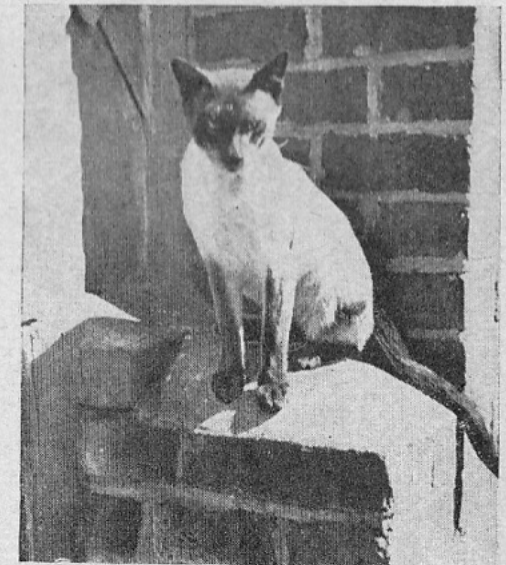
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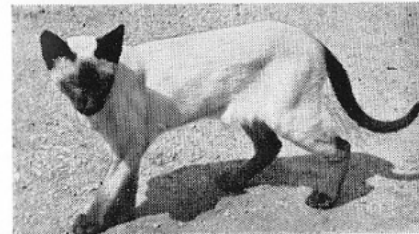
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