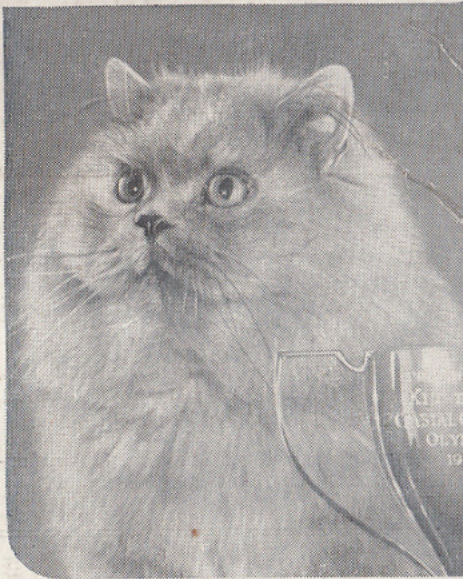


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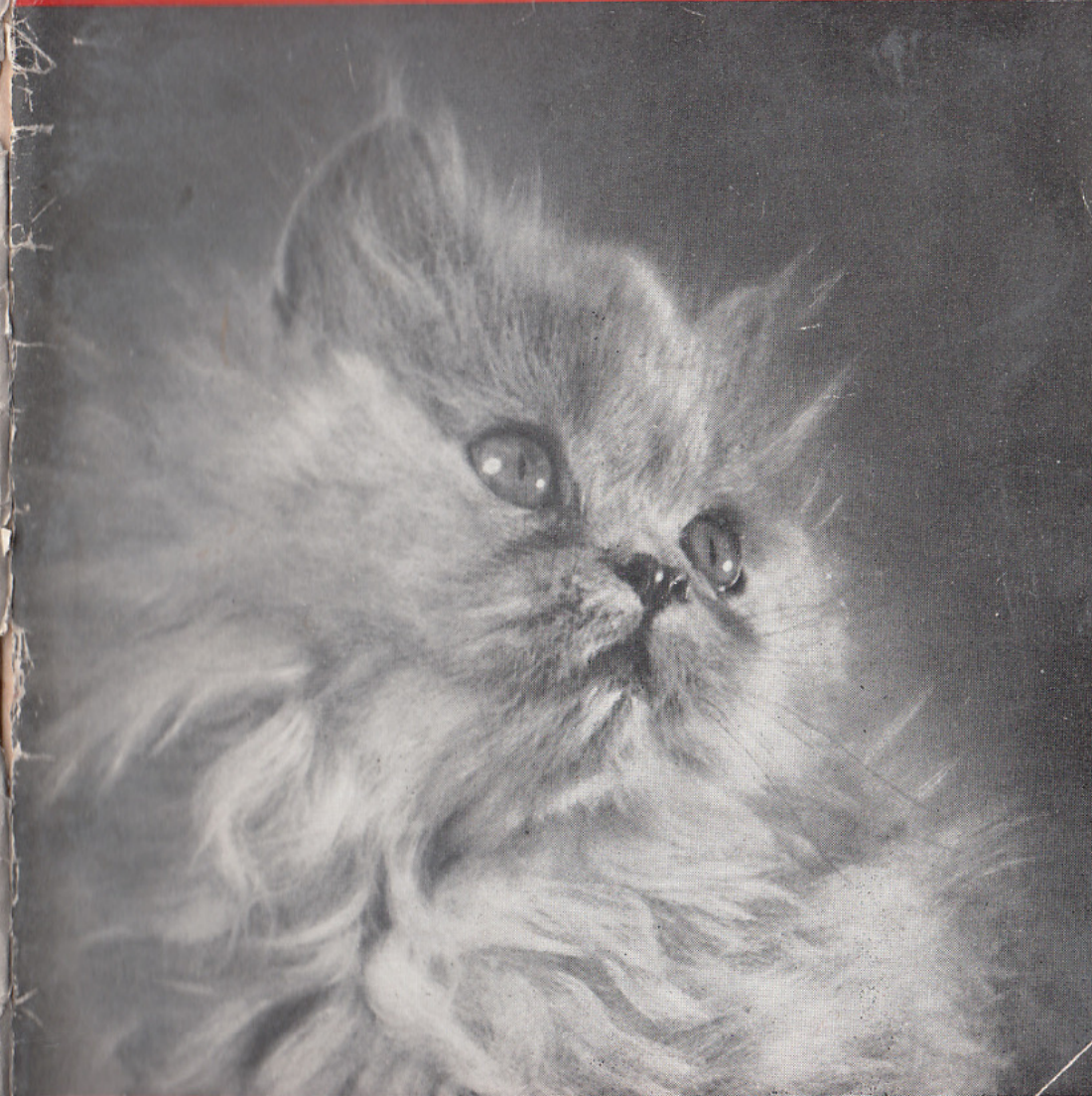
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# CATS

## AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

MARCH

1952

MONTHLY



# PRIZE-WINNING BREEDER'S TRIBUTE TO LACTOL

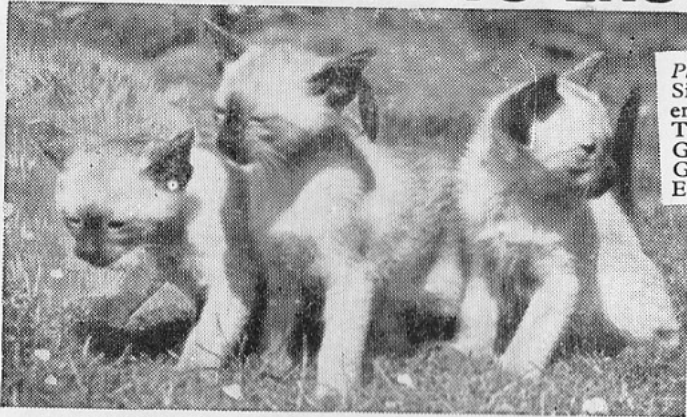
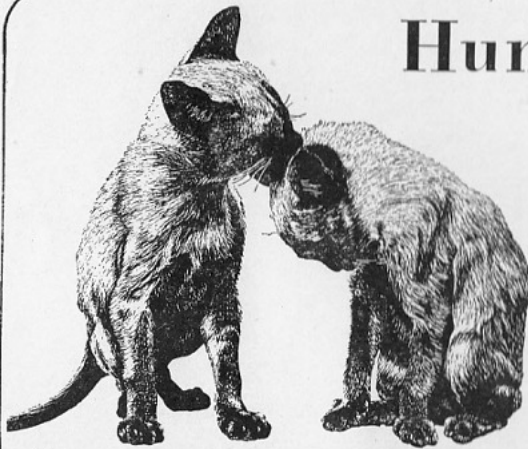


Photo shows prizewinning Siamese kittens, the property of Mr. and Mrs. S. R. Terry, Camier's Cattery, Green Farm, Stebbing Green, nr. Chelmsford, Essex.

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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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General Offices : **33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY**

Telephone: **DERBY 45216**

MARCH, 1952

## EDITORIAL

THE recent experience of a well known exhibitor and breeder who was alleged to have paid a deposit on another breeder's kitten, only to have it returned when a sale abroad at a much higher figure matured, gives good reason for this explanation of the position

COMMERCIAL LAW AND CATS,

By N. C. W. EDGE.

Reprinted from "Our Cats," April, 1934.

If you are proposing to buy or sell a cat, and contemplate dealing with the matter by means of the post, it is as well to remember that a correspondence between two parties by letters may contain an agreement which will produce a contract as binding as if formally drawn up and signed by the parties.

In communicating by letter through the post, the general rule is that, as between the sender of a letter and the person to whom it is addressed, the post office is the agent of the sender. If you write that you are willing to buy the cat at the price named, there is no sufficient acceptance of your offer unless and until the seller receives your letter.

The cover photograph is of **PYMBLE BLUE POPPET**, ten weeks old Persian, breeder Mrs. Price Hawkins. Photo by Verena

But this must be noted: the law says that where the circumstances are such that it must have been within the contemplation of the parties that, according to the ordinary usages of mankind, the post might be used as a means of communicating the acceptance of an offer, whether or not the offer was itself made by post, the acceptance is complete as soon as it is posted. If, owing to the letter of acceptance being delayed in the post—provided that it has been correctly addressed and posted—the other party has made other arrangements, the sender of the letter would have a right of action, as he is not responsible for any delay or failure on the part of the post office.

An offer may be revoked at any time before it has been accepted, but to be effective it must be communicated to the other party. If, after having written and offered to buy a cat for a certain sum, you change your mind and write a further letter, saying that you withdraw your offer, it will be of no avail if the owner of the cat has already posted an acceptance of your original offer. Although the letter of revocation may have actually been posted before the letter of acceptance, it may very well not be delivered until after the posting of the acceptance.

An offer can be revoked even though it expressly gives a fixed time for acceptance. For instance, if the owner of the cat about which you are negotiating says: "I will keep the offer open for four weeks," it does not prevent him from revoking his offer before the four weeks are up, unless, of course, the offer has been accepted in the meantime. The reason for this is because there is no consideration for the offer. If you paid a small sum of money for the privilege of having time to consider the offer, the owner of the cat would have to wait until the agreed time had expired, and could not in the interval start dealing with another party.

Before contemplating a deal in a valuable animal, a knowledge of the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, may be useful. An important section of this Act says that a contract for the sale of any goods ("goods" include animals) is not enforceable unless either the buyer accepts part of the goods sold—you might, of course, be buying several cats—and actually receives the same, or gives something in earnest to bind the contract or in part payment, or some note or memorandum in writing on the contract is made and signed by the party to be charged or his agent in that behalf.

## CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

### PURRAGRAPHS AND FURBABY VERSES.

Guy Bogart of Beaumont, California, who broadcasts weekly on the American KFOX Long Beach, California, radio about cats, has sent us a copy of his latest booklet with this intriguing title.

Your Editor often receives letters from this amazing animal lover and never fails to marvel at the signature to the letters which always read "Joyously yours, Guy Bogart." One paragraph of his book "At the Altar of Bast" probably explains "joyously yours" and I should like to quote it:

"And the voice from the heart spoke: Seven days shall you work and it will be fun, for you shall work, even as the mystic kittens, untrammelled and for the joy of the Service and the Love of Life: and each friendly purr shall be a prayer of gratitude and each Smile of friendly friends-on-the-path shall be a cheering cup of crystal water. And Rest shall walk with you even as you serve."

"Keep me and my companions, the cats, and my friendships ever in my realm of Love—Minutia Isle, sun-blest in the expanse of the Sea of

Joy, where winding Trails of Trivia lead to hourly adventures—where every second is a drama, and every hour a Dawn to fresh portals of incarnation—where Dreams are Reality and Life purrs full and good.

"LIFE, whether infinite or just Life, help me to have the patience of the Mother Cat in whatever evolution we are treading the Trivia Trails of Minutia Isle, with the warm, healing waves of the Sea of Joy washing its shores. Grant that pearl-pure shells of coiled love and polished pebbles of peace may seek the sands of golden beaches, and that the shade of Friendship may shelter my pathway and those who sit with me at the Oases of Triumph. I ask not for Faith, for I AM FAITH, and while I know nothing, yet I KNOW LIFE IS and that within its being I Am, and, that Happiness has spoken in low whispers of calm as in stormy winds of combat on the spiralled way, and that no matter how far I travel I carry Minutia Isle with me. I have nothing to ask of LIFE, save the joy of being ever thankful, and that with my Furbabies I may sleep in the sunlight and play my working hours."



## ON COMMITTEES.

The time of the year has now arrived when cat clubs have asked their members to nominate candidates for the committees and are now sending out ballot papers to elect new members or to re-elect old ones for the committees of the clubs concerned. It is amazing to notice how much the "old hands" scoff and scorn the would-be aspirants to places on the club committees—"What on earth they want to be on the committee for, I don't know." "Why there's always such a mad scramble to get on the committee I can't understand," and yet how upset these people would be if they were not on the said committees themselves. They say much about all the hard work of the committees and none of the half-pence that they receive, threaten to resign, but never go further than that.

There is alleged to be a great deal of apathy displayed by club's members in the election of officers to conduct the affairs of the club, and there is much talk by the "big wigs" about the dangers of what has been called "touting for votes" and what is called by the more reasonable but not completely worldly ones, "canvassing for votes," but do they ever see the other side of the picture?

A club I have in mind was in the habit of sending out a circular letter to all the members stating that the time was approaching for nominations for the committee and inviting such nominations to be made by a certain date. Now, this club employs as its official organ a certain fanciers' publication, well read by certain fanciers, but certainly not read by more than, at the most, 10 per cent of this club's members. A notice is inserted in this publication saying that this would be the only notification of the impending election of officials and that the nominations had to be in by a certain day. Well, is this "playing the game" with the remaining 90 per cent of the members of the club?

Then again, these pundits consider it is *infra dig* to use an election manifesto and that to let the members of the club know why they are supporting a candidate is not done and is equivalent to touting or canvassing. It is the duty of every candidate for the committee of a club to let the electors have his or her reasons for seeking the votes of the members, and it ought to be the duty of the club's officers to see that each candidate prepares an election manifesto to be placed before the members, and also to see that each member of the club is given ample opportunity of knowing the time of the

election, and of nominating and voting.

In this manner it might be possible to get the clubs run by some new blood. It is a curious fact that if one were to go through the list of committee members of a great many clubs, the same names would crop up over and over again, and one would be left thinking if the interests of each member of each one of those clubs could be looked after by a person devoting so much time to so many.

## FELINE DISTEMPER.

Of all the diseases to which cats are prone Feline Distemper is the most common and least understood. Related slightly to Canine Distemper, just as contagious, it is not to be confused with that which dogs have and the cat cannot be infected from the dog or vice versa.

Most cases of Distemper appear to be a common cold at first, and a lot of people who have exhibited cats at shows know that sometimes epidemics of this occur, and this is often referred to as "show fever." The first symptoms are watery eyes and a running nose, the cat sneezes fairly often and sometimes shivers. The cat must be kept suspect immediately these symptoms appear

and must be isolated from others. It should be kept in close proximity to a hot water bottle, and should be given small and frequent meals of appetizing food. If it refuses to eat, it should be fed with a small spoon with Brands Extract of Beef. The trouble usually brings in its train other trouble such as acute inflammation of one or both eyes, inflammation of the throat and nose, and sometimes the Distemper germ stays in the throat and the cat dribbles at the mouth and however badly it wants to eat is afraid to do so.

The sulfa drugs and penicillin are the usual remedies employed by the veterinary surgeon, but nothing can replace the terrific care and attention and warmth which do more than anything to bring about recovery.

## WHEN CATS GROW OLD.

I should say that a cat usually lives to an average age of ten years. There have been a few cases of cats aged eighteen years old, and I have heard of Siamese male cats siring at the age of fifteen years, but all this is very exceptional. Cats do not grow old and decrepit as old dogs do. A dog often goes grey with old age, but I have



# AN ACROBATIC CAT

By FREDA BLACK

HAS anyone ever given an authoritative answer to Alice's question, "Do cats eat bats?"

Well, the answer is—"Yes."

The puss who answered the question for me was an African cat. No, he was not black, but the very common tabby and white mixture to which cats in general seem to revert when left to themselves—at least in Africa.

His name was Mjana Kheri, which means Bringer of Good Tidings, and he was attached to a Mission. It was the missionaries' custom to say their private evening prayers in church, just about dusk—for two reasons. One was a reason of place, and one was a reason of time. African-built houses make no pretensions to privacy. There is no front-door bell or knocker. An African never imagines he can be *de trop*, so he shouts "Hodi!" and walks in with a cheerful smile, and stays as long as he likes.

The time reason is that at 5.30 p.m. the day's activities may be considered over, and there is a free hour before bath and dinner. Later on in the tropical night one's brain is too tired for spiritual exercises.

Now dusk is the hour when the bats begin to wake and flit about. They were so numerous in this Church that a large dust

sheet had to be spread over the sanctuary carpet at 5 o'clock every evening and shaken out in the morning. There were no lamps in the Church, and the missionaries used to take their safety-lanterns, as it would be dark when they came out, and snakes were to be feared. They set the lanterns, turned low, on the floor, and this drew the bats to fly low. Now was Mjana's hour. He ran up and down with plaintive "Mew," which he never used at any other time, stalking the whirring object that fluttered at about six or seven feet from the ground. Suddenly a flash of white streaked up into the air and then—a business-like scrunching and no more whirring.

A dignified ecclesiastic on a visit was so intrigued by this astonishing performance, that he admitted that his devotions had been entirely upset. He asked if there was a circus every night.

In his youthful days Mjana used to leave a little portion of his prize in the middle of the Church like a dutiful sacrifice. But something or somebody conveyed to his tidy mind that this was not appreciated, so later he would finish it all up "with the bones and the beak," and "leave not a wrack behind."



MEET THE BREEDERS

## BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB

THE seventh championship show held at Derby on January 11th by the Notts. and Derby Cat Club was a huge success. Mr. J. H. A. Martin and Mr. Felix Tomlinson were joint show managers, and they must have felt very gratified at the result of their labours.

There was a record entry of blue adults and I do not know when I have seen such an array of first class exhibits. The judges' task was not a very enviable one! Each exhibit I am sure was worthy of a prize. They were all looking lovely and so beautifully penned.

It was a very happy day, and I enjoyed every minute of it, as I am sure did everyone. Mrs. Joan Thompson came back to "Ronada" and spent the night with us, and we chatted until the wee small hours. The following morning my "pussy family" were all on view, including Ch. Astra of Pensford, who I am sure was pleased to see his breeder.

Now the show season is at an end queens will be being sent to studs for mating, and I would like to mention here—Please see that your queen is sent in a warm, roomy recep-

tacle, and that it is properly addressed. Make sure you state that the receptacle contains a "live cat" for urgent delivery. If possible try and get your pet on a train that goes straight through to its destination. I know this is not always possible, but if the times of departure and arrival are clearly stated on the labels it helps a great deal.

I am sure readers will be pleased to know that Mrs. Bradley of West Bridgford, Notts., is now out of hospital. She is still confined to her bed, but is making steady progress. She was very disappointed to miss the Notts. and Derby Show, as she is always such a willing worker. Mr. Bradley has a rather nice queen that he hopes to exhibit next season. Her name is Blue Poppet. She is out of Westbridge Rosemary, the sire Oxleys Smasher.

Will owners of queens who wish to send them to Oxleys Smasher or Ch. Astra of Pensford, please note that they will *not* be at service on the 25th to the 29th of April, as my husband and I will be away at Brighton for those four days.



## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

AS I write the weather is very cold, and the gravel between the house and the cat houses is a sea of ice, just like it was last year when I slipped and fractured my wrist. I am quite scared, and walk like a cat on hot bricks.

The cats' food must be warmed before it is served in the cold weather. It is surprising how very cold food can get even when it is kept in the kitchen. I usually leave the meat in the pan in which it was roasted, and thoroughly warm it through before cutting it up. I am sure our cats appreciate warm food as much as we do in winter. Whilst on the subject of cat meat, several of my toms have had bad stomach upsets after eating it. I have found the best treatment is to give three Dimol A tablets a day, one before each meal, for two days, and then Kaylene-ol, one teaspoonful three times a day before food until the trouble clears up. The cat should be kept warm, and on a light diet. Arrowroot or any other starchy food is good if he will take it. Tender rabbit and gravy or lightly boiled white fish is also good. When the trouble is entirely cleared up, I suggest a course of halibut

liver oil capsules to bring the coat back into condition.

Do not forget to dry your cat's feet after his run. It prevents a cold.

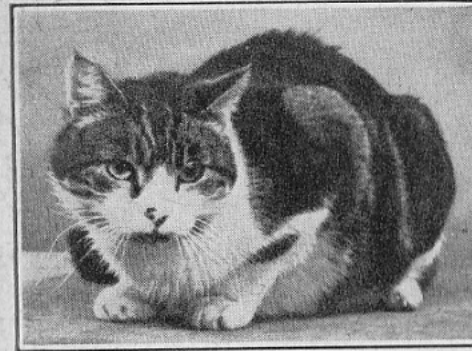
If your queen does not prove in kitten, do not wait six months, or until the stud owner has forgotten all about it, ring up and make another arrangement to bring your queen to stud, and then, on arrival, announce she did not have kittens. This is most annoying. The stud owner should be informed at the time if later you are going to expect another mating. In the absence of any other information, she is justified in concluding the mating was successful and crossing it off her books.

The new stud list arrived to-day, containing one hundred and one seal-point Siamese at stud. Only four are champions, and one of these lives in Cyprus. Does anyone send queens to Cyprus to be mated?

My Burmese queen Ch. Laos Cheli Wat has been mated to Casa Gatos da Foong. Her last litter, by Chinki Yong Zahran, was six males and one female. This time, I hope it will be the other way round as so many people are waiting for

Please turn to page 10

## "OLD BILL"



"POOR Bombed Billy, otherwise Old Bill, appeared from nowhere during the first bombing of Kensington, and took up his abode with the Heavy Rescue Squad in Kensington Square. He lived with them during the V.1's and V.2's. When they disbanded he was again homeless; he haunted the place uttering lamentable cries, and we fed him in some tumble down sheds. He found his way up to our flat roof, where I made him a Peter Pan house, and here he lived and was fed going about his own lawful, or unlawful, occasions.

When we found him he was just a bag of bones, filthy and dejected and although he became fat and well kept he still preferred his attic room, but we were told by our neighbour that when we went out he could be seen peeping over the parapet, and finding the coast clear, used to come in through the window and sit in front of our stove, leaving when he heard our key in the lock.

During the summer he sunned himself on the roof and was very friendly. That winter was very severe, however, and several times on our return home we discovered that he had left us a present of some "rather cheap scent" to show his appreciation of home comforts. Knowing he was aged and that he had been quite happy during the past year,

we decided it would be kinder to have him painlessly put to sleep as his gifts were not conducive to our home comforts.

We therefore took him to our vet., first letting him have a very expensive meal. We said goodbye and left him. The following morning we were awakened by the telephone at a very early hour and, on answering it, were commanded by the vet. to come and collect our \*\*\*\*\* cat. On enquiry as to his having been put to sleep we were told that he had taken enough to put a man out, but had neutered beautifully! Needless to say, we rushed over and collected him, to find that on coming round he had wrought havoc in the hospital so angry was he!

We brought him home, and he disappeared for three days, presumably to tell all his friends about his operation! At the end of this time he returned and settled down as a semi-respectable member of society, to rule the household with a rod of iron.

Last year he suffered a stroke through middle ear trouble. I took him to his good friend our vet., who said after treatment that it was better to take him home and nurse him in his own surroundings and she thought he would be O.K. He couldn't stand and was very sorry for himself. I fed him every two hours through a syringe and he gradually improved.

To help his recovery I gave him Kit-zyme and when he was fully recovered he demanded his sweets. Now he has his daily ration, and, although the vet. puts his age at about fifteen he plays like a kitten. He goes for walks with the dogs and follows as well as they do, sometimes rushing ahead and sometimes lagging behind so that he may chase after them. He eats well and sleeps in bed with his head on the pillow. But he will never enter the bedroom by the door, always going out through the kitchen window, chasing round the roof, sounding like someone with hobnail boots on, and then coming in through the bedroom window which is high up and taking a flying leap on to the bed! He makes a dive right under the clothes and drops asleep at once."

\* This amusing story by Miss Kit Wilson, the well-known authority on Cats, is published by the makers of KIT-ZYME



**YOUR CATS AND MINE—***from page 8.*

females. Cheli was my first queen to call. I always think it starts the others off. Jonta has gone now to Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo to be mated. I hope she has another kitten like Ranya, but I want to keep a female this time.

We woke up to a white world this morning, which is not so good for the felines. However, the sun has shone brilliantly, so they were able to spend their time out in the garage, which faces south and has plenty of windows.

I should like to know if brindling is a sign of poor condition? Judges often put "in poor condition" if a cat has brindling on the muzzle, but I have myself had cats who had this brindling and yet appeared in good condition elsewhere. They ate plenty of good food and had the usual vitamin tablets. Does anyone know why some cats and even kittens have very dark points and others not?

The Southern Counties Cat Club held their annual show on January 28th at Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush. It was a very cold day, and I must say I did not feel enthusiastic when I had to rise at 3.45 a.m. However, an extremely kind husband transported me and my cats to the station, where a beautifully warm train was

just coming in. Mrs. Linda Parker joined me at Leicester, and the time passed very pleasantly. We took a taxi from St. Pancras Station to Lime Grove, where the taxi-driver, who thought we were going to the television studios, charged us twenty-two shillings and sixpence fare. This was sheer robbery, because exactly the same journey back cost eight shillings! After the Seymour Hall, Lime Grove looked very dingy.

There was a simply wonderful entry of Siamese adults and kittens. Thirteen adult males—seal-point, I should think the highest number entered in any show this season, but they did not show off to advantage as there were no double pens. Mrs. K. R. Williams, the show manager, told me there was not room for them, and that as the show is always so well filled, the time has come to consider a larger hall. I could not agree more.

Mrs. Williams is certainly to be congratulated on the running of the show, and the wonderful number of entries at a time of year when one could not really blame people for keeping their cats at home. The weather may have affected the gate somewhat, but I hope not.

Mrs. Burgess, breeder of Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo, won a second Challenge Certificate with her S.P. male, Bynes Romeo, as

did Mrs. Towe with her Hill-cross Melody. I hope both these ladies will have the good fortune to complete full championships for their cats early next season.

The Southern Counties is the last championship show of the season, and is the last I shall be able to visit. I am not sorry. I have been to most of the important shows this season and, as it entails so much travelling from Derby, I have got rather tired. I expect I shall be just as eager about it all by the time next show season starts.

I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Brice-Webb is still attending the hospital with her finger, which was so badly bitten by a cat at the show at Derby on January 11th.

There has been a great deal of illness this year amongst the

cats, especially enteritis after shows. There is very little hope of recovery when cats or kittens get this dread disease, and it is advisable not to show cats or kittens which have not been inoculated. There has also been a particularly virulent form of distemper, and many valuable cats have died in spite of skilled veterinary treatment, and the fact that distemper does not as a rule prove fatal. In America, I believe, Aureomycin, as for humans, has been used with startlingly good results, though I have not heard of any vet. using it here.

We shall all be contemplating our breeding plans for this season. Let us always strive to go forward, and each year try to breed a better cat. If our failures and disappointments of the past season teach us something, they will not have been in vain.

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# A MONTHLY MISCELLANY

## ELSIE KENT'S NEWSLETTER

LIME Grove filled to overflowing, Southern Counties Cat Club, last championship show of the season. Rose at crack of dawn. Do household chores, stoke fires for day, feed cats and kittens, send child off to school, and get visiting queen mated. Freezing hard, with roads like glass, so travel from Wood Street to Guildford in bus which is late. Debate whether to dash for Green Line coach or to station for fast train. Country buses, for no apparent reason, never connect with any other form of transport. Lose both, as bus arrives too late for either. To town in slow train, reaching show hall half an hour after judging has commenced and am presented by kind committee with a pink carnation! Charming gesture, but something to pour down the throat might have been more acceptable at that particular moment.

Think of certain paragraph from letter received that morning from L. H. Kent basking in winter sunshine at Ventnor, and who has made a valiant but fruitless attempt to prevent my attendance. "Your reference to not letting people down I suppose is meant to infer that some exhibitors of

inferior stock are relying on you to tie ribbons and rosettes on their worthless animals, which would otherwise go unrewarded. That's judging, I believe, in the most honest and unbiased manner. It is amazing to think what people who are ordinarily quite sane will do once they become firmly planted in the cat world."

However, that pearl of stewards, Mrs. Price, is awaiting me, and we get going. Siamese kittens present no great difficulty. Mrs. Varcois' lovely little male Sukianga Sirocco, who afterwards became best Shorthair kitten in show, ran off with most of the honours. I found adults, fortunately I did not have many, difficult. Most of them were in first class condition, as I always think they are at this particular show. Mrs. Towe's fine typey queen, Hillcross Melody, won her second challenge certificate, and so did Mrs. Burgess' Bynes Romeo. Hard luck for them to have to wait until next season for the third.

Mollie Lamb's winning kitten Pincop Simon made his debut as an adult. I do not think I have ever seen such eye-colour. Glancing through the new stud

list, I discovered his sire, Dalewood Koterura, is a natural brother to my Gitto, whose dam Petite was litter sister to Bebe, and both queens were mated to Penybryn Mont.

I was taken to task by a lady whose kitten I put down because of its bad kink. She insisted the kink was allowed, and I admit a small one is, but even so one has to take the rest of the animal into consideration. I should say a good percentage of the Siamese exhibits did have kinks, which after some years of perfectly straight tails, are creeping back. I had a long conversation on this subject with Mrs. Hindley, who knows more about kinks than anyone, and we were both of the opinion that the standard of points should be altered to either allow a kink of any size or kind or the cat must have a long whip tail without one. It would certainly simplify matters for judges, or would it?

Letter sent to me via Kathleen Yorke. "I bought two Seal Point Siamese. They are in my inexperienced opinion excellent cats, having good coats and markings, and beautiful eye colour, etc. The female has the most gentle disposition imaginable, but the boy appears to be a rogue. If a person of the male sex comes within yards of him he becomes foul-tempered, and if given the

chance, attacks. Can you please tell me if this vicious streak is common to all Siamese males or have we unfortunately got an unusually jealous fellow?"

Further enquiries tell me the cats are ten months old, brother and sister, still entire, and were sold at the age of six weeks, without any information of what would happen when they grew up being given to the purchaser. Hastily I wrote at length telling the owner what to expect any moment now, and hardly had I done so, when the telephone gave me news it had, in fact I heard the resounding love calls myself. A pretty problem for the buyer. What I would do with this kind of breeder is nobody's business. She is *not* a member of the Siamese Cat Club. I just could not help about the bad temper, or rather nerves. The Siamese is really vicious—there is a reason for it, but what, without actually having the cats, is hard to say.

Seven years ago Shah-Pashah produced seven kittens, sired by that grand old cat Ch. Pita, six girls and a boy. This boy went north to be the pet of the Misses Padgett, was christened Theo, and lived happily ever after. In November last year he departed, to their great grief, for the happy hunting grounds. Last week,



Theo Padgett II, great-grandson of Shah, travelled to Yorkshire, where Peter, the white peke, and bosom friend of Theo the first, awaited him, especially bathed and complete with blue bow. I was a little apprehensive of the kind of reception Peter would get from Baby Theo, who had never seen a dog in his life. "To-day I feel I would like you to know how Baby Theo is settling down. The train arrived exactly on time. He mewed all the way home, on arrival I opened the box and found he was as warm as toast. After a wee meal of Farex and meat, he went straight to his toilet in his tray of your peat moss. Peter was friendly in a dignified way, but Theo spat and arched his back. Friday he settled a little more and tolerated Peter. Saturday he was friendly, and played with Peter's tail. He is a sweet, dainty, little creature, and I feel sure they will soon be firm friends." So do I.

Telephone call last week from heartbroken owner of Siamese just returned from abroad, whose pet had just died in quarantine. Will anyone wishing to bring cats into this country from abroad which will be subject to six months' quarantine please write to me before doing so. Many people are ignorant of these regulations, and what it entails, and I will do my best to assist them.

I must still beg to differ with our Editor on the subject of showing one's champions. I just can't see what difference it can make whether an exhibitor knows what he is up against or not. If your cat can't beat Ch. So-and-so, obviously it cannot be so good, and cats do not miraculously become super specimens just because the competition isn't there. But we can't all think alike, controversy is the breath of life to any newspaper, and so long as it does not descend into an inaccurate slanging match, let us have it by all means.

## SIAMESE CATS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

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## KITTENCAT, HIS HARE, HIS CROW, AND HIS DIK-DIK

and how the Hare, the Crow, and the Dik-Dik all lived short lives, but how Kittencat came to England where he still is

By HENRY DOBINSON

KITTENCAT was taken too soon from his mother and brought to our cottage in Abyssinia in a ridiculously small box, yet in which all his fellow-litter might have found room. He was not an Abyssinian cat, though later on in his life we saw some trace in him of that breed, but just a common white kitten. Indeed, at Addis Ababa I never saw any Abyssinian cats and never knew what they were until some years after my return to England I saw some at the Crystal Palace. As those in England are said to be descended from two brought back after the Battle of Magdala, I can only think that they are found only in the north of the present Abyssinia, being, so the book says, "a rufous edition of the Egyptian cat."

Kittencat mewed piteously two long nights and a day, bringing me often out of bed on journeys begun in anger and finished in love, to give him his bottle. In a few days, however, he began to lap milk

and then to eat meat as though he were the most experienced of carnivores; by this time the cottage was his and the sunlight which came through the door, but the outside world was forbidden to him, for hawks might have easily carried off his conspicuous but small person.

Even at this early age Kittencat began to acquire property. A leveret, found on a shooting expedition, was given to him and called "His Hare." The two, both the same size, now slept and lived together, but the timid little hare never learnt kitten games and sought nothing from Kittencat but cuddling warmth. Alas, one morning when I went to the hutch, in which Kittencat kept his hare, and looked at the pretty picture of the kitten and hare nestling up together, the stillness of the picture made me put down my hand, and I found that the little hare was quite cold and was nothing now but Kittencat's pillow. It is a strange

thing, but young hares, rabbits and guinea-pigs often die quietly without any visible cause.

The next companion given to Kittencat was a black and white crow brought to me, when it could hardly fly, by one of the boys. Kittencat by this time was agile enough to be allowed the run of his garden, with no fear now of hawks, but only of the pelting rain which comes down continuously in the rainy season.

The crow (he was never called anything else but "the crow" or "the rook") was a companion to Kittencat vastly different from the hare. He had Kittencat under control at once. He would hop round Kittencat until he could seize hold with his terrible beak of an ear, or a tail, which he would mercilessly twist when he had seized it. Kittencat soon became too sharp to allow this, and, as he grew older, would have his revenge by stalking the crow, pouncing out on him, and making absurd arch-bodied hair-bristling retreats until he had him fluttering. Once on the flutter, the victory was complete until such time as Kittencat would let the crow rest, but often, if Kittencat himself went off his guard, he would have one of his ears severely nipped and tweaked.

These two therefore grew apace. They went everywhere together in an alternation of feline and corvine supremacy. Tugs of war for a piece of meat were specially arranged for spectators. The crow now became an accepted member of the family. He would start the day by leaving his roost outside, jumping up upon the windowsill of the *tukal*, and announcing his presence with a raucous caw. In a few minutes, after the cawing had been much repeated, he would come hopping over the floor and jump upon the bed, where he would grunt and chatter, clearly showing by the movements of his eyes and head that these sounds were addressed to me. He liked to have his head scratched, but seemed to think that dignity required his making ferocious, loud-sounding snaps with his beak, which I soon learnt were more bark than bite. Not so, however, when in an idle moment I placed him on my shoulder, for then he slyly seized my ear and, not content with merely getting hold of it, began to twist it as the best means of inflicting mischievous pain. At sunset the crow's whole air of bravado and swagger would melt away. Wherever I was, he would find me, and, were I sitting in a chair, he would hop up upon my chest and, with no snapping but a gently crooning beak,



would try to tell me that with the setting sun I must put him to bed on his roost, to which he could easily have gone himself. If I took no notice of him, he would put his head down and nestle under my chin on my coat.

Kittencat and the crow now began to have new games. One could be started if a piece of paper, screwed up in a ball, were thrown on the floor. The crow would take no notice of the paper if Kittencat were not near, but if so, he would at once seize it and strut about, challenging Kittencat to take it away from him. At times, when Kittencat might himself be playing with any small object, and the crow came upon the scene, he would at once dart in, and if not unduly "fluttered" by the kitten's rushes, seize the object and fly away with it, only to come back immediately to taunt the kitten with its possession.

Alas, another tragedy was approaching. One of the natives passing by and seeing a crow walking about, threw a stone with great accuracy, as is usual in those parts, and broke the crow's leg. A splint was made of a roll of cardboard, put on the leg wet, and bound round with cotton, so that after he had been confined some time to his roost, Kittencat's crow was soon as snappy

and active as before. He could not have been a better patient while under treatment and seemed to understand all that I was doing for him. Another tragedy, this time fatal, however, soon followed, for, having of necessity to be away some distance for a fortnight, I came back to receive the report that a hawk had killed the crow. This was not an impossibility, but I never felt quite sure but that one of the natives, who seemed to regard the crow, if not as an evil beast, at least as an unfitting domestic animal, had done away with him; it would not be one of my own servants who had done this thing, but one from the other houses, and my servants would desire to shield him with the story of the hawk.

Now, at last, Kittencat became a cat, and kept of his kittenhood only his name. His admixture of Abyssinian blood could be seen in the peculiar ticking of his fur, which though white in general had peculiar ginger tips to the hairs, forming a donkey-mark down the middle of his back. Having lost his friend, he sought others in the compound, which now became "his compound," where, the rainy season departed, he would lie about in his sun, spoil the work of his gardener, and only at nights come hissing

*Please turn to page 33*

### CANDID COMMENTS—

*from page 5*

seen Persian cats looking in marvellous coat and in fairly good colour at quite an advanced age. Signs of old age in a cat are yellowish staining of the teeth, the hair sometimes becomes denuded from round the eyes, the old cat is much more careful about going on marauding expeditions and keeps to the house a great deal more.

A point for cat owners to look to is to see that their older cats get their food cut up by scissors into small pieces, it is more digestible, and as the older cat's teeth are poor it does not make it necessary for it to break up its food before it can eat it.

### ON A CAT AGEING.

"He blinks upon the hearth-rug  
and yawns in deep content,  
Accepting all the comforts  
That Providence has sent.

Louder he purrs, and louder,  
In one glad hymn of praise  
For all the night's adventures,  
For quiet, restful days.

Life will go on for ever,  
With all that cat can wish:  
Warmth and the glad procession  
Of fish and milk and fish.

Only—the thought disturbs him—  
He's noticed once or twice,  
That times are somehow breeding  
A nimbler race of mice."

ALEXANDER GRAY.

### LOOKING BACK.

From "Cats and Kittens"  
issue of January, 1937.

"The new hon. secretary of the Experimental Cat Breeders' Society is Mrs. E. Hart, whose address is Beth, Norrel's Drive, East Horsley, Surrey. The secretaryship could not be in better hands, as Mrs. Hart is possessed of unlimited tact and patience, as all who have the pleasure of knowing her will agree. Anyone interested in the experimental breeding of cats should write to Mrs. Hart without delay. The more onerous her duties as secretary the more she will like it."

"We regret to announce that Mrs. Veley, Vice-President of the Siamese Cat Club, has passed away. She was the pioneer breeder and exhibitor of Siamese in this country. Her brother, Mr. Owen Gould, brought her a pair of cats from Siam in 1884: and the progeny of these cats had a sweeping victory at the Crystal Palace in 1885. Ever since then, until about a year ago, Mrs. Veley has kept and bred Siamese, and, until prevented by constant ill-health, was a member of the committee and a well-known and popular figure at all the leading shows."



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

Chatham,  
Kent.

Dear Editor,

Imagine my delight when seeing the photograph of your stud Siamese Sco-Ruston Galadima in a recent edition of "Cats and Kittens."

The enclosed snap is of my female Siamese Ching-a-ling, bred by Mrs. U. Bowen of Nottingham. Ching's father is Sco - Ruston Galadima, so, having told you that, you will understand the interest I have towards your cat.

Ching is most intelligent and a delightful companion, in spite of all the mischief she manages to get into. Her eye colour is excellent, but unfortunately she has a pronounced kink in her tail, so I haven't attempted to show her. She loves travelling—providing she can be admired by everyone—in other words—no basket for Ching-a-ling on such occasions!

I do hope you will give me the pleasure of seeing her photograph in your magazine.

Here's wishing you every success with your cats in future shows.

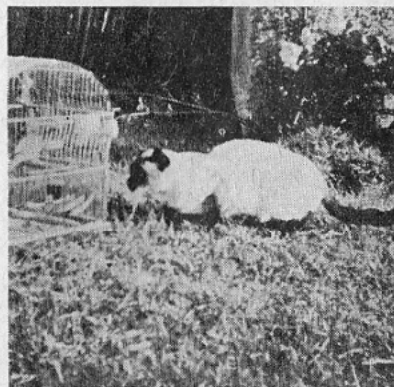
Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. E. Baker.

P.S.—Ching's age is 1 year 8 months.

Dear Editor,

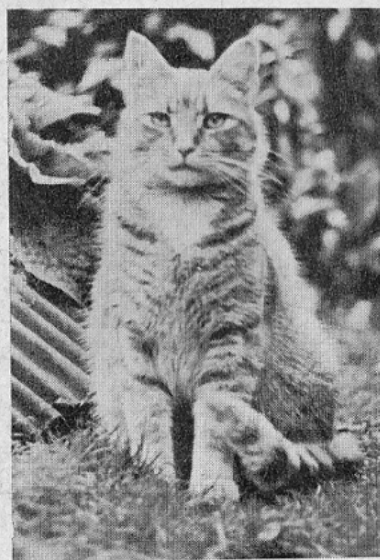
I do hope you will be able to reproduce one of the enclosed photographs of my very much loved sandy cat in "Cats and Kittens." He is a beautiful large cat, nearly four years old, by name Honey Bunkins. He has a lovely thick coat, beautifully marked, and a very long tail with ten clearly defined rings. When he is very pleased he will arch this wonderful tail over his back, and it nearly reaches his ears! I think he is almost the most intelligent of many dearly loved cats I have owned in the past. He has a language all his own, and can indicate his wishes in an unmistakable and lordly manner.



Ching-a-Ling

Kew Gardens,  
Surrey.

## TO THE EDITOR



Honey

I do not want to take up too much of your valuable space, but I must mention just one of his most amusing characteristics. He gets very excited over shoes, stockings and feet! He may seem fast asleep on my bed, but if I begin to take off my shoes down he jumps, starts to purr loudly, rubs round the shoes in ecstasy, then round the stockings, finally trying to lick my feet, all the time threading his way round my legs in a figure eight! I wonder if anyone else's cat has this strangely attractive habit?

I like your magazine so much, and look forward to it every month. I do hope I shall see my lovely Honey's photograph in it before long.

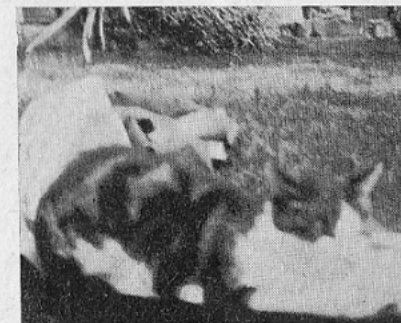
Yours sincerely,

(Miss) E. C. Moulds.

Cambridge,  
Cambs.

Dear Editor,

I have taken your magazine for nearly two years and each copy affords me great pleasure. I am sending you a snap of my cat, Little Weedley, taken last summer when he was eleven years old. He is still well and fit, and seems to be taking this cold winter in his stride. I do hope you will be able to print it, as we should all be so proud to see him in "Cats and Kittens." I am sending you a stamped and addressed envelope so that I may have it



Little Weedley



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

back as it is the only one I have and the negative is lost, unfortunately.

When Little Weedley was seven months old he had a rare kidney disease from which the vet. thought he could not possibly recover. The vet. even came on a Sunday, looking very solemn, expecting, I think, that we were going to say that our little pet had died. Imagine the man's surprise when the little thing trotted up to him as if nothing had happened; that was after having been ill for a fortnight. The vet. warned us that the same illness would possibly recur, but it hasn't. Except for rheumatism and slight bladder trouble from which he recovered very quickly there has been nothing wrong since. So you see, I feel we have a right to be proud of our cat.

I am always interested in what you say about a cat's diet. I notice you mentioned in the current number that green vegetables were not good for them. I give ours fish, horse-flesh, and rabbit; when he requires greenery he goes in the garden and eats grass. You can see from the snap what a fine, glossy coat he has. I feel he is very wonderful for eleven and a half years old. Re diet,

several friends of mine who continually give their cats potatoes and green stuff are always having bother with cats' eczema. We've never had a similar trouble.

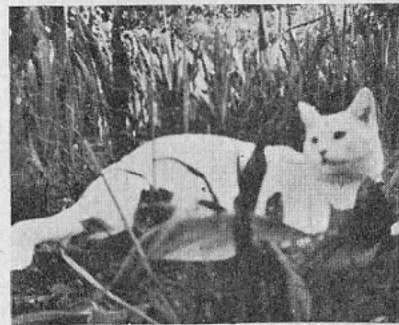
We are anxious to have a Siamese cat, but I do not think it would be kind to have one as well as Little Weedley, who is a very great pet and the only one. Judging from his reactions when I feed strays, I think he would be most unhappy. I wonder what other readers find about this.

Yours sincerely,  
Celia Dale.

Compton Durville,  
South Petherton,  
Somerset.

Dear Editor,

Would you like to publish Binkie's photo in "Cats and Kittens"? I think he would make a good cover picture



Binkie

## TO THE EDITOR

sometime, or inside. What think you?

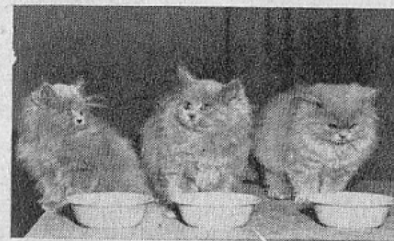
He is 1 year 9 months of age, and weighs 20lbs. His diet is fish, fish, fish. He is completely deaf, so I have the garden wired in to prevent him getting out, much to the disgust of Ming, his Siamese buddy, who would like to explore the world beyond his garden (both are neuters).

But it is a fair-sized garden, and has three apple trees for them both to climb, so they should be satisfied.

Mrs. Francis, of Low Knap, Halstock, Yeovil, who advertises in your Magazine, and who has boarded both my "family," suggested I send you Binkie's photo.

Yours sincerely,  
M. Harrop-Smith.

P.S.—Both my cats are Tailwavers.



"Who's been eating my porridge?"

Buchan Hill,  
Nr. Crawley,  
Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I have been a reader of "Cats and Kittens" for some years and thoroughly enjoy same. I wondered if the enclosed would serve as a cover picture or illustration. My three kittens were thoroughly disgusted when put down before three empty bowls to be photographed. I call it "Who's been eating my porridge?"

Yours sincerely,  
Grace Pond.

Riddlesdown,  
Purley,  
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of Anson Adam, Anson Belinda's son by Robin of Pensford. You very kindly published a photograph of him when he was three months old sent by his breeder, Miss Irene Statman, but he has grown into such a magnificent cat now at nine months, that I, as his new owner, thought perhaps you would find space to print this recent photograph of him. He came Reserve in the big Kitten Class at the Festival Show, and I am hoping to show him again later this year.



## LETTERS AND PICTURES



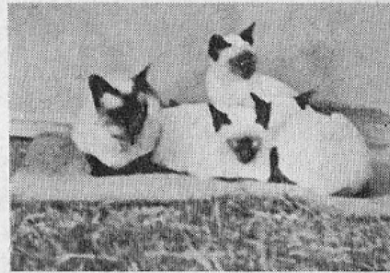
Anson Adam

Adam has lovely long thick fur, and the beautiful eyes of his mother, who won a cup for the best eyes. He weighs 11½ lbs., and has the sweetest nature imaginable, and is also very talkative. He loves his Kit-zyme tablets, and if he hears the jar being shaken, will rush from wherever he is, to sit up and beg for one.

I do hope you will find space to publish this photograph, and am enclosing stamps to cover return postage of it.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) Hilary E. Willins.

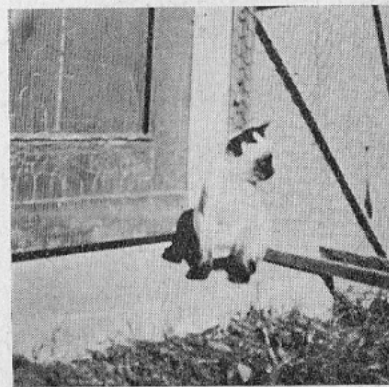


Chloe and Family

Dorking,  
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you could find room in your delightful magazine for enclosed photographs—Chloe and her family (she had seven) and her son Zeb, he can retrieve like a dog, Kittie and Grace, all very much loved, great pals with the home dogs. At the moment all are taking a great interest in an albino (unusual!) squirrel in our wood,



Zeb

## TO THE EDITOR

the others are grey. My first sire lived to be seventeen years.

Yours sincerely,  
Audrey Haley.

South Drive,  
Bournemouth.

Dear Editor,

I am a new reader to your magazine, which I find very interesting, as there are so many pictures of Siamese.

I returned last year from a holiday in Ceylon, where my brother and sister-in-law keep Siamese as pets. I bought one in June as a pet; but as I live in an upstairs flat, I am unluckily unable to have her in England, so I have now given her to my brother and sister-in-law.

She was from 5-7 weeks old in June, and was slightly

Misty and Sappho at Gurutalawa,  
Ceylon

fluffy then, and is still fluffy. I have seen photos. of young Siamese that look fluffy. One of the family of kittens had a short coat at 5-7 weeks, and short kinked tail, while Sappho had a longer coat.

Yours sincerely,  
Morwenna Hayman.

Burford,  
Oxon.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you would kindly give me some advice with this problem?

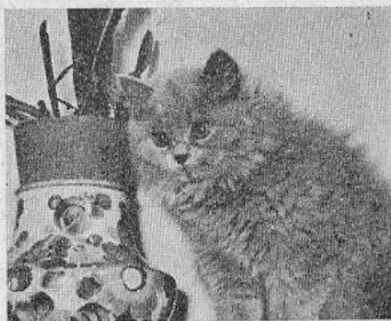
I had my Blue Persian female kitten Rougemont Elsa at nine weeks from Mrs. Classe of Starcross, a friend of Mrs. Prince, when she was house trained. She remained so for several weeks, when she suddenly refused to use her sanitary tray—except to pass water—and if she couldn't go out into the small garden used the sitting room carpet—indeed



Sappho



## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Rougemont Elsa

she sometimes does so even when the door into the garden is open. I have tried to persuade her to use the tray, but she jumps straight off and cries to go out. (Enamel tray, peat filled.)

When she has misbehaved, I scold her and give her a very gentle pat and put her on the tray. This does not upset her at all and she is especially gay afterwards.

I am at a loss to understand this as she seems so well and happy and not a bit nervous. She is just four months old.

I should be so grateful for any help you could give me.

Yours sincerely,

Nan Meadows,

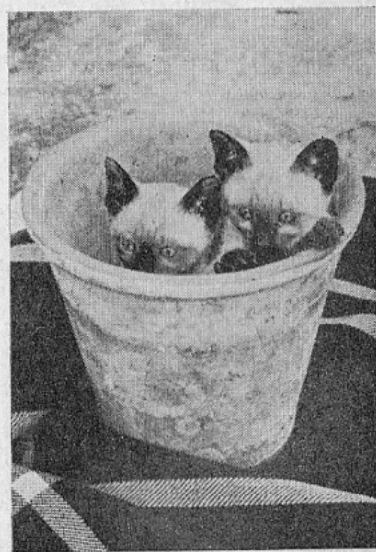
Queen's Sister.

P.S.—I enclose her photo., but should like it returned please.

Dear Miss Meadows,

It is a strange little problem concerning your Blue Persian kitten's sudden reluctance to use her sanitary tray as she should.

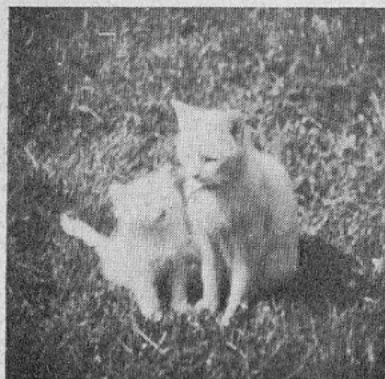
The only advice I can give you is that we once had similar trouble with a cat which was finally cured by our having several sanitary trays about, and we then found that providing the cat could find one tray which was clean and not in a used state, she was willing to use it, but would not use one she had previously soiled. After a time, and when the cat



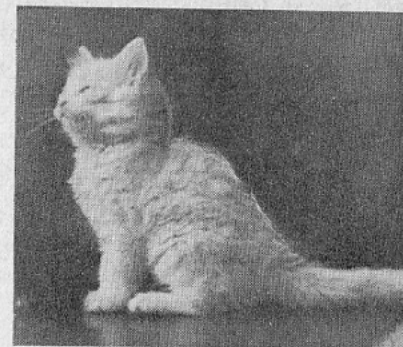
Photo—Mr. David Randell

Two Siamese kittens bred by Mr. F. W. Randell of Pontardulais, Swansea

## TO THE EDITOR



Pansy and Dinky and Snowy, Pets of Mrs. Irene Feather of Acomb, York



became adult, one tray was sufficient.

From the photograph it does seem to be a very good kitten, and we should like to retain the photo. for a while so as to use it a bit later on.

Editor.

Llaniestyn,  
Pwllheli.

Dear Editor,

I have a Blue Persian male cat which I am very worried about as I have paid a lot of money for him. I have written to his previous owner and she has advised me to write to you.

I bought him fifteen months ago as a kitten from Ashford, to rear for a future stud, but he has so far been terribly disappointing. Here are the symptoms of his illness and failure to thrive. He is very lean with a constant sort of

looseness of the bowels, his coat is very dull as if he still has his baby coat, and he is either too lazy to open his eyes or he cannot open them wide. They are quite sparkling, but he keeps them shut. He is not in pain, as he purrs all the time when spoken to. I used to have him in the house, but I have now put him in a box in the shed as I have a beautiful queen also, and she has always been fat with glossy fur and wide open eyes.

I would "please" very much like to know what to do with this valuable male. He is the son of Ch. Astra of Pensford, and would also like to know when to try and use him for service. He will be two years old in July. Our vets. around here know absolutely nothing about cats and small animals. I have tried to put down all the



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

facts, but I must add that once I treated him for worms, but he passed only a sort of jelly three successive times.

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) J. Thomas.

Dear Mrs. Thomas,

Your male Persian kitten should be siring by now as I see you bought him fifteen months ago as a kitten.

To clear up his tummy trouble I advise you to give him a course of Dimol A tablets, one first thing in the morning and another one in the early evening before his last meal of the day, continuing this for at least four days. From the other symptoms you describe, I suggest that you give him a course of Kit-zyme tablets at the rate of six a day, you could also give him one Halibut Liver Oil Capsule every morning.

I take it that you understand the procedure for an entire male is to advertise or get your friends to send you their queens when they are "calling," that is to say when they are in season. The fourth day of the "call" is the best time for mating. It would be advisable to be at hand as it is sometimes necessary to hold the queen fairly still by the back of the neck for the stud until he is more experienced. There are

usually two matings, but I should say for a Persian cat three matings would be necessary.

Editor.

Weymouth,  
Dorset.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you can help me with my pet. Sandy is a lovely semi-Persian cat, a neuter, aged 5½ years. He has continued good health, and is in excellent condition in every way, except that now he has a little trouble with one ear. He shakes his head at times and also puts his back paw in it, but I am sure is not in the slightest pain; he holds it a little to one side, and also scratches it as if it irritates.

For the past two years I have dusted his ears with a little Boracic Powder on cotton wool every two to three weeks, and in this way have kept them nice and clean and free from wax (this good advice I took from your magazine), but lately have noticed that one ear appears very dirty other than wax; the crevices seem to be filling up with something brownish in colour. The ear is quite dry, does not feel too hot, is not swollen and there is no running discharge or unpleasant smell.

## TO THE EDITOR

The condition of the ear looks very like, except not as bad, as they both were when I had Sandy as a three month old kitten.

After many visits to the vet. he was completely cured, and this is the first sign of any ear trouble since. I asked the vet. then, "Is it canker?" He replied, "No, but he has mites very badly."

I should be so glad of your advice as I am so keen to put his ear right before it gets any worse, and I hope I have given enough information to enable you to prescribe for him.

When the ear is cured, I should be glad to know if you recommend any treatment to try to prevent the trouble in the future.

Sandy leads a very healthy life as we have a large garden and field, and there are few other cats for him to mix with. I brush and comb him every night, and he lives on meat, fish and rabbit.

He is much too nervous to take to the vet., and this seems such a small matter to ask him to call for, especially if it is something I can manage myself.

I still enjoy your magazine very much, and thanking you for your helpful advice last year.

Yours sincerely,  
(Miss) Marion Jackson.

Dear Miss Jackson,

Thank you for your letter regarding Sandy, your neuter. There is not the least doubt from what you say that he has canker in the ear.

I think it is a very good idea to carefully clean a cat's ears once a week, and for this purpose one should have orange sticks, as used in manicure, and cotton wool. Taking a piece of cotton wool, a little swab can be made on the end of the orange stick by rotating this into the cotton wool, and then very carefully, but very thoroughly, each ear should be thoroughly cleaned out by this method including any and all of the crevices, then the ear should receive either Sherley's or Bob Martin's canker dressing.

At first, and until the trouble is cleared up, you would need to do this for at least once a day for two or even three days, thereafter each week would be sufficient.

Editor.



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

Wylde Green,  
Sutton Coldfield.

Dear Editor,

I have a Siamese she cat, six months old. She started her heats at three and a half months. During the three to five days which they last she seems to be in a greatly distressed condition. She howls and cries almost constantly and claws at doors and windows to get out. Her behaviour is so extreme we often wonder if she will throw a fit.

Is she abnormal in any way—or even if her behaviour is not out of the ordinary, is there anything we can give her to calm her?

And what is the best age and time for her to have kittens; how far apart should the litters be, and when, if at all, should she be doctored?

Yours faithfully,  
Ann Thomson.

Dear Miss Thomson,

Regarding your Siamese female which I notice is six months old.

The Siamese is really a most prolific cat, and is noted for the fact that it so soon attains maturity. Unfortunately, once

the "calling" starts it is likely to go on without abatement for about a week with a period of about ten to fourteen days respite before the whole thing starts all over again.

All the symptoms which you mention are just those which can be expected from a "calling" Siamese queen. It would not be wise to have her mated until she is nine months old, as by that age she could be considered adult, so that I am afraid you must be sure to keep her inside and try to put up with this noise until then. Most Siamese female owners have to buy freedom from this persistent "calling" by having their queens sent to stud, usually at least twice a year.

Editor.

Robertsbridge,  
Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you would be kind enough to help me as you have so many others in your wonderful little magazine.

I have a nine month old lovely strong neuter male cat, which is suffering from cystitis. The vet. has given him a penicillin injection into his bladder, and I have to insert penicillin three times a day.

## TO THE EDITOR

Simon is in great pain. My vet. says penicillin has taken the place of all drugs—can you please suggest anything I can give him to help now—and to save this trouble recurring.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) Roberta Barnett.

Dear Mrs. Barnett,

It is not unusual for a neuter male to suffer from cystitis, and I am sorry to say that there is nothing I can recommend other than penicillin for this trouble.

You might consider buying some Kaylene-ol, which is a rather heavy emulsion, which should be warmed and a teaspoonful given twice a day.

Editor.

Isle of Wight.

Dear Editor,

Have you ever heard of a neuter cat lifting his tail against a wall, curtain, or anything handy, and then performing No. 1! This cat, otherwise most cleanly in its habits, never was known to transgress until he developed this habit! Do you know any cure for it?

I think I should have addressed you as Dear Madam, please excuse. I have been a subscriber to your paper for the last four or five years, and hope to continue. With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,  
Florence Fitz-Gibbon  
(79 years).

Dear Miss Fitz-Gibbon,

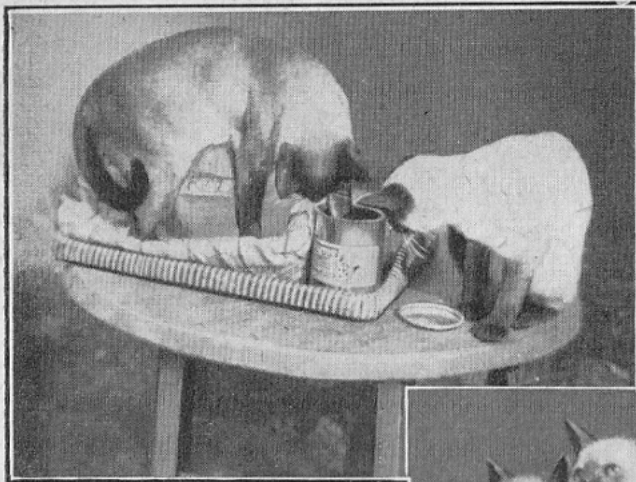
It is nice to have letters from our old and valued subscribers, and we are particularly happy to hear from you.

Regarding your problem neutered male. As you know, an entire male is always anxious to "spray" against the curtains, the grand piano, or anything that comes in handy, and the operation which your tom has had making him a neuter should have cut out all this performance.

I am rather afraid that it might be that he has gradually recovered in some small measure from his operation and is again showing all the symptoms of an entire male. I rather feel that you must ask your vet. to see him and give his opinion, and it might be necessary for him to take some action which would put this right.

Editor.





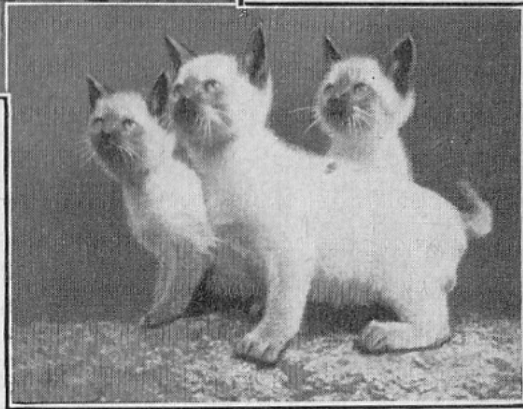
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### KITTENCAT, HIS HARE, HIS CROW, AND HIS DIK-DIK

—from page 18.

and spitting through the window when terrified by some hyaena, or perhaps by a fretful porcupine. But he had to leave his compound and travel three days in the train to the coast to accompany us to England, and it was in the train that he acquired new property in the form of a dik-dik. It is customary of the natives to bring to the train all manner of small mammals and both small and large birds, which they exchange not only for money but for empty bottles, tins, or anything which may be useful to them. The dik-dik, which was to be Kittencat's companion, was obtained for a small piece of silver. The little deer became tame at once and would run about our *coupe* bleating for its bottle, mildly frightened by Kittencat's stalking pounces.

The dik-dik was doomed, I am sorry to say, to early death, but before his end is related I must describe how Kittencat himself nearly met a fate which to him, brought up in the lap of luxury, would have been worse than death. At Jibuti

he was lost! Somebody left a door open of a room in which he was shut up and away he went into the streets. We made ourselves absurd to the cat-callous inhabitants of Jibuti calling "Kittencat, Kittencat" in the darkness, with tears in our eyes, which the darkness concealed, but no answering whiteness came bounding through the camels and goats lying thickly about. Disconsolate we went to our lodging-place, but when for a long time we had sat in silence and misery before an untasted meal, with a scurry, a miauw, Kittencat came bounding in, his purrs exceeding in volume even our loud cries of delight.

Kittencat went to sea with his dik-dik. They played about together on the deck, following me everywhere, the dik-dik bleating for his bottle or making stupendous leaps to escape Kittencat's continual attacks. And then the tragedy came, for the dik-dik licked paint and died, and was duly given burial in the waters.

As for Kittencat, he purred on the wrong bed one night and was relegated to the steeage, where he spent the day playing on the hatch cover and the



night in the lazaret with his Russian stowaway who had shipped himself when the ship left Shanghai.

He was woefully teased by small birds who came aboard off the Peninsula. Two of them kept perching on the hatch just out of Kittenkat's reach, fluttering away just in time

when Kittenkat, after immense preparations, constant adjusting of paws for a spring, many twitchings of mouth and movement of whiskers, would make a futile dart towards them.

Kittenkat is now in Surrey; he has other friends, but I do not know if they are his property.

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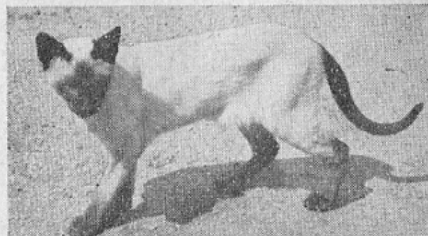
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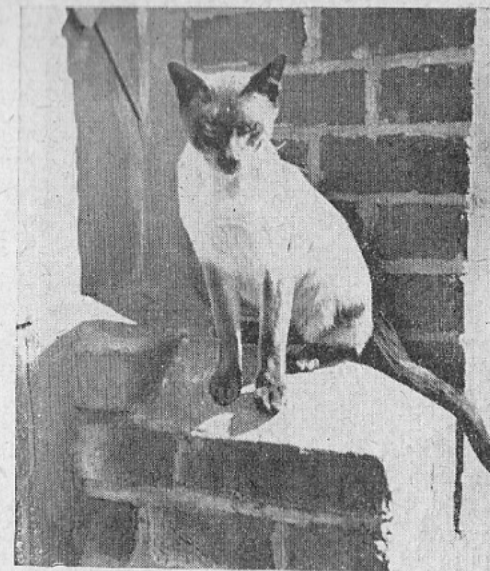
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