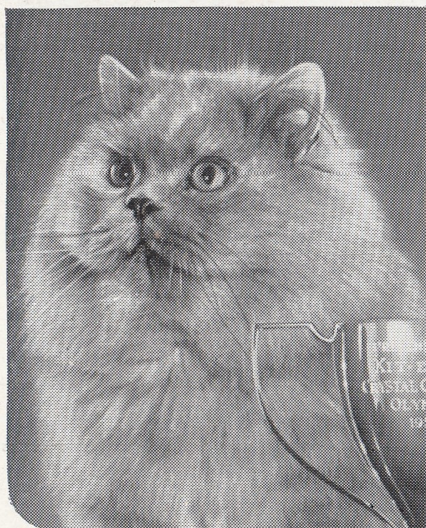


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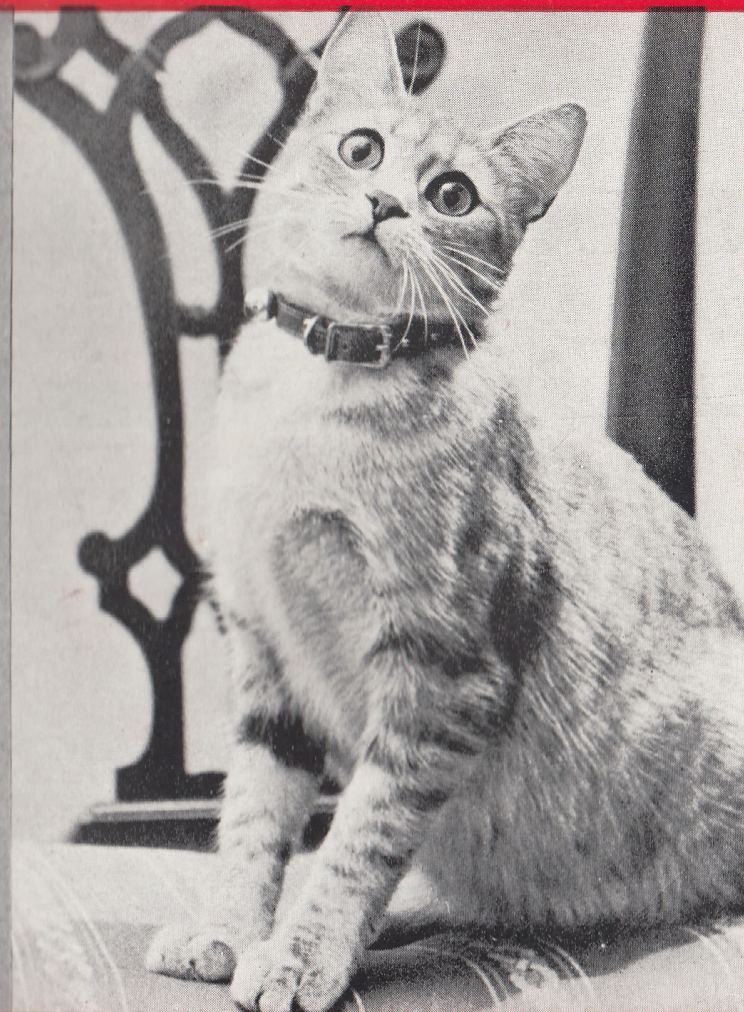
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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

MAY
1952

MONTHLY



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MAY, 1952

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

ARE HEATED CAT HOUSES NECESSARY ?

Now that the mild weather is here the question arises whether it is a good thing to have some form of heating in outside houses for cats. I have always considered that however severe the winters may be that it was bad policy to have some form of electrical or artificial heating in the cats' living quarters, because I considered that by the process of moulting in summer and the growing of a new dense coat for the winter, that the cat was sufficiently well equipped for

any variation in temperature, and if it were kept in artificial heating conditions for several winters it would indeed be likely to carry a less dense coat and would be less well prepared for outdoor conditions at that time of the year.

Usually it is entire males kept as stud cats which live in outdoor buildings, but sometimes, for convenience, the owner of several females will have them living together. For their health and well-being each should have a completely free run each day, and in my opinion having been cooped up

The Cover photograph is of MISS POOH, owned by Garnet Owen and Prof. John E. Owen (see page 22)

in a warmed-up atmosphere it is then asking for trouble to let the cat out for its run as it is surprising how much it will sit about even on the coldest day, and thus is more prone to illness than it should be.

I am more convinced than ever that a well fed cat, well housed away from draughts, needs no form of house heating, and indeed would be better off without it.

CATS' DIET !

There is a tremendous amount of controversy regarding the best and most suitable diet for adult cats, and of course in this connection one should also include kittens, because I firmly believe that it would be very difficult to induce an adult cat to take up a completely fresh diet to that which it had been accustomed to as a kitten. The present writer has many times suggested that as the cat is a carnivorous creature that meat and flesh, with fish, is the only suitable basis of diet and that any kind of starchy and vegetable foods were completely unsuitable.

I have had lots of letters from readers and breeders who do believe that a mixed diet is appreciated by, and is good for, our cats, for example, a well known breeder of Siamese boils rabbit with rice, and this, when warmed up for each fresh meal, makes a satisfactory and

satisfying meal for her cats; which surprises me, because I understand that with the rabbit and rice sliced carrot in fairish quantities is also cooked. Then there are those who feed their cats on Weetabix, dry toast, and bread crushed up or broken up into small pieces and over which hot liquid Bovril has been poured. Needless to say, with this meal there is also a diet of either proprietary brand cat foods or, occasionally, fish.

Cats do experience vitamin deficiency the same as we ourselves do, but I still think it is best to leave out all starchy foods for cats.

MORE ABOUT THE OLYMPIA CAT SHOW.

I understand that the great cat show at Olympia which has been held for the last two years under the name of The Crystal Cat Show will again be the main attraction for cat lovers living in and likely to visit London during August. The date of this show has now been brought forward to that month, and I understand that the show manager will be Mr. Williams, Secretary of the Kensington Club.

It will be remembered that Mr. Williams was responsible for the record breaking cat show held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Westminster, last year, and it will be interesting to see what

innovations are introduced at Olympia and what measure of success this re-arranged team will produce.

The Olympia Show has all my best wishes, and I should like to see it take pride of place of all the shows, if only for its large scale presentation, the ease with which the public can reach the hall, and for the splendid prizes which exhibitors, novice and expert alike, can win.

LARGER HALLS FOR CAT SHOWS AT LAST.

Fortunately for the cat fancy the few pioneers who have constantly advocated the hiring of large and central halls for shows, and breaking away from the old idea of small suburban halls; are now being listened to, and there is a rapidly developing trend away from the small hall and towards the central, larger halls which are more readily accessible to the visiting public.

Your columnist, for long an advocate of this policy, was happy to have support at the recent annual general meeting of the Siamese Cat Club, which resulted in the decision to engage the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Westminster, for this year's Siamese Cat Club's annual show. It would be an advantage too, if this popular club were to discontinue the fairly recent policy

of cutting down the number of classes available to exhibitors, and indeed going all out to get the largest number of classes prepared for would-be exhibitors. There are so many judges on this club's Judging List that it would be an easy matter to appoint more judges for this show and thus have all the judging over at an early hour, whereupon the general public could be admitted at a reasonable and early time.

"SIAMESE CATS"

BY SYDNEY W. FRANCE.

This book, now in its third edition, still continues to sell rapidly, and a large consignment has just recently been delivered to the sole American distributors, Milo G. Denlingers of Maryland, U.S.A., to whom all North American readers wishing to buy a copy should apply. I am grateful to all those of you who from time to time have written kind words of appreciation.

"CATS AND HOW TO DRAW THEM."

Putnam & Co., Ltd., have sent us Amy Hogeboom's latest book published at 6/6d. This would be a splendid book to buy for a young would-be artist. There are excellent photographs and line drawings, and any child having this as a present is going to be kept quiet and happy for a considerable time.

THE RIGHT NAME FOR MALTA NOW IS BLACK CROSS ISLAND

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

First printed by the "Sunday Chronicle."

AS a race, we pride ourselves on our kindness to animals. "Britain," we often quote, "is the spiritual home of every dog." If a man tortures a kitten, and gets off with a light sentence, people write angry letters to the newspapers about it.

We create sanctuaries for the birds: we set aside quiet fields where old horses may die in peace. And the average Briton thinks that bull-fighting is a pretty dirty form of masculine exhibitionism.

It is all most comforting to our self-respect. But is it true?

I wonder.

I have just returned from a short holiday in the ancient and beautiful island of Malta. George Cross Island to the world: Black Cross Island to me because of the condition of the animals, which is worse than anything I have seen in the lowest slums of Alexandria.

Bravery, like patriotism, is not enough in the make-up of a nation. There must be other

qualities, of which one is common kindness.

And sometimes, in the past few weeks, as I have wandered about the ancient streets, more and more aghast at the tragic creatures that haunt the gutters I have wondered if Malta's ordeal had not been too much for her people . . . if they had not been shell-shocked into an appalling callousness from which they have yet to recover . . . a callousness with which they appear to have infected many of the British as well.

ENTRANCE TO HELL.

Maybe I should never have known how bad things were if my travelling companion had not taken that little flat in Magazines Street, Valetta. I give the street its correct name in case anybody wishes to check my facts.

Magazines Street lies slightly off the beaten track. The light-hearted tourists who spend their time dancing at the luxurious Phoenicia Hotel are not likely to pass down it.

Which is just as well, if they value their peace of mind. Magazines Street, for those who love animals, is the entrance to hell.

All down the pavements you can see cats and dogs so starved that they hardly look like animals at all. Try to speak to one of them and they fly away in terror as fast as their spindly legs will carry them.

Which, I regret to say, is not always so fast because a number of them have only three legs. The fourth is a bloody stump.

The Maltese have a habit of stoning animals that cross their path.

I am trying to write calmly and objectively, but it is not easy. Not when I remember the dustbins. The dustbins which line the pavements—and this is true of the entire island—appear to be the main, if not the only, source of the animals' food.

Which is a pity, for they are not always strong enough to reach it.

GHOSTLY KITTENS.

You see them crawling out from the holes in the walls, the ghostly kittens and the spectral dogs, and gathering round some bin into which a housewife has just thrown some stinking mess.

But when they try to get at it—a potato peeling or a piece of dirty newspaper with a flavour of fish—they can't manage it.

If you're very weak, and very frightened, and if, maybe, you've only got three paws, it's not very easy to dine out of a dustbin.

Come to Malta — George Cross Island! Revel in its beautiful sunshine! Bask in the light of its glorious history!

Stand on the ramparts of the Grand Harbour and let your heart swell with patriotic fervour at the proud fleet that floats below you—the aircraft-carriers, the cruisers, the destroyers — symbol of the might of the greatest Empire the world has ever known, the defender of the weak, the poor, and the oppressed.

But don't, I implore you, look down at your feet. You might see something which would throw a faintly ironic light on all this pomp and circumstance. Something crawling towards you out of the gutter, with gaunt ribs and a broken tail, which it is not quite strong enough to wag.

Here is one curious—and most sinister—example of the state of affairs. *In Malta you will never see a dog attack a cat.*

So what, you may say? How dare you take up space in a great newspaper for such a fiddling detail?

If you will bear with me for a moment I will try to convince you that it is not as fiddling as you may think.

In the times of great misery, great hardship, or great fear, the barriers are broken down in the animal kingdom just as they are broken down in the kingdoms of men.

We saw this often enough during the war. In an air-raid we didn't hesitate to use a shelter because we might have to share it with people whom we wouldn't normally ask to dine. We just went inside and sat down together, and for a brief space we were brothers and sisters in a truly equalitarian society.

So it was with the animals. If you had gone out in a raid during the war, and helped to collect the stray dogs and cats that were cowering in the ruins, and taken them along to the ambulance, you would have seen what I mean.

They sat together in the van, dazed and trembling, side by side, cat and dog, their eternal feud forgotten in a common tragedy.

A fox-terrier would turn to a kitten—whom normally he would have chased up the nearest tree—and give it a lick of friendship.

A mother cat would nestle against a puppy as though he were one of her own kittens.

So it is in Malta. Not merely in times of crisis, but all the time, day and night. Dogs and cats are one, in an eternal hell of fear and pain.

As for the birds

Malta, you should know, is a deeply religious island. The bells tinkle day and night calling the people to prayer: there are more priests to the square mile than in any other part of Europe. I asked one of these pious gentlemen whether he thought St. Francis would have been happy in Malta.

He did not understand. "St. Francis?"

"St. Francis, I seem to remember, had a fondness for the birds. Would he have been pleased by the sight of larks in cages so tiny that they cannot even fully stretch their wings?"

"Would he have approved at your 'sportsmen' who sit outside the walls of one of your few bird sanctuaries waiting to fire at some little creature that is foolish enough to fly outside the safety zone?"

KILLED THEM OFF.

"Did you know that in days gone by Malta was a paradise of birds, a haven for countless flocks of migrants?"

"And did you know that three-quarters of those birds visit Malta no more, either because you have killed them off or scared them away?"

My priestly friend made no reply. He departed, telling his beads it was a pity. I should have welcomed his co-operation

Because, even at this moment, there is an agitation in the "sporting" fraternity to amend the law so that once again they may indulge in their pastime of snaring birds, caging them, and then slaughtering them—after the fashion of the gentry who used to slaughter the pigeons in Monte Carlo.

And that, briefly speaking, is why I call Malta Black Cross Island.

The cross must be marked against the British just as much as against the Maltese. True, there is a gallant little branch of the R.S.P.C.A. that fights against overwhelming odds. (If you want to help it, the address is Mrs. De Wolff, The Dogs' Home, Floriana, Valetta, Malta.)

FRIGHTENED BUNDLES.

The Governor, too, Sir Gerald Creasy, does all he can in the brief time that he is able to spare in his tough and exacting job.

But the majority of the Anglo-Maltese seem to be totally indifferent to a situation which, in Britain, would be regarded as a scandal.

When I attempted to bring these facts to public notice in the island I found it more than difficult.

So I am all the more glad to have this opportunity of calling

the attention of the British public to the state of affairs in Malta.

But I don't want to end on a note of bitterness. All I want to do is to help those starving, frightened bundles of fur and bone out there in that rocky island. To ask the British, who rule that island and whose tourists visit it in increasing numbers, to give them a little kindness.

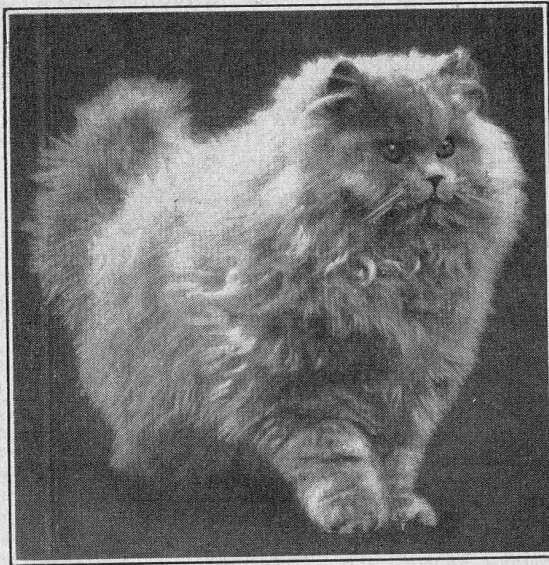
Kindness is the beginning and end of my philosophy. I believe that a drop of kindness, of loving-kindness, can sweeten a whole sea of cruelty. If you mistrust that doctrine, well, that is your affair; without it I should not care to live.

This article, for all its clumsy indignation—(anger is bad for the style)—is really only a drop of kindness.

It's an attempt to stroke a frightened kitten, to pat a stray puppy. It might lead, at least, to that. Somebody reading it may have a son in Malta, or a sweetheart.

Somebody might send these words to him. And a week or so later, some sailor might find his way to Magazines Street, and hear a mew or a whimper, and bend down, and give some poor, tortured little thing a crust of bread.

If that happens, perhaps I shan't have written quite in vain.



W O B U R N S U N S H I N E

Miss Constance Page
of Woburn Lodge, 92a
Gammons Lane, Watford,
owner of the Woburn
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them each day.*

I am sending you a photograph of Woburn Sunshine, one of my Blue Persian kittens, who, at seven months of age, had won thirteen First Prizes under nine different judges. He was Best Male Long-Haired kitten at three Shows this season: Olympia, Croydon C.C.S. and the National C.C.S. At Croydon he also won the Putchina Cup and at the National he won the Blue Cap Challenge Cup and the Stephenson-Herries Kitten Trophy.

Everyone remarked on Sunshine's wonderful condition, which I attribute largely to the regular use of Kit-zyme."

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CAT MERCHANTS AND TEA DEALERS AT TONG-CHOW

TWELVE miles from Peking, and at the point where the Pei-ho ceases to be navigable by junks or boats of burden, is situated Tong-chow-foo, a city of the second rank. It is surrounded by brick walls upwards of sixty feet in height, and possesses a dense population, apparently in a state of poverty, although, from the place being the port of Peking, an active trade is conducted. Hither the produce and manufacture of the southern provinces, as well as any foreign importations that elude the vigilance of Imperial illiberality at the sea-ports, are carried, and landed, and hence conveyed to the capital. In English history, the name of this populous, bustling, yet impoverished place, occurs; for it was here that Duke Ho, and President Muh, had that memorable interview with Lord Amherst, in which they explained to his excellency the nature and necessity of those genuflexions and prostrations which he would be called upon to make when presented to the emperor. It may possibly form a subject of regret that our ambassador returned without having accomplished any of

the objects of his expensive mission; and it is known that Napoleon ridiculed his fastidiousness; but, judging from subsequent experience of Chinese character, it is more than probable that, had his lordship yielded a single point, where the honour and dignity of his country and sovereign were concerned, as "increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on," the Chinese would have grown more insolent in their demands, and he would have left, with the additional chagrin of having paid homage, in the name of his royal master to a Tartar potentate. Napoleon was not an emperor when he smiled at the squeamishness of the British ambassador; when the imperial diadem enwrapped his brow, he would not have suffered his representative to make an obeisance so humiliating, and in the name of France, before any monarch in the civilized world.

A sufficient supply of wholesome food seems to be the influencing power, the spring of action, the end of industry, in every part of our globe; and the difference in the degrees of avidity with which mankind

pursue it, is regulated by the degree of civilization and intelligence to which they have attained. It does not follow, that the acquisition of food is an object of less anxious attention in the educated countries of Europe, because they subdue the coarser appetites of our nature, and publicly exalt intellectual pursuits and refinements. Such nations have the same natural wants as their Eastern fellow-creatures; but, the very refinement which conceals them is also an auxiliary to the acquisition of a regular and satisfying supply. In China the voracity of the people obtrudes itself continually; every object of industry or occupation seems to have such a tendency to the appeasing of appetite, that it becomes rather a disgusting contemplation. The rich and elevated are decided epicures; the middle and lower classes as decided sensualists. The tastes of the one are scarcely limited by the extent of their revenues, the voracity of the other unrestricted by the most nauseous species of food. Being the most omnivorous people in the world, there is not an animal or plant that can be procured by art and industry, and eaten without risk of life, that is not pressed into the service by these gastronomers: the flesh of wild horses is highly prized, the larvae of the sphinx-moth,

bears' paws, and the feet of other animals brought from Tartary, Cambodia, and Siam, are deemed delicious; and edible birds'-nests are esteemed at the banquets of the mandarins, for which they are occasionally made into a soup. In the market of Tong-chow, to which the stewards of the noble families of Peking repair to purchase viands for their lords, "it is a good diversion to see the butchers, when they are carrying dogs' flesh to any place, or when they are leading five or six dogs to the slaughter-house: for, all the dogs in the street, drawn together by the cries of those going to be killed, or the smell of those already dead, fall upon the butchers, who are obliged to go always armed with a long staff, or great whip, to defend themselves from their attack, as also to keep their doors close shut, that they may exercise their trade in safety." The salesmen enter the market-place, or step from their junks upon shore, having baskets suspended at the extremities of a carrying-pole, in which are contained dogs, cats, rats, or birds, either tame or wild, generally alive—sea-slugs, and grubs found in the sugar cane. The species of dog most in request is a small spaniel; the poor animals appear particularly dejected in their imprisonment, not even looking up in hope of freedom;

whilst the cats, on the contrary, maintain an incessant squalling, and never seem to despair of escaping from a fate which otherwise must prove inevitable. To a foreigner, Christian or Turk, the sight is sufficiently trying, both regarding the dog as amongst the most faithful of inferior animals, and the cat as one of the most useful. In ancient Chinese writings, cats are spoken of as a delicacy at table; but the species alluded to was found wild in Tartary, and brought thence into China, where they were regularly fed for the markets of the principal cities. As far as appearance is concerned, rats, when butchered, for they are not brought to market alive, are by no means disgusting. They are neatly prepared, slit down the breast, and hung in rows from the carrying poles by skewers passed through their distended hind-legs.

In the immediate vicinity of the wharfs, or horses' heads, the accustomed name for landing-places or jetties amongst the Chinese, at Tong-chow, are stalls where refreshments are sold to the boatmen and loungers; tea, however, is the universal beverage; and the vendor, standing beneath a canopy of sail-cloth, made of fibre of the bamboo, and supported by bamboo canes,

invites all passers-by to taste the favourite refreshment. Cups, much inferior in capacity to those in general use amongst us, are laid with regularity along a marble counter, at the end of which stands a stove and boiler, where the tea is prepared and kept warm. The scene around presents an extraordinary instance of the universal application of the bamboo. Beside the tarpaulin supporters, table-frame, and trellis-work of the tea-vendor's shop, the conical baskets in which the cats are brought to market, the pole from which they are suspended, the broad-leaved hat of the cat-merchant, the walking-stick of the buyer, the masts, sails, ropes of the trading junks which lie close to the shore, as well as the framework and sail-cloths that sustain and form an awning, are all obtained or manufactured from this invaluable cane.

Tastes less fastidious would probably not repudiate the wild birds, eagles, storks, hawks, and owls, which are amongst the rarities arrayed by poulterers; although they are excluded from all European markets, with perhaps little reflection upon the grounds of that exclusion. But the popular fowl in China is the duck, in the rearing of which Chinese perseverance and animal instinct are conspicuous. In every

province, the peasantry are familiar with the mode of hatching eggs by heat, either in an oven or a manure-heap. When the ducklings are able to be removed, they are put into boats, and carried away to the nearest mud bank or heap where shell-fish feed. Arrived at the scene of action, the conductor strikes on a gong, or blows a whistle, upon which signal his flock instantly paddle away to the feeding-ground, and commence a search for everything digestible. On the repetition of the signal, they paddle back again to their respective conveyances unerringly, although one hundred boats, and so many flocks, might be on the feeding-ground at the same time. As the flock approaches, the conductor places a broad plank against the boat's side for the young waddlers to ascend; and the scene that takes place when the crowd reaches the plank is both interesting and ludicrous. It forms part of the conductor's duty to chastise the loiterers, but reward the most docile and active; this he does by giving the foremost of those that return some paddy, but the last

a few taps of a bamboo; when, therefore, they reach the inclined plane, the efforts of all are redoubled, and the older and stronger actually waddle over the backs of the juniors into the boat, influenced evidently by a sense of rewards and punishments. This mode of feeding, however, is little calculated to produce fat or tender food; and when the ducks are dried, they present the appearance of skin strained over an anatomical preparation of that aquatic bird. "A man hawking about the streets of a town," said Mr. Lay, "with a bundle of dried ducks at his back, might be taken as a characteristic of the Chinese nation. The blood of the domestic fowl is spilled upon the ground, but that of the duck is preserved in a small vessel, that it may be moulded into a cake by the process of coagulation; it is then put into water, to displace a portion of the colour, and to enhance its good qualities. We see then that the Chinese are discriminating, even in the use of that inhibited article, blood: 'For blood, with the flesh thereof, which is the life thereof, ye shall not eat.'"



MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

SPRING litters are beginning to arrive and news of the first has just reached me. They are a litter of six out of Mrs. Joan Thompson's Anchor Felicity, by Ch. Astra of Pensford. There were four Blue-Creams and two Cream males.

Ronada Onaway (owned by R. Larsdotter of Sweden) came first in Blue Female Kittens at Stockholm on March 21st, so I expect her owner is very pleased. Best L.H. Kitten was Gippeswyk Darby, and Mrs. Thompson, who was the judge, says he was a worthy Best in Show. Best L.H. Adult was a lovely Blue-eyed White.

The A.G.M. of the Notts. and Derby Cat Club was held on Saturday, 29th March, at the Y.W.C.A., Nottingham. I think there were between 30-40 members present. Mrs. Yorke, the President, braved the dreadful weather to be with us, but she, unfortunately, was recalled to St. Albans after being in Nottingham for only twenty

minutes, having heard that snow drifts were very bad in Southern England. It was a very pleasant meeting, and I am sure a happy time was had by all. My husband and I thought Mrs. Hancox looked very charming in a delightful red corded velvet coat, looking, as Mr. Brice-Webb said, like Red Riding Hood, but we did not see any big bad wolves!

I hear that Mrs. Oglethorpe is delighted with her little female Westbridge Fifinella (bred by Mrs. Bastow). She follows her new owner about like a little dog. Fifinella is a lovely kitten, and I am sure we shall hear more about her later on.

Mrs. Hillyer of Coventry writes that Thiepvall Wrestler is beginning to look lovely. I gave Mrs. Hillyer a few hints on grooming and penning a cat when Wrestler was exhibited at Derby in January. I am so glad I have been able to help, as Wrestler is a very lovely cat.

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE Notts. and Derby Cat Club held their A.G.M. on Saturday, March 29th, at the Y.W.C.A. Hall, Nottingham. Quite a good number of members attended the meeting. Some must have been kept away by the weather, which really was appalling. After the Spring weather we have had, it seemed worse than the depths of winter and I personally felt I could not wear too many clothes to keep out the cold.

Mr. J. H. Martin was re-elected Chairman, Mr. Herod, Treasurer, Mr. F. Tomlinson, Vice-President, Miss K. Yorke, President, and Mrs. Bastow, Secretary. Mrs. I. Hancox was re-elected to the Committee, and Mrs. Brice-Webb and myself were elected to the Committee. After the meeting was over, members all enjoyed a happy tea together.

Dr. Atwell writes to say his Burmese queen has travelled to Ipswich to visit Mrs. C. Coldham's Chinki Yong Zahran. Miss E. King's Burmese queen is also there for mating. I hope both these little ladies will produce nice kittens, as there is a great demand for kittens.

My own queen, Cheli, is due to kitten about April 20th, and I hope will produce some females as so many people are waiting for them.

Mrs. Smith of Leicester now has a Burmese female, Chinki Yong Kassa, sired by Casa Gatos da Foong, dam Chindwin's Minor Twm. I frequently get news of her, and she certainly has a wonderful home. Mrs. Smith intends to breed her to Mrs. Linda Parker's male, Chinki Yong Mintha.

Mrs. Parker also has a female with her at present, Chinki Yong Chinta. Her owner is Miss M. Lant, whose mother has recently been very ill, so Linda is having Chinta for the time being. She also is to be mated to Mintha. My Chinki Yong Jetta will soon be mated to Daffy.

On March 25th my Siamese queen, Chinki Jonta, had five kittens, two females, three males, by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo ! They are a very nice litter and very even up to now. The males are all ordered. I hope they will be as nice as Ranya.

I had a queen brought to stud by a new owner, and I happened to know her history and that she had not had a

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.

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'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

very happy life. I was pleased to find she was in good hands, and it was very gratifying to receive the following note: "Thank you for the very charming suggestions for names which you sent along, especially Sealtip Delilah. She is certainly a veritable Delilah, for she bewitched my husband into loving her very much against his will. He swore I should never own such a sorry looking cat, but she has certainly won the day, and now he firmly believes her the most fascinating cat ever. She definitely owns him."

I mentioned in my notes that in very cold weather I warm the cat meat through before giving it to them, as I think very cold food must be as distasteful to them as to us in the winter. A reader writes, "Do you think warming up the meat several times caused your stud cats to have upset tummies. I used to do the same with mine, but came to the conclusion that I was making the meat a breeding ground for germs by warming it up, it being similar to people having food poisoning after eating warmed up food. As a result, I now give it to them raw."

I was most interested in this point of view, because my husband believes it with regard to our own food and will not have anything re-heated. However, I don't think it could really apply as the cats eat up the food far too quickly for it to be necessary to heat it more than perhaps once. Now the weather is milder, I don't re-heat it at all.

Many people believe in garlic for treating worms in cats. I have just tried some capsules put up by Mr. R. W. Vickerstaff, Vetona Products, 2-4, Charles Street, Leicester. I have found them excellent for worms and a good conditioner. They cost 9/- for a box of fifty. The dose is one capsule per day for a week. I find it best to give it first thing in the morning, as early as possible before breakfast.

TRANSIT INSURANCE FOR CATS

This important matter has been the subject of special investigation and in consequence a new plan is now available to provide the fullest cover for worldwide and inland risks at competitive rates.

Breeders are invited to apply for the new Brochure TR

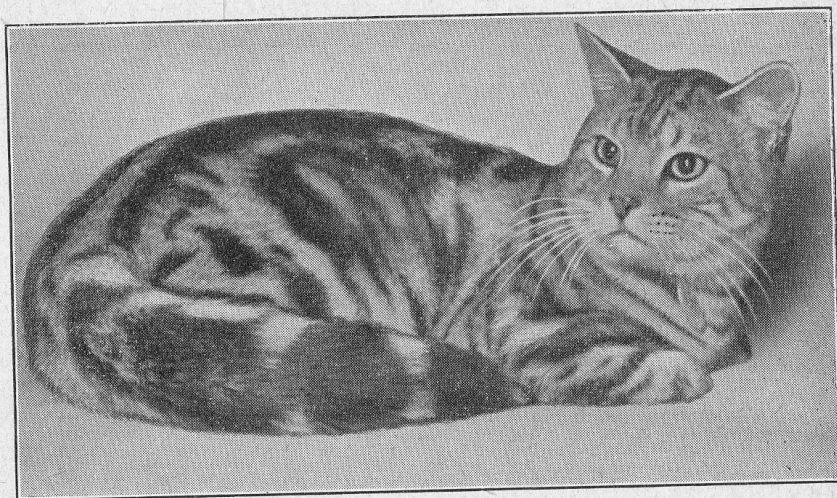
THE CANINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION LTD. Established (1932)
DEPT. 34,

61/62, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3.
Tel.: MANsion House 8089.
GRAMS: ALDOGS, Bilgate, London.

I am most sorry to learn of the death of Master Roger Parker's beloved white short hair, Ch. Pinewood Brumas. This lovely, blue eyed male was, I believe, the winner of six Challenge Certificates. He will be a great loss to the fancy, and is sadly missed at Woodlands by all who loved him. I am glad there is a white short hair in kitten to him, and we must hope she will produce a male as good as Brumas.

It is always gratifying to have good news of the kittens we have sold and to know they have happy homes. Miss Riches sends the following news of Chinki Angela and Chinki Fiona. "Fiona, Angela and myself send you hearty Easter greetings. I am sure it will please you to know how the kittens have got on since you heard from me at Christmas. They had their operation at the end of February. Fiona was perfectly all right after it, but not Angela. My vet., who performed the operation on both kittens, said Angela had a twisted womb and so it was more complicated than Fiona's. However, both of them got over the operation, but Angela got an internal inflammation

and was rather ill for about a week. The vet. came for three days running, and gave her an injection of Penicillin each visit. I am glad to say she is perfectly well now. In order to build her up, the vet. gave me 'Radiostall' to give her, two drops with her meal twice a day. It has certainly done wonders. Her appetite is splendid, and she has grown and filled out. When she was so ill, she looked a little bag of bones. Fiona nursed her most devotedly, washed her and kept her warm—in fact, she hardly left her side. It was a most touching sight. They are both a great joy to me, and I am looking forward to the warm weather so that I can take them out into the garden. Their harness and collar recently arrived, and their antics were most amusing. They staged a sit down strike. I expect they will eventually get used to them. They are beautiful and intelligent little cats and most affectionate. Angela is the little thinker of the two. She likes to meditate. Not so Fiona, who is always thinking out what mischief she can be up to next. But they are darlings, and I would not be without them for worlds!"



Champion Don of Silverleigh.

Mrs. Hilda Jones of 5 High Street, Staple Hill, Bristol, Glos., writes:—

"At the end of the 1951-52 Show season I thought you might be interested to know of my success with my Short Hair Silver Tabby, Champion Don of Silverleigh.

He has won four Challenge Certificates, eleven Firsts, eight Seconds, two Thirds, and fourteen Special Prizes. He has also been twice Best British Short Hair in the Show and has won two Silver Cups—one for the best short hair silver tabby and the other for Best British Short Hair in Show . . . so you will see he has had a wonderful season.

Don's mother, Champion Hardrift of Silverleigh, was given Kit-zyme by her owner Miss B. V. Bracey prior to his birth, and Don himself has had the tablets from kittenhood.

I attribute his success to Kit-zyme, and I cannot speak too highly of it. The tablets supplement the diet, keeping a cat always in Show condition and avoiding sundry ailments. I always use Kit-zyme for all my cats and it is very rare that I get any sickness. And when I meet any cat owner who has not tried the tablets I always recommend them to do so."

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THE BLUE-POINTED SIAMESE CAT

By Mrs. GRACE COX-IFE

In view of the interest shown by the general public in the different varieties of Siamese, this article, first published in our columns in June, 1936, is republished. Mrs. Grace Cox-Ife was editor of this Magazine until her death, just after the war.

THE Blue-pointed Siamese is, as the name implies, a Siamese with blue instead of seal-brown points, that is the mask, ears, legs, feet and tail which in the ordinary variety are deep seal brown should in the Blue-pointed be silvery blue. The body colour is the palest possible cream and it is the aim of breeders to get this without any shading such as frequently develops with age. In all other respects, type, shape and colour of eye and shape of head this variety is the same as the seal-pointed.

Generally speaking, the type of these cats leaves little to be desired in the way of improvement, the chief structural faults at present being minor ones such as a tendency to shortness of tail and, in some cases, too small an ear. It is probable that body colour is mainly a question of breeding, certain strains tending to a paler body. Improvement in this direction should therefore be possible by selective breeding. As, in the case of the Blue-pointeds, like

mated to like will breed true, it is the ultimate aim of breeders to develop the variety independently of the seal-pointed, and to this end a record on the lines of the Herd Book is being kept. At this early stage, however, it may in some cases be found desirable to use selected seal-pointed stock occasionally in order to improve such structural details as I have mentioned.

The actual origin of the Blue-pointed cannot at present be traced beyond the point at which they appeared in this country as a result of matings between ordinary Siamese. The earliest registered specimen was born in 1894. This female, from matings with a half-brother by the same sire, produced three more "blues", none of which appears in the pedigrees of subsequent Blue-pointeds. Between this date and the beginning of 1927, sixteen Siamese were registered as Blue-pointed. Of these only one appears to have been imported from Siam, the rest

being the result of seal-pointed matings. It is popularly supposed that these "freaks", as they used to be called, were the result of imported stock having crossed with the Korat cat—a self-blue found in Siam. No real evidence of this, however, is forthcoming, and matings between Siamese and Russian Blues in this country have, so far as I can discover, only produced seal-pointed Siamese, Blacks or self-blues, nor have I heard of Blue-pointed cats appearing from cross matings of such progeny, though possibly experiments have not been tried in this direction. A large proportion of present-day blue and seal-pointed Siamese share a common ancestry. It is certain, however, that Blue-pointed Siamese existed in Siam and that a number of imported cats carried the factor for blue points.

When a few enthusiasts last year decided to cultivate the variety, they worked on the assumption, based on a study of pedigrees, that certain seal-pointed cats, if mated to blue-pointed, would produce a proportion of blue-pointed

kittens. It was found that the variety bred true so that it is now possible to build up from the foundation stock thus obtained a distinct and independent line of Blue-pointed Siamese bred from Blue-pointeds.

The Governing Council of the Cat Fancy has now officially recognised the Blue-pointed Siamese as an established variety and has granted separate Championships. There is also a Club which caters for the breed and provides classes and Specials at Shows.

Those few members of the general public who have seen specimens are captivated by them and there is no reason why they should not achieve great popularity.

They are hardy, intelligent and as delicately decorative as a piece of Chinese porcelain. They are as truly Eastern as their seal-brown relatives, with the same lithe grace and the same subtle charm, but it is to the East of that most gentle and exquisite period of human culture—the China of Sung days—that spiritually they belong.

A CARICATURIST OF CATS

Some personal recollections of Louis Wain

By E. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.G.S.

LOUIS WILLIAM WAIN, that delightful delineator of comic cats, was one of the draughtsmen I met when I was Assistant and Art Editor of a once-well-known, but now defunct, illustrated weekly newspaper. One of a brilliant band of black and white artists, Louis Wain, whose "Cats" were known to me long before I met him, stood out from the "Bohemian crowd" on account of his extremely quiet behaviour and low, gentle voice. We became friends, outside of "shop", and I learned that he was the sole support of an aged mother and three sisters, and perhaps, bought more drawings from him than I otherwise might have done.

For frankly, though I laughed at them, I never liked his caricatures of cats. I knew enough of animal anatomy to see that his drawings did not really represent those felines, nor do I altogether agree with animals misrepresented to look like, or imitate, the actions and thoughts of human beings. Still, the Louis Wain Cats were very popular; he had at that time an immense vogue, and we often "put in" a page of his

caricatures as a change from, and contrast to, the drawings of such popular artists as Dudley Hardy, Lance Thackeray, Alfred Praga, Robert Sauber, and other brilliant painters and black-and-white men, while one or more would always be published in our "Summer" and "Christmas" numbers.

But not solely did Louis Wain draw cats; he drew other "comic", and more really natural animals, such as hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses. One of these, a very humorous drawing of a porcupine shedding his quills, I well remember, though over thirty years ago. For it happened that one day dear Louis was (like most of his artist contemporaries often were) "hard-up", and borrowed a guinea from the Art Editor. Somewhat to my surprise, he repaid me the next time he drew a cheque from my office, and, further, presented me with this particular drawing. Some years after, I sold it to a children's "play-box" Christmas book, and received no less than three guineas for it—a right royal rate of interest for a small loan!

Please turn to page 33

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Helsinki,
Finland.

Dear Editor,

When my husband was appointed visiting professor in sociology at the University of Helsinki, our American friends said, "And what will you do with your cat?" "Take her with us, of course," was our reply. "What?" they said, looking at us as if we were peculiar in our heads. "You can't take a cat to Finland!" "Oh, can't we?"

And we did. Miss Pooh travelled by automobile across Texas, by plane from Dallas to Washington, D.C., again by plane to New York City, across the Atlantic on the M.S. "Stockholm", by train once more from Goteburg, Sweden, to the city of Stockholm, then over the Baltic on the little ship "Wellamo". Her carrier was shoved into strange corners. She ate raw beef steaks in strange hotel rooms. She stood on her hind legs at a porthole and watched the rolling waves of the Atlantic. She played with her catnip mouse and rubber ball under the bunks of the "Wellamo", and the cabin maids on that little ship brought her cooked fish and got down on their hands and knees to play with her. She was escorted from customs to

the ship at Stockholm by a special officer and was brought into Helsinki by a member of the American Legation who carried her down the gangplank.

Six floors above a snowy boulevard, she sits in a wide window and gazes at the pigeons; and sometimes these fat saucy birds fly up from the parkway and settle on a ledge just beyond Pooh's nose close to the window pane. Pooh presses against the glass and the pigeons flaunt themselves, strutting back and forth, starting back at her with their little red eyes.

When my husband was invited to lecture in Turku at the Swedish Academy, we took Miss Pooh along and went by train through the Russian-held zone of Porkkala. She rode with us through the areas which we could not see for black metal blinds the Russians placed over the train windows. She sat still in her carrier on the seat beside us when the Russian engine was put on to take us through the military area. It was all her adventure too, and that evening she ate a hearty dinner in another strange hotel room.

At this moment she is beside my typewriter, putting a paw out now and then to touch the keys.

TO THE EDITOR

Here she is in a photograph which may interest you. I should appreciate its return before we leave Finland to travel through Norway, Sweden and Denmark in June.

This look in her eyes may have meant: "Be careful now. Consider my babies that are coming." She had five, cuddled all of them at once in her arms, and then pushed them into the wide world after six weeks. But that is part of Miss Pooh's past. Her future?

"Well", she says, "one never knows. But I must see Paris and Rome. A bit of glamour, you know, after the cold gray North."

Thanks so much for your kind consideration. Your magazine is a delight.

Yours very sincerely,
Garnet Owen.

Miss Pooh's photograph appears on our cover—EDITOR.

Arnhem, Holland.

Dear Editor,

During my last visit to England in February, I met your magazine in a bookshop.

I was delighted about the pictures and articles from all sorts of English cats and their possessors.

I think it is a great pity that the currencies make it impossible for cat lovers in



Polichinelli

Holland to order, because many of them would enjoy it to read about the cat in England.

However, I would like to greet all English cat lovers in this way. Enclosed you will find a snap of my five months old female Siamese, Polichinelli.

I hope the portrait will be good enough to find a little place in "Cats and Kittens."

Polichinelli is a dear little cat and her best friend is the chow-dog, Tsau Tsjoe. They cannot miss each other any more, and our family couldn't miss both of them!

I hope you will enjoy the portrait, and I end this letter with many kind regards.

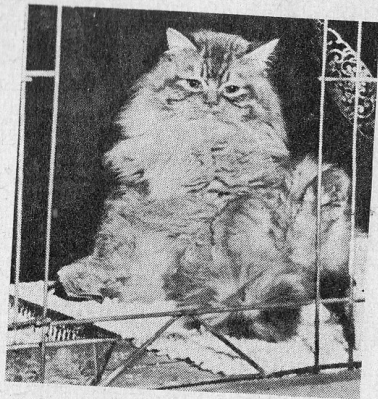
Yours sincerely,
Christine Veldhuis.

California, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

Your splendid little magazine comes to me through the courtesy of my cousin, Miss Grace Denbeigh-Russell.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Henderson's Tawny Tam

My husband and I enjoy it immensely and I read it from cover to cover—even the advertisements. I was surprised to see a letter from a fellow Californian in the January issue of "Cats"; while I do not know the lady personally, I do know her beautiful cat, in fact we both exhibited at the last Cat Show held by the San Joaquin Cat Fanciers, January 26-27 of this year. At that time I had a picture of one of my entries—Henderson's Tawny Tam—taken by the club photographer, and am enclosing a copy which you may wish to print. Tam has a habit of sitting in an upright position with one hind leg in the air, he then seems to forget why he has assumed such an attitude and falls into a deep study with a far-away look in his golden

eyes often remaining like that for a half hour at a time. He is a Red Persian, two years old, a handsome and aristocratic cat gentleman with a very sweet disposition. While he is not our finest cat, he is a consistent winner at shows and makes an attractive sight against the black and gold hangings of his pen.

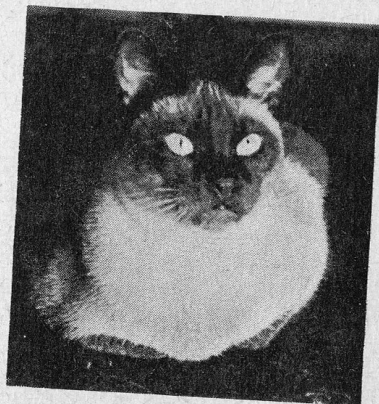
Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Reed Henderson.

Mundesley-on-Sea,
Norfolk.

Dear Editor,

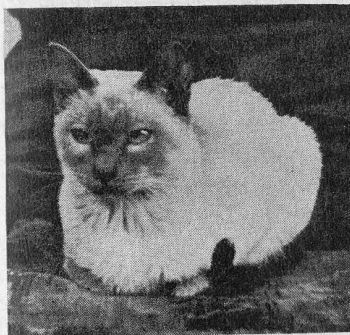
I wonder if these photographs of my Siamese—Yoko the seal-point and Be-Be the blue-point—are suitable for "Cats and Kittens."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) E. Pinder.



Yoko

TO THE EDITOR



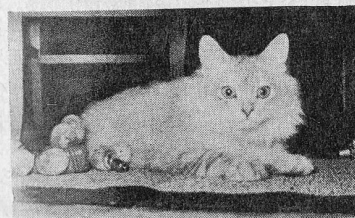
Be Be

Toronto 3,
Ontario,
Canada.

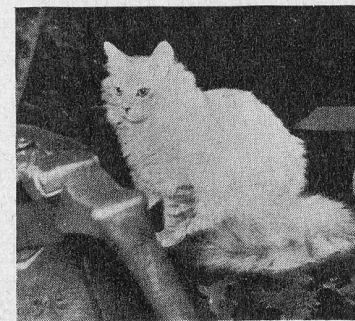
Dear Editor,

Back in April, 1951, you published a letter and snapshots from Dr. Mary Whittaker, a very kind friend of mine, and a great cat lover.

When my Smoke Persian, Darius the Mede (Dee-Dee), died last summer, aged 15, Dr. Whittaker most generously gave me two shaded-silver kittens, younger brothers of her silver kitten whose picture appeared in your April issue.



Gus



Percy

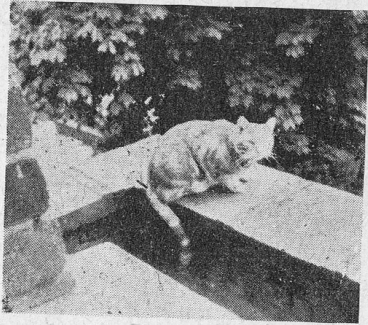
Recently I took some snaps of Percy and Gus; yes, Percy and Gus indeed, who should have been, with all their dignity and breeding, Sargon and Shalmanessi at least. I make haste to explain that Gus Imp. is Augustus Imperator, and Percy is short for Henry "I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew" Percy. But mostly they are just "ahr Perce" and Gus Goose.

I do hope that you will find space for at least one of the snapshots. They were taken indoors with flash-bulbs, and I am an amateur, so they hardly do the boys justice, but it would be delightful to see their owl-faces in your charming magazine.

Most sincerely yours,

Anne Ross.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Orlando

Ernesettle, Plymouth.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a snap of our beloved Orlando. I do hope you will be able to find room for him in your lovely magazine.

My mother, who is at present living in London, would be most proud and delighted to see her Orlando in "Cats and Kittens."

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

D. Kay.

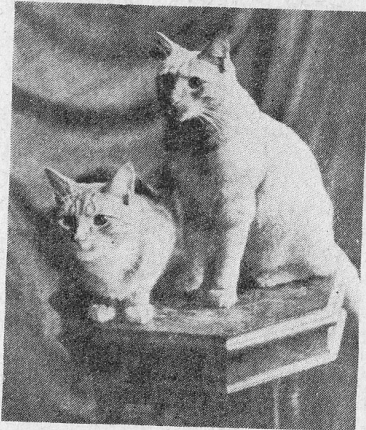
E. Twickenham, Mddx.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you could find room in your delightful magazine for the enclosed snaps of our cat family.

The snap of the two together are both reds, the younger one having a white front and paws.

Their names are Mr. Keiller the marmalade cat, and Figaro



Mr. Keiller and Figaro

the younger one, their ages being three and two years.

They are great companions, and always sleep curled up together. And to us they are great company. Mr. Keiller follows me everywhere, to the shops, etc., and also begs and stands on his hind legs to be stroked when any friends or strangers come. My husband brought Figaro home from his work. He was born in a drain pipe, in a water softeners firm.

Dy. Syn in the other photo is black and white, very independent, and he is named after Russell Thorndyke's character of Dr. Syn the smuggler parson of Dymchurch. He is six years old.

May I now wish you every success with your magazine for the future, which we have taken

TO THE EDITOR

for several years now, and enjoy so much.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Mary Foreman.

Phila 18,
Penna, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

You may remember I wrote you some time ago when we had the misfortune to lose our dearly loved Tiddler Boy. Now I am sorry to say his playmate has passed on. The vet. was unable to save him from an attack of meningitis.

I am enclosing a photo of them both, and would appreciate it very much if you would remember him in your "Pets' Corner". Laurel was a neuter, and as you can see had a beautiful sleek black coat. He was very gentle and had a wonderful disposition. It is very hard to realise they have both died within a year. I

would appreciate it very much if you could return the photo. I am sorry I am not able to enclose the postage.

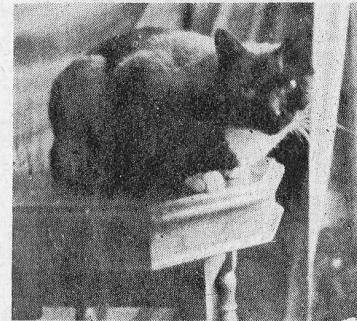
We still receive "Cats and Kittens" regularly from my sister, and do enjoy them.

Sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) Wallace E. J. Peacey.

Walton,
Clevedon,
Somerset.

Dear Editor,

I am wondering if you can give me some advice. I have an old cream Persian neuter, ten years next May. For some years now he has been more or less an invalid, sometimes eating very little though he will usually drink some milk especially if a little Horlicks is sprinkled on the top. At other times he is quite jolly and eats regularly though he has not a big appetite at any time now. He had an illness about three years ago. The vet. did not seem to know what was the



Dy Syn



Tiddler Boy and Laurel

LETTERS AND PICTURES

matter with him, but he has never been right since.

Now he has a new symptom. He will lick coal. He will be lying on the mat and will suddenly get up and fly to the coal box. He has had three bottles of Kit-zyme, but although it helps his appetite it does not seem to touch this.

I must tell you he has always had eczema and has now had a very bad bout. He licks himself a lot and of course swallows a lot of hair, which makes him cough. I give him liquid paraffin regularly.

I had great hopes the Kit-zyme would do some good, but I am beginning to think he is a hopeless case, but we cannot bring ourselves to have him put down and he does not seem unhappy.

I should so like to know if Siamese cats are bad bird killers? Our dear old cat is so wonderful and will sit and watch the birds feeding at the bird table and never attempts to touch our budgies. I should like to have a Siamese later on, but am so afraid they are mighty hunters.

I fear this is a very long rambling letter, but I should be so grateful if you could help me at all.

Yours sincerely,
May Elliot Inchbald.

Dear Mrs. Inchbald,

Try giving your cat nine Kit-zyme tablets a day. It does appear that the condition of your cat's coat is caused by external re-infection resulting from scratching.

We are sending you a special ointment which you might like to try, applying to the affected parts twice daily. At the same time it is a good idea to groom the cat very thoroughly so as to leave no loose hair.

We shall be glad to hear from you at a later date. Editor.

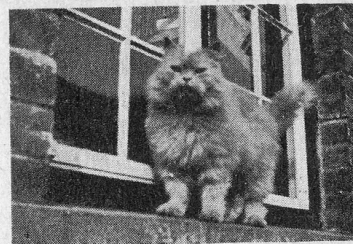
Walton, Clevedon.

Dear Editor,

I thank you for your letter. I am glad to say that for the moment Andy is much better. His hair has grown on the bare patches and he does not seem to have any fresh ones. Also he has given up eating coal. Perhaps he will keep better now till the Autumn. He is feeding better too, but is still troubled with his cough. I wonder if this is hair. I am enclosing a snapshot of Andy. I don't know if you think it worth printing in your magazine.

I am glad you think I could train a Siamese to leave the birds alone. I have always hoped to have one one day. I always look forward so much

TO THE EDITOR



Andy

to the magazine and often read the back numbers over again.

Yours sincerely,
May Elliot Inchbald.

Nottingham.

Dear Editor,

You have been so kind helping me with my cat queries in the past, I wondered if you can advise me on a problem which is driving me frantic. That is—Worms.

I have tried all the recommended cures, but with no good result. I've dosed my cats with T.C.P. Garlic Capsules, and the most disappointing of all, Cina 12, which is the latest I tried, recommended by a reader of "Cats and Kittens." I followed the directions, but instead of destroying the worms I seem to have nourished them, for I never saw such a multitude of worms they passed as during this treatment. I bought the Nema tablets you suggest, but these are for Round Worms only, and my cats have Tape Worms.

The vet. says there is only one cure, but this is rather drastic treatment. They don't attempt it until the cat is one year old at least, and mine are only ten and eleven months. They have called twice already (they are females), but I can't have them mated until this trouble is cleared up.

Last May, when one of my mother cats had kittens, I thought she passed what seemed to me might be a Tape Worm, but a friend said not, it was a cord always present at birth of kittens. I had never seen any sign of Tape Worms until that time, but very soon I realised the kittens were infected. Could the affection have occurred during mating?

I always comb and brush my cats, and if last year they had any fleas (carriers of Tape Worms, I am told) it was only one or two, because I was very particular about them. I have all five of my queens worm-ridden, and it is very distressing and worrying. They seem well enough, eat well, and are bright and lively. Two kittens had the 'flu last January and it was then that the vet. noticed the Tape Worms.

I am rather frightened by the idea of drastic treatment the vet. suggests. Can you recommend anything more gentle in action, but effective? I have

LETTERS AND PICTURES

a very nice stud cat, but I don't want him to catch the infection, so I have to keep him away from the others.

I hope you will forgive this long letter, all about my troubles, but I do hope you may know of something from your long experience of cat breeding which may help me. All the books I read just say about Tape worms, "consult a reliable vet.", but as I say, I'm nervous of his treatment, which he admits has to be a drastic one. I would rather the cats were bundles of worms than that one should die through treatment.

I enjoy reading "Cats and Kittens" very much and find the answers to other readers' queries always interesting and sometimes helpful for myself.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) V. Lynn.

P.S.—Of course they re-infect themselves and each other, because they not only undertake their own toilet, but insist on sharing one another's. But this is a problem no-one can overcome—unless by keeping each cat entirely separate, and my pussies are so fond of each other they cry terribly if parted.

P.P.S.—Please are Dimol A tablets safe to give a mother puss nursing a fortnight-old

kitten? A friend has a queen with diarrhoea, and I recommended Dimol A tablets to her, but she wonders whether they might have any harmful effect on the kitten?

Dear Miss Lynn,

Dimol A's are quite safe to give to cats or kittens, and the dosage of one tablet before each meal for an adult cat and half a tablet for a kitten is usual.

I am afraid that regarding the other trouble your vet. is right, and you will have to get him to supply the necessary medicine when you have decided that the risk is worth while. In my opinion I think it is.

Editor.

Whalley Range,
Manchester, 16.

Dear Editor,

I have just lost a much loved little cat with diphtheria.

Your advertisements seem all to be of breeders in the South of England, and, as I would like eventually to take another little cat to fill his place, could you put me in touch with anyone in this district with cats or kittens, not Siamese, for disposal. I only know of the Pets' Corner at Lewis's and one suburban shop.

Is "marmalade" or ginger tabby a breed or only a variation of colour. My little cat's

TO THE EDITOR

fur was long, cream in the depths and only tipped with ginger.

A friend has introduced me to your magazine, and I intend to take it regularly.

Yours faithfully,

M. Paterson.

Dear Miss Paterson,

From your letter I see you say that you lost your cat with diphtheria. I rather doubt if this was correctly the reason, because cats are not prone to this illness.

It sounds more like Feline Distemper, and you must be careful if that is so about taking another cat into the house for some time.

The Ginger or Red Tabby is a breed, and there are a number of well-known breeders, but as you say, most of them are in the South. I suggest that you get in touch with the Secretary of the Lancashire and North Western Counties Cat Club, who is Mrs. Culley, of 65, Westbourne Park, Urmstone, Lancs.

Editor.

Hulse Road, Southampton.

Dear Editor,

Last Tuesday I lost two six months Siamese kittens by means of a most perplexing and unexplainable illness. As the vet. is as baffled as I am myself,

I wonder if you have heard of any similar case, and it might be worth putting it in "Cats and Kittens" so that other breeders may be on the alert.

On the 15th February (Friday), both kittens and my three Siamese adults ate some grass brought in from the garden. As normally, all vomitted, but the kits continued to do so, plus diarrhoea. I sent for the vet., and with me he was inclined to think there might have been something slightly poisonous on the grass. Penicillin injections were given daily for four days, and they were fed on brandy and milk. By Thursday, 21st, both were eating again, in good spirits, and the vet. paid his last visit, quite satisfied with them.

All continued well. The male was sold, but delayed sending him to his new home until he was well established and eating once more.

On Sunday, 24th, both had been playing and were making such a song for their lunch round my heels in the kitchen. I found it difficult to get on, so both were put in my bedroom. There Canio swarmed up my dressing gown on the door to get a vantage point of the kitchen through the glass fanlight over the door. There was a crash, and I found he had

LETTERS AND PICTURES

fallen and was lame, and could not put his hind leg to the ground. As he had done this before by going up the chimney (when sold and in his new home and someone had pulled him down, I presume not too skilfully, I had taken him back, refunded the fee, so that I could nurse him as he was also fretting) and the vet. had advised rest only, I put him on a blanket and hot bottle. The next morning he did not look too well, and fearing he might have hurt himself internally on the door handle as he fell, I sent for the vet. again.

There was no break, and careful examination revealed nothing, but the vet. said "If still as lame, I'll X-ray him tomorrow" (this was at 2.30 p.m. Monday). I had separated him from the others, and queried any need to isolate. No, there was, he thought, nothing wrong otherwise. Almost as soon as he left, first the male, then the female kit started vomiting, the boy most often. He got worse, and I at once called the vet. On arrival he said, "I doubt if this kitten will live through the night." There *had* been no temperature with either kit at 3 o'clock, and now at 8.15 the boy was, despite hot bottles

and blankets, well below 95°. Sulpha drug, 20 c.c., Palene Solution, and Penicillin were all injected, but he became quite delirious and died at 1.15 a.m., before the vet. arrived at 1.30 a.m.

Sickness had completely stopped from about 4 p.m. Tosca got worse, and was sick at intervals until 7 a.m. (no temperature at all). At 11 a.m. the same treatment was again given her, and she kept three-hourly teaspoons of whiskey, water and sugar down until she died at 5.45.

I had suggested the advisability of putting her to sleep, but the vet. thought there was a chance of saving her. At 5.35 I sent again for him, but she was gone before his arrival.

A post-mortem was done on Tosca (Canio had been buried and the vet. thought the resulting changes might make it useless to do one on him), and the only signs were a very slight inflammation on the inner surface of the intestine—quite insufficient, he would have thought, to have caused death and in no way similar in appearance to post-mortem signs after cat flu.

None of the other cats had been isolated, and whether it

TO THE EDITOR

would spread to them was a problem. Three days later, my neuter Chad started to vomit and have diarrhoea, but he cleared up quite satisfactorily after two dozes of Penicillin.

To summarise: (1) The vet. did not think there was any connection between the first attack, seemingly due to something on the grass. (2) Both kittens had perfectly normal temperatures. (3) Both were dead in less than twenty-four hours. (4) Post-mortem signs (on one) were seemingly quite inadequate to explain so rapidly fatal a culmination. (5) The vet. (an extremely clever man) has had no similar case.

Yours sincerely,

L. Dubois Phillips.

Tollerton, Notts.

Dear Editor,

I have just read your editorial and Mrs. France's article in the April issue of "Cats and Kittens." I can well imagine how you both feel over the controversy about Burmese cats. For anyone to imply that they are "poor type Siamese with yellow eyes" seems ridiculous to me, novice though I may be. As you know, my wife owned one of your beautiful Burmese kittens, Chinki Yong Chaungalay, which we have so sadly lost, and having

owned a Siamese for several years, we think it impossible to compare the two breeds. During her short life with us, Chaungalay proved to be the most delightful, affectionate and entertaining pet, apart from being the most beautiful animal as visitors and judges at shows agreed, and surely the introduction of a new and attractive breed to the Country should be welcomed and encouraged by every sincere member of the G.C.C.F., as I understand that that is their function. If intolerance is to raise its ugly head in an organization which is supposedly devoted to ensuring justice and impartial judging at shows, then, as you say, the present and future owners of this rare breed are at a great disadvantage.

In any event, as an innocent bystander at most shows, I have often wondered if all the cats are in the pens.

Yours sincerely,

Gordon B. Dunning, D.F.C.

From *Flt.-Lt. G. B. Dunning,*
D.F.C.

A CARICATURIST OF CATS— from page 21.

But, returning to Wain's "cats", and my criticism of their bad drawing, I had a striking confirmation of my opinion of them. For, one day,

thinking to amuse my little daughter, then about six or seven years old, I showed the child some of Louis Wain's cats. After a brief study of them, she said to me, "Daddy, *those* aren't cats; they haven't any bones." I should add that she is the grand-daughter of a well-known naturalist, and was brought up to love animals. Her first pets, however, were not cats, but the things they chase, viz., mice. Living in a London flat, where no animals were allowed, her parents gave her a couple of white (albino) mice, which became the greatest favourites to us all. As they looked exactly alike, we dipped the tail of one into the ink, to distinguish him from his brother. We christened one "Cherry", and the other "Dick", after Richard and Cherry Kearton, the well-known writers on, and photographers of, "wild life at home". Richard it was who started the "shooting with a camera" instead of a gun, and his books on "Nature with a Camera" were the joy of my daughter's life.

But I fear the biographer has been submerged by the father, and I draw these rambling recollections to a close by saying there never was a nicer, kinder-hearted man, and greater lover of animals than Louis Wain, whose work afterwards came largely before me when,

as an art publisher, I sold, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of his humorous cat picture post-cards. They were, indeed, among the "best sellers" in those popular postal missives during the post-card craze in the first few years of this century. Louis Wain was a great man, and I count it one of the privileges of an editorial life to have had personal contact with, and enjoyed the friendship of, this deservedly most popular of "cat" artists.



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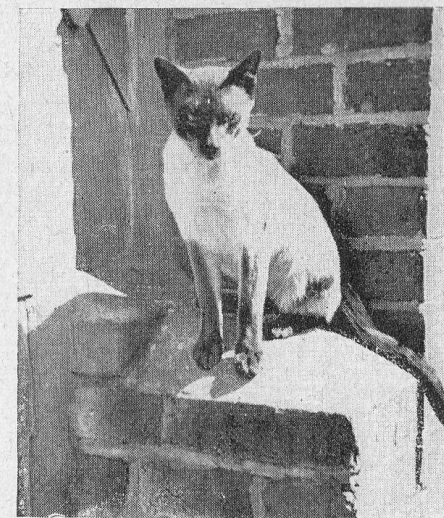
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