

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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“CATS AND KITTENS” MAGAZINE, 33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

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

AT STUD

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

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices : 33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JUNE, 1952

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

MORE ABOUT OLYMPIA SHOWS.

Your contributor, from the first a keen supporter of the Crystal Cat Show at Olympia, had considered himself to be one of the enlightened few who were all in favour of this enterprise, and who were not deterred by the lack of support and indeed, at times, almost opposition to this enterprise.

Now indeed the wheel has turned full circle and blessing is coming from hitherto unexpected places. A note which I have before me goes on, “At a meeting of cat lovers held at the Grosvenor Hotel, London, on the 4th April, it was decided to form a new all-breed cat club to be called The Crystal Cat Club. The following Club

The cover photograph is of Mrs. Coldham's Burmese male,
CHINKI YONG ZAHKAN

Photo—Frost, Ipswich

Committee was appointed:— Chairman, Mr. Soderberg, Members— Miss Yorke, Mrs. Brunton, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Spiers, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Towe, Mrs. Williams, Mr. Stirling Webb, Mr. Martin, Mr. Macdonald. The committee decided to present a show at Olympia, to be called The Crystal Cat Show, on Friday 22nd and Saturday 23rd August, 1952. The Show will be run under Governing Council Rules. The first day of the show will be devoted to long hair varieties and the second to short hair. There will be classes for Household Cats on both days. The Committee have appointed Mr. F. B. Williams as Show Manager.

Further announcements regarding the show will be made in due course."

The facetious might be tempted to think that it was a meeting of black cat lovers, because every thing about its being held certainly appeared to have been kept rather dark, and I am sure that there are many who would have been glad to have been present whose help had been given in the past, and who would have been just as willing to help in the future. If the outcome of all this is that the show becomes a bumper success, both with the public and exhibitors alike, then your columnist will indeed be satisfied.

ON BUYING AND SELLING KITTENS.

Some recent notes of ours on this subject, which mentioned no names but which had to do with this subject, we are told have been taken by two people in the Cat Fancy to refer to themselves, and we understand that the sequel was an insertion by one of these parties of an advertisement in a periodical (not "Cats and Kittens") which has caused a good deal of unhappiness all round, and which cannot be helpful either to the Cat Fancy or the persons concerned. It is to be hoped that sound common sense prevails and that where contracts for sale or purchase have been made that they should be honoured unless there is any good reason which makes it impossible to do so. In this case the reason should be clearly stated.

TUMMY UPSETS AND A CURE.

Plenty of our readers and friends keeping just the odd cat write to us from time to time telling us about their cats becoming "loose" and asking what is the cure. This upset is usually caused because the diet is too rich, often containing too much meat. Well, the cure—put the cat on to lightly boiled white fish for every meal for a few days, the result is startling. I strongly recommend plenty of fish in a cat's diet and not much meat.

PETS WITH PERSONALITIES

By C. H. LEA

WHEN cat-haters meet cat-lovers the fur begins to fly, for the haters label the lovers as silly sentimentalists and the lovers describe the haters as heartless brutes.

So far back as the days of Ancient Rome and Greece there were cat-haters, and in mediaeval England cats were frequently roasted alive because they were accredited with devilish personality. No self-respecting witch would be seen without her black cat, which the villagers feared and hated instinctively.

As is well known, Lord Roberts feared cats, not for any specific reason, but because in spite of himself he shuddered when one was near, and could sense one even if it were hidden. In connection with Lord Roberts the cat-lovers tell an amusing story. There was a very fine and attractive tabby owned by the War Office housekeeper, and after Lord Roberts almost fell over it he ordered its removal. The housekeeper, being a cat-lover, was almost in hysterics, but arrangements were made whereby the cat was spared but was to be confined to the basement. When Lord Roberts left the War

Office for ever he was accompanied by a cat-lover who, happening to glance up the stairs as Roberts departed, saw Tabby looking down with the most Cheshire-cat grin ever seen.

In Imperial Rome the cat was barely tolerated, ill-treated, or totally ignored, and in the wall decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum there are no pictures to show that the cat was loved, but pictures which represent it as stealing food.

In Egypt, on the other hand, the cat was regarded with awe and with love. Herodotus tells us that the cats of Egypt, when dead, were carried to the sacred building, and after being properly embalmed were buried in the sacred city of Bubastis.

Whenever a cat died by accident all the humans in the household shaved off their eyebrows in mourning.

Many of the wall-paintings from Egypt now in the British Museum show cats, and one series shows that the cat was used for retrieving wild birds. There are pictures of cats plunging in among the reeds and rushes of a stream to catch the struggling wild-fowl

to bring to the master's feet. One of these clever animals actually holds captive two struggling wild-ducks at once, one with her mouth the other with her paws.

Among the ancient Egyptians it was the privilege of rulers to have their bodies embalmed with costly drugs and sweet spices after death, and this privilege was shared by the cats. Changes take place, however, and some years ago we read that a ship load of cat mummies, four hundred in all, had been sent from Egypt to Liverpool to be used as field manure for farmers, after the bitumen had been extracted.

Herodotus also tells stories of the desperate attempts made to save these domestic pets from fires.

Coming to more modern times we find many interesting superstitions about cats. On the evening after a governor of Bombay died a black cat was seen and this was thought by the natives to be the soul of the dead governor. Accordingly, for twenty-five years the sentries solemnly presented arms to every cat seen after dusk.

The strangest superstition about cats must surely be the annual ritual celebrated at Aix until the eighteenth century.

The finest tom cat in the country was swathed in swaddling clothes and exhibited to the adoration of the devout. Flowers were strewn along the route and every knee bent in worship. On June 24th, when the sun was in a certain position, the cat was placed in a wicker basket and thrown alive into an enormous bonfire in the city square. This ceremony had the full support of the bishops and priests, who sang anthems in honour of the sacrifice.

Authors have, perhaps, not mentioned cats quite so often as they have dogs, but still there are some good tributes to cats to be found in literature.

Gray's *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat drowned in a tub of Gold Fish* is a flawless poem, but one can hardly say that it expresses any real regret at the accident.

The nursery favourite *Puss in Boots* and the Cheshire cat in *Alice in Wonderland* are familiar to all, and most of us have read with horrified intensity the mysterious Black Cat depicted by Edgar Allan Poe.

Not so many have made the acquaintance of Hamilcar, whom Anatole France introduced in *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*. This is how Sylvestre addressed it:

"Hamilcar, somnolent Prince of the City of Books—thou guardian nocturnal. Thou dost defend from the vile nibblers those books which the old savant acquired at the cost of his slender savings and indefatigable zeal. Sleep, Hamilcar, softly as a sultana, for verily in thy person are united the formidable aspect of a Tartar warrior and the slumbrous grace of a woman of the Orient."

Why are cats so loved by some animal-lovers?

The reason is partly because they are graceful, comforting, aloof, and, above all, because they are faithful.

There is a story of a cat which belonged to the captain of a vessel. This cat had kittens, but at a port the cat went ashore and in her absence the ship sailed. When the mother

returned she went from ship to ship looking for her kittens, but failing to find them took up her home in a watchman's box and waited. When the vessel returned, after a two months' voyage, the cat was dancing with excitement, having recognized the ship, and when many feet separated the side of the ship from the quay she sprang aboard and went straight to the cabin where she had left her kittens.

That is one reason why cats are so loved. Here is another typical incident. When a music hall was burnt down in London a cat belonging to the management went three times through smoke and flame, bringing back with her each time a tiny kitten. The fourth attempt failed, and the cat was burnt, having given her life for three others.

ALL-IN HOUSEHOLD PETS INSURANCE

Covering Dogs and Cats

ANNUAL PREMIUMS FROM 15s. 9d. PER ANIMAL

This is the first time that a serious attempt has been made to cater for the insurance of Felines, and already it is clear that the new insurance is greatly appreciated.

Write for Brochure "H"—sent gratis on application

Department 34

THE CANINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION LIMITED

(Established 1932)

61-62, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3

A CAT IN INDIA

By EDITH KEET GROVES

APRIL is an English short-haired black cat, born of accredited sire and dam somewhere six hundred feet up at a cool hill station on the Pulnies in South India. But it was his misfortune to live in the hot, dry plains of the south, where he never saw a fire and experienced great difficulty in finding a mate worthy of his strength and breeding.

The indigenous cats of South India are not attractive creatures. Small, long, and thin with as little fur as possible, their ears are the largest a cat can possibly require under the most dangerous conditions imaginable. They are not remarkable for courage and far from possessing the self-confidence of our domestic pets. Only by swiftness and ingenuity can they escape their many enemies, such as jackals, kites, and the starving pariah dogs that haunt every street. Among their enemies must also be included quack doctors. Bad luck to a cat in India if it is black! According to Indian medical lore, it is a black cat that makes

the best curry for a patient threatened with phthisis.

April started to come to me with an English lady in whom he had some confidence and the first part of his journey was quite tolerable, a few hours in a private car, then a long, hot journey in a railway carriage, with milk at intervals from his friend's thermos. The next stage was most trying—twenty-five miles in an ancient six-seater Ford, crowded with Indians all talking at once on a country road full of holes. The Indian driver was casual. Strange noises, smells, clouds of fine dust, and sudden swings round corners of the twisty road made April sick with terror. Soon his fear changed to furious rage and he set to work on the basket with teeth and claws. His friend, who was finding it all she could do to cling with both hands to her seat by the driver, did not notice what was happening till the cat suddenly sprang out on to the white road. With much shouting the bus was stopped, the Indians tumbled out and

caught April. He was packed again into his broken basket and spent the rest of the journey clasped tightly in the arms of his distressed friend.

When poor April reached my bungalow he was so terrified that it took me two hours to calm him and persuade him to eat. But while we were at dinner he made another getaway and I had to use every attraction I possessed and every seductive wile I could think of till at last he grew quiet and happy.

Early next morning I put him in a strong luncheon-basket and saw him start on the shoulder of an Indian coolie. Despite the warning note I sent to his new mistress, April disappeared shortly after his arrival and was not seen again at his new home.

A week later he returned to my bungalow, wet, starving, and dishevelled, but quite determined as to where he was going to live.

It was the rainy season. Rivers were in flood. Irrigation tanks were full and stretched for miles. This might easily double the distance he had to walk. April must have padded for many a weary hour over the blazing hot sand and sheltered, shivering, during the torrential monsoon rains. Perhaps he crouched to hide from the low-hovering kite or dashed up a tree to escape from silver fox or jackal.

For one who trusts to guidance to wheel-tracks or groups of palm-trees, it is easy to get lost in that desert. But an animal's unerring sense of direction led April back to the good home where he had enjoyed one happy evening.

CAT LOVERS' WRITING PADS

Supplied with the following designs: **White Cat, Chinchilla Kitten, Kitten Washing, Pair of Kittens, Three Kitten Heads**

PRICES:

1/9 EACH, plus 4d. postage on one pad, 1d. on each additional pad.

CATS AND KITTENS, 33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

Pads are available in the following colours:—BLUE, BUFF, LEMON, PALE CREAM, PALE GREEN and PEACH PINK. When ordering please give second choice of design and colour. Send 1d. stamp for illustrated list.

CAT CHARIVARIA

By CLEMENT HEATON

IN Switzerland the cat, or, as it has been called, "the drawing-room tiger," personifies national liberty. It is the animal which throughout the world, is counted as the guest of man, and from whom we do not demand a service in return for our hospitality.

Many memories pass through my mind at the mention of this animal; memories of childhood days when the stories of "Dick Whittington and his Cat," and "Puss in Boots," were a real part of my little world; and even to-day, when I see the picture of the comic-looking puss sitting in a boot, I am forced to smile. Of the Cat Murr of Hoffmann, and the Black Cat of Edgar Poe, two interesting stories one cannot too often read. Of Richelieu's Cats, which so bravely shared his pleasures and pains, and especially the famous grey with black stripes, before which so many people knelt in reverence, and kissed its paws; of "Faithful Shepherds" of the Rue des Lombards, Paris; of the Cat of Macbeth; of Dante's Cat, which sat on the table, holding a candle between its fore paws whilst its master wrote; of the Cats of Louis Wain and Granville; of Persian Cats, wild

Cats, and Angoras, not "Angolas," as they are often called.

I remember a little savage, yet amusing cat, whose delight was in catching mice. Like a wicked Red Indian, it would dance around a tiny mouse, and proceed to pull the hairs from its head, then round the dead body the dance was continued in the manner of a Red Indian, who lights a fire, dances and sings before roasting his captive pale-face.

Man's appreciation for services rendered, and affection shown to him by animals has often been recorded in various ways, but examples of an animal's gratitude towards human beings are much more frequent, if less on record. An animal, though not the possessor of a fortune, has a heart and an affectionate sense of duty, which has often stood out as more valuable than money.

Animals have a soul, and why not, for are they not able to love and to suffer as we do? Yes! to love above all, for every day there are numberless examples in unwritten history.

What a mysterious power of expression one can often see in a cat's eyes, but to leave aside

this much discussed question, one which will be argued by learned men for many years to come, let us give a rapid thought to animal instinct, which, as Newton said, "Cannot be but the effect of a superior and imperishable wisdom," and which is much more advanced in certain animals than man's most cultivated intelligence.

In a short article it is impossible to write of all the forms of animal instinct; I will content myself with mentioning what may be called the "medical instinct" of the cat.

The cat obeys one of the fundamental laws of hygiene, and keeps its body in a constant state of cleanliness. This is one of the clearest manifestations of the instinct of preservation. If in the animal world the various toilet articles which we use daily are unknown, nature has provided them with all that is necessary to free their bodies from all dirt.

Cats use their tongues and paws and their saliva, which is plentifully supplied with amoniacal qualities, and far superior to any soap, and which is employed after every meal.

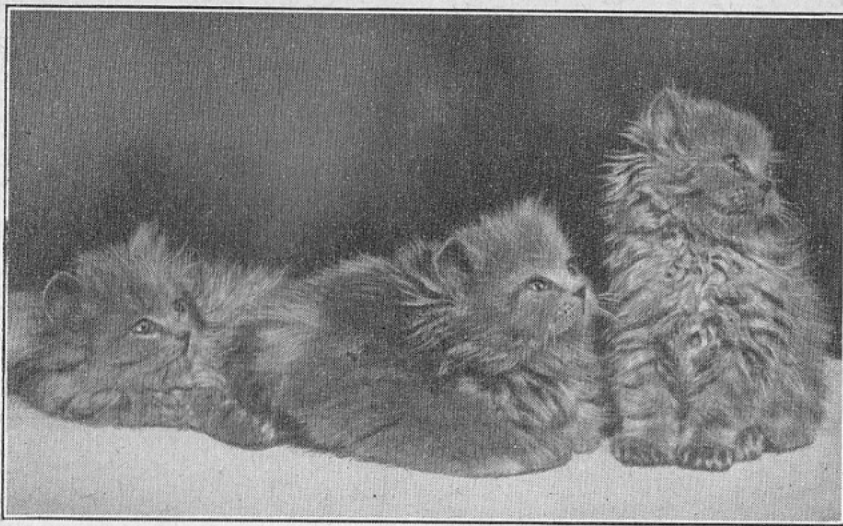
With the exception of man who, unfortunately, has lost this instinct, under the influence of civilization, all

animals know immediately the kind of food which suits them, and when their choice is good or or bad, necessary and sufficient. We give the name of hunger and thirst to the sensations which prompt an animal to eat and drink, and nothing is more astonishing to a careful observer than this admirable instinct, which compels an animal to choose, before so many and different foods, those which are necessary and suitable for its health.

When a cat's stomach is tired, it calls to its aid certain plants and herbs, which quickly cause its unruly member to function in perfect order. As a natural cure-all, cats eat couch grass, the pole-cat for preference eats cherries and plums.

The Animals' Cemetery was opened near Paris in 1900; it is now full and a second one has been opened. It is like an ordinary cemetery with monuments, crosses and photographs. At the entrance stands a monument of "Barry," the famous Saint Bernard, who is presented in the act of saving a child from the snow. It is adorned with the simple inscription, "He saved the lives of forty persons, and was killed in saving the life of the forty-first."

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HULLO FESTIVAL BLUE, HULLO BLUE MARTIN, HULLO BLUE DREAM
[Festival Blue has not yet been shown, but Blue Martin and Blue Dream have already appeared on the prize lists at Glasgow, York and Derby]

Mrs. Dorothy Robertson of 28, Cardwell Road, Gourock, Scotland, owner-breeder of the Donnachaidh Long-Haired Cream Persians, writes:—

"Please send a large Cattery Pack of Kit-zyme as soon as possible . . . you can imagine how quickly the tablets disappear with the approaching breeding season!"

"My daughter, Miss H. E. C. S. Robertson, owner-breeder of the 'Hullo' Blue Persians, and I are never without Kit-zyme. All our cats have their daily supply and the babies are started on the tablets as soon as they are weaned. Kit-zyme gives their coats that lovely soft texture so admired by the judges."

"I am sending a photograph of three of my daughter's Kit-zyme-conditioned 'Hullo' babies taken at two months old."

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THE (?) DOMESTIC CAT

By Miss D. P. POCOCK

"Who is it catches all the mice,
Gobbles them up, and thinks them nice,
As you and I would take an ice?
The Domestic Cat."

IT is a fond delusion of ours that the cat is a domestic animal. The cat, if consulted on the subject, would merely blink at the sun, yawn, and look more politely bored than usual. Domesticity is to the cat what the collar is to the dog; something to be endured while necessary and evaded when convenient.

The cat is a mysterious animal. Its very expression suggests its ancient connection with Egypt, where it was kept as a sacred animal thirteen hundred years before our era, and trained for fowling. It was a matter of life and death to injure or destroy a cat in Egypt in the times of the Pharaohs; they were connected with the sister-goddesses Sekhet and Bastet, kept in their temples, and after death, carefully embalmed; mummies of cats, still wearing something of that gently amused expression, so peculiar to their kind, are found in museums and even in second-hand shops. These Egyptian cats were of the sandy colouring; one appears in a painting from an

Egyptian tomb, which is quite obviously a yellow cat such as we have to-day, though large, if the proportions are correct with the other figures. It is accompanying its master on a light papyrus boat, and in the act of springing at a water-bird, as trained to do. Cats were imported into Europe early in Roman times, and were very expensive to buy; they were probably carried over the Mediterranean by Phoenician or Cypriote merchant-galleys. They were brought to Britain by the Romans, and some of them may have mated with the smaller British wild-cat, thus introducing the darker tabby colouring. Their main use in early times was to destroy mice and rats; in the tenth century a law was passed in the Welsh dominions of Howel the Good, fixing the purchase-price of cats from newly-born kittens upwards, and penalising anyone who stole the cat from the princely granary. Later, they were usually kept by Sisters in convents; and this is thought to have connected them with

old maids. The cat as a destroyer of mice has a longer history than the purely pet-cat, and the show-cat, as such, has only been known in Britain since 1871, when the first cat show was held at the Crystal Palace.

Through all these changes in its state and environment, Puss has retained her peculiar characteristics with amazing stability. She is still, essentially, the same as her Egyptian ancestors, who mieoued and scratched in wicker cages on the unwieldy old galleys that brought them to Europe. Watch her with her kittens. All cats are not good mothers; some will desert their kittens and leave them to die; others will defend them to the death, starve themselves for them. A cat whose kittens had been drowned in a pail was found trying to take them out of the water, and the look of distress and real bewilderment in her eyes was pitiful to see. A cat will throw herself into the task of educating her kittens with as much vigour as a human mother will with her child; she will teach it how to care for its fur; how to catch mice; how to climb trees; what to avoid; when she knows it to be old enough to fend for itself she leaves it to do so; otherwise the kitten would not become self-reliant.

A cat grows from blind kittenhood to the jauntiness of a young adult in a very short time.

Again, the cat is a solitary animal by nature. It will associate with other cats, but only if there is abundance of all that it needs. Except on farms, the house-cat usually has a short way with intruders, unless it is a tom, and they are ladies. One tom, a great pet, was once seen to be lying at the head of the stairs, apparently having an afternoon nap; a strange cat walked in; instantly the house-cat had taken a flying leap, landed on the newcomer's astonished back, and bundled it out with such a worrying and clawing that it was in no hurry to return. Cats will not usually share food with other animals; two pet cats belonging to some children would not harm a pet guinea-pig, also belonging to the children; but if it approached their saucer of milk, both would withdraw in disdain. Another cat, a young tom, behaved rather differently; he was seen to bring in a little she-cat into his home, show her his milk, and invite her to share it.

Cats appear to enjoy warmth and comfort, but it is not absolutely necessary for them; they can do without it. In a

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MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

CH. Astra of Pensford is now home with his owner Mrs. Vize. Both my husband and I were sorry to see him go as he was such a character and chatted all day long. I have one queen in kitten to him, my Rookery Nook Puff (Puff is a grand-daughter of Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas), so I am hoping to get some nice kittens. My Ronada April is nursing twin girls by Southway Echo.

I hear Mrs. Bastow's West-bridge Angela has four very nice kittens by S. Echo. I am hoping to get over to see them.

Since writing my last notes three very lovely and well known cats have passed on to happier hunting grounds. Firstly the lovely blue male Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, bred by Mr. Martin and owned by Madame Gibbon of Lausanne. Nicky was an adored pet and his owner tells me she cannot realise he has gone from her, and that she sees his dear face everywhere.

Secondly, Miss Yorke's Sweetaboy, that lovely well known cream male with a nature as sweet as his name. He, too, is sadly missed by his loving owner. And lastly the lovely little blue cream Ch. Woburn Pansy, owned by Mrs. Spiers. Pansy was a daughter of Sweetaboy, and I am sure her owner will be heartbroken, as she was adored, she was such a sweetly pretty little cat and so affectionate. It is always so tragic to lose these little pets, one gets so attached to them. They are just like children. My sympathy goes out to the owners of these lovely cats. "Sleep well, little friends."

I hope to be able to give the winners of the 26th Parisian International Show, which is being held in Paris in May, as I have been invited to judge. As I have never been to a show on the Continent, I am looking forward to this first visit so much, and I should have some interesting news for the next issue.

Modern Research and Cat Health

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

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

HOW 'TIBS' CONDITION CATS

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

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

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



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

H.Q. OF CAT HEALTH

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

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

TIBS

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

KEEP CATS KITTENISH

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MRS. Coldham asks if I could mention the revival of the East Anglian Cat Club. The first meeting was held at Miss German's, and there are already about forty members. Miss Yorke is President, and Miss M. German Chairman. The club had lapsed for probably fifty years. It is hoped the Pier Pavilion, Felixstowe can be booked for the annual show.

The Spring weather is very changeable, and it is not advisable to let the cats into their runs when there is a cold wind. Better to keep them in until they can have a free run. How nice it is to have so many hours of daylight. My studs start their runs the moment we get up. When they have each had a really good outing, they are all allowed into their runs, weather permitting. Then all the females are free to go into the garden until 4 p.m., when the males are again allowed out for a second good run. The garden is looking delightful, and it is a real joy

to see the cats scampering around so happily.

I expect many of you had early litters. My first was Chinki Jonta's on March 25th, by Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. They are now between five and six weeks old, and are a very nice litter. I shall probably keep a female for future breeding.

Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat had five Burmese babies on April 24th, four females and one male. They are growing rapidly and appear to be very fine kits so far as one can tell at this early stage.

Chinki Yong Jetta, Cheli's daughter by Mrs. Coldham's Zahran, is quite a young lady and has called several times. She just loves to "fly" up things, especially net curtains, which are not made to stand her weight. I hang a coat on the kitchen door to slip on when I go out to the cats. She loves to suddenly run up this, sometimes on the outside, and she sit on top of the peg where it hangs, and often in the

sleeves. She jumped down into a basin of eggs the other day, which didn't improve them. She has a very deep voice and sounds much more like a lamb than a cat. She loves to take a look at Daffy (Casa Gatos da Foong), her grandsire, when he is in his run. He gets quite excited and tries to touch her through the wire.

To-day, Mr. and Mrs. Bowen from Nottingham brought their queen for mating, and also their first baby, Yvonne. It is not often I get a baby visitor. Penny (Banchor Penelope), who had never seen a baby before, stared interestedly, then jumped into the empty Karri-cot and proceeded to play with baby's rattle.

Mrs. Bowen told me her queen Mitzi had bad luck last time, and only one kitten survived out of six. I advised her to give half a raspberry leaf tablet a day through pregnancy and I am sure she will have no more trouble. Anyone who anticipates difficulty at kittening time, should use these wonderful tablets. It is well worth the slight trouble to ensure the queen has an easy time and oftens means kits are saved which might otherwise be lost.

If it is at all possible, do try to stay around when your

queen is kittening. Even experienced breeders sometimes slip up on this, and then are disappointed when kittens are born out of the nest and left around to die. The best way to prevent this is to have a small tea chest for kittenings with a wired door to fit the front. A blanket can be spread flat on top of newspaper on the bottom and a hot bottle wrapped in a woollie put across the front end. The mother cannot then get out to have the babies and will cuddle them all up to her when she has finished kittening. A tea-chest costs in the region of two and sixpence, and a joiner would make a wired door to fit it very cheaply. After the queen has all her kittens, it is a good idea to remove all bedding and paper and to have ready a good sized cardboard carton, with blanket and hot bottle tucked under it. The queen and kittens can be lifted into this whilst the tea chest is being tidied up and then slipped in. I always cut one of the short ends of the carton half way down and bend it over. This makes it easier for the queen to get in and out without stepping on the babes. The door can now be left open so that the queen can get in and out at will. Don't forget to give her a drink of warm milk or Farex when you are sure she has had all her babes.

As I have just received a phone call from a novice to say her two weeks old kits have sticky eyes, I would like to remind you to keep the kits from strong light during the first three weeks, and you will not have this trouble. It is a great nuisance and is not always quickly cleared up. Water, boiled and cooled, as used for babies, is the best remedy. Bathe them three times a day. Prevention is better than cure. I use black-out material—relic of the war days, to cover tea chest or pen—fastening it with drawing pins at the top.

I should like to remind all those of you who anticipate buying a kitten not to kill it with kindness. The breeder will tell you how it has been fed. Please stick to this. It is most important, and will prevent the kitten getting an upset stomach, as it most certainly will if you just feed it in a haphazard manner.

I sold a perfectly healthy kitten on Sunday, giving written instructions re feeding times, quantities, etc. By Saturday, the new owner rang me to say the kitten had diarrhoea and was listless. I ascertained they had given it large quantities of food and let it into the dining room to feed whenever they had a meal. I suggested a dose of liquid

paraffin and then subsequent doses of magnesia, and strict adherence to the diet chart, also to shut the kitten in another room at meal times, preferably with his own meal. Over-feeding is a great mistake. It is not generally understood what a small stomach a kitten has, and to overload it is bound to cause disturbance.

A novice asked if her queen which was "calling" could be mated. Her kittens were nine weeks old, so I advised waiting until the next "call." Do remember, after carrying the kittens for nine weeks and nursing them for eight to ten weeks, the queen needs a rest and building up, before being allowed to breed again.

Be extra careful about cleanliness with the cats and kittens now the weather is hot. Only leave food 'down' for a reasonable time, or it will be contaminated by flies, with resultant upset stomachs. Change the sanitary tray frequently and thoroughly cleanse. Wash soiled floors with hot water and soda which "vets." tell me is the best disinfectant.

At present, all cats are moulting. I give my short haired cats a comb with a fine comb once daily. This removes all the loose hair and prevents it being swallowed, when the cat washes itself.

Mrs. Brown's stud cat, PHILLIMORE FLUELLIN with his seven - months - old cream son OWLEY-COMBE JESTER

Mrs. Reginald Brown of Owley Cottage, Bradley Cross, Cheddar, Somerset, owner-breeder of the Owleycombe Persian Cats, writes:—

"It was in the Spring of 1951 that I decided to put all my cats and kittens on to your famous Kit-zyme

Tablets. There is no doubt that the Tablets played a big part in helping to build up good stamina because when the dreaded infectious feline enteritis found its way into my Cattery the following Autumn all the adults and one kitten escaped infection—as well as two cream kittens which I sold during the week prior to the outbreak of the disease. Up to this time all my stock had lived together.

The five kittens that were actually ill averaged 4 to 4½ months of age and they were given penicillin and hydro-streptomycin injections immediately. During all this time the kittens were on liquids only, but they were never forcibly fed, nor was there any night nursing and as soon as they went on to solids again the Kit-zyme Tablets were re-introduced in to the diet.

I believe it is very unusual to save stock from this complaint as they usually succumb to 'secondaries', so do you wonder that I have such faith in Kit-zyme?

I started showing again in London at the last show of the season and one of the enteritis patients, a blue kitten with a very pale blue full coat took three Firsts and a cream kitten, Owleycombe Jester, also an ex-patient, took a First.

Since using Kit-zyme I have noticed a very great improvement in wealth and length of coats which is not all due to breeding, and just before the enteritis outbreak I succeeded in making a very beautiful young blue queen a full champion."

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



Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

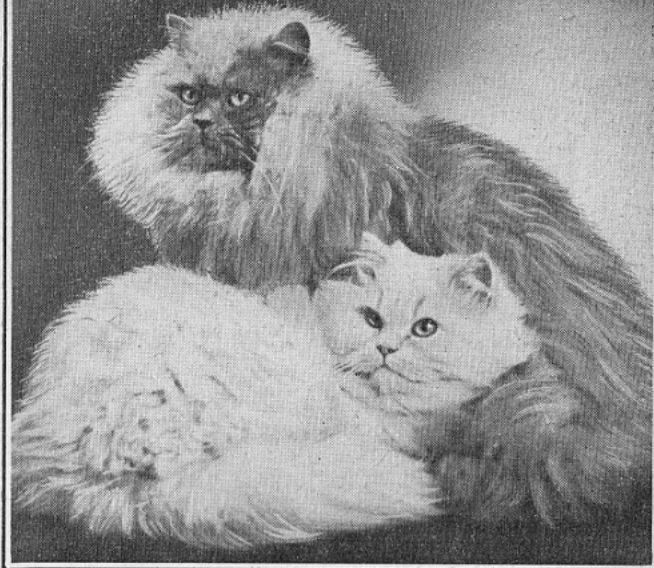
Promotes resistance to:—LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES

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

KIT-ZYME is sold by Chemists and most Pet Stores

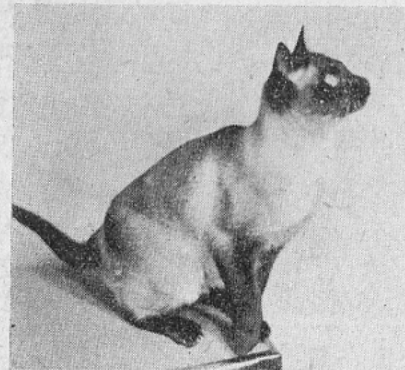
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Photograph by Norman Heal

Letters and Pictures to the Editor



Croxteth Janina, belonging to Mrs. Hewatt of Kings Lynn, Norfolk

Golders Green,
N.W.11.

Dear Editor,

I have just taken two snaps of my cats, Blackie and my Blue Persian Jolley. They are both a year old, and very fond of each other.

I do hope you will find room in your magazine to print my snaps. I look forward each month to "Cats and Kittens."

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) E. Herman.



Blackie

Thames Ditton.

Dear Editor,

I have recently been given the opportunity of reading and very much enjoying several issues of your magazine, by a friend who is a subscriber.

So many of the photographs and letters appear to be from cat lovers, that I thought you might like to have these two photographs of our cats, as we are both cat and dog lovers.

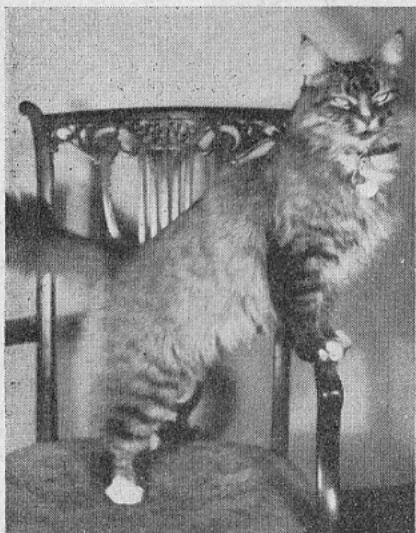
We own show Airedales, and have bred a number of them, as well as owning two Irish Setters.

The cats are most intelligent and affectionate. They are quite different in temperament. Astra is devoted to the dogs,



Jolley

LETTERS AND PICTURES



April

and always prefers to be in the same room with them, and even to sleep in the same basket as one, or even two of them. She will pull the Aire-dales' faces close to her by their beards and proceed to wash them. She always says "Thank you" when the door is opened for her, or when she is given food or drink. Her way of asking to come in is a gentle little scratch on the door.

April tolerates the dogs, but is of a more independent and haughty disposition. She always gives a peremptory bang at the handle of a door when wishing to be let in. She is the daughter of a lovely silver grey long-haired mother.

Both cats are neutered.

Dogs and cats are all kept in the house and live very happily together.

I hope you will be able to publish these photographs, and that you will return them to me, as they are the only ones I have of them.

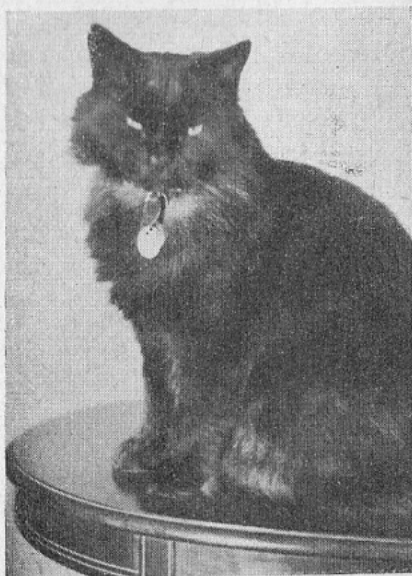
With best wishes for the success of your magazine.

Yours very truly,
(Miss) Eveline A. Stokes.

Palmerston North,
New Zealand.

Dear Editor,

Please find enclosed a postal order for 16/- to cover the cost of twelve issues of your delightful magazine. A friend lent me several which I enjoyed reading so much.



Astra

TO THE EDITOR

I have two pedigree Persian kittens, one blue the other black, and also a "common" house pet. I am enclosing a postcard of Michael John, and also several small snaps of my kittens Boy Blue and Black Pearl, and I do hope that in one of your future magazines you will have room for them.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) D. J. Hore.

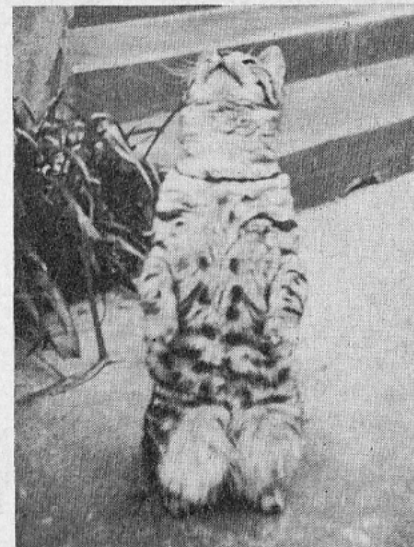
April 15th, 1952.

Dear Editor,

The April issue of "Cats and Kittens" has just arrived. As always, I devoured it eagerly.

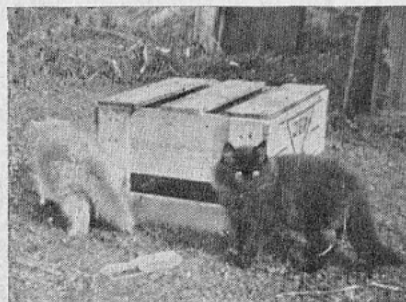
Thanks for printing my request for cat stories. And of course I was completely delighted to see Mike in the advertisement endorsing Kit-zyme. I have only to shake the tin and all three cats come a-running.

I noticed Miss May Davies' request for information about a book called "Nine Lives", by Caroline Marriage. I wonder

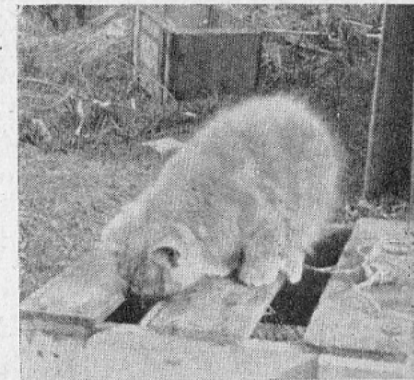


Michael John

if she isn't thinking of "Nine Lives" by Alice Grant Rosman, the charming biography of her black cat, Sir Samuel Penguin. A Minton, Balch book. Published over here by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



Boy Blue and Black Pearl



Boy Blue

I understand it is out of print here, but it may be available in England. One of the most charming books imaginable.

Cooper Union, a museum in N.Y., had an exhibition of cat pictures and the like, a few years ago, and the title of their catalogue was "Nine Lives". But it is more likely that of the two, Miss Davies refers to the Rosman book.

With every good wish,

Sincerely,

Hettie Gray Baker.

Grimsby.

Dear Editor,

Replying to Emily Dolby's letter in this month's edition of "Cats and Kittens", I had a similar experience.

We were some time ago residing with some people who owned a tortie female which produced three ginger kittens. We took the one female and it inherited all peculiarities of Siamese, and I suspected my own Siamese male of being the sire. I wrote on the subject to a contemporary magazine, and had replies from Mr. Jude and Dr. Archer, both renowned for their authority on genetics. They both said the possibility of the ginger female being half Siamese was next to impossible.



Miss V. Osmond's Siamese Neuter

We had also been informed by the vet. that a female ginger was a rarity. To prove it was a female, we mated her with our Siamese blue-pointed male, and the result two ginger males, one tabby female. One ginger male kitten died, but the other two have already been sent to new homes.

May I point out that as a kitten our ginger female won a second at the Crystal Cat Show last season.

She has mackerel tabby markings with ringed tail and amber eyes. She is most lovable and retains such Siamese habits as retrieving, jumping on one's shoulder, and talking away ten to the dozen.

Perhaps ginger females are uncommon but not quite a rarity. I was just as disappointed as I expect Emily Dolby will be on reading this.

Yours sincerely,

Alf Whitelam.

Cardiff.

Dear Editor,

I was looking through your book "Siamese Cats" recently when I came upon an item of news which surprised me considerably. You mentioned in passing that although the famous cat "Oriental Silky Boy", owned by Mrs. K. L. Sayers, had recently passed away, she still had that "splendid stud Typic Pita" in her possession.

The reason for my surprise is that I have for the past two years owned Typic Pita, having purchased him in March, 1950, from Mrs. Sayers.

I would much appreciate it if you could mention in your delightful little magazine "Cats and Kittens" (which incidentally I didn't know about until quite recently), that I own this well-known stud cat. I have wondered often why I have not received any requests for his services from any other part of the country except Cardiff and district, but if people are under the impression that he is still with Mrs. Sayers that may account for it.

I am, Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Dorothy Barnes.

Minehead, Som.

Dear Editor,

As a regular reader (with my wife) of your magazine since

early in 1945, I would be very grateful if you could suggest any remedy which would relieve what, from the symptoms (laboured breathing and occasional fits of what one might call "soft" coughing), we are now convinced is asthma in our cat. The cat is twelve years and eleven months old, a short haired white neuter, not of pedigree stock. Though he has been inclined to be a bit chesty for some years, the more acute symptoms of laboured breathing developed almost overnight.

Our very capable local vet. tested his chest fluid for t.b., fortunately with negative results, and then suspected a tumour in the lungs. He gave us some M. and B. tablets, but the effort of giving them to the cat and the resultant dribbling and sickness caused him so much distress that we had to give it up. His temperature has been normal all the time, and his coat reasonably smooth, but his appetite has not unnaturally fallen off. After keeping him quiet for the last two days, he has definitely improved and his appetite is also larger—especially for Kitzyme and cod liver oil and malt. His breathing is, however, still laboured, and he has not lost his "soft" cough; and it is for that reason that I am

LETTERS AND PICTURES

asking how these conditions can be relieved.

Yours faithfully,
A. N. Kim.

Dear Mr. Kim,

Cats are very inclined to be chesty, and as your cat is now an old gentleman he would of course be more prone to this trouble.

M. and B. tablets are very good for certain conditions in cats, but they do have a very lowering effect. Of course the frothing at the mouth is a feature of giving medicines to cats, it is really caused by fear.

I don't think there is much you can do, except that you might occasionally, when the trouble is most severe, give him an inhalation. This can be done by placing a few drops of eucalyptus oil into a jar of boiling water, and put the cat into an airing cupboard or similar place where it breaths in the vapour, but, of course, first making sure that the jug cannot be tipped up.

Editor.

Stansted,
Essex.

Dear Editor,

In this month's issue of "Cats and Kittens" you print a letter from Mrs. Dolby of Flintshire regarding the scarcity of female sandy cats.

I am on the technical staff of a well known animal welfare society and generally handle about 100-150 cats of all types each week. Sandy, or red tabby cats to be correct, are, generally speaking, males, but females do occur. I have handled quite a few, in fact I have lost count of the number I have seen. Recently I had a complete litter of kittens, five in number, all sandy, brought to me for sexing, and I was surprised to find that they were all females. They are quite fertile, but of course have no value unless they are pedigree stock. In over fifteen years with cats I have only seen one tortoiseshell tom. These really are scarce now, more's the pity. If males were plentiful they would be very popular, I am sure, as they are such attractive cats.

My old brown tabby female, Fromaty, whose photo you published last spring, is still going strong. She has mated with a blue shorthair, and is due early next month. Whether we will get a blue kitten or not remains to be seen. It will probably be a tabby marked blue if we do. Hoping this letter will be of interest to you. With all best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Edward Camp.

TO THE EDITOR



Tiggy

Chepstow, Mon.

Dear Editor,

I am very interested in Mrs. Emily Dolby's letter printed in the April number of your magazine. I have always understood that a female ginger cat is a rarity. I remember being told this by my father when I was a very little girl. There was a ginger pussy next door who had kittens regularly. I did not meet another cat like this until last year, when I happened to be in a shop in a South Devon town. There I saw an obviously expectant ginger lady, and was informed by her owner that they were very proud of her on

account of her being unusual. Then as recently as yesterday I was in Hereford and again came across this "phenomenon". While I stroked the tortoiseshell cat which sat in the doorway of a shop, I was told by its owner that this same cat had produced a ginger female in her last litter. Now the question I would like to ask is whether anyone has ever seen a tortoiseshell tom. I have always understood that these multi-coloured cats are in every case female.

Two and a half weeks ago my aristocratic Trinity Miss Muffet, who is a Seal Point Siamese and whom we call Muffin, began to make romantic overtures to our seven and a half months old Tigridee, who is a ginger gentleman. I had decided to keep Muffin at home this time and let her sing her love songs in the confines of the house. However, I had reckoned without her captivating charm and its effect on Tiggy. At any rate, I discovered that he was a little older for his age than I had thought. We expect him to become a father about May 26th, and I am burning with curiosity as to what the kittens will look like. What I want to know is whether I can breed a Siamese type cat with red points. I am all for originality!

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Would you please tell me whether the so called Red Tabby is another name for the common ginger variety? I have not seen a Red at any show which I have so far attended, although I have seen many gingers.

Our happy family of pussies is varied. There were ten, but like the little nigger boys they went until now there are four. Besides Muffet and Tiggy we have Scutteree, the most beautifully marked little tabby girl I have ever seen; and we have Muffet's only daughter. Out of a first litter of six, of whom Sco-Ruston Galadima was the father, she had only one daughter, the rest were boys. We want to find a home for this kitten, and would willingly give her to anyone who would like a Siamese but cannot run to an expensive cat. We do not feel that we can sell her as she is not anywhere near show standards and is small for her age. Six weeks ago she nearly died with enteritis, but somehow we saved her. We lost two of that litter, but the males that lived turned out to be beautiful kittens. So if you know anyone who is looking for a pet they would be very welcome to have her. She is most affectionate and playful and has perfect manners.

I am enclosing a picture of Tiggy taken in an apple tree when he was five months old. It is a pity that the shadow on his tummy makes him look a funny shape, but his bright little face makes up for that. I wonder if you have a spare corner in your magazine in which you might perhaps like to print this?

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Jill Stilliard Racy.

Dear Mrs. Racy,

We will print your interesting letter and the snap in the next issue of the magazine.

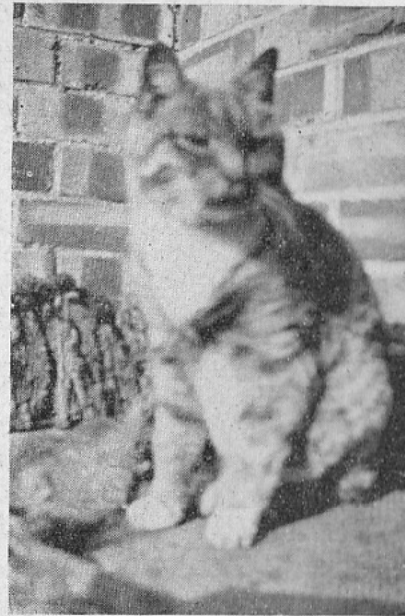
As a keen breeder of Siamese I am afraid that I cannot feel very happy about your having allowed your Siamese female to mate with your ginger tom. I certainly don't think you will breed a Siamese type cat with red points. You are more likely to get a tabby or a black, but with a "Siamesey" voice and perhaps "Siamesey" ears.

It is true to say that the red tabby could be more correctly described as ginger. Editor.

Newport Pagnell, Bucks.
Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a picture of my ginger and white cat Tim, age 16 years 2 months. He was born March, 1936. I would like his picture to appear in "Cats and Kittens" magazine, as he

TO THE EDITOR



Tim

is a great pet of mine. I find your magazine very helpful and full of interest to cat lovers.

My cat Tim is in reasonably fair condition considering his age, and my vet. says he is equivalent to a human being of one hundred years. He moves very slowly now, and cannot jump, but I shall keep him as long as he stays well.

Yours faithfully,
Florence A. Tandy.

Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
Dear Editor,

I hope you will please pardon me troubling you, but not having a vet. about who takes

much interest in small animals, I felt perhaps you might be able to help me. I have a pedigree Blue Persian, purchased when he was eight weeks old from Mrs. Eireanne Marlow, Baron's Court, London, W.14. He is now two years old last Thursday. He is beautiful and I love him dearly. I had him neutered when he was three months old. The trouble is that periodically his back legs go so stiff and he cannot jump or walk properly. I cannot help but think that it is rheumatism, otherwise he is very healthy, eats well and is full of fun, but when he gets these attacks it is so pitiable to see him trying so hard to walk. I do not mind what it costs if only I could help him, having read the magazine so long, I thought perhaps you could advise me. Thanking you in anticipation.

Yours sincerely,
E. Dawes.

Dear Mrs. Dawes,

I am sorry to hear about the trouble which your neutered Persian male experiences.

I don't think this is a form of rheumatism, but is some kind of paralysis, which fortunately only appears to be slight.

Mr. Steele-Bodger, veterinary surgeon of Litchfield Street, Tamworth, Staffordshire, is a

LETTERS AND PICTURES

very keen cat-lover and is well-noted for his kindness and experience with cats. As he is not too far from you you might consider taking your cat for him to see when one of these bouts occurs.

Editor.

Croft,

Nr. Warrington,

Lancs.

Dear Editor,

I found a tiny ginger tom kitten on New Year's Eve, covered with oil, shivering and starving. I asked at many nearby houses if it was theirs. Nobody claimed him, so I brought him home. He's such a grand chap now, about six months old. Everyone admires him, he's so clean and friendly. Caught four mice the other day. Has never made a mess except in his tin or outside. Naturally I like him more than I can say. I never want to hurt him and so I am writing to you for advice.

Many friends here have advised me to have him castrated. They say it will make him an even better cat. Now this is my one doubt. Will it be a good thing for him? I'm wondering if it would make him feel better, happier. I just wouldn't like to deprive him of

his contentment just to make him appear to be a better cat. If you say castrating him would be good for him, I will. If you say it only improves his appearance and behaviour, in human eyes, I won't. (Isn't it surprising how you get to like a cat so much?)

If it is best to have him castrated, is there anything I can do for him before and/or after the operation?

Hoping you will oblige,

Yours faithfully,

J. H. Kneale.

P.S.—I have just left the Royal Navy with a long-service pension, having served twenty-five years, from fifteen to forty. Every warship has its cats, from one to a good dozen. Their favourite haunt is the "butchers' " store-room door! My, what grand company they are, especially in times of trouble, like a dangerous storm or, more particularly, in action during the war!

Dear Mr. Kneale,

There is no need for you to worry about having the ginger tom kitten neutered.

For a male this is a comparatively simple operation, and the neutering of female

TO THE EDITOR

cats is being increasingly done to-day, although this is a more difficult matter.

You will not find that his character or disposition will be altered in any way, nor will he be less happy. It is well known that you cannot keep an entire male in the house when he becomes adult, so that when he is neutered life will be able to continue as before for him.

Yes! we have heard lots about cats and ships and sailors, and know what a strong affinity there is between them.

Editor.

Cannon Hill,

Birmingham.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you can help me. I have a female Siamese kitten nearly six months old. I was told to keep her warm, particularly during the winter, if I wanted to keep her coat cream. However, all in vain, as the last few weeks it has darkened rapidly, presenting a brindled appearance. Her points are a nice seal brown, but, if possible, I should like to see her coat light again, as I hope to show her later on. I should mention she is a very poor eater (I was told also that Siamese were greedy). I give her Kit-zymes (under protest)

and cod liver oil extract as advised by her breeder.

I would very much appreciate the benefit of your experience. Although my little cat is not ill, I feel sure neither is she in tip-top condition, and this I am anxious to achieve.

With best wishes for the success of your magazine, which I find so enjoyable,

Yours faithfully,

M. Stuart.

Dear Mrs. Stuart,

Unfortunately the beautiful pale coat colour of the Siamese all too often darkens quickly when they become adult, and this becomes progressive, I think, so the mature Siamese presents a very different appearance to that of a kitten.

There are exceptions to the rule, of course, and I can think of the well known Champion Inwood Shadow, several years old and still as pale as when it was first shown.

If you intend showing your cat later you must regularly groom it now. That is, clean its ears, brush its coat thoroughly, finally polishing with a chamoix leather, and feed at regular meal times.

Have you seen my book, "Siamese Cats", which you might find useful? Editor.

THE (?) DOMESTIC CAT—*from page 12.*

certain farmhouse the four cats usually lie on the top of the copper in which water is heated; so reluctant are they to move when the lid is taken off, that one of them actually fell in on one occasion; even this did not change their habit. At the same place two of the cats—tortoiseshell-and-white ones—always creep under the raised oven of the range if they can without being detected; they will lie there by the hour, carefully hidden, as, if seen, they are immediately sent out. Cats seem able to bear considerable extremes of heat and cold; they never seem distressed by heat, as dogs are; they will lie in the blazing sun, or before a hot fire for long periods. I have never seen a cat panting, unless with fright.

Another characteristic is their extraordinary clinging to places; due to their solitary habits and the "shelter" instinct. Recently there was, in a small West London street, a furniture shop, where a fine black cat was kept; this cat might be seen any morning curled up on anything from a heap of fire-irons to a tapestry-covered stool, enjoying the sun. Everybody knows the cat, and it likes being petted. The dealer removed for a time, and a fruit trader took his

place. The cat remained. There was now no comfortable furniture to curl up on; the cat would try to balance on the narrow window-ledge, and looked perfectly wretched; so wretched that it would go to people waiting for a 'bus near by, to be stroked. Now, the original dealer has retaken the shop, and Pussy is happy again. It radiates contentment. Another cat repeatedly made its way back to a former home, although the people cared very much for her and did their best to keep her with them; quite recently a cat returned many miles to a former home, although taken away by train, and arrived quite footsore, to be cared for by neighbours. How it found its way back is a mystery. This love for the place is difficult to understand, unless one remembers that the cat, in the wild state, chooses its home in some hollow, or rock-shelter, and remains there.

That the cat is only very slightly domesticated is shown by the comparative ease with which they will revert to a semi-wild state; in the country they will sometimes become quite wild, and their kittens are hardly distinguishable from wild cats, except by their larger size. Curiously enough, cats do not seem to fear traps, cautious as they are; I have seen a cat caught in a game-keeper's rabbit-trap, and only

recently a man near London inhumanly set traps for cats and caught two in his garden. The character of cats is extremely complex; they rarely give affection, as we know affection, though there are cases in which they have shown much distress at the loss of their owners, and also a few cases in which they have saved their owners' lives by warning them of fire; mewling at the door if they cannot get in, patting the sleeper's face with their paws if they can reach him. They dread fire, and sometimes lose their lives because so overcome with fear and smoke that they cannot escape. They are probably the most nervous and highly strung of all domestic animals; once really frightened they are hard to reassure. Their attitude towards dogs is really an elaborate bluff; their eyes show that they are frightened. They play off fear against fear. I once watched a small cat in a doorway; a small dog—no larger than the cat—approached; saw the cat; paused; walked on tip-toe in a large arc all round the house-front, ears cocked and eyes on the cat all the time; and pussy never moved, or turned

her eyes away from him. When he had gone she assumed an expression of the greatest unconcern, as if dismissing such a trifle from her mind; but she had been very much on the alert, so long as the dog was near. Dogs are sometimes very cruelly set on cats; and have been known to kill them; usually the cat has been taken by surprise and unable to escape. Cats are capable of extraordinary agility, both of eye and body, and they seem to know instantly whether they can or cannot perform a given leap. I have seen a cat deliberately measure, with its eyes, the height of a concrete wall, smooth and sheer, which was some ten feet high, the side of a basement: she drew back about a yard, leaped, landed about twice her own length from the top; ran the rest of the way, and walked unconcernedly through the railing at the top. In this case she had: (a) some ten feet of smooth concrete, with no ridges; (b) railings at the top about three inches apart. Unless she landed in one of these three-inch openings, she would be knocked back into the basement.

Another cat was accustomed to climbing to a roof via a certain lime-tree. Some branches were cut from the tree, and the next time pussy ran lightly up the trunk, she checked in sudden perplexity on the stump of a branch, which should have carried her on to the roof. She waited a few seconds; then took a perilous leap on to the roof, which she reached in safety, and began her usual perambulation.

On the ridge of this same roof, I have seen a cat pause on three legs and scratch its flank; on another part, a cement ridge only a few inches wide, I have seen a cat sit down and wash itself entirely. They seem to have no height-sense at all, or any fear of falling. It is only over-domesticated or young cats that lose their heads in high trees, and have to be fetched down. Tree-climbing is in their blood, and they seem to have an extremely fine sense of touch in their paws.

Other indications of the veneer of domestication may be cited. They are very suspicious; put a cat in new surroundings, and, even if it is starving, it

will have a look round before it takes food. They want to go out at night, and have adventures. A fine tom, rather elderly, used to get so incensed about being shut in the house at night, that he would attack the other cat—a female—and even bite her; or he would hide himself under somebody's bed and, about midnight start to howl eerily. This particular cat survived the accidental loss of his tail; a rare case among adult cats, who do not usually recover if they lose their tails by violence. Mark lived to be quite old.

Cats show their old instincts by their interest in anything that moves; birds, mice, even paper or other things jerked on a string. They will run after paper which is being blown about. They will try to stalk pigeons in London. One cat even tried to bring down a large fowl in a chicken-run. If they fail to do what they have set out to do, they will never admit it; they assume a look of bland innocence, laughable by its patent nature.

Many people do not understand cats, because they will insist on crediting the animal with human thoughts and

actions. I am not saying that cats cannot be affectionate and lovable pets; they can, and are, and many a lonely woman owes much to her cat. But cats think along feline lines, not human ones. Life is simple for a cat; the main lines of it are:—(1) Shelter; preferably warm and comfortable. (2) Food; fish and milk if possible. (3) A mate. (4) The kittens, if and when they come. The person who owns the cat

—someone once said it was the other way round—is more often than not merely useful to provide a nice fire in winter; cushions to sleep on; coddles' heads and milk; possibly liver and other delicacies; to stroke one, a thing most cats do not dislike at all, especially if the human has the knack of doing it lightly; and generally to be useful to the cat. Domesticity is a convenience; not a necessity.



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my dear friends, is not dead, she only sleeps." In the poor people's part of the cemetery may be found many simple yet touching memorials to beloved cats; one, beautiful in its simplicity, I well remember, "Tiger—good and faithful cat." Many of the epitaphs are in English, indicating that the owners were British or American.

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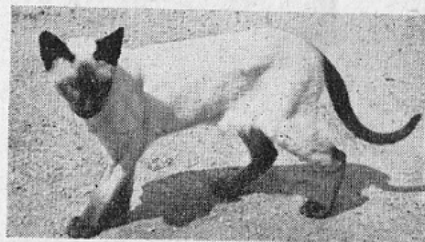
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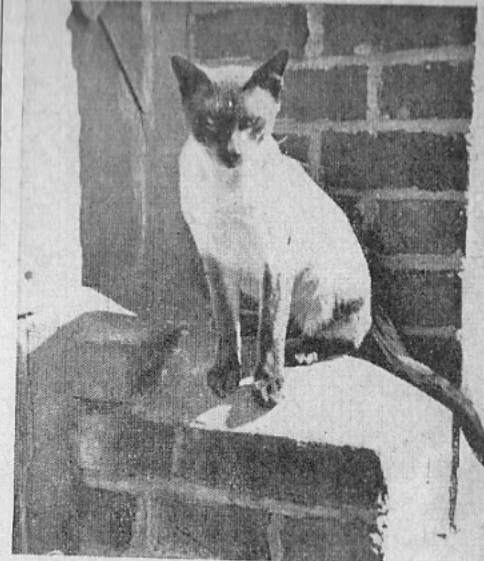
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