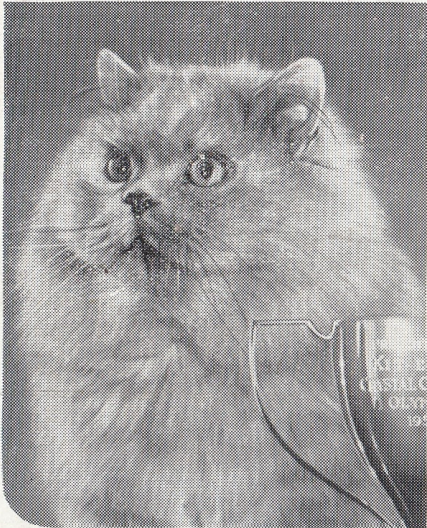


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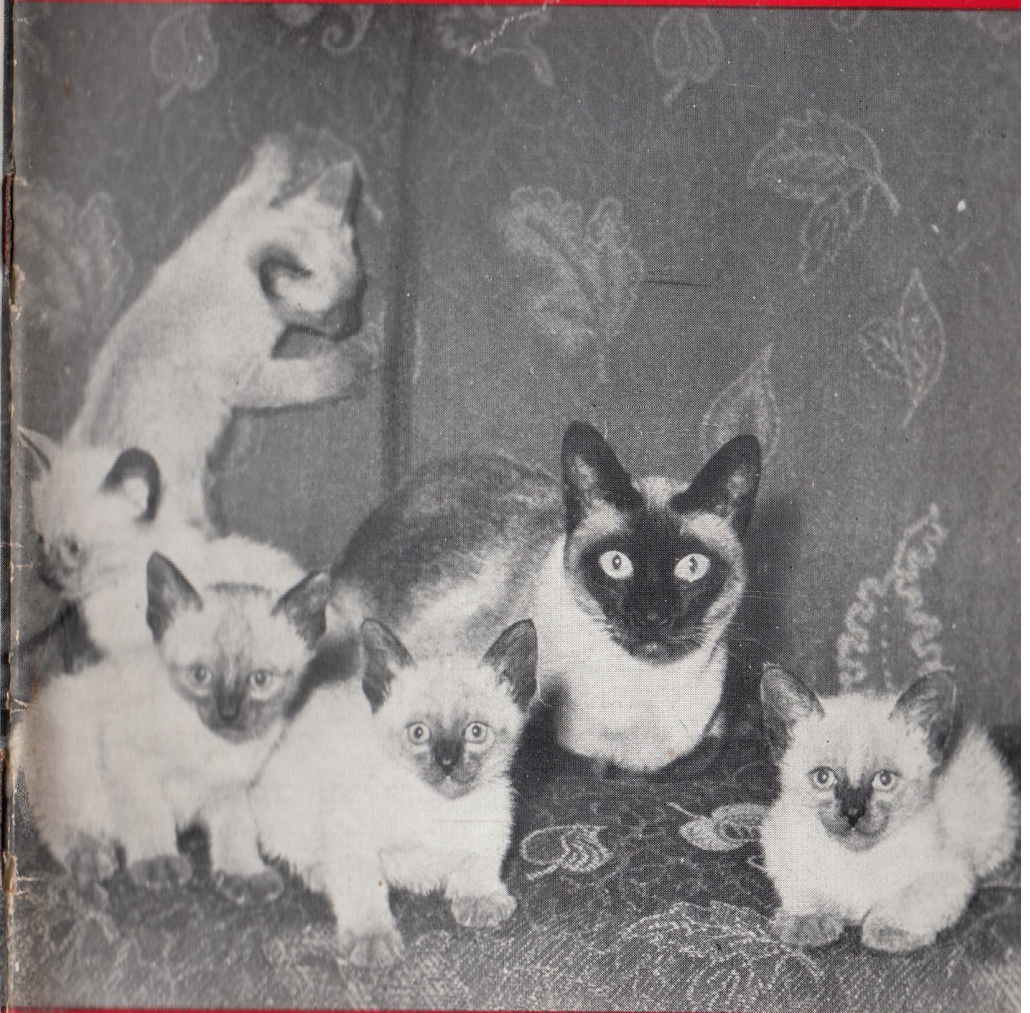
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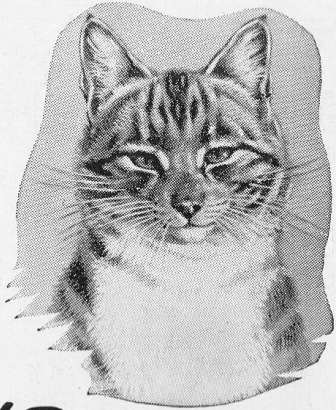
CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JULY
1952

MONTHLY



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General Offices : 33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JULY, 1952

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

WHO WILL HELP ?

A recent article of ours by Beverley Nichols regarding the sad plight of the cats on the island of Malta has caused us to receive a number of letters from readers, all hoping that something practical can be done to remove this blot on the honourable record of this island.

It appears to us that short of getting the Island Legislature to adopt and enforce a stringent cruelty to animals

act, that financial support for the branch of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals over there should be afforded. We should be very happy to act as receivers and treasurers for any fund which our readers would like to be started with this object in view, and we ourselves would commence this fund with a cheque for two guineas, and each subscription would be acknowledged in our magazine.

The cover photograph is of a Siamese litter of kittens and their mother.

Breeder—Mrs. SMITH, LEICESTER.

A STRONG CASE FOR RECONSIDERATION.

Oh for a bit of sound common sense ! When will the "powers that be" realise that anybody willing to spend a great deal of money to bring all cats, whether pedigree or domestic, to the wider notice and attention of the general public, should receive all help in their power and that as in Imperial Rome "none shall be for party and all shall be for state". The recent successful shows at Olympia, organised mainly by a well-known company, acclaimed by the general public, welcomed by the cat fanciers and exhibitors, but, for some reason, frowned upon by the above-mentioned "powers that be", above all others this show should have first place in the cat show season, if only because of its central London venue, the Olympia Exhibition Hall, because of the splendid prizes which it offers, the excellent display pens and lighting, and the wonderful publicity. Every member of the ruling body of the Cat Fancy who realises what a force for the enlargement of the Cat Fancy this is, and forgetting all personal feelings, should decide to throw in all their weight behind this venture and give it their unqualified blessing.

It is not too late now to reconsider this matter, so why not go into the whole question again and show some sound common sense which will bring forth approbation and remove frustration.

After the above was written we received a letter from the secretary to the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy from which it would appear the situation has gone from bad to worse, to quote : "I notice in the June issue of 'Cats and Kittens Magazine', under the heading Candid Comments, a statement that the Crystal Cat Club are to hold a show at Olympia on the 22nd and 23rd August next under Governing Council Rules. May I point out that the Crystal Cat Club made an application to the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy for permission to hold this show under the Council's Rules, but, at a meeting held on the 12th May, the Council decided not to approve the application.

"Regarding the members of the Committee of the Crystal Cat Club, I understand that Miss K. Yorke resigned from the Committee on the 23rd May. The Mr. Martin on the Committee is not Mr. J. H. A. Martin, a member of the Governing Council. Yours faithfully, W. A. Hazeldine (Secretary)." If the Governing

Council is so against this show as to refuse even its presentation under their rules, would it not be expedient to state in unqualified fashion the reason? It might be said that there are already too many shows in the show season (October to mid-January), and that to exhibit cats at other times means their presentation to the public when they are not looking their best by reason of the fact that most cats will either be wearing their summer coats or moulting.

The answer to this would be to cite the Kensington Kitten Club's Festival Show last year at the Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, in London, and which was so ably managed by Mr. F. B. Williams.

Speaking from memory I believe this was held in July, and there is no doubt that it was the most successful cat show that has ever been run, viewed from every possible angle ; and while on this subject one must notice with astonishment that the Governing Council, although affording this year's edition of the same show, which is to be held on Wednesday, the 30th July, recognition and authority for the show to be held under its rules, has for some reason withheld championship status

notwithstanding that last year the show was thus honoured.

It all boils down to this. Any good show run by reputable people with the object of furthering the interest and the cause of cats, should be approved by the Governing Council, and if of sufficient importance be granted championship status.

The way how? Fewer shows crowded together in the winter—only important ones during the summer and winter !

A RECENT NOTE

in these columns regarding the diet to cure tummy upsets in cats calls forth mention by this writer that a diet of lightly boiled fish was the best. Our good friend, Mr. Steward of the Cats' Protection League, has written to us mentioning this, and saying that he wondered if it was sufficiently realised that a mixed diet of meat, fish, rabbit with wholemeal for roughage, was really the main and staple diet for keeping cats in good health. With this we heartily agree, and apologise if last month's note did not make it clear that the all fish diet was only recommended to cure tummy upsets, whereupon the varied diet should be recommended.

CATS AND THEIR CELEBRITIES

By MURRAY MAYALL

JOHNSON and Baudelaire, Wolsey and Mahomet, Lord Chesterfield and St. Philip Neri—these are strange bed-fellows indeed! Yet on one point they would all be agreed: that the animal most worthy of man's affection and esteem is the cat.

From that remote period, 4,000 years ago, when cats were worshipped as sacred to the Egyptian goddess, Pasht, to the present day, when the domestic "Puss" holds an honoured place by the fireside of every English home, history can show remarkable instances of feline friendship with the great.

Mahomet, the Prophet of Islam, expressly stated: "Cats are not unclean beasts: they keep watch around us." There is a tradition that one day he was resting with a favourite cat, called Muezza, asleep on his arm: being summoned on important business, he ordered his sleeve to be cut away rather than disturb his pet. As a result, perhaps, of his example, cats have always been well treated in Turkey and the East: in the year 1260 the Caliph el Daher Beybars made himself famous by the

gifts of a garden in Cairo for the maintenance of homeless and hungry cats, and food has been daily distributed there ever since.

Little record of personal attachment to these animals is found in the history of Greece and Rome, though they figure in art as the companions of Artemis and symbols of Liberty, but a Roman tombstone at Bordeaux had a representation of a young girl clasping a cat in her arms, and it is possible that the beloved creature was condemned to join its mistress in death.

The cat does not seem to have been very common in mediaeval Europe. From the barbarous cruelties practised on most animals in those days it is a relief to turn to the picture of the eighth century Irish monk who paused from his evening work to watch the antics of his cat, Pangur Ban. On the margin of the MS. of St. Paul's Epistles the monk was copying he wrote in his native Erse a set of lines to his pet, comparing their respective labours in the search for mice and wisdom, and ending:

"So in peace our task we ply,
Pangur Ban my cat and I:
In our arts we find our bliss,
I have mine and he has his."

Or we may think of St. Anselm riding along with his cat on the saddle in front of him: he used to lend his pet gladly to the convents and monasteries which were pestered with rats.

St. Philip Neri (who founded the Order of the Oratory, to which Cardinal Newman belonged) had to leave a favourite cat at Vallicella, and a biographer says: "For six whole years he every day sent one of his spiritual sons morning and evening to give her meat. And when they came back he would ask them before all, even Nobles and others, how the Cat did, whether she did eat and rest well, or no."

In early England cats were chiefly valued for their utility in keeping down vermin ("Cat—a good mouser—is jewel in house," says Thomas Tusser) and familiarity between man and beast was not encouraged owing to suspicion of witchcraft. But the old saying that "Cats care for places, not for people" is amply refuted by the following true stories.

Sir Henry Wyatt, father of the famous poet, was arrested by order of Richard III, tortured and thrown into a dungeon of the Tower of

London: there he would have died of starvation had not a pet cat traced him out and brought him daily a pigeon from a neighbouring dovecot. A picture of this scene is still in the Wyatt family's possession, and papers drawn up in 1727 relate that Sir Henry on his release "would ever make much of cats as other men will of their spaniels or hounds."

About a century later the Duke of Norfolk (executed by Queen Elizabeth for conspiring to aid Mary, Queen of Scots) was also imprisoned in the Tower, and his faithful cat, finding no other means of reaching his master, worked his way down a chimney to him and was rewarded by being allowed to share the Duke's captivity.

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That there is anything improbable in these accounts is disproved by an incident of 1935 which forms a curious parallel. For a long time it was suspected that the convicts in the main prison of Istanbul were receiving a regular supply of drugs from outside, and last September it was discovered that the smugglers were pet cats!

One would like to add Whittington's cat to these examples of feline fidelity, but it is almost certain that the story is purely legendary—if, indeed, it is not satisfactorily explained by the additional meaning of the word "cat": a vessel of the barge type which carried coal from Newcastle to London and thus laid the foundation of the future Lord Mayor's fortune.

By their quiet and gentle ways cats have frequently found favour with dignitaries of the Church. Pope Leo XII had a pet called Micetto who was born in the Vatican, and Pope Pius IX shared his meals with his cat. "Of all animals," says Andrew Lang, "the cat alone attains to the contemplative life: he regards the

whirl of existence from without." Thus it is scarcely surprising that the cat should make an ideal companion for men of deep thought and lofty purpose, and a long list of clerical cat-lovers might be given, from arch-bishops and canons down to the vicar of Morwenstow, the Rev. Robert Hawker. This eccentric character was regularly attended on his walks by nine or ten large cats, who even followed him into the church: "All animals," he used to say, "should find refuge in the Ark." It is said that once one of these cats so far forgot itself as to catch a mouse during the service, and was thereupon solemnly declared ex-communicated!

The unlimited patience of the cat, its constant air of mystery, its concealment of sharp claws under a velvet paw, its sudden pounces, its indifference to unnecessary objects, and its cunningly caressing ways towards those whose interest it desires—all these are qualities likely to appeal to statesmen and leaders of men. Cardinal Wolsey's cat (described as "a large animal delighting in display and ostentation, but mingling suavity

with pride") used to share his seat in Council: Mazarin and Chateaubriand were noted for their love of cats: and Richelieu always had kittens in his study, to save him, as he said, from attacks of melancholy.

The names of two Presidents—Abraham Lincoln and Raymond Poincaré—will ever be associated with cats. A neighbour's Siamese once recognised President Poincaré as an admirer, and sprang on to his knees with a purr of delight. He returned her to the owner with the gracious remark: "She did me the honour to like me." When Poincaré's own pet died he put over her grave the inscription "MY REAL FRIEND."

Again, the serious demeanour of the grown cat is well suited to the philosophic mind. Dr. Johnson, as is well-known, kept a cat called Hodge for many years in his Fleet Street room, and used to go out and buy oysters for it "lest the servants having that trouble should take a dislike to the poor creature".

Boswell (who, like Henri III of France, Napoleon and Lord Roberts, had a positive antipathy to cats) once thought he would please the great man by a compliment to Hodge. Dr. Johnson, never at a loss, replied, "Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this." He immediately realised, however,

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the fact that cats hate being disparaged, and "as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance," added, "But he is a fine cat, a very fine cat indeed".

Johnson's affection for Hodge—or his predecessor—provoked one of the many quarrels with his wife, but the cat was also the innocent cause of a memorable outburst which is related by Mrs. Piozzi.

"A young gentleman who had just inherited a fortune called on the Doctor for advice on his education. Johnson found him so ignorant of literature that he began to recommend other branches of learning, and advising him to study natural history, there arose some talk about animals, and their division into oviparous and viviparous. 'And the cat here, Sir,' said the youth, who wished for instruction, 'pray in which class is she?'"

"This was too much for the Doctor's patience: 'You would do well,' said he, 'to look for some person to be always about you, Sir, who is capable of explaining such matters, and not come to us to know whether the cat lays eggs or not.'"

Horace Walpole, too, was always enamoured of cats. The sad fate of one of his numerous pets in 1747 evoked a letter of

condolence from his friend Gray, in which the poet deplored the loss of "the handsome cat, whom I am about to immortalise"—the sequel being the famous "Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat, drown'd in a Tub of Goldfishes." Doubtless it was the elegant manners and well-bred gracefulness of the cat that appealed to Walpole, for we find another arbiter of fashion, Lord Chesterfield, extending his affection for a cat beyond the grave, and bequeathing a legacy to his "beloved Tib" and her descendants. Such generosity has often been paralleled: Mrs. Katharine Tofts, for instance, an eighteenth century singer, left an enormous sum of money to her twenty cats.

To record the number of poetic minds that have found inspiration in feline beauty would be too lengthy a task, and a few examples must suffice.

At the age of eight, Shelley wrote and illustrated some stanzas on a tabby cat which was probably his earliest composition in verse, while one of Keats' first poetical efforts—an amusing little piece—is addressed to Mrs. Reynolds' cat, and we find numerous allusions to these pets in his letters. Tasso wrote a sonnet to his cat, and Petrarch had his cat embalmed, the mummy

being still in existence. A friend of Petrarch's wrote an epitaph in Latin which seems to prove that the cat had actually a higher place in the poet's affections than the beloved Laura!

Victor Hugo enthroned his cat—a splendid specimen—on a red velvet dais in the centre of his drawing-room, where she expected—and received—the admiring homage of every visitor. Cowper, Byron, and Wordsworth were all cat-lovers, and it was Swinburne who wrote these wonderful lines to a cat:

"Stately, kindly, lordly friend,
Condescend
Here to sit by me . . .
Dogs may fawn on all and some
As they come.
You, a friend of loftier mind,
Answer friends, alone in kind.
Just your foot upon my hand
Softly bids it understand."

These lovely words find an echo in a sonnet by Jules Lemaitre:

"Tu n'as jamais connu, philosophe,
o vieux frère,
La fidélité sotte et bruyante du
chien:
Tu m'aimes cependant et mon
coeur le sent bien,
Ton amour clairvoyant et peut-
être éphémère
Me plaît: et je salue en toi,
calme penseur,
Deux exquis vertus: scepti-
cisme et douceur."

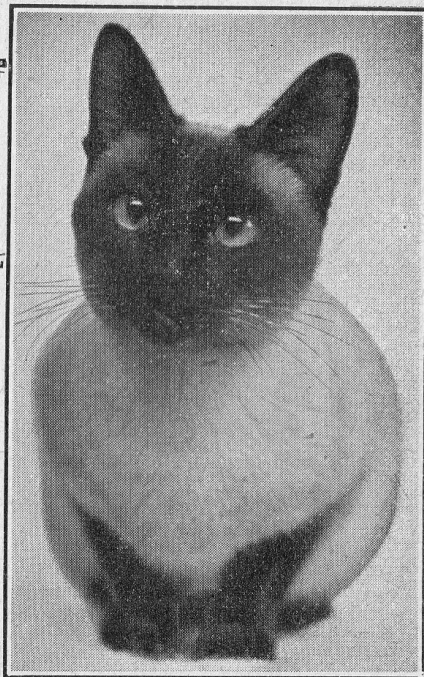
But French poetry is full of praise for cats, and one can only refer the reader to the

works of Baudelaire, Ronsard, Verlaine and Alfred de Musset.

From the aesthetic point of view cats occupy a very high place in natural loveliness: thus we can understand their attractiveness for connoisseurs of beauty like Ruskin, Walter Pater, and Pierre Loti. Ruskin, indeed, liked both dogs and cats: of the latter he notes in his fragmentary MS. autobiography, "As to my cats, I fear there will be no space to say all they deserve." A. C. Benson tells us that Walter Pater was particularly fond of cats: he took an unceasing delight in their dainty ways and graceful attitudes, being at the same time aware of their "refined selfishness," and his own pets were kept and lovingly tended to the last.

When a boy, Pierre Loti cared for no one so much as his cat—a surprisingly unprepossessing specimen called "La Suprématie". Another of his pets, "Kidi Bey," had to be left at Constantinople, and there it "entered the Church", having been adopted by the Dervishes at the Mosque, where it was assured of shelter and a supply of mice for the rest of its life. But the most celebrated of his cats was called "Mademoiselle Balkis". On the guardship that Loti commanded this animal was solemnly baptised in the

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presence of a distinguished gathering—a piece of audacity which shocked religious opinion in France !

"Cats are a very mysterious kind of folk," said Sir Walter Scott. "There is more passing in their minds than we are aware of." His own chief pet was called Hinse of Hinsfeldt : a venerable tom-cat (says Lockhart), fat, sleek, and no longer very locomotive, whose customary abode was on top of the library ladder, where he watched the proceedings of his master and the deerhound Maida with an air of dignified equanimity. In Maida's absence the cat would mount guard on the footstool, but when master and dog went round the Abbotsford estate Hinse of Hinsfeldt would accompany them, and actually joined in the chase when a hare was started.

Scott would have approved of the scene described by the poet William Allingham in his diary : the Waverley novels being read aloud on a winter's evening at Ballyshannon, and an old cat called "Norway" listening with rapt attention on the hearthrug and sometimes jumping into the reader's lap.

The number of cat-lovers among men of letters is extraordinary large : is it the aura

of brooding peace which surrounds the cat that makes it such a comforting companion, or is it, as Louis Wain has suggested, the power which emanates from "these living electric batteries" that stimulates brain work ? Henry James wrote many of his novels with his cat upon his shoulder, and it is told of Charles Kingsley that "cats were a continual delight to him : the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black and tabby, whose graceful motions he never tired of watching."

Edgar Allan Poe, especially in his writings, shows his understanding of the queer, almost eerie, side of the cat's nature. "Taine," says the Abbé Dimnet, "falls in love with a cat, treasures and cherishes innumerable memories of its seductiveness. When he looks more the dried-up little old scholar than ever he produces the famous sonnet on cats." And another great French critic, Sainte-Beuve, allowed his cat full liberty to wander amongst his papers—a privilege flatly denied to mere humans !

Noted literary cat-lovers of our own time are Compton Mackenzie (who specialises in the Siamese breed), Carl van Vechten, and James Joyce (who hates dogs) : the late Jerome K. Jerome had a pet cat who

met him daily at the railway station and always shared his bread and jam at tea.

It is well-known that cats are extremely fond of music, and this has endeared them to both music-lovers and music-writers. Michael Joseph—himself an authority on cats—in his introduction to *Puss in Books*, tells of a seventeenth century French lady, a Mlle. Dupuy, who became an excellent performer on the harp:

“She attributed her skill to her cat, who always listened attentively whenever she played, and she noticed that he displayed different degrees of interest and emotion according to the precision and harmony of her achievement. Guided by his critical taste, she became a famous executant.”

That delightful composer, Peter Warlock, whose settings of Elizabethan songs are familiar to all wireless listeners, was one of the most outstanding cat-devotees of recent years. Cecil Gray, in his memoir of Philip Heseltine (Peter Warlock's real name), describes how “cats had always been one of the ruling passions of his life. It was not confined to individual specimens, but extended to the entire species. The Small Cat House at the Zoo was one of his favourite haunts, and every year he attended the Cat

Show at the Crystal Palace with an almost religious fervour . . . He had a special vocabulary for defining the various grades of feline excellence, beginning with “pussum” and culminating in “MOG”—the supreme cat, the Great One of the Night of Time.”

Like Sacchini, an eighteenth century Italian composer, he was unable to write music unless surrounded by cats, and his house at Eynsford was crowded with specimens of every variety. Once he woke up to find a litter of new-born kittens on his chest—“an event,” says Cecil Gray, “which he declared to be a highly auspicious omen!”

Philosophers, musicians, poets, statesmen, cardinals, scholars—what a galaxy of intellect has found inspiration in cats! Montaigne and his cat “entertained one another with mutual apish tricks,” and he grew inclined to Plato's theory, that in the Golden Age man's communication with certain animals led to perfect wisdom and happiness.

This may or may not be true: but it is at least true that for those who study to gain the affection of cats—an affection not promiscuously given—the reward is incalculable.



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

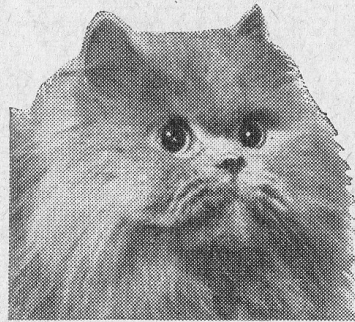
THE Cat Section of the Cheshire Agricultural Show, held at Chester on the 4th of June, was from a Long Haired judge's point of view most disappointing. There were only thirteen long haired cats and one long haired litter. It was a beautiful day, and we had the telephone exchange ring us at 4 a.m. as we had our “pussey family” to feed and leave clean and comfortable before we set out at 6 a.m. for Derby to pick up Mrs. France, who was judging Siamese and Shorthairs. We hadn't gone far through Derby when we met Mr. and Mrs. Bastow and Mrs. Bradley, who were also motoring to the Cheshire Show. Mrs. Bastow kindly assisted as my steward and a very capable one she is too. We had a very comfortable journey, stopping on the way for coffee and sandwiches which were much needed and then on to Chester.

The cat marquee was nice and large, allowing plenty of room for the public, who surged in after the judging. It is simply amazing how the cats attract the public at these

agricultural shows. One small boy with his parents was simply heartbroken because they wouldn't buy him a kitten, so I took him by the hand and showed him Miss Bull's Snab Hornblower, and the child was so amazed at so big a cat that his tears quickly stopped and he forgot his longing for a kitten!

Now for my winners. Best Cat in Show was Miss Douglas's orange eyed White Persian Greenfields Swandown, so aptly named as her coat was of purest white without any tinge of yellow. She was groomed and penned to perfection, every hair was in place and she carried a most beautiful brush. My Best Opposite Sex to Winner was Miss Bull's cream male Deebank Toby. A beautifully balanced cat with a very good coat for the time of year. It was amazing to see Toby and Snab Hornblower sharing the same pen after the judging (both are stud cats!). They were lying with arms around one another like male and female!!

Please turn to page 17.



"Film Stars envy my coat"

says prize-winning Blue Persian Eireanne Apollo, bred and owned by Mrs. E. Marlow, Eireanne Catterie, London, W.14.



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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE Cheshire Agricultural Society held their annual show at Chester on June 4th, and were fortunate in having perfect weather. Their very accessible show ground was a picture of gay colour when we arrived, and I was pleased to find a good entry of cats awaiting me.

Some very good Siamese made their appearance, and I particularly liked Mrs. A. Lamley's Lamella Simba, a young male of fine quality, who should do well on the show bench if he can be cured of temperament. A very good female was Mr. and Mrs. Cooper's Crawstone Jane. Her coat was on the dark side, and her owners should try to get a good mate with pale coat colouring for this queen. Miss Marjorie Lant's lovely kitten was first in the 2-6 months class, and Mr. and Mrs. Makinson's male first in the 6-9 months class. He is a lovely cat in every way, and I was sorry to learn he is destined for neutering.

The neuter class was very difficult to judge, for it contained some very fine cats. The winner was owned by Mrs. F. E. Gilpin. I was sorry to have to put a handsome red

tabby down to reserve, but he had white on chin and throat which spoiled his chances. His owner, Miss S. M. Douglas, is to be congratulated on his lovely condition and immaculate appearance.

The British and Foreign Short Hair Class was an interesting one. Mrs. Linda Parker won first with her lovely young Burmese male Chinki Yong Mintha. The correct shade of deep sable brown, he looked a picture and certainly has the perfect show temperament. Mrs. L. A. Vaughan's Snowy Guelder Rose was second, a completely tail-less all white Manx. He will improve if he becomes a bit rounder on the rump. He needs firmer muscle, but is a very good specimen, and Mrs. Vaughan tells me she intends to breed with him. Another Manx, this time black and white, was third, a very good specimen, quite tail-less, but not in such good show condition as I should like. Reserve was Mrs. G. Wheatcroft's Dunloe Igor, a Russian Blue, with green eyes, but not a good specimen. I considered him too British in type, and his tail and legs were ringed. Also his coat had a very greasy

appearance. These mixed classes can be most interesting to judge.

Another interesting class was the Short Hair Household Pets. My first was a ticked cat owned by Mrs. D. Evans. She had a dark grey coat ticked with black, with white chin and paws. In lovely condition and well groomed, she well deserved to win. My second was Mrs. A. Davies' all white male of good type, with amber eyes, and third a huge red tabby, who would have gone higher except that he was not well prepared. He was owned by Miss J. Pritchard. Reserve was Mrs. E. Yorke's black male with white paws, a very attractive cat.

Mrs. Brice-Webb judged the Long Hairs and will describe them to you herself. Miss Douglas's very lovely White Persian was Best Cat in Show. Great interest was shown in the cat section, and many members of the public thronged the marquee all day.

A very enjoyable day. Many thanks to my steward, Mrs. Linda Parker, who so ably handled the exhibits.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne Walker, who live on a tea plantation in Assam, stayed in Derby *en route* for Scotland, so as to see my cats, of whom they have read

so much in the magazine. After a chat, they were conducted round the cattery, where they admired and nursed most of the adult males. Mrs. Wynne Walker, obviously a great cat lover, tells me she has three non pedigree cats, all the most attractive colours. One she described as the colour of flank musquash. How nice it would be if we could get some of these different coloured cats over here to see what we could breed from them. I was presented with a beautifully carved ivory elephant as a keep-sake, and, needless to say, I shall always treasure it. We are looking forward to another visit on the return journey from Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker of Chatham, Kent, who were visiting Nottingham, came over to show us their two lovely neuters, a male and a female. The female was bred by Mrs. V. Bowen, and is sired by Galadima. She has the most beautiful dark blue eyes, dense seal points and lovely long body with a very pale warm coat. The male, aptly named Burly, is heavier, but a fine friendly fellow, also with pale coat colour. Both are quite happy on leads and go about with their owners quite a lot. Both were unfortunate in their first homes, and I am so glad they are now with real cat lovers like Mr. and Mrs. Baker.

The morning after the Chester Show my Bluehayes Charming Lady, bred by Miss E. King of Bognor Regis, presented me with eight Siamese kittens by Lindale Simon Pie. I was rather staggered as it is her first litter and she is only just over a year old, but the little lady doesn't seem at all put out by the size of her family. So far as I can tell at this early stage, there are five males and three females.

BLUE NOTES—*from page 13*

The only L.H. Litter was sired by Miss Bull's Deebank Sturdy. There was one Cream Male, a Blue Cream and Blue Female. The blue was really outstanding and I am sure will make a name for herself later on.

It was a most enjoyable day and I am sure Miss Le Gallais and Miss Douglas, the show managers, must have worked very hard.

For some time up to a few years ago, a really enjoyable feature of the Siamese Cat Club's News-sheet was its list of Registrations of Kittens, with the date of birth, sire, dam, and the names chosen. We are sure the details of stud visits, and of kittens born, would be equally interesting to most of our readers, and we invite notices for

VISITS TO STUD, BIRTHS AND KITTEN REGISTRATIONS

The charge will be 2s. 6d. for each announcement.
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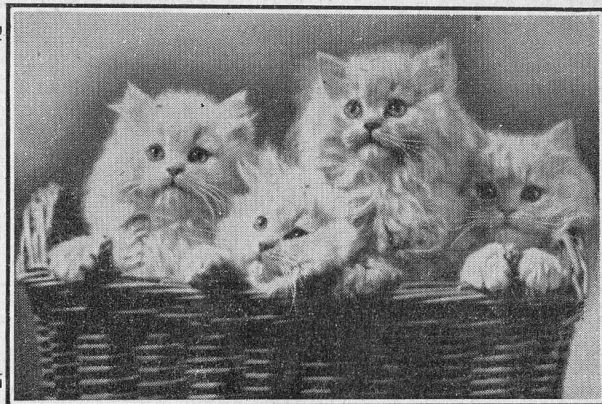
This is a feature which will prove of the utmost advantage to all who advertise in it, so send your copy at once.

CATS AND KITTENS
33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

ASHDOWN KITTENS aged 11 weeks

Silversand, Sylvan
Sprite, Shadows and
Sunbeam.

Best L.H. Litter at
Festival of Britain Show
—July, 1951. Ashdown
Silversand and Ash-
down Sylvan Sprite
were also Best L.H.
Pair and Ashdown
Shadows was Best
Kitten in Show and all
won individually also.



Mrs. F. Stephenson, St. Calixtus, 9 Earls Road, Tunbridge Wells, owner of the Ashdown Cattery, writes:—

"I have given my pedigree blue and cream Persians your wonderful conditioner, Kit-zyme, ever since it became available. I had previously used your product for humans. The Tonic Yeast tablets had greatly benefited me after an illness and noticing how my cats sniffed at the bottle with evident relish, I gave several of them half a tablet which they gobbled up! After that I continued giving these tablets regularly until, to my great delight, Kit-zyme was brought out.

I always buy the large size. I have several queens in kitten—as well as a stud and two neuters—and I also give the tablets powdered down to the kittens at a month old, so I soon use a tinful . . . especially as the cats help themselves whenever they get a chance!

I attribute the wonderful condition of my cats to the regular use of Kit-zyme. The bloom on their coats has to be seen to be believed. I always recommend Kit-zyme to purchasers of my kittens as I think that no owner of a cat should be without it—and the cats themselves regard the tablets as 'sweets.'"

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Ref. No. 55

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Blackheath,

London, S.E.3

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter in the hope that you will publish it as quickly as possible, because anyone, with the best motives in the world, might do as I did, with the same painful and horrible results.

My cat Bambi (whose picture you published some time ago) unfortunately walked over some wet paint, so I, in my ignorance, thinking to save him from getting lead into his stomach, washed his front paws with artist's turps. Poor little devil, he nearly went mad. Dashed about from place to place, holding up his paws and shaking them as if to get rid of the pain. I had, of course, burnt the skin. Anyway, I immediately telephoned the vet. and was told to bathe them at once *thoroughly* in warm soapy water. I did this, and I suppose removed most of the turps., after which Bambi was able to lick his pads and after a time apparently the sting went off. It was particularly necessary to wash between the toes so as to get at the soft skin there.

However, the vet. called later, and said we had taken it

just in time: he gave me some sulphanilamide powder to rub on the pads and between the toes and told me to wash them again and repeat the treatment, but that luckily we should have no ill effects, but only because it was done *thoroughly and quickly*. He emphasised that it is imperative never to touch a cat (or dog) with turps., paraffin or petrol to remove paint unless it is *thoroughly washed off immediately*. The lead in the paint is, of course, very bad for them, so it is an awkward problem. However, I do so wish you would make this letter public so that no-one else will inadvertently give their animal unnecessary suffering.

Wishing you, as always, continued success.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Minna Dribbell.

Portscatho,

Sth. Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of a beautiful red tabby cat called Rusty. Poor Rusty had an awful experience last Christmas time, and this is the sad story.

His owners had promised to spend Christmas with some relations in Liverpool, and so

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Rusty

they arranged for a vet. in Truro to board Rusty while they went away. The cat was to have gone to the Vet's on the 19th of December, but, on the evening of the 15th his mistress let him out into the garden for a run before shutting him in for the night and he completely disappeared. Each day his master and I walked and called for miles round, but we could find no trace of him.

At that time the trapper was trapping the fields all round, so we thought perhaps he had been caught and badly hurt.

It was in great sorrow that Mr. and Mrs. Lyth went to Liverpool on the 20th of December. However, they left the key of their house with me and I promised that I would

go over every day and call all round their garden. This I did even on Christmas and Boxing days in case by any chance he had crawled back and was lying under a bush. Then on December 29th, as I was calling, I felt quite certain that I heard an answer, but although I called more loudly and searched more thoroughly, even on my hands and knees, I could not trace him anywhere.

True animal lovers will understand me when I say that I had a strong feeling all along that the cat was not dead, hence my perseverance in looking for him each day. Then on January 1st the person that lives next door to Mrs. Lyth came over to me in great distress to say that Rusty had come back and was sitting crying outside the back door of his home. The dear soul herself was crying as she told me of the state poor Rusty was in. She waited while I got one of our cat baskets which we always keep ready, then we hurried over the cliff path. By this time a very kind neighbour had taken the cat into her house. Poor wee mite, one would never have recognised Rusty, he was so altered.

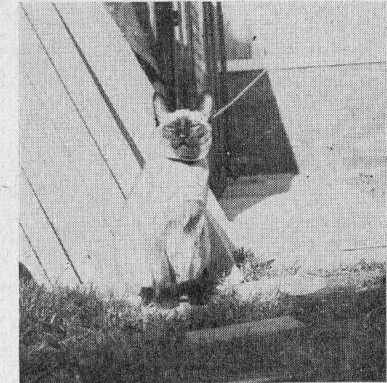
What had evidently happened when he had been let out into the garden on 15th

TO THE EDITOR

December was that he had seen a rat and given chase (he was a great ratter) straight into a potato shed, and there he had been caught in a trap set to catch rats. The owner of the shed, not knowing that a cat was there, shut and locked the door.

Now the wicked and shameful thing about it is that, that man having set the trap to catch a rat, did not go near it again for sixteen days. Dear Rusty had managed to bite the trap off his paw, but having done that he could not get out of the shed. He must have kept himself alive by eating the rats and mice that were in the shed.

I brought him home and put him in one of our maternity beds with a hot water bottle, in front of the fire, but it needed a great deal of love and patience to nurse him. He could not eat or drink as his throat was so sore and his tongue swollen. He had got so into the habit of crying all day that he could not stop himself. It was too pitiful to hear him, and one did not dare to leave him alone again as he was terrified. However, by degrees he gradually became normal again, and by the time his people came to take him home Rusty was beginning to look a bit like his old self again. Now he has completely re-



Daltrees Yang Poo, nine months old neuter belonging to Mrs. Handscomb of Littleover, Derby

covered, but his paw will always be a reminder of his sad experience. Mr. Lyth is in the photograph (Rusty's beloved master), and he is holding up the bad paw.

I would so strongly urge all owners of pets, when they lose them, to search *any* and *every* shed anywhere near them.

I am afraid this is a long letter and will take up a deal of your time. Wishing "Cats and Kittens" every success.

Yours faithfully,

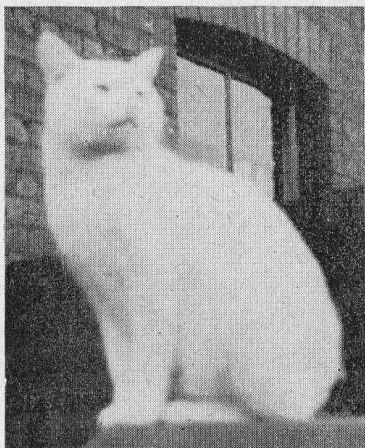
M. Ladd.

Liscard,
Wallasey.

Dear Editor,

Enclose a snap of my pet, Snowy Guelder Rose. Snowy is an all-white Manx age three-

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Snowy Guelder Rose

and-a-half years. She has no markings whatsoever, and has won prizes in the Manx class, so she is certainly a Manx.

I have been told that all-white Manx are very rare, and that she is most likely the only one in the world.

One wonders if this is correct or not, perhaps some of your many readers may know of others and request the assistance of your much valued magazine.

I notice that you quote on page five of December issue that self coloured Manx are much rarer than tabbies.

If you could find a space to print this snap I should be delighted.

Wishing yourself and all cat lovers, also your valuable magazine every success.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) L. A. Vaughan.

Salford 5,
Manchester.

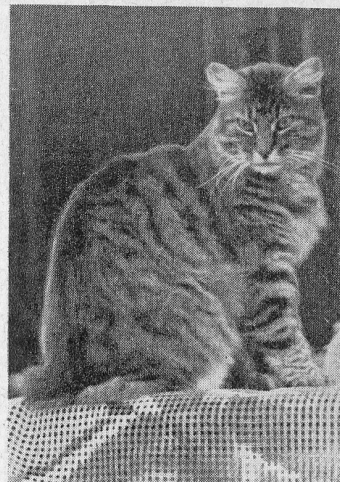
Dear Editor,

I read with interest Mrs. Dolby's letter in the April number of "Cats and Kittens". I too have a Ginger female cat and at a guess she will be about six years old. She was picked up in Liverpool by a friend and we brought her to Salford. At the time, never having heard of a ginger cat being other than a tom, we let her run out with our other cats. We got the biggest surprise of our lives when we found she was having kittens. I am afraid we just wouldn't believe it, but she was very ill when the time came.

There were five altogether, two born dead, two died after a couple of days, she was too ill to feed them. One little weak thing we fed ourselves, we just hadn't the heart to have it put to sleep after what Ginger had suffered.

We had to get the vet. to see her and he advised her being spayed, which we promptly did as soon as she was fit and well.

TO THE EDITOR



Ginger

Her little daughter Susie is very bonny and has only a little bob of a tail. She is white and tortoiseshell. You printed her snap in "Cats and Kittens" August, 1951. You still have the snap. Two years ago I had Susie spayed in case she might suffer like Ginger if she ever had any kittens. Susie doesn't care for any other cat but her mother.

My Ginger is very similar in colouring to Mrs. Dolby's cat, but her mouth and under her chin are white, otherwise she is golden ginger all over her back and tail and her tummy is cream colour. She is the most lovable cat anyone could wish to have. She sits on my shoulder even when I am

wringing my washing through the mangle, purring into my ear.

Perhaps you could use the enclosed snap of Ginger sometime.

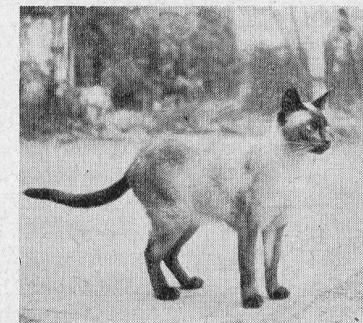
I enjoy reading "Cats and Kittens" better than any paper I buy. I was disappointed at so few pictures of readers' pets in the April issue.

Yours very sincerely,
Doris Horbury.

Newbury, Berks.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a snap of Chinki Chinkaboo, and I hope you will find room in your magazine for her. She is a wonderful little cat and has such big families and is an excellent mother. Last year she brought up eight and they were lovely kittens, and all did well, and now she has just presented me with nine. Do all Siamese cats have large families.



Chinki Chinkaboo

LETTERS AND PICTURES

I think nine are too many, so I have not kept them all.

I think your magazine is most interesting. I find that Siamese cats are very sweet tempered.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) Phyllis Elliot.

Dear Mrs. Elliot,

Thank you for sending us the nice photo. of your pet Siamese, which we shall be glad to publish.

Siamese females frequently have large litters and nine is not exceptional.

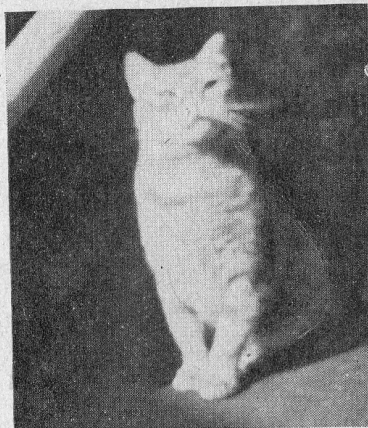
Editor.

Natal,
South Africa.

Dear Editor,

At last I have a nice photo. of my cat, Jackie, which I enclose and would like you to print in your Magazine.

I also enclose the life "history" of his brother Tiptoes, which if you think your readers would be interested, I'd like you to publish. I was most interested to read in your February number "The Cat's Legal Right", also Mrs. N. Haley's letter and your reply "regarding the law governing cats", as you will understand when you have read about Tiptoes—our legal adviser said there was nothing we could do



Jackie

even though Tiptoes did not kill one bird.

My precious Jackie spends most of his days in my company—he is the only pet I have, and very spoil—we lost our Scotty dog last year, so Jackie gets all the attention. In the evenings after dinner he sits on the arm of my Minty chair and waits for me to brush him to sleep—does he love it!! he will allow me to read a book, sew or knit, but let me pick up the newspaper—he gets up and off to his window—no amount of calling will bring him back.

I have still another week to wait to receive my March number, which I can assure you I am looking forward to very much.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) A. M. White-Smith.

TO THE EDITOR

THE LATE MR. TIPTOES.

I would like to tell sympathetic cat lovers about my Tiptoes, whom I lost nearly three years ago. We were together only two-and-a-half years, and during that time I gave Tiptoes all I could to make a cat happy—and that he surely was.

Tiptoes was a perfect gentleman in spite of being a very ordinary cat, born of a short haired half wild mother, father unknown. The owner of mother cat was not a cat lover, but kept about four cats for their ratting abilities. None of these cats were tame enough to pet, but were quite friendly with the Zulu boy who gave them fresh milk daily.

The day I went to fetch the two kittens offered to me, my friend and I walked round the garden—of no mean dimensions—looking for the kits under every bush and in every likely place, mother-cat following at a discreet distance—I am sure with a smile on her face—but no kittens were to be found, where she had hidden these little treasures was her secret, so after some considerable time I returned home somewhat disappointed.

Two days later my friend arrived with a large basket containing four darling kittens.

I was to have first choice, the other two had been promised elsewhere. Naturally I took the best one, that was Tiptoes—cute little round face, just a fluffy bundle of long tortoiseshell fur. The other one I chose was the smallest of the four, that is Jackie, whom I still have. He was just like Tiptoes in every way, but his fur was slightly shorter, yet he is a long haired cat. These two little kittens to my surprise were tame, but had not been in a building before so were a bit nervous of the house. However they soon got over this and within an hour of their arrival were using the sand box, something quite new to them, which I thought was pretty quick learning.

I had two friends staying with me at the time, so between the three of us cat lovers these wee kits had more attention than they could cope with—they soon made up their minds it was nice to be petted. At night, after warm milk, I put them in their little basket, where they seemed to be quite at home from the start. Raw mince soon became the order of the day—they loved green peas and beans. Tiptoes acquired a special fancy for the "squash" family—he would eat pumpkin any time of the day.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

I gave them about a teaspoonful of malt a day—and did they love it? What I liked was to watch the cleaning up of all the malt “threads” on their bibs! They were weighed each week. Tiptoes was usually about one-and-a-half ounces heavier than Jackie, but they soon exceeded the capabilities of my small house scale—so I had no idea of their weight, but they grew into lovely big cats. I had the two kits neutered as I had lost quite a number of cats just wandering off and not returning home. These two were to be my special pets.

In the garden these two were my constant companions, always willing to help(?), often digging out plants I had just put in. Dancing round a mole hole was one of their special antics, but the hose pipe was the best fun of all. In no time I would have two very wet kittens, paws in the water, they would dig a hole and mess in the mud—worse than any children. After a game with the hose I had to dry most of the mud off, then they would start their cleaning. I was always finding muddy foot prints in the baths, the two kits would have a wonderful game in the baths, if the tap was dripping. I imagine the game was to catch the drops

before they disappeared. This was also played in the wash-hand basins. I frequently found Tiptoes asleep in the wash basins, quite exhausted after a game.

For the first year or so, I kept Tips and Jackie indoors at night as this small village is well populated with dogs which are allowed to go free at night, but so often my kits would sit in our big lounge window and gaze out into the moonlight, sometimes seeing other cats wandering about in the garden, so we had wire netting put round two of our three acres of garden—then I had a hole cut in the kitchen door so that they could get in if they wanted to.

In giving my cats freedom day and night I had not reckoned on Mr. X, my most unpleasant neighbour, whose property was across the road from the lower portion of our property, where I had not made a garden and there was still long grass. That was where Jackie and Tiptoes were in the habit of hunting. Mr. X kept birds in home-made aviaries, and he seemed to think this gave him the right to shoot any animal that ignored his fence—especially cats. I had no warning that my cats had been in his

TO THE EDITOR

grounds—and I still have the feeling that Tiptoes was hunting in our long grass when he was shot. Mr. X said Tips had been worrying his birds, so he shot at him and set his two dogs after him—I failed to see how a cat with a front leg broken and two dogs in pursuit could have covered that distance without being caught by the dogs.

At 4 a.m. on the morning of the 29th May, 1948, my husband and I were awakened by the sound of a shot. I was out of bed and down the passage in a flash, still climbing into my dressing gown I reached the verandah. There in the small window was my Tiptoes. I was quite unaware he'd been hurt. Two dogs on the steps ran off when I appeared. Where was Jackie? We found him safe in the kitchen.

When I returned to my bedroom Tiptoes was up on the tallboy hiding behind a photo. I lifted him down and to my horror I felt something was wrong with his front leg high up at the joint—broken was my first thought. No vet. nearer than Pietermaritzburg, 81 miles away. Tiptoes would have to be put to sleep—but how? I was most distressed. I just could not think of parting with my little pal Tiptoes. I put

him on my eiderdown and covered him with a woolly bedjacket he loved, and after a while he went to sleep, quite exhausted, poor Tips.

He slept till about 9 o'clock when the local Doctor came—the only assistance I could get. Tiptoes must have been in pain when the Doctor examined his leg, but he did not make a sound. There was no sign of his claws. He just looked at me trusting that I would not let any harm come to him. Dr. said he could not be sure if the leg was broken without putting the cat “under”, so we could only hope for the best. As the day passed I was sure his leg was broken as there was a big swelling at the joint. There was nothing to be done for the present.

We would have left for Maritzburg and taken Tips to a vet., but being a long weekend we had five guests arriving at lunch time the same day (Saturday) and were only due to leave on Monday mid-day, so all I could do was to keep Tips quiet and feed him with all his favourite dishes. I lifted him carefully at intervals and put him in his sand box which he knowingly used. He called to me each time I came into the room, I know he appreciated all I did for him.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

At night I made him a nice bed in front of the fire and put him down for the night. He would stay there till the morning when I once more put him in a sunny spot on my bed.

During the week-end I made arrangements to take Tips to the vet. and leave him there if there was any hope of his leg mending, so on the Tuesday morning we left by car with Tips on my lap. I did not know how we would manage, but he was only frightened for the first five or six miles, then he settled down to cleaning his fur and purring and sleep soon followed, so he was no trouble. On our arrival at the vet.'s surgery Tips was a bit nervous—no wonder—everything was so strange, but this soon passed as the effect of the injection put him "under", the vet. examined him while we waited. Tiptoes' leg was broken, and at the joint, but the vet. assured me he would mend, but leave him with a limp. I left the surgery with mixed feelings, should I have him put to sleep? was I being unkind to have his leg put into plaster? I could not part with Tips if there was a chance of him getting better. There was one thing I was sure about—I hated Mr. X.

We left the next day for Johannesburg and I did not see

Tips for a week. You can be sure the vet. hospital was the first place I went to on my return to Maritzburg. Before my visit to Tips I purchased the largest pumpkin I could find. I was quite sure he had not had that "special" since he had been in hospital. Tiptoes looked so sorry for himself sitting quietly in his little cage, about 3ft. by 3ft. by 5ft. I opened the door and got in beside him—he just could not believe it was me—what purring, I've still to hear its equal. I tried to nurse him on my lap, but all he wanted to do, plaster and limp—was to rub himself against me, what a welcome he gave me. In what seemed like five minutes half an hour had passed, and my husband said it was time to set off for home. I just hated leaving Tips. He sat in the doorway and watched us go. He did not make a sound.

After my Tips had been in hospital five weeks I brought him home. He did not mind the car, and slept most of the way. On our arrival home I carried him to my bedroom, and after a look round, and saying "How-do" to Jackie, Tips limped off to the pantry. There I gave him the best meal he had had for weeks—raw minced ox liver and pumpkin—Tippies' special!

TO THE EDITOR

As the days went by Tips got stronger, and he was so happy to be home, limping around after me wherever I went. He soon started to romp with Jackie as he used to do, and I felt I had not done wrong—after about three months his limp was slight, and I rather fancy he put on airs as no other cat had a walk like his!!

Our happy days together came to an end on the 12th June, 1949. My husband and I were going away for a month's holiday to Rhodesia. Our house remains open when we are away—I have a very reliable old Zulu boy who has been with us for years and knows how to look after my cats. They miss me, I know, but I feel they can come in and out of the house as usual. Before leaving on Sunday morning I went to feed my two kits and I hugged them both "goodbye" and told them to keep away from Mr. X's fence. The truth we shall never know, but that night Tiptoes did not return home. My servants looked all over, but no Tips.

On my return four weeks later, I was walking down the road at the bottom of Mr. X's fence. Something made me turn round, and there, six feet from the road fence, and

six feet from his fence, was my dead Tiptoes—think what you like. One thing I am thankful for is that I found Tips and was able to put him to rest in the garden he loved. Tiptoes was a lovely cat in every way, and I am sorry I have not got a photo. good enough to reproduce.

A. M. White-Smith,
Natal, S.A.

Knebworth,
Herts.

Dear Editor,

I was deeply shocked (as I am sure were all your other readers) to read Mr. Nichols' "The Right Name for Malta" in your May magazine.

I notice he says the R.S.P.C.A. has a branch there, and wonder whether it would be possible for "Cats and Kittens" to start a fund to which all your readers could subscribe?

It would be so much better than sending several small amounts.

Perhaps, too, you would print a little reminder in your magazine each month, so that we could send something each time we buy a copy?

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Surely something could be done about protecting the birds. There must be some one to whom we could appeal. Could any of your readers help?

It was kind of you to print Mr. Nichols' article.

(Mrs.) S. Egginton.

Coventry.

Dear Editor,

I have read with horror the article in this month's edition of "Cats and Kittens" by Beverley Nichols of the terrible suffering of animals in Malta, and wonder if all readers of "Cats and Kittens" could promote a fund to be forwarded to the R.S.P.C.A., Malta, to alleviate some of the terrible suffering of these poor, helpless creatures. I would suggest that all your readers, who I feel quite sure are animal lovers, would forego for one week all pleasures such as smoking, etc., and forward the amount saved to you.

I feel that amongst our readers and friends must be many with the desire to do this. I and my wife are prepared to forego all pleasures for one week and to forward the amount saved to any fund for this purpose.

Yours faithfully,

W. Watts.

Tunbridge Wells,
Kent.

Dear Editor,

Once before I wrote you (from Aberdeen . . . the above is my address for the next few years) mentioning the Bach Floral Remedies, and you wrote in reply that you were interested in them.

I wonder if you have tried them yet? When I read, on page 32 of the current number of "Cats and Kittens", about poor little Canio and Tosca I wished that they could have had Rescue Remedy instead of some of the things that were pushed into them.

These remedies are different from the ordinary homeopathic remedies with which they are often wrongly equated. They are absolutely safe. (One fool injected them, with dire results, but they were not made for that.) Any of the thirty-eight can be taken safely by man or beast. If there is no need for a particular remedy it has no effect. Rescue Remedy (Rock Rose, for terror, Clematis for fainting, Impatiens to relieve tension, and two others) costs 3/6 (they are not mercenary people. It is *worth* what people value their lives at.)

TO THE EDITOR

I have used R.R. to put cats and a budgie round the bend on the road to recovery. Any ordinary remedy can then be used, if desired, and will have a chance to work. One listless cat who was coming out in boils and refusing food, drank milk with a few drops of R.R. in it eagerly from a bowl I held to him, although I was a stranger and he had refused the same milk earlier. Next day he ate normally, and with a few drops of Crab Apple Remedy three times daily for a week or so (in any food or drink) he has taken a new lease of life, and stopped tearing his poor skin to pieces.

Do try it on cats. Take some yourself first to make sure it is safe. You'll be surprised how it can pull you through an emergency.

The scientific explanation is that it restores the normal flow of electro-magnetic currents in the body, thence the glandular balance. But the cats just know it makes them feel better. There is usually a long sleep after the first dose. Then often a large, long held-back motion. Then return of appetite and desire to take exercise.

Crab Apple can be put on sore raw skin, and in my experience the patient purrs and presses close for more. But I

needn't tell you that cats may differ in reactions.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Dorothy M. McIntyre.

Low Fell, Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Dear Editor,

I should like to know if any "Cats and Kittens" readers possess a feline with the peculiar habit which one of my two cats has developed, i.e., that of ecstatically smelling, and most often eating, flowers. To date any floral decoration brought into the house has suffered damage at his tender mercies.

Apart from longing to know if his habit is unique, I should like advice as to the harmfulness of it, if any.

My two animals have good balanced diets of meat, fish, vegetables, brown bread, etc., but only one has developed this peculiarity. Could it be that something is lacking from his diet or is it merely an eccentricity?

Incidentally, this same cat has a very fixed and lovable "bedtime" habit of settling down with an old handkerchief, sucking and "kneading" at it until he falls asleep. The volume of his purring while doing this is rivalled only by the snores which follow!

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Enid M. Robson.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Dear Mrs. Robson,

It is fairly unusual to find a cat enthusiastically smelling and sometimes eating flowers, although as you know they love to brush themselves up against and to crush Cat Mint, particularly when in bloom.

I don't think there is anything lacking in its diet, but you could certainly try giving it a course of Kit-zyme which is very good for any vitamin deficiency.

As to the sucking of pieces of material. I have heard of this plenty of times, but usually with anything made of wool.

Editor.

Stanford-le-Hope,

Essex.

Dear Editor,

Will you be so kind as to let me know of a cough mixture which I can give to my cat. We have tried Sherley's Cough Tablets and Kit-zyme, but we have the most awful job to get him to take the tablets. We have put them in pellets of fish and meat and even crushed them to a powder, but he still refuses to swallow when we open his mouth. He doesn't cough continually, but it does worry us when he does cough as it really seems to hurt him.

He is in fine condition, and in his fifth year.

I enclose a stamped addressed envelope. An early reply would be very much appreciated.

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) D. J. Jeffrey.

Dear Miss Jeffrey,

It is very seldom that cats need to have any sort of cough mixture, and it is more probable that the cough you notice is caused because she wants worming.

For this purpose I suggest you try Sherley's worm tablets. She should have one first thing in the morning, at least half an hour before the first meal of the day, this for three days.

Editor.

From Lady Aberconway.

Dear Editor,

I was much interested in the article in your May number by E. W. Richardson, F.R.G.S., on Louis Wain, especially in the remark made by the writer's small daughter on the Louis Wain drawings: "Daddy, *those* aren't cats; they haven't any bones".

For it was at the turn of this century when one child, and probably there were others,

TO THE EDITOR

demonstrated actively her loathing for those cat-limbed, smirking figures, dressed and posturing as human beings, each one all but indistinguishable from countless others, that appeared in books and postcards, annuals and calendars. Her hatred took a practical form: no matter the inevitable punishment, some-

how she contrived that every year every page of the Louis Wain Annual was torn out and thrown into the nursery fire: this action was her first tribute to the beauty of cats and the dignity of man.

I regret to have to confess that the child was myself.

Yours truly,
Christabel Aberconway.

1952-1953

LIST OF SHOWS

to be held under the Rules of the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy

Barnsley Agricultural Society (Cat Section).—Saturday, 19th July, 1952. New Laithes Lane, Wakefield Road, Barnsley, Yorkshire. Open 2.0 p.m. Show Manager: Mrs. H. B. Priston, Worsboro Dale Vicarage, Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club.—Wednesday, 30th July, 1952. The Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1. Open 12 noon. Show Manager: Mr. F. B. Williams, 92, Chiltern Road, Sutton, Surrey.

The Sandy and District Floral and Horticultural Society (Cat Section).—Thursday, 28th August, 1952. The Park of Sandye Place, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. Open 9.0 a.m. Show Manager: Mr. Brian S. Porter, Market Square, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire.

The Hertfordshire and Middlesex Cat Club.—Championship Show. Friday, 19th September, 1952. Acton Town Hall, High Street, Acton, London, W.3. Open 1.30 p.m. Show Manager: Mr. Philip Dunks, 38, Lexden Road, Acton, London, W.3 (Phone Acorn 3367).

Croydon Cat Club.—Championship Show. Thursday, 13th November, 1952. Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, Marylebone, London, W.1. Open 1.0 p.m. Show Manager: Mr. A. A. Towe, "Danehurst," Flat 1, Old Lane, St. Johns, Crowborough, Sussex.

South Western Counties Cat Club.—Championship Show. Wednesday, 24th September, 1952. Band Enclosure, Esplanade Road, Paignton, Devon. Open 2.0 p.m. Show Manager: Miss Cathcart, Trelystan, Dunstone Park, Paignton, Devon.

Blue Persian Cat Society.—Championship Show. Tuesday, 14th October, 1952. London Welsh Hall, 11, Mecklenburgh Square, London, W.C. (Another entrance is from the Grays Inn Road.) Open 12.30 to 5.30 p.m. Show Manager: Mrs. J. M. Newton, Moulford Grange, Nr. Wallingford, Berkshire.

Siamese Cat Club.—Championship Show. Thursday, 16th October, 1952. Lime Grove Baths, Shepherd's Bush, London, W.12. Open 1.0 p.m. Show Manager: Mrs. E. Kent, Tye Cottage, Frog Grove Lane, Wood Street, Guildford, Surrey. (Phone Normandy 2128.)

Midland Counties Cat Club.—Championship Show. Saturday, 25th October, 1952. Details not yet available.

A Further List of Shows will be issued later

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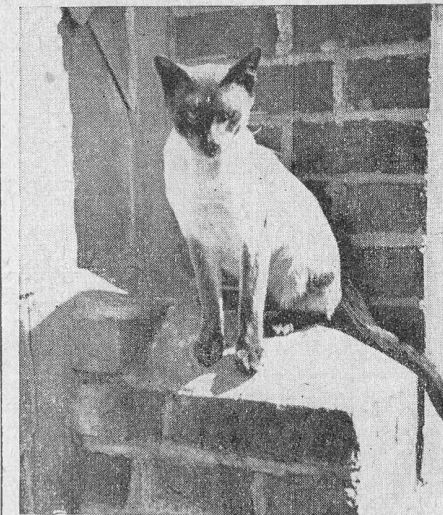
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MRS. L. DAVIES, “The Jolly Farmer,” Goldhill, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks. Tel.: Gerrards Cross 2464. Priory Blue and Cream Persian L.H.

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BIRTHS

SIAMESE.

On June 5th, at White Lodge, 353, Nottingham Road, Derby, to Mrs. France's Bluehayes Charming Lady and Lindale Simon Pie, five boys and three girls.

BLUE PERSIAN.

On June 13th, at 4, Anson Road, Cricklewood, to Anson Delphinium and Robin of Pensford, one boy and three girls.

BURMESE.

On June 17th, to Mrs. France's Chinki Yong Jetta and her Casa Gatos da Foong, one girl.

REGISTRATIONS

ANSON EROS, Anson Echo, Anson Elf. Males. Miss I. Statman. Valleyend Vanessa by Robin of Pensford. Anson Easter Bonnet, Anson Elizabeth, Females. Miss I. Statman. Valleyend Vanessa, by Robin of Pensford.

VISITS TO STUD

SIAMESE.

On June 8th, Mrs. France's Chinki Jonta to her Bluehayes Charmion.

TRANSFERS

ON 12th May to Mrs. L. France, Pincop Pitapat. “Susette.”

SIAMESE.

RYECROFT REGINA F. from Mrs. D. Nicholas to Mrs. L. France.

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