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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

DECEMBER

1952

MONTHLY

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CHAPPIE LIMITED of MELTON MOWBRAY

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

DECEMBER, 1952.

A FEW WORDS ON AN OLD THEME

This magazine will reach you at a time when Christmas Festivities are approaching, and when throughout the world messages of good cheer and expressions of good wishes to our fellow men and women have the most value.

This too is at a time of Christmas presents and one is often left wondering which is the happier state, the giving or receiving of presents?

How many of us, I wonder, include our pets when the Christmas presents are being handed round. Laugh if you like, but in the present writer's house at any rate there is always some extra little delicacy for the cats, and is it too much to hope that this may also be the case in many of our readers' homes too?

May we who run this small magazine extend to all our readers and their pets our best wishes for a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year?

The cover photograph is of Mrs. V. E. Major's Abyssinian CH. KREEORA SHEBA. Photo by Mrs. V. E. Major, who also is responsible for the decoration of page 2.



CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

WE call her Susette although her pedigree says that she is Pincop Pit-A-Pat, born 15th of the second month, 1951, and registered with the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy.

Susette is a really lovely Seal Point Siamese female in perfect condition, and has not bred yet. She is immensely affectionate and very playful.

In the same litter, when she was born was her brother, the well known Pincop Simon, which won so many awards as a kitten, and already this season has secured a Championship certificate. She was brought up from a kitten as the companion of a little girl, and has always lived in the house until recently when we took her into our Chinki cattery. Unfortunately Susette has been unhappy, and is completely unable to settle down to live with the other female cats. Patience and understanding have been to no avail, and it is clear that something must be done to make this cat happy. Because, although she is brought into the house as much as possible and is immensely happy there, these times are all too short, and we feel that in her interests she should go to a home where her sweet nature can be appreciated and where there will be

no other cat. In such surroundings she will blossom, and this short note is really an appeal to any reader who can offer a good home to her and where she will really live in the house. Naturally there are no strings attached to this, Susette is a free gift to anyone who can offer her the surroundings she likes. Write to me here at this office.

TELEVISION viewers are arbitrarily split up by the BBC into children and adults, and there are separate programmes for each.

I suppose there is a difference between a child and an adult, but in the case of Annette Mills' Puppets many of us certainly past childhood, but not near enough yet to be accused of being in our second childhood, must confess to stealing into forbidden territory and watching Miss Mills's delightful and amusing programme.

Before us as we write is a book obviously for children entitled Prudence Kitten, the famous television puppet, and it is written by Annette Mills and George Fry. Coloured drawings and the amusing drawings, together with a most enchanting little story, just leave me gasping. How on earth the University of London Press can

turn this out so lavishly at 4s. 6d. is beyond me.

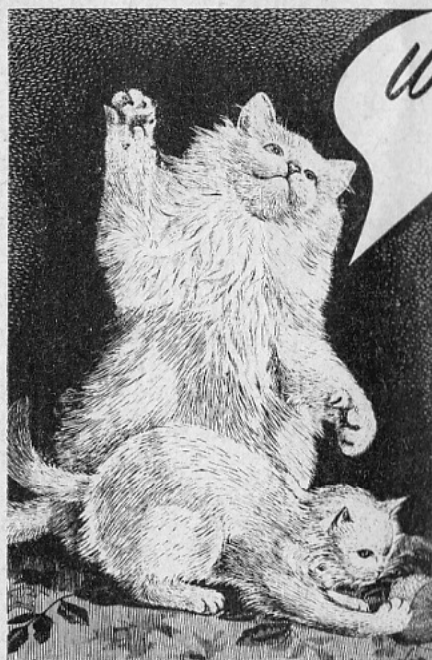
As a Christmas present, or for that matter as a present at any time, for a child, of either sex at almost any age, it is a must.

"'Tai-Lu' Talking," by Shelagh Fraser and Billy Thatcher with illustrations by Janet Johnstone and Anne Grahame-Johnstone, strangely enough is a book also concerning the BBC star. Tai-Lu, the Siamese cat which appears in "Hullo There," the radio programme for boys and girls. Radio listeners, of course, have never had the opportunity of seeing Tai-Lu in the flesh, although your reviewer has,

having seen her at the recent Olympia Show in London where she was on view with Shelagh Fraser and Billy Thatcher who appear with her in her BBC programmes.

Here again one must be full of praise for a beautiful little book published at the very reasonable price of 6s. 0d. by Messrs. William Heinemann, profusely illustrated with line drawings and with a delightful Alice in Wonderland style story in which Tai-Lu is the principal character.

This is the time of the year for buying presents, and if the funds available run to both of these books here is a strong recommendation to buy.



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TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

By JILL STILLIARD RACY

WE had looked forward to the Show in Birmingham and our hopes were justified. We met old friends and admired new kittens. We paid our respects to the champions. We received the aristocratic glances of pompous Persians, brushed to misty perfection, clouded in hair of lovely cream, smoke blue or white. We talked to the sleek Siamese and wished we could take home a dozen of them. We wanted to love them all and their conversation was music to our ears. The Abyssinians in plush-thick coats looked content, while the tabbies, silver and red were obviously the pride and joy of their owners. In the household section there were pets who had brought glory about their heads and those whose firesides they shared. There were many cats and many people and a warm glow surrounded them all.

As we drove home my husband remarked that he was looking forward to opening the door of our small flat and seeing our two dear pussies whom we had left behind. We were not disappointed for there they were, blinking sleepily as we switched on the light, curled round each other. Tiggy had

his furry golden paws round Tut's little tabby body. It was good to come home to them.

And then the seed of an idea began to form in my mind.

Two days later as I went on my round of shopping, the idea took definite shape.

I had seen cats at the show awarded prizes, cups and certificates for various merits. This one had the best type face; that one had the best eyes, and the one over there was obviously destined for great things. But what a pity that the cats who live in the shops or belong to business establishments can never hope to win a silver cup or have a pretty coloured card pinned to their name.

Now there is the tabby and white tom who sits outside the Estate Agent's office. His ears are battered and flattened against his hard, wide head. For his courtesy he deserves mention. He greets me by standing up like any gentleman and responds eagerly to my addresses.

At the butcher's, there are the two half grown, black kittens. Surely there were never such soft, silken coats,

Please turn to page 33

PERSIAN PRIDE

By N. J. HALLEY

BEHR was indeed a beautiful cream Persian, originally nicknamed "Bear" by the children, but his nature conflicting somewhat with his looks, it became necessary to adjust the spelling.

True to his breeding, Behr loved comfort more than anything, and would lie for hours on the sweet-scented catmint, or if the sun was too hot, beneath the shade of the cool green lupin leaves.

He lived lazily, but occasionally puzzled things out for himself, as for instance the patter made by the sparrows on the summerhouse roof.

This, of course, demanded investigation, since it disturbed him into action, by making a surprise attack which immediately scattered the sparrows, but left Behr in sole possession of a new parade ground and viewpoint.

For a time he would lie and bask on the summerhouse roof about eleven o'clock every morning.

We suspected Behr was somewhat backward, for he never hurried or played in the manner of most other cats, and yet he picked up an idea now and again in his own slow way.



Persian Pride

He followed the Siamese up to the chimney pots one day, but by the time he got there, the Siamese was in the kitchen clamouring for tea, and of course Behr just sat—all day he sat, and only when the wind blew so hard that he strongly objected did the thought of a descent to earth begin to dawn, and with great difficulty and trial by error did he at length reach a position where a ladder and kind friends could rescue him.

Yet, so great was his pride and happiness that he purred and purred, and wound himself round and round our knees, before strolling off, hours late, of course, for his evening meal.

Behr occasionally became quite kittenish—over grasshoppers—these set his four paws tingling, and he would leap at them and try to pin them down beneath his pink pads. But then he did not quite know what to do next, so as he had to move some time, there was nothing for it but to repeat the performance.

So the game continued, until the grasshoppers jumped as they had never jumped before—to safety, for I did not explain that now and again, one never quite knew when, Behr would seize one in his mouth and crunch it up like cheese straws.

Behr hated any unusual disturbance in the house, and during a vigorous spring cleaning campaign, or the bustle of packing for a hasty

departure, would creep away to the dark quietness of the linen cupboard, until, being a somewhat effeminate character, the tinkling of tea-cups penetrated his dreams, and down he would come with one eye shut, and his whiskers crossing over as he yawned.

One day I saw Behr facing fearful odds, as cascades of soil were falling on him as he sat on the garden fence.

Behr never moved, he sat in all his pride and glory on that fence, until the little ignorant child on the opposite side managed somehow or other to reach up and stroke him.

I could see Behr from my bedroom window with his nose buried in a mass of curls.

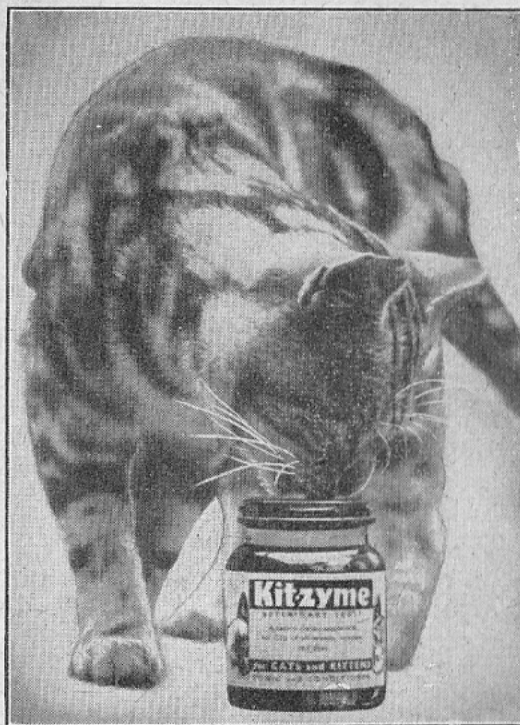
FAITHFUL CAT

PEOPLE who are "cat fans" are apt to maintain that cats are attached to places, but never to people. An instance that confutes this came to the writer from a soldier brother campaigning in Mesopotamia.

Arrived in Bagdad an Arab cat "adopted" him and settled itself in his office. An attack of fever obliged my brother to go into hospital. "Look after

my cat," was his parting injunction. But they brought him word that the cat could not be found. Two days later it turned up at the hospital, having searched the city till it found its friend.

The authorities, impressed by such devotion, allowed it to remain, to my brother's supreme satisfaction and they departed together.



CHAMPION HILLCROSS SILVER FLUTE

Miss F. I. Robson of 76, South Croxted Road, Dulwich, London, S.E.21, writes:

"You may be interested in this picture of my male Silver Tabby, Champion Hillcross Silver Flute, making sure of a little extra Kit-zyme—off the ration!"

In addition to his own successes on the show bench, Flute has already sired many prize-winning kittens, including the Best Kitten in Show, Olympia, 1952. As a stud cat it is, of course, essential for him to be in fine condition at all times, so I give him his daily ration of Kit-zyme tablets as a matter of routine. But during the spring and early summer of this year Flute—as the result of a bite from an intruding tom—developed a very severe abscess in his right front paw. This necessitated veterinary treatment over a period of ten weeks, during which time the abscess had to be opened for draining no less than three times and M. and B. tablets had to be administered. Knowing the lowering effect of this drug and the strain that the continued sepsis must be putting on

Flute's constitution, I doubled his Kit-zyme ration, with the excellent result that his appetite and temper remained unimpaired, and his general condition was extremely good throughout his illness. Now that he has completely recovered, his shining coat and hard, muscular body bear ample testimony to his splendid condition.

After this experience I wouldn't dream of being without Kit-zyme in the house. And, as the photograph shows, Flute feels just the same way!"

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MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

By **DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB**

THE Blue Persian Ch. Show held at the London Welsh hall under the capable management of Mrs. Janet Newton, was indeed a great success. Entries were up on last year and the quality of the exhibits very good, especially the female adults.

I was judging the open class of females and found the quality exceptional. Coats were shady, but I think the summer we have had was responsible for this. I had 20 females in the open Ch. class and it was really very difficult to judge as they were all so good. My first five were all worthy of a challenge certificate and it grieved me to have to place such beautiful exhibits so low. Anyone that received a card at all in that class had something really good.

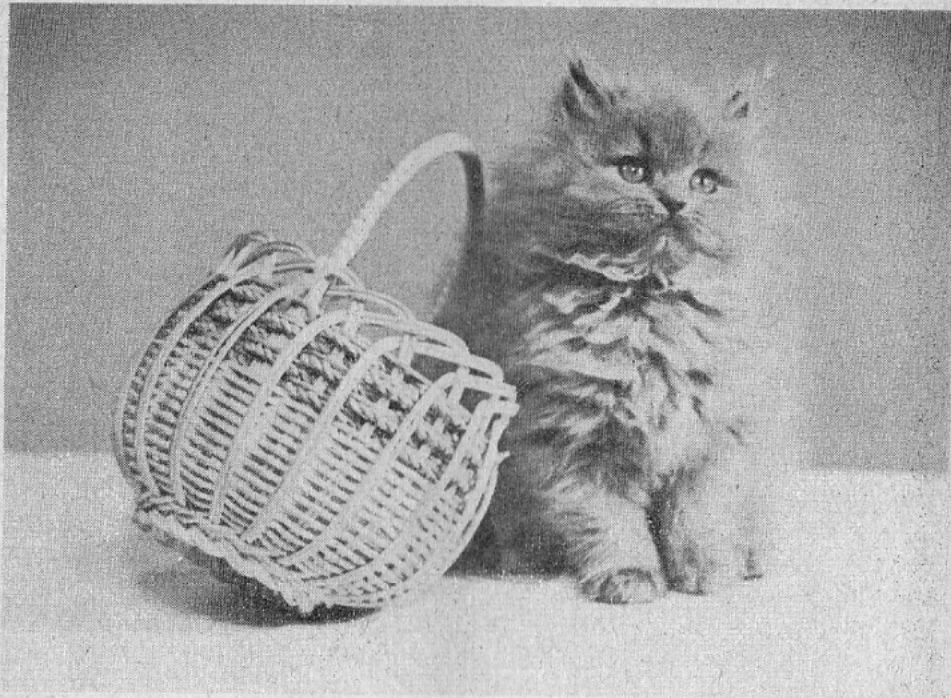
I gave the Ch. Certificate to Mrs. McVady's "Gaydene Candy Kisses." She is a beautifully balanced queen, rather dark in colour, but sounder than most I handled. She was later voted Best Exhibit in Show. Best Adult Male was Mrs. Vize's "Myowne Gallant Homme," and Best Kitten was

"Hathaway Harvest Moon," owned by Mrs. Roberts, who is, I believe, a novice.

It really was a joy to see so many lovely blues all together. It was a happy day I am sure enjoyed by everyone. Speaking for myself, I went home feeling very tired, but happy with my day's work.

From the Blue Persian Show, I will give you an idea of my four days in Paris where I went to judge all Blue Persians for the Cat Club de Paris' 26th International Exhibition held in the lovely ballroom of the Hotel Continental on the 24th, 25th and 26th of October.

I met Mrs. Aitken (the other English judge) at St. Pancras Station. We then made our way to Kensington Air Station to check our luggage in etc. From there we were taken by 'bus to Heath Row Air Station and then on to the plane which was a four-engined Sky Master. It was my first attempt at flying and I was, I must admit, very scared, especially as the crossing was rather bumpy and my tummy was left suspended in mid-air on one occasion. However, I soon forgot to be



RONADA MISTY LAVENDER

By Oxley's Smasher. Photo by Speedway Studios

frightened when we saw the lights of Paris below. It really was a sight I shall never forget; the Eiffel Tower's searchlight embracing the whole city and millions of lights looking just like fairyland.

We were met at Les Invalides Air Port by Madame Bridgett and Mr. Guinard, such a pleasant surprise. From then on to our hotel for a drink and a meal, after a chat we retired to bed about midnight.

Next morning—on to the show, and a hard day's judging.

The hall was lovely and very ornate, all crimson and gilt, and the cats' pens were cream and enamel and raised at an angle so that they could be seen without stooping. All were richly lined and padded with silks and satins; none of this we saw until after the judging.

In England all cats are judged in the main hall, but in Paris one class of cats is brought to the judge and put in pens and judged and then taken back. Then the next class and so on until all the classes are judged. This is a good idea

for the judge, as it saves a lot of running about and one can sit and write out a good report on each exhibit. But it is pretty tough on the stewards, who really work awfully hard.

The Best Exhibit in the Show was Madame Bridgett's Int. Ch. "Southway Reveller," bred by Mr. Martin. Reserve best and Best Female was Madame Kroon-Nedela's "Ch. Int. Laska Van Frisia States"; both beautiful blues and so well presented. Best Kitten in Show was a three-month old Cream male owned and bred by Madame Pia Sandoz. My choice for Best in Show was a beautiful blue male kitten owned by Madame Kroon-Nedela. It was hard to judge between the two as both were very lovely.

On the 24th and 25th we were kept judging, but on the 26th we did our specials and after the presentation of the prizes were able to wander round and see all the exhibits.

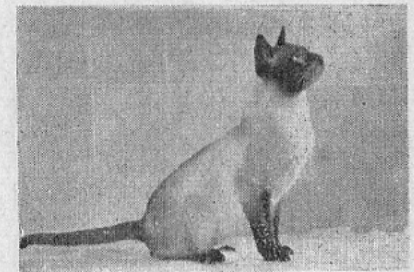
I wish to thank Madame Ravel for all her kindness to Mrs. Aitken and myself—she really gave us a wonderful time. It would really take too long to relate everything we did but we did see Paris by night and I hope I may at some future date see her again, as I shall never forget my wonderful four days.

My return trip by air, I loved as it was quite a smooth

crossing, and I shall never hesitate to fly again.

Best cat in show at Copenhagen "Twinkle of Pensford," a Blue-Cream now an International Champion by "Astra of Pensford," bred by Mrs. Thompson. Also "Ronada Onaway," a Blue Female, now an International Champion by "Southway Echo," and bred by myself. Best Longhair kitten "Mascot of Pensford," a Cream Male. Best kitten in Show a Siamese male "Silken Rosy Rascal." Best S.H. Cat and show "Ch. Morris Sable."

Mrs. Thompson judged all Siamese and Miss Yorke all the Long Hairs.



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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

MR. and Mrs. Walker, who were here on holiday from India, called to see us on their way back from Scotland en route for London. They said they could not pass through Derby without again seeing my cats. Mrs. Walker is such a devoted cat lover, it is a joy to see her pleasure. They visited the queens' house, where Lady, Susette, Meli, and Jetta basked in their admiration. Then they had a word with the studs—Ranya, beautiful as ever, Daffy, rolling in his run with pleasure (he loves visitors), and Gally, looking very young in his close summer coat. Next we went into the breeding house, where Jonta, Jennie and Cheli were all mixed up with ten Siamese and three Burmese kittens. Having greatly admired these, we retired to the lounge for coffee and Penny and the ten indoor kittens were let out. I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Walker have never seen so many cats and kittens together before. Swanilda, who loves to get on to my lap, had soon climbed on to Mrs. Walker and made herself comfortable, whilst the others all sat around to be admired. Mrs. Walker promised to write and tell me how she finds her own cats

when she arrives home and to let me have news of other cats in India. My husband and I did so enjoy this short visit and look forward to again meeting these friends from so far away. It is very gratifying that through the magazine we can span the earth in this fashion.

Mrs. Monks asked me to call and see her litter of Siamese kittens by Chinki Gaylord. The queen, who is very nice, is a daughter of Sco-Ruston Galadima. When I arrived she was very comfortable by the fire in a lovely big basket with six kittens all busy drinking. They were all very nice with good ears, tails and heads, and all had promising eye colour. Mrs. Monks is very concerned to get really good homes for them. She is afraid also that she may have to have her queen spayed, unless she gets a different house soon, as her neighbour complains about the calling. I saw also a lovely black neutered short hair. He shone like silk and is a great favourite. Mr. Monks, who is the leader of a local dance band, tells me he followed him home as a kitten! Every evening, about 10 p.m., he asks to be let out. When Mr. Monk returns

about midnight, the black cat is waiting for him at the end of the street, and rides home on his shoulder.

Miss Ann Matheson phoned me from Fleet Street to ask for a story about the Burmese to go with a colour photo the Australian Consolidated Press took of Mrs. Coldham's Chinki Yong Zahran. The picture was taken after a request from people in Australia for news and photographs of Burmese cats. I gave Miss Matheson all the information I could and she has promised to send me the photo and her article. I have arranged to send her any copies of Cats and Kittens magazine which contain pictures of Burmese.

The Siamese Cat Club's Ch. Show was held on October 16th at Lime Grove. It is to be hoped the wishes expressed by the members at the A.G.M. will be carried out next year and the show held in a more central hall. There was a very good entry and also a good gate. The lighting was very bad and it was impossible to see the eye colour properly. There were many big classes and many very good cats and kittens went cardless. I do think it would be a nice gesture after all the trouble and expense exhibitors go to, if a report could be published on each exhibit, even though it is not placed. This would prevent

a great deal of disappointment. Often, the judges' report on a cat is quite good, even though it has not won. There were nineteen adult males present. Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo was 1st and Ch. I believe this is his sixth Ch. Certificate, and I really cannot see any point in collecting them after the third which makes a cat a full Champion. Mr. Warner and I discussed the subject and he does not agree with me at all. He also won 1st in the open with his beautiful little female kitten Patwyn Tricini, a daughter of Ranya's sister.

There appeared to be a great deal of surprise *and* disappointment with some of the placings, and not always from exhibitors. One male, who was 1st and Ch. at the previous show, was not placed in the open. One can't imagine how a cat can be a champion at one show and not worth a card in the next. Type in adult males appears to be the last thing required.

Purland Pale Maiden, a queen who has done quite a lot of winning, was 1st and Ch. and also Best in Show. Seeing her in her pen and also later on T.V., I was disappointed that, out of so many exhibits, the best could not have been better. One expects something rather superlative as the finest cat at the Siamese show.

On the Saturday afternoon following the show, Mrs. Smith and Marilyn came over from Leicester to fetch a kitten they ordered some time ago. She is Chinki Sapphire, a daughter of Bluehayes Charming Lady and Lindale Simon Pie. They were intrigued with all my cat family and we spent a most enjoyable time over a cup of tea with all the kittens disporting themselves for our entertainment.

The next day, Mr. and Miss Thacker came over from Nottingham to buy a kitten. They had only had an ordinary cat before. Miss Thacker fell very hard for Chinki Swanilda, whose pet name is Tufty, but apparently, they had strict instructions from Mrs. Thacker only to buy a male. So they went home with Chinki Silver Mist, who is to be "Misty."

And so, one by one, the kittens go. They really are a joy. As I write, they are playing around and having high jinks. To me, they are a never ending source of entertainment.

I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Riches at the Siamese Show. She had taken the day off to come and see all the cats and especially Mais-Mor-Marquis, who is the sire of Chinki Fiona, one of her two females. The other is Chinki Angela, and Miss Riches told me a stranger, seeing them playing together in the front

garden and having a Siamese herself, stopped for a chat and said, "Surely that one's (Angela's) sire is Galadima?" It was, but Miss Riches was very surprised and asked how she could know and she said she was just like Gally, whose photo she had seen in the magazine. Miss Riches, who bought the two as kittens to replace a dearly loved ten year old cat, is enthusiastic about them and says they grow more beautiful every day.

The news has come through to-day that the Burmese are now all Breed 27 and eligible for Ch. status from the Croydon Show. I am very gratified about this and hope the Burmese will go on from strength to strength. My grateful thanks to Mrs. Towe and the Short Hair Society, who have done so much to make this possible. At the same time, I should also like to say, Mr. and Mrs. Towe have always been most helpful to me in anything connected with the Fancy. I hope there will be a good Burmese entry at Croydon. People will be eager to buy kittens now that they can become champions.

The Midland Counties Golden Jubilee Ch. Show was held at Birmingham on Saturday, October 25th. It was a lovely autumn day and the entries and gate were very good. The exhibits were, in my opinion,

up to any I have seen in the London Shows. It is most interesting to note the improvements in our northern shows each season. Mrs. and Dr. Atwell exhibited a lovely young Burmese kitten, and won my special. Mrs. Linda Parker won 1st and Ch. with her Ch. Sabukia Sweet William. I believe this is his fourth certificate. Mr. and Mrs. Lamb and their helpers ran the show with great skill and smoothness, and I for one had a very enjoyable day, meeting and chatting with friends, and viewing all the felines. I do wish show

managers could arrange for papier mache dishes, which could be used as toilet trays, to be sold at the hall. When one has a long journey, the extra weight of several tin trays is considerable, and they take up a lot of room.

When I arrived home from the show, a newspaper was awaiting me, from Miss King, Bognor Regis, containing a lovely photo of her five Burmese kittens. Mr. Whiting also phoned me for her address as he was in Bognor Regis on business and wanted to go to see the Burmese kittens.



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THE SAFE INSECTICIDE



THE CAT'S VITAMIN D

By HELEN CLAIRE HOWES

WHEN Kitty smooths down her fur with her pink tongue she is doing more than washing herself. She is licking vitamin D off her fur—the same vitamin that is made in our skin when we sunbathe, and the same vitamin we get in our cod liver oil. The role this vitamin plays in the body is to help the minerals—calcium and phosphorus—make strong bones and good teeth. These minerals are in the milk we drink and the vegetables and meat we eat.

Vitamin D is just as necessary to animals and birds as it is to people, and for some time it was not known how they got their supplies. Scientists now know that an oil comes out of their skin and spreads over the fur and the feathers. This oil is turned into vitamin D by the sun's rays.

Kitty licks the vitamin D off her fur, but some that is formed in this way must sink back into the animal's skin because few animals lick their fur as much as cats do. Dogs, for instance, lie out in the sun as much as cats, but lick themselves comparatively little. The cow doesn't wash herself at all, and yet she has vitamin D in

her summer milk when she is out of doors in the sun (very little, but some). When she is in the dark cow-shed in the winter, there is almost no vitamin D in her milk. So Kitty gets very little vitamin D from the milk she drinks.

Sebum is the oil in our skin that corresponds to the oil on Kitty's fur, and vitamin D is formed when the sun's rays shine directly on this oil. Instead of swallowing the vitamin-oil as Kitty does, our skin absorbs it. It is important, then, to keep the skin soft and not burned or darkly tanned.

Two Chinese scientists once did some experiments to discover more about the oil on animals' skin. They took rabbits that had rickets and treated them by turning sun-lamp rays on to their long, pink ears which, like the cat's, are thinly covered with very fine hair. The rabbits were cured of their rickets. But the scientists took other rickety rabbits and washed all the natural oil off their ears with ether. These rabbits were not cured of their rickets by the lamp's rays.

Chickens and wild birds as well as cats get their vitamin

D from the sun's rays. Scientists have watched them wiping their bill on the preen-gland—the oily lump in the tail feathers—and distributing the oil over their feathers. The oil is then irradiated by the sun and vitamin D is formed. If the preen-gland is removed, and vitamin D eliminated from a bird's diet, it develops rickets and bowlegs just the same as kittens do if they get no vitamin D and insufficient sunshine.

Now, although cats and dogs get a great deal of vitamin D from the sun in warm weather, there are parts of the year when neither beast nor man can sunbathe. Not only is the weather too cold for lying out of doors, but the sunshine itself is of dubious quality.

The rays are not very bright; they are slanting instead of straight overhead. Haze and clouds obscure them, and the city air is full of smoke and dust, and shadows from tall buildings. The ultra-violet rays do not penetrate through glass so that no vitamin D can be produced in Kitty's fur even if she lies on the window sill in the full glare of the sun all day.

So, it is doubtful if animals get enough vitamin D from sunshine, even in the summer time. Farmers have learned that, by giving vitamin D to their barnyard babies, they

grow much bigger, stronger lambs, calves and colts. Kittens and puppies, to be sleek and strong, with good bone formation and strong teeth, should have vitamin D in some form every day, and they probably prefer it in fish liver oil.

CUTE CAT

DOGS get all the bouquets! Well, here is one for a cat. He had taken a fancy to a cardboard box which had been put outside the backdoor, to be collected when the dustman came round. He had spent three happy days in it, but on the early morning of the fourth it was duly removed.

The cat went out and soon discovered its absence, so he howled at the backdoor.

His mistress went—to let him in, as she thought. But he sat there, pathetically mewling, and gazing alternately at her and at the empty space.

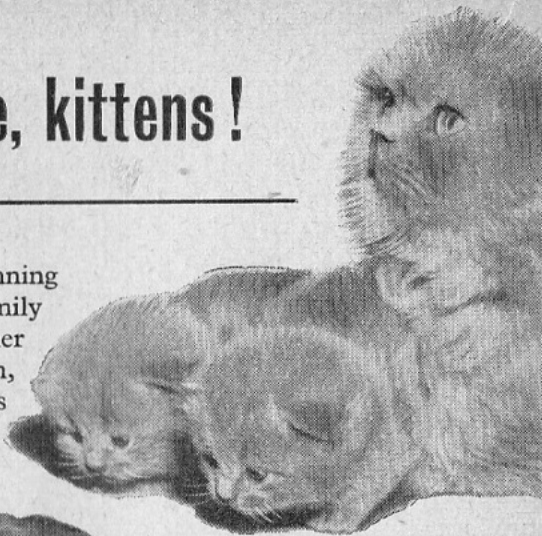
She knew by his eyes that he was asking for something. Then she noticed that the box was gone; so she went in search of another.

She found one, gave it to the cat, and he settled into it at once with great content.

How's that for intelligence?

Watch the birdie, kittens!

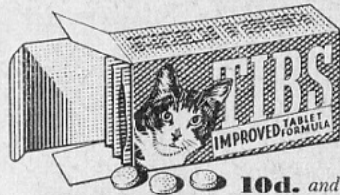
ROOKERY NOOK CAROL, prize-winning Blue Persian, wants her new family to make a good photo. With her mistress, Miss C. I. Davidson, she has just received the Tibs Reporter at the Rookery Nook Dog Bureau, Cranleigh, Surrey.



Here's the proud mama with her owner and breeder. Miss Davidson numbers many distinguished people among her patrons, including the late Queen of Norway.

The Rookery Nook strain, famous for beautiful copper eyes and pale silky coat, can look forward to more successes with these little champions-to-be!

LIKE so many successful breeders, Miss Davidson has proved that 'one Tibs a day' makes all the difference. And now Tibs are in handy tablet form and better than ever. They have the liver flavour cats love, with all the vitamins of liver plus extra Vitamins A and B.



10d. and 2/-

Famous breeders say:

TIBS KEEP CATS
KITTENISH



NEW PRESIDENT IS A LOVER OF CATS

By FRANK L. DE BAUGHN

PRESIDENT-ELECT Eisenhower and Mrs. Eisenhower both are lovers of cats, dogs and horses. For only the third time this century there will be a pet cat on the hearth in the "home" lounge at the White House after the inauguration of the new President on January 20, next year.

President and Mrs. Truman have no particular feelings where cats and dogs are concerned. They are not lovers of animals in the sense of the Eisenhowers who, almost always in their married lives, have had dogs and cats about the house.

Miss Margaret Truman was given a kitten one day by a concert admirer—Miss Truman is a singer of some distinction—and the Trumans were quite willing to let the kitten have the run of the White House.

Then friends from the Trumans' home town at Independence, Missouri, called at the White House with their little boy who displayed such affection for the kitten—and the kitten for the little boy—that the President

handed him the kitten as a present.

President-elect Eisenhower and his wife are sympathetic towards children, too—they have a son of their own who is in the U.S. Army and has been in Korea lately—but, in their case, they would have replaced that kitten by another within a day or two. President and Mrs. Truman, with Miss Truman's agreement, did not get another kitten.

President Roosevelt preferred dogs to cats. He was, perhaps, the most fervent lover of dogs ever to have occupied the White House. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, too, preferred—and still does prefer—dogs to cats.

Another dog lover is ex-President Herbert Hoover, the last Republican to occupy the White House. We have to go back to the days of Calvin Coolidge—"Silent Cal" he was called because he liked to sit quietly in the White House, usually with a cat at his feet—for a President who loved cats as much as do President-elect and Mrs. Eisenhower.

More than 30 years ago, President Woodrow Wilson took his pet cat with him when he was elected to the Presidency.

Of course, there are cats "on the staff" at the White House. Actually, two cats are kept there, living in the kitchens. But—except in the cases I have mentioned—there has been but rarely a pet cat to sit with the President and his wife in the "home" lounge—that is, the President's own private lounge.

There are other statesmen-cat lovers in the United States. Senator Taft, whom Eisenhower defeated in the race for the Republican nomination for the Presidential Election, likes cats. So does Mr. Dean Acheson, the Secretary of State. Mrs. Marshall, wife of General Marshall, the former U.S. Chief of Staff, has a pet cat at her home in Virginia.

Eisenhower's opponent in the election, Governor Adlai Stevenson, prefers dogs to cats.

In fact, a pet Dalmatian dog is the Governor's constant companion in the mansion he occupies at Springfield, Illinois, capital of the State of which he is the governor.

"But don't put me down as a man who hates cats on that account," the Governor once told reporters. "It is just that I like my dog and my dog does not like cats. Therefore, we have no cats in the Governor's mansion at Springfield."

Governor Stevenson is not married. His sister, Mrs. Ernest Ives, acts as official hostess for him at the dinners and receptions he gives as Governor. And Mrs. Ives and members of her family are notable lovers of cats.

"I have tried to introduce cats at the mansion at Springfield, but 'Johnnie—the dog' just won't have them. But I think there is something wonderfully soothing about the quiet easy grace of a cat," she says.

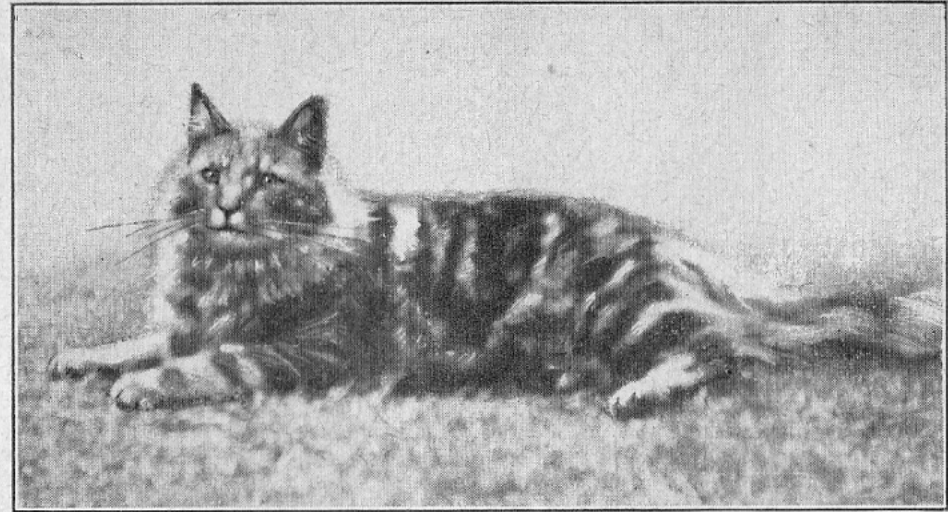
CATS IN RHYME

WITH TWENTY-FOUR BLACK-AND-WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS
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**PUBLISHED AT 2/6, WHILE REMAINING STOCK
LASTS TO BE CLEARED AT 1/3**

SLIGHTLY SOILED

CATS AND KITTENS - 33, QUEEN STREET - DERBY



14-YEAR-OLD TEDDY

Miss E. M. Noakes of 21 High Street, Highgate, London, N.6., writes:—

"I used to give Teddy, my half Persian tabby, ordinary 'human' yeast, and I was very pleased when you introduced Kit-zyme, your special veterinary yeast tablets.

He loves them so much that he always asks for more when I give him his daily dose and they really do him good.

Teddy is now 14 years old."

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

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VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

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COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES

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Ref. No. 62



INTELLIGENT CATS

By A. WOOLFSON

I AM the owner of two cats, one of whom has just had her first litter of kittens.

During the birth of her babies the other cat, a neutered Tom cat, would not leave her, but did all he could to help her, and for a day or two scarcely left her. We kept one kitten, who is now six weeks old, and he has always taken his share in looking after the kitten, washing him, etc., and often stays in the basket with it while the mother goes out.

Some years ago I had an illness which kept me in bed for five months. I then had another lady cat, who, for the first few weeks of my illness, would not leave me in spite of nurse and doctor who disapproved of her on the foot of my bed. As I gradually grew better she would leave me for a walk in the garden, but would not stay very long and on her return would run and look at me anxiously before she settled down again. The days when I was not so well she was most concerned.

On my recovery she resumed her previous way of living and like many pussies do, only showed interest in me when it was mealtimes.

I now have two cats who wait outside the front door while I go to the fish shop, and on my return home they march in front of me, with tails aloft, to the stove and there watch and wait for the "pussies' pieces" which I bring home to cook.

These two cats also literally almost ask me to take them in the garden. We have a very large garden, and when I repeat "garden" and look at them, up they jump, all attention. Although they can go into the garden whenever they like, they show evidence of great pleasure when I call "garden" and they come with me for a walk around it.

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

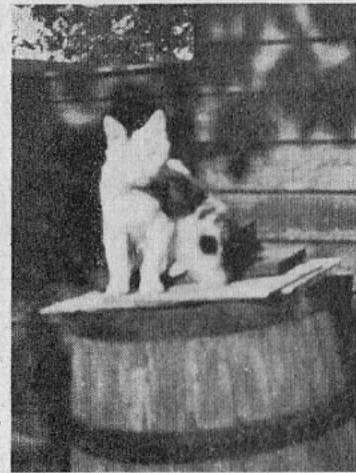
Department 34

THE CANINE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION LIMITED

(Established 1932)

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

Letters and Pictures to the Editor



Muffet

Bellingham, London, S.E.6.
Dear Editor,

I have been waiting to get a snap of Muffet, the white and black cat with odd eyes.

I have one at last, but I'm afraid it is not very good, she looks quite ordinary in it, and actually she is a very pretty little lady.

However, I may get a better snap of her later on, and in the meantime I enclose this one of her, also one of the twins. If any of them are good enough to print I shall be very pleased.

I am glad to say that both the kittens have very good homes. One has been named "Whisky" and the other "Winston."

I am very glad to see your note that Mrs. Nurdin has got her cat Leo back. I am looking

forward to hearing all about him in next month's magazine.

I was very sorry to read about Mrs. Stilliard Racy's "Trinity Miss Muffet" being killed. How heartbreaking.

I am happy to tell you that I have been promised a copy of "Nine Lives," by Alice Grant Rossman.

What a beautiful cat on page 13 of the October magazine.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Max Davies.

South Cliff, Scarborough.

Dear Editor,

I am always most interested each month when I receive my "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

I am enclosing a photograph of my black cat "Dinkie," hoping that you will very kindly find a space in your magazine for him. When he first came to see me, he was only a month old. I was feeling very sad, as I had lost a



Muffet's Twins

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Dinkie

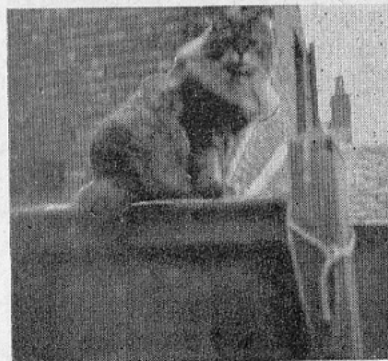
beautiful Blue Persian kitten just at that time. He is now 3½ years old and is a wonderful pal; he may only be a "Commoner," but is a real thoroughbred in his nature. In the summer time, he catches white butterflies, but I have never known him to kill one; he brings them into the house and lays them at my feet, and I only have to take them out and off they go. He is a very lovable cat, and very spoilt, but he hates to be carried about, and will only come on my knee if there is no one else at home. I am 81 years of age and I must say that "Dinkie" came when I felt I could never have another cat, but he has been a real pet in every way.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Louisa Deighton.

Cold Norton, Chelmsford.
Dear Editor,

I saw in one of the letters to "Cats and Kittens," of which I am a great lover and reader, about a caravan where cats and owner could live in peace. I have a nice piece of land in the middle of a 12-acre field where my Siamese roam to their hearts' content. No snares are ever set around or near, so there is no worry, and the road is 570 feet away. If any reader would like to put their caravan here and myself and mother share it, as only one van is allowed, or put up a wooden bungalow, also allowed, they can do so and live here rent free and rate free; but only cat lovers. Later when mother, who is old, is no longer here, I shall be willing to give this land to them if they will also take my pets and care for them, as I should not want to



Tiddy who belongs to Mrs. Storer of Derby

TO THE EDITOR

be here then. I have no relations to come forward and want anything I have got.

I have no one in the world apart from mother. I just love animals and would do anything for them and their comfort. This place is near Maldon, 13 miles from Southend and 12 from Chelmsford, and very pretty, so if anyone is interested, please write to me.

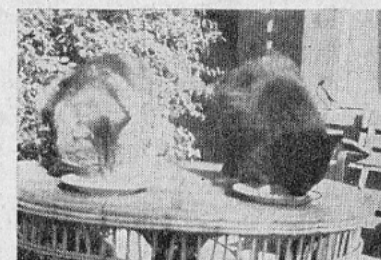
Yours truly,

(Miss) R. Wilkinson.

P.S.—We have a small van on this land, only one room. I would share it, but it is not big enough. I will sell that to make room for another.



Timothy



Darkie and Julie

Coventry.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photograph of Timothy which I hope you will be able to find room for in your "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

We have tried for many, many months to get him to pose, but I am afraid he is a little "camera shy" and so it has taken a long time to get this photograph.

Timothy's greatest friend is Chum our spaniel, Although the dog seems indifferent to Timothy's affection he is not discouraged.

I am an ardent reader of your magazine and I do so hope you may be able to place this photograph of Timothy in your magazine.

Yours faithfully,

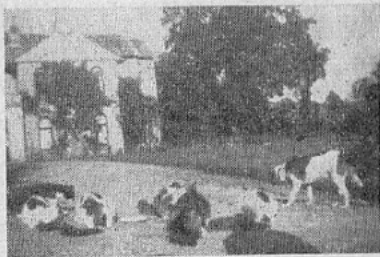
(Miss) C. M. Freeman.

Henliege, Bristol.

Dear Editor,

I hope so much you will be able to find room in "Cats and Kittens" for the three snaps enclosed.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Darkie and Julie, the two feeding on the table, are our present much loved pets.

The larger group was taken some years ago when we lived in the country, with our happy family of cats, and one dear old dog.

Yours sincerely,
M. Mills.

Clent, nr. Stourbridge.
Dear Editor,

My only excuse for bothering you with a question is that I am a devoted reader of "Cats and Kittens," and keep my copies to have them bound and thus, through this medium over some two years, have come to feel I know you and Mrs. France personally!

Please is it true that ginger female cats are all that unusual? I gather from reading they may be. There have been letters on the subject in your magazines of April, July and September this year. I am now the proud possessor of a ginger female kitten, bred from



a dark brindle coloured mother, which leads me to suppose they cannot be so very rare. I should love to hear your views. She is two months old and a very attractive little person.

At long last I enclose a small cheque for the Cats of Malta Fund. I have been intending to send this for months—ever since Mr. Beverley Nichols' letter appeared in your magazine. I hope it is not too late.

I have had a particular interest in the correspondence on this subject. Two years ago, in February, my husband and I spent a wonderful fortnight's holiday in Malta at the Phonecia Hotel. We travelled via Rome, Naples, Capri, and Syracuse. Following on after the many lean years of wartime austerity it seemed like a journey to Fairyland—a dazzling peep back into the days of youth! There were shops stuffed with all manner of things one had not seen for years—free and unrestricted for anyone to buy. It matters not at all whether

TO THE EDITOR

you could afford them or not; it was nice to know they were there. Oranges glowed on the trees, nylons festooned the shop windows. The sun shone, and the harbours sparkled, and the honey-coloured buildings made shadowy canyons of the steep streets. At the Phonecia all was luxury and gay comings and goings. Dancing, bright lights and good food. But in sharp contrast there was one blot amid all this plenty—the Cats, the poor cats of Malta! Never have I seen so many cats or in such a pitiable condition. Starving, diseased little living skeletons, desperate with hunger, raking over the stinking refuse of the dustbins which adorn unpicturesquely every doorstep in the lesser streets. To anyone who really knows cats and their dainty, fastidious habits, it will be all too plain to see the depths of despair which they must have plumbed before being forced to survive on putrifying garbage.

Sometimes when we went out for walks at night, I used to take a paper full of bread—a useless offering to cast upon such an ocean of misery! But, indeed, if a crumb of it ever brought fleeting relief to even one cat perhaps it was worth while. Some few were tame enough to mew in answer when one spoke to them, but all were

timid and most just scurrying wraiths that fled away into the blackness at one's approach.

I wonder what steps the R.S.P.C.A. can take in Malta? The humane but immediate reduction in the adult cat population is vital and stringent control of the number of kittens allowed to survive in future would seem the only answer to the problem. No community on earth could support that destitute horde. But without the full co-operation of the Maltese themselves, this is going to be very difficult to accomplish—and viewing the plight of the animals to-day, it does not look as if a change of heart towards them will be easily brought about in the Maltese people as a whole.

Yours sincerely,
Cynthia Stuart Todd.

Abersoch, Pwllheli,
North Wales.

Dear Editor,

Re the "mystery illness" P.3 of the September issue of "Cats and Kittens," I would like to recapitulate the symptoms of a mysterious epidemic which we suffered in November 1946. It might have some bearing on the sad illness of all these kittens.

The symptoms were practically nil. Suddenly the cat refused food, had, perhaps, one

LETTERS AND PICTURES

small vomit, felt cold to the touch, lay down, losing interest in everything and died in about two days. The eyes were bright, foetus and urine normal, no dribbling, no temperature, no sneezing, the fur soft and smooth, no tenderness anywhere. The only hint was smelly breath, and a smelly black crust in the ears. All the usual anti-flu or anti-enteritis infections were tried unavailingly. Three post-mortems at Bangor University were undergone; the third only revealed an infinitesimal virus in the marrow of the bones. The intestines were very slightly inflamed, but not nearly enough to cause death. Our vet., extremely kind and clever, finally diagnosed a form of enteritis.

As to infection we were vague. Our two kittens who started it never left our walled garden. It could have been contracted (*a*) when they went to the vets. to be neutered, in which case it could have been acute as "Masdouk" (who had not been neutered), fell very faint after a vomit the same night, but was absolutely recovered by the next morning. "Shedou," who had been neutered, began about five days afterwards, and died in three days. Masdouk began three or four days after he did and died

in 36 hours. "Arvon" began four days after Masdouk, living barely two days. Infection could have been brought by the chauffeur, who reported his kitten to have been "poisoned." It died the day that ours went to be neutered, in which case infection was carried on the chauffeur's clothes.

Or else Masdouk had it on him when he came. We only had him three weeks. He was often rather mysteriously upset, but the cattery from whence he came had a clean bill of health.

Mr. Jones tried a new infection after Arvon's death on the three remaining cats (I don't know what it was). After ten days quarantine he pronounced them safe. That very day "Noel" refused food. He was fretting for the kits and had a shock, upsetting a heavy writing desk. He was ill for many days, but ran a violent temperature, and was nervy and jumpy where the others were cold to the touch and stonily indifferent. He was very "choosy" with food, but could be coaxed if he had something different every day! With M. and B. and many injections he made a complete recovery. He too had few symptoms—he was just ill, but nothing to show for it. The two older cats caught nothing. They were two years old.

TO THE EDITOR

Noel who had it and recovered was one year, Argon was 11 months, Deebank, Shedo and Masdouk a few months old.

In accordance with Mr. Eric Jones' advice we observed quarantine for six months, having (in ignorance of the exact nature of the virus) disinfected the house with sulphur candles, formaldehyde and permang. and copious sprayings and washings with known household disinfectants. In May we ventured upon two very young kittens who never caught anything, the infection having obviously been vanquished. I believe that Mr. Eric Jones, if desired, could supply further details.

Hoping to have been of use,

Yours sincerely,

A. Isambard Owen.

P.S.—It was not a form of meningitis. This was suggested, but the P.M. showed the brain and lungs to be innocent areas.

Acocks Green,

Birmingham.

Dear Editor,

One of my hobbies is Crossword Puzzles. In June one clue was a classical reference. I searched dictionaries, poem anthologies, reference books. Nowhere could I find that elusive name. Came the last day for posting—and Cats and

Kittens — *and* the required name. But no prize for Wee Wee (as I was called as a child) because it was one of those "first-opened" competitions.

I am glad the Rhodesian lady did not have the cat's tail amputated. A stray has hung round here for months, at one time his tail was so bad I thought it would break in two, but it has healed, without ointment, yet. or any treatment. His food consists of scraps neighbours give, I see he has a daily saucer of milk, yet in spite of sleeping out and such a rough life his body and tail are now covered with a new glossy fur, and he's got so cheeky he fights other cat pensioners if they get near a dish from which he is eating, whereas he used to slink away if anyone came near.

Have you had experience of cats with amputated tails? My Manx, Mockbridge Snowy (her father is Amego Winston) cannot jump or climb as well as my other two cats. She seems afraid to climb higher than a window sill, unless a dog is after her, and never jumps, except under the same dire necessity. Yet the other two use the upper half of ground floor windows as their usual ingress and exit and both frequently rest on top of a wardrobe to which they jump.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Snowy is awfully fat, and so full of mischief, especially as regards breaking things, tearing furniture, curtains, wall paper, etc., that the nice house I had when she came makes me shudder to look at now.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) W. R. Kenny.

Bentley, nr. Willenhall,
S. Staffs.

Dear Editor,

I would like to tell you about my cats. I have three big ones and one kitten. I got "Susy" the grandma (who was two years old last July) through your lovely magazine. I answered an advert. She is a black Persian (who had a Siamese father), then "Susy" had four black kits. We have Topsy and Nipper left; they were one year old last August. Then Topsy had three kittens and we have Tinker out of them; he is 12 weeks old. I do wish I could get a good photo. of them. They all wear collars and discs and look very pretty; they are all black, two long haired and two short, and Nipper has a lot of Siamese ways and looks. I give them Kit-zyme which they love. My father gives it to them in the mornings, as it is a good way to get them downstairs, as they all come up to me. I get an 8s. tin of tablets, as they are

much cheaper, then I put some into a 4s. jar to use. Last week I refilled the jar and on Friday morning when I came downstairs dad had forgotten to put it away, and they had eaten all but about four tablets, and oh! they had been sick. I was worried, but they were none the worse, and afterwards we had to laugh, and everyone whom we told. The man at the pet shop says they should be in good condition for some time, and still they go mad for them; it has not sickened them of their liking of Kit-zymes. I hope you do not mind my long letter and I would love to be able to send a photo for your magazine.

Wishing you every success,
Yours sincerely,
(Miss) A. B. Evans.

Natal, South Africa.

Dear Editor,

Through the magazine may I thank Mrs. E. M. Beereus (Belgium) for her kind sympathy over the loss of my Mr. Tiptoes—I reciprocate over the loss of her Saucy Boy, and know just how she, and others, feel who have lost feline companions, as my precious Jackie (whose photo you published on page 23 of your July issue, calling him Ginger by mistake) was put to rest on the 20th September—I miss him

TO THE EDITOR

terribly, he has been the dearest companion for 7 years—cats make wonderful friends. While he was ill he was so good—the vet. said he had kidney trouble and after taking various pills for about two weeks, with no improvement, I realised my Jackie was very ill, all he wanted was to be carried about and petted, tucking his head under my chin or in my collar—this was so foreign to his happy frolicking nature that I again asked the vet. to come and see him—but there was nothing he could do so I had to say good-bye to my dear little friend. He now rests next to his late brother Mr. Tiptoes.

I am very sorry to read the sad story about lovely Leo, whose photo is on your September cover. I sincerely hope some miracle has brought Leo safely home.

I wrote you last month suggesting that the makers of Kit-zyme should have an agency in this country—although at the present I have only two wild cats living in my garden, I would like to know that others could get Kit-zyme for their pets. I shall get another cat, most likely two, some time soon, and I would like very much to give them this wonderful tonic.

I am very pleased to see that the donations for the Cats in

Malta has been so successful—I am sure this money will be a big help.

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

Hope, nr. Wrexham.

Dear Editor,

As a reader and subscriber to your magazine "Cats and Kittens," I am venturing to ask your advice about my neutered Siamese Tom, "Pip." He is 5 years old and up to last year had had perfect health. About a year ago he had a sore head, which one vet. said was canker. He cleaned his ears out and said it would clear up with spring weather. It did not do so and I called in another vet. who diagnosed it as eczema (weeping), and gave me lotions to put on. They also failed to relieve, in fact irritated him very much. I have other cats and kittens and a spaniel and none are affected, so it is evidently not mange. I gave him two garlicules as I had read a cat, should he have worms, would never be cured of eczema.

I may say he is a great pet and prize winner, and do not want him put out.

If you have any suggestions I would be grateful.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Mary Kilvert.

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Dear Mrs. Kilvert,

I suggest you give your cat eight Kit-zyme tablets a day for a fortnight, then six a day for another fortnight, then continue with four a day indefinitely, as I think his condition is probably caused by a vitamin deficiency, and this will put it right.

I also suggest that you cut out any milky foods in his diet completely, and give him boiled rabbit, boiled fish, and roasted pet's meat, cut up finely or broken up in the case of fish and rabbit, the bone being first removed, and into which is broken up half a Weetabix for roughage. Editor.

Hove 4, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

We have a Siamese kitten and live in a flat. Up to now (Simon is 9 months old), we

have been using cinders for his tray, and earth in the summer, and have just started using potting peat. I remember seeing an advertisement in one of your issues, advertising a peat moss litter suitable for the use of "flat" cats.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) M. Cheesman.

Dear Mrs. Cheesman,

Peat moss is certainly the best material to use for a cat's sanitary tray. We have been using it ourselves for years, and find that it is only necessary to buy it from any seed stores. If it is not already loose, but in largish pieces, it easily crumbles in the hand whilst being put into the tray.

There is no need to buy any other or the more expensive variety of peat moss.

Editor.

SIAMESE CATS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

Third edition

10/6

FROM YOUR BOOKSELLER or direct from

33, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED?

—from page 5.

and such gentle paws. These two are the cause of a notice on the door which says, "Mind the cats."

Cleo was the greengrocer's cat who ate cake and loved to put his arms round one's neck, but he died recently, of a kidney disease.

At the bus terminus a handsome ginger cat plays for hours amongst the pigeons. He is obviously the sporting kind and I am sure would earn his laurels at the games.

In the beautifully designed and kept old gardens, a tortie holds court on the green painted seat at the entrance. She deserves an award for her gentle air, for her daintily pretty feet and lovely coat, and for the work she does keeping the rats away from the old watchtower by the rockery.

To Tibby who lives at the fruit store I would hand a prize for sweet temper, for playfulness and for his always immaculate appearance. His

socks and shirt are snow white and his ears are always clean.

To my own two cats I would give a special prize for the example they continually set of how a husband and wife can grow together in perfect companionship and understanding. They hunt together and they sleep together. Tig is a faithful partner to his sweet natured little Tut. She bears him beautiful children and never looks slovenly or untidy. They wash each other and they comfort one another.

It is still obvious that for every one of the highly bred model cats there are thousands who live and die known only to those who care for them; and some have no one to do even this. So perhaps it is a happy thought which is the fruit of my idea; that instead of a shiny silver cup or a bright card, these other pussies do have something which the show cats have — Love — a corner of our hearts. And that is really all they ask.

**HAVE WE HAD YOUR
SUBSCRIPTION ?**

Orders may be placed with your
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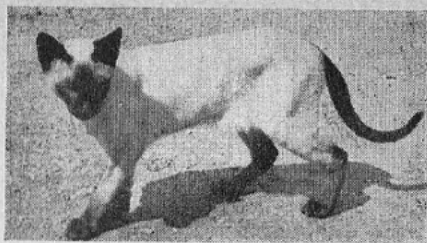
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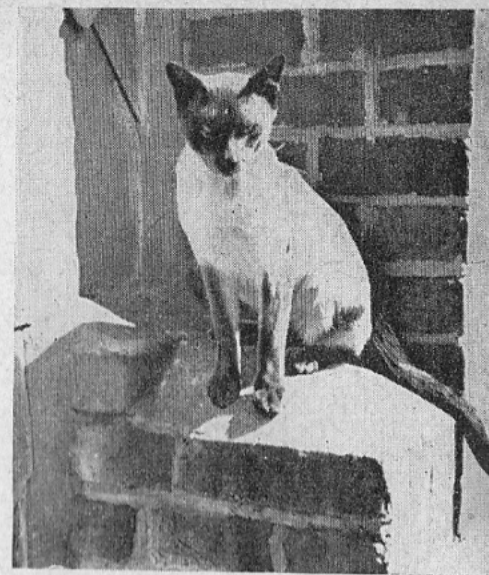
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