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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JANUARY
1953

MONTHLY

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices : 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JANUARY, 1953

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

are often conditioned by a review of the events of the old. Lessons can be learned, mistakes noted, and avoided next time.

So, why not a credit and debit account? Public interest in cats is undoubtedly on the upsurge. So many families keep cats as a matter of course, but so many of our friends and neighbours have real interest in *other* people's cats.

Wrong, am I? You will point to the continued well being of organisations like the

Cats Protection League, the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Then a glance at the columns of this journal, and the morning newspapers, is revealing. How many special cat foods and, for that matter, medicines, do we buy? Several large firms advertise specially packed cat foods, another advertises yeast tablets for them, and many other well known and reputable firms put up every kind of medicine for them. All of

Our cover photograph this month is of Panther. His owner is Mrs. Rose Winkelried, whose letter is in our Letters to the Editor Feature.

which we buy in large quantities, so it is encouraging to realise that no longer is the cat regarded as just another member of the family, obtaining its food from kitchen or table scraps, but is paid special attention as to feeding, diet, and health.

That is all to the good, and the next step I look forward to is an increase in the number of pedigree cats in ordinary everyday households.

To make this possible, prices of kittens must somehow be brought down, but not to a level which would make it impossible for the breeders to pay their way. All too few of them even now break even—far less make a profit—and that allows nothing for the hard work they put in.

Also, the ruling body of the Cat Fancy should advertise, pointing out to the owners of ordinary cats how to obtain, register, and show pedigree cats, and why not from time to time advertisements on diet, illness treatment, and so on?

The many letters we get from our readers surprised us at first. We really had little idea what real love and affection is bestowed in almost every household in the land, on its feline occupants, and not until we had received, and still continue to receive each week, letters about, and photographs of, all kinds and descriptions

of cats, did we realise the unique place our feline friends have in our hearts and by our fire.

Well, that is some small part of the credit side. Now as to debits!

Malta is one, and Beverley Nicholls's revelation as to the deplorable life of many cats on that island was something of a sickening shock to us. The R.S.P.C.A. there is doing good work on a very restricted income, and we are pleased to report that our readers have been good enough to send nearly a hundred pounds to us for the express purpose of alleviating as much as possible the plight of the cats there.

The past year has also seen lamentable bickering over certain aspects of the large Olympia Cat Show, this year sponsored by the newly formed Crystal Cat Club. Many old friends of cats, and cat fanciers, are to be recognised on the Committee of this Club, and its chairman is none other than our old friend P. M. Soderberg, M.A., also chairman and judge of the Siamese Cat Club. I believe, all told, that five members of the Siamese Club's Committee are also committee members of the Crystal Club.

At great expense, this club has, with the goodwill and backing of the makers of Kit-E-Kat Cat Food, booked a series of engagements to stage each

year for some time to come a Cat Show at Olympia.

Some members of the "powers that be"—the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, are all for supporting the Crystal Show, realising that with such well known and knowledgeable cat lovers and experts on its committee, and with such an important show hall, that with the co-operation and support of the Governing Council, a really mammoth cat show could be held each year, drawing thousands to view and exhibit, and expanding the public interest in cats immeasurably.

Unfortunately, at the moment, these members of the Governing Council are in a minority. What is now needed is a real round table conference, at which all the "pros and cons" could be gone into, probably under an independent chairman, and if the outcome were a Coronation Show for this year, under the benevolent patronage and support of the Governing Council, with every attraction thought out and prepared, and all the objections of the critics overcome, what a wonderful cat show it would be to stage in London in Coronation Year!

Mention of the Siamese Cat Club Committee earlier, reminds me to issue a timely reminder to those of my readers who are also members of that club.

You know, there are about eight hundred of us members, and for one reason or another, usually only eighty or so of us get up to the annual general meeting of the club, in London.

The method of electing officials of the club was by a postal ballot, and when this had been completed the result was announced at the annual meeting.

This is now changed as the result of a vote at last year's A.G.M., and now officials will be elected at the A.G.M. Now, to all of you unable to attend, I must ask you to write for a postal proxy vote. The new rules, adopted at last year's meeting, left the proviso that *only those applying* for postal votes in advance would receive them. So do not delay—do not be disfranchised, if you cannot attend the A.G.M.

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THE CATS' MEAT MAN— A VANISHED FIGURE

By SIDNEY DENHAM

"WHERE has the muffin man with his bell gone?" asks a letter to "The Times". The answer seems to be that this once familiar figure of the London street scene has vanished together with many other street traders. Amongst them is the cats' meat man. One of my earliest memories as a child in London was the daily call of the cats' meat man. Our particular man wheeled a wooden barrow on which were vast joints of cooked flesh, which he dextrously sliced and then impaled on a wooden skewer. The price of one of these rations was one penny. I would not now like to estimate the weight of the portion, but it was supposed to be sufficient for the average domestic cat for the day, helped out by scraps from the table, which no doubt in those days amounted to more than the present week's ration.

For his penny the cats' meat man delivered the meat and appeared pleased to have the custom. He probably worked very long hours, but he certainly did not starve. He had the well-nourished figure of a butcher, and I daresay on occasions cut himself a plate

of meat from his own joints. At any rate, he always swore it was "Lovely stuff, fit for 'umans".

Our house was separated from the road by a fifteen yard drive, but he had never to come up it except to collect his money on Saturdays. His cry of "Me-ee-ee-at" was hardly out of his mouth before our cat had shot down the drive and over the gate. He could be trusted implicitly to give her a full portion. Often there would be another cat, not a paying customer, but with tail erect rubbing against his legs. And always he found a tit-bit for the stranger, a small one if it was obviously from a home where it was fed, a larger one if it was a stray.

I do not know whether he was typical of the hundreds of cats' meat men who walked the streets of our big cities, but he was certainly, in his rough and ready way, a cat lover. It gave him genuine pleasure to see his customers pleased. If for any reason a cat sniffed unduly or, worse still, refused the meat, he would be first incredulous and then angry. He considered it a personal



THE CATS'-MEAT MAN.

insult, an aspersion on the quality of his meat.

To-day, with meat for the cats costing 2/- a pound uncooked and likely to be sold as a favour at the price, these old memories seem almost incredible. I have been looking up some old records just to assure myself that my memory has not deceived me about prices. The cats' meat industry was centred in Leeds, and in an article on it I find that "a pound to twenty-five shillings was the price of a horse dead or alive" in the knacker's yard, and "three-halfpence to twopence a pound the price of the meat in the shops". The meat was boiled in Leeds and sent to London and other large cities, where it was distributed

by shops and the cats' meat men. How many exactly there were of them I do not know—there was not then the passion for licensing, registering and taking polls and censuses. But when an entertainment was arranged by cat-lovers for cats' meat men in London in January, 1901, 250 of these street traders were entertained, and 400 had to be refused tickets because of lack of room and funds. That would make at least 650 cats' meat men in London alone, for possibly not all the traders had heard of the dinner or applied for tickets.

Louis Wain presided at this dinner and his speech and others made it clear that cat lovers knew and appreciated the fact that these men fed

many stray and hungry cats without hope of return. The Duchess of Bedford, who was then President of the National Cat Club, in her speech, said, "I do not know that it necessarily follows that because you are sellers of cats' meat, you are all fond of cats, but I have never heard of a case of ill-treatment against a cats' meat man and I have often heard of their going out of their way to be kind to starving pussies . . . As the owner of what was once a stray cat and afterwards fed, I believe, by a cats' meat man, I have great pleasure in wishing you all prosperity in the New Year."

The guests were certainly generously dined on Mock Turtle soup, roast beef, boiled mutton and "trimmings", cauliflowers, sprouts and baked potatoes, plum pudding, cheese and celery, with the gift of a tin of tobacco valued at 2s. 9d. each—that must have been half a pound in those days!

The meal was followed by a concert by artists gathered by the popular Louis Wain, who secured not only Mlle. Janotha, "the celebrated court pianist", but also her black cat who went from court to court with her and brought good luck to all who stroked him. A large number of the cats' meat men duly stroked him. Incidentally, one of the singers was Miss Frances Simpson who "surprised" everyone with her

excellent contralto voice, although whether the surprise was that the best-known breeder and writer of her time should have a good voice or at her consenting to appear is not clear. The biggest surprise to us now probably would be the bill for the food and entertainment—£25 for the 250 dinners and three guineas for the accompanist and performers, which, considering they included not only the court pianist, but also the famous Courtice Pounds, suggests most of them performed for the love of cats' meat men rather than their usual fees!

The suggestion about this dinner was that it was "charity" in its best sense, and no doubt the cats' meat men did not often sit down to such a blow-out. For that matter neither do we. But that somehow by selling their penny and twopenny portions they made a modest competence is suggested by another report I find dated a few years later which remarks that "Certain London rounds have been sold for as much as £300 as going concerns and many rounds change hands at a price for goodwill of from £10 to £100. Several London cats' meat men have made fortunes, and one in South-East London is said to be worth £30,000".

Certainly there was "goodwill" in a round—the goodwill

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RED TABBIES

What LYDIA WILSON had to say about them in 1933

AT a cat show one year I heard a lady say, as she passed our red tabby pens, "These gingers don't interest me much." I remember feeling personally hurt, for I love them more than anything else in the world. Then I realised that she did not know red tabbies as I do.

I love them for their intelligence, force of character, and vitality, for their eagerness in everything, for the eagerness with which they rush to greet one. With a red tabby everything must be done "immediately, if not before." I have noticed some other Persians move as if next week would do!

I have to protect the "blues" when feeding with the "reds", for the former sometimes look round to admire the view between mouthfuls. Very dignified, no doubt, but in that fatal moment the "red" next door has pinched his food!

I have been asked if I found them bad tempered. I have never found one bad tempered, but sometimes quick-tempered when being combed, but it is over in a minute and they want to kiss and be friends again.

I have a special red tabby lady. I always say that other cats are cats, and delightful at that, but she is a person, and her kits always have special personalities.

So often red tabbies, like Siamese, have very distinct personalities that they impress themselves on one in such a way that one feels their loss terribly when they go.

There is a great difference in appearance between a pedigree red tabby and the ordinary common or garden "ginger" or "sandy", as they are usually called, but I have always found they both have the same characteristics, one most noticeable being attachment to one person, more like a dog.

The difference in a pedigree's appearance shows itself chiefly in the colour, the build of the cat, and the eye colour. Wonderful markings are often found in the common cat, also length of coat, but depth of colour never. This should be nearer that of a red setter dog. The deep amber, or copper eye, too, is never seen except in a pedigree. In the ordinary ones it is often yellow or greenish.

Also I have never found a mongrel "ginger" with a hefty, stocky-shaped body.

Devotion to cats I have always had, but not until lately did it dawn on me that one might as well give that devotion to things of beauty that are a joy for evermore. Lovers of common cats sometimes say

that Persians are beautiful but not brainy. I can assure such that entertaining brains are to be had in my beloved red tabbies. I have running through my mind Kipling's poem, *Buy a Pup*, etc. I say: "Buy a red kit and you buy a devoted pal who will never want to leave you or you him."

FELIS DOMESTICUS

By G. SEVERIN FEILING

THE origin of the domestic or civilised cat is somewhat lost in the mists of time. It can, however, be fairly safely assumed that the many different varieties of cat now known to us cannot in the near past all be traced to the same common ancestor, the wild or lynx cat (*Felis lynx*), as is commonly believed. Thus the Siamese cat is an almost certain descendant of the Egyptian sacred cat, whose mummified bodies it closely resembles, and many of the striped varieties are of the wild cat genus.

The "tabby" or striped grey cat deserves a whole paragraph to himself, as he is the direct descendant of the wild cat which is still found in some parts of Scotland and Norway. The expression "tabby" is rather a misnomer as when applied to the cat and the elderly spinster at the same

time, for many of the most ferocious animals of the cat tribe are the so-called "tabbies". The other name of these animals is a somewhat curious one, as the title "Attabir" is presumably derived from that Persian Prince Attabi, after whom watered or moiree silk used sometimes to be called, possibly the name is similar because of a supposed similarity between watered silk and watered fur.

The stripes on these "Attabirs" are essentially of a protective nature, those on the head, for example, as Mr. Charles Platt explains in his interesting and instructive book "Mieaou", closely following the orbital and those round the eyes the optic nerves, this, I think, may be taken as fairly clear evidence of the tabby's wild ancestry.

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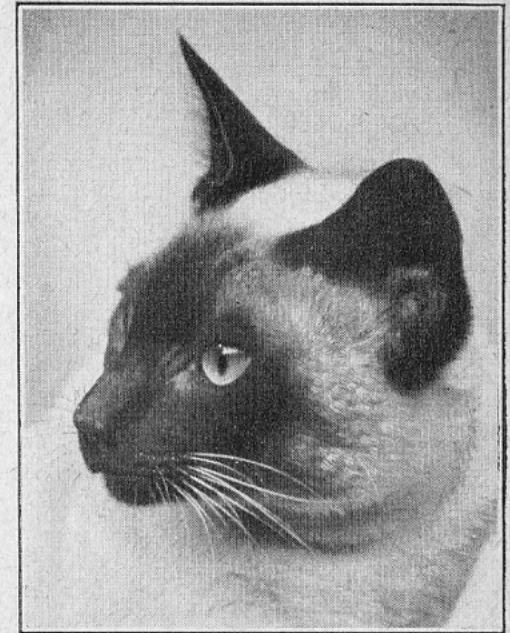
MISS NORMINA M. MARSHALL of Rosebank, Tattenham Road, Brockenhurst, Hants., owner-breeder of the Martial Siamese, writes:—

"I am writing on behalf of my Siamese 'Martial Miu,' whose photograph I enclose, to thank you for the Kit-zyme Special which he received at the Festival Show.

Miu has won quite a lot of prizes this season, but was much more interested in his 'Special' than in all the others put together! Actually, we had just bought a cattery pack but, as all my cats and kittens have Kit-zyme from a few weeks old, we can never have too many.

I stepped Miu's dose up to six tablets a day when he was teething, and I have never had the heart to reduce to the normal two a day ever since. However, he has recently become a proud father, so perhaps he needs the extra to keep his strength up for future stud work.

Miu has already won 29 awards including 8 Firsts, 8 Seconds and 6 Thirds at London Shows this season."



MARTIAL MIU

who finished his London season with a First and Challenge Certificate at the Croydon Show.

Photo by:—
A Shrouder, Hurn, Christchurch.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF SIAM

By HUMPHRY BULLOCK

I HAVE read none of the books on Siamese cats and have no conscious recollection of reading anything in particular about the habits of cats of any sort. Whether Siamese can be taught tricks or have successfully emerged from intelligence tests by psychiatrists, I do not know. I confess to being quite uninstructed about feline affairs, but I am quite sure that, like mankind itself, cats are a proper study of man.

We have owned two Siamese, one in India before and during the war and the other in England now. The first cat shared a large bungalow with the family, which then included two small children and their nurse, Scotties numbering from two to seven according to the state of the current litter, an engaging female mongoose, and an ordinary cat, not to mention occasional visiting humans and dogs. We all lived amicably together, though Vicky the mongoose eventually found terriers at close quarters too much for her nerves and sought refuge in the jungle or in matrimony, or in both—anyhow she left the house and disappeared. But the Siamese was really the master of the household.

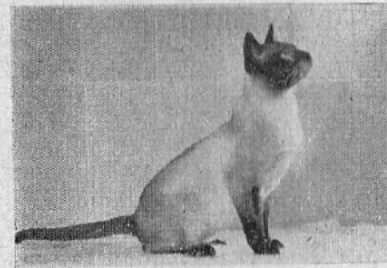
Ti-Wee (for such was his name) was dumb, dignified, and in his placid way deeply affectionate. The servants spontaneously called him *sahib* when inviting him to take his food. His silence was extraordinary. The only occasion he broke it was unforgettable. At a dinner-party I had been shooting rather a line to our guests to the effect that, whatever other Siamese did in the matter of excessive conversation, Ti-Wee never even said *miaow*. This was his cue for the most unearthly squawk I have heard from any beast. But having once asserted his vocal capacity he never did it again. His end was sad. Always bad about climbing trees or taking other refuge, for he hardly recognised dogs as enemies, to our grief he was killed one night by a pack of semi-wild dogs in the Simla hills.

Nicholas, our present Siamese, is just eighteen months old, and runs true to type for garrulousness. The weather, if not to his liking, is the chief subject of conversation: second comes any delay in the arrival of a meal. But these are merely routine talking-points. Most of his utterances are in the course

of normal conversation in the family circle with my wife, myself and the two now-grown-up children. As to the import of his remarks, opinions differ. I for one am convinced that Nicky can say "yes" and "no", in the sense that he makes two distinctive noises which respectively signify assent and dissent. These may be evoked by simple, direct questions or they may be his commentary on something said not to him but

in his hearing. Presumably they represent his reaction to a word or words that he catches and understands, rather than a reasoned comment. But sometimes one has the uncanny feeling that he has understood at least the general drift of a phrase or even a conversation in which no "cats' catchword" has had a place.

Can Siamese cats reason? I have believed that they can since the day old Ti-Wee saw a small moving shadow in a patch of sunlight on the floor, pawed it twice tentatively, and then without hesitation looked round and up at the window-pane where a butterfly was fluttering on the glass. Evidently satisfied by what he saw, he paid no further attention either to butterfly or shadow. What was this but reasoning, "forming a conclusion by connected thought" as the dictionary definition has it? It would be easy to indulge in further anecdotes and to argue from the particular to the general. But my belief that Siamese cats can and do reason lies largely in a host of transient intangible impressions which in the aggregate lead me irresistibly to that conclusion.



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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE Croydon Cat Club's Ch. show was held on November 13th at the Seymour Hall, London, an admirable venue, and one which ensures a good show. It is bright, cheerful, well lit, and roomy. Mr. Towe managed everything in his usual efficient way. I thought free entrance tickets and lunch tickets, for entries over four pounds, was a good idea, and one worth copying.

Entries were the highest this season and many very good cats of all breeds were represented. The first championship class for Burmese was put on at this show. Dr. Atwell's female Chinki Yong Shwegalay was First and Ch. She has the honour of producing the first third generation litter of Burmese kittens, and also of winning the first Challenge Certificate. She also won my special for best Burmese. Miss Elfrida King's female kitten won first in the kitten class.

Miss Betty Swanwick, who has waited so long for a Burmese male kitten, has him at last and sends a most amusing report of him. She writes: "I thought you might like to know that little Chukka has settled in marvellously. He gets on so well with the others

—all absolute buddies together. He is very keen on the dog and stands up on his hind legs and boxes the dog's nose. The dog gently dabs him with his great wet snout. They play like this for quite a time and then sleep together. The young Siam boy—eight months, is very funny with him, and just a little jealous as he was the baby, but they have the most gorgeous games together. Little Burma is most spirited and absolutely hits back. My pink Persian Lionel is very lovely. He is not a pedigree, but an accident. His ma died at birth and he was reared by hand. He is like a Blue Persian, only very pale ginger, which looks pink, and gold eyes. Chippy, the three year old Siam girl, plays with Chukka and keeps him in order and washes him. Even Arthur, the remote white cat, is decent to him. Chukka sends his love and respects to his mama."

A very sad letter from Mr. Charles Franklyn tells of the sudden death, from heart failure, of his beautiful short haired orange tabby—a golden glory, a brilliant personality, and the most clever cat he has ever known. He hopes to find one to replace Benjamin, and I wish him every success.

The National Cat Club's Ch. Show was held on December 3rd at the Horticultural Old Hall, Westminster. It is good to see more and more shows being held in central halls. This was Mrs. Spier's first effort at show management, a task she ably performed.

The hall is not so good as the new hall, or as cheerful as the Seymour Hall, and has no restaurant. However, with Marylin Smith and Pat and Mrs. Hawkins, I went down to the West End for lunch and to look at the shops, which were very gay for Christmas. When we returned most of the judging was over, and I was delighted to find Mrs. Kent had placed my Chinki Ranya First and Ch. in the Open Adult Male. The Burmese were rather late in getting their slip on the award board, but it was worth waiting for as my Chinki Yong Jetta was First and Ch. in the Open class. Naturally, I was very pleased, especially as I arrived at Derby station, after getting up at 3.3 a.m., to learn my train was two hours late. I decided to wait and just arrived at the hall in time to get my five entries vetted and into the pens as judging commenced.

I was struck by the extreme kindness of everyone—the railway officials who kept me

posted as to the progress of the train—the ticket collector, who offered to send a wire to the hall from Luton—the porter who so nobly carried three of my baskets right down the platform to a taxi—the taxi driver who did his best to get through the traffic as quickly as possible—and Mrs. Colin-Campbell and Marylin Smith, who quickly helped me to the right entrance, and the vet's table. Had it not been for Marylin's help, I could not have got my entries in in time, which would have been most disappointing.

I was glad Marylin's blue point kitten, Rockford Blue Dominoe, was second in his open class. He is a son of Ranya's, and was the only blue point in a seal point litter. He has the brightest blue eyes, and I understand is sold as a Christmas present.

The Notts. and Derby Cat Club's Ch. Show is again to be held at the Royal Drill Hall, Derby, where it was such a success last year. I am judging Siamese kittens, so shall not be exhibiting, but I hope I shall see plenty of my friends there, and do hope you will all do as much as you did last year to make it a great success.

A happy New Year to all friends and their felines.

Watch the birdie, kittens!

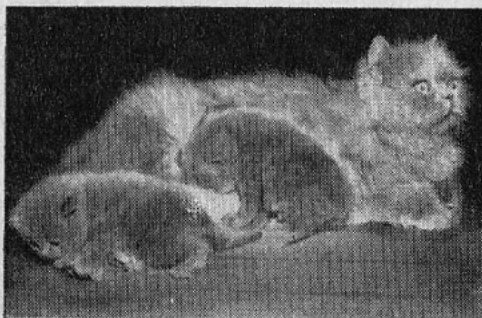
ROOKERY NOOK CAROL, prize-winning Blue Persian, wants her new family to make a good photo. With her mistress, Miss C. I. Davidson, she has just received the Tibs Reporter at the Rookery Nook Dog Bureau, Cranleigh, Surrey.



Here's the proud mama with her owner and breeder. Miss Davidson has the distinction of having bred Ch. Harpur Blue Boy, last year's supreme champion.

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BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

IN a recent issue of "Cats and Kittens" I mentioned that my blue Persian queens were not doing too well regarding having families, and asked if anyone had any advice to offer. I have received several letters on the subject. Some readers tell me that they are having the same experience, and I have promised to let them know anything that may help them in any way.

One reader of our magazine, whose husband is a doctor, suggests that it may be caused through the fact that the glands in the Blue Persian are under active. This theory seems to be borne out by the fact that the Siamese, which is a very agile and venturesome animal, is recognised as a prolific breeder and therefore has probably got over-active glands, while the Blue Persian is a more lazy and lethargic individual. On expert advice I have used Dr. Crookes Colossal Iodine on one of my queens last year, but it is rather difficult to know just the right quantity to use. Anyway, it cured this particular queen of a very serious glandular trouble along with the aid

of penicillin. So it is worth trying again to see if it will help the reproductive organs.

My veterinary surgeon is going into the whole matter for me, and any help he can give me I will report in these columns.

Mrs. Robertson tells me that her seven kittens by "Smasher" which she has christened the "seven dwarfs" are doing fine. She hopes to show the litter at the Notts. and Derby Ch. Show on January 9th.

I hear from New Zealand that they are looking forward very much to Mrs. Joan Thompson going to judge for them in the New Year. I believe Mrs. Thompson is going to Australia first and then on to the sister island. I rather envy her this trip, as I have a brother in Melbourne, Australia, and although I saw him last year when he paid a visit to England, I would dearly love to see him again.

The New Zealand club is only in its eighth month, and they have been doing fine work trying to raise money. They had a stall on Market Day and

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CATS CAN BE TRAINED

By A. GEM

MANY households just now are welcoming a new member in the shape of a small kitten who will bring them endless fun if they care to take the trouble to train him in the right way. If puss joins your household as a wee kitten teach him things to help yourself when he grows up as well as parlour tricks to show off to your friends. He can learn if you take a little trouble.

Teach him to come when you whistle him. This accomplishment is a great boon on a cold night when you are locking up and wanting puss in. A whistle carries a long way and is far more successful than calling "Puss, puss, puss" all round the place. A cat will quickly tumble to what is wanted if you make a point of *always* whistling him *when you are going to feed him*—even though he may be only a couple of feet from you. He will associate that sound with something he likes and soon where ever he is he will come to you if he hears your whistle. It is wise to reward him when he does this, as often as possible, until the habit is very firmly fixed.

From his earliest days never allow him to *deliberately* use his claws on you. If he does, even in play, give the offending

paws a smack—not a hard one—and he will get to understand why you do this. When he is a grown cat, with temper not so good, he will never *spitefully* claw anyone. My own puss—a big half Persian Ginger Tom—will allow me to pull him about to any extent. He has absolute confidence that I will not let him come to any hurt. By way of protest he occasionally uses very bad language, but under no circumstances his claws.

The meaning of "No!" is another thing a cat can usefully be taught. The best way to do this is to place him somewhere and make him stay there. If he attempts to move away put him back and say "No" very firmly. Do this for a short time each day till he gets to understand that when you say "No" he must stay put till he gets permission to move. You will find soon that when you say "No" he stops whatever he is about to do and waits for further instructions.

Living in a flat it may not always be convenient for puss to have access to the garden any minute of the day. My own cat was trained under these conditions and taught to use a tin when necessary. I still keep a white porcelain baking tin on the floor of the lavatory

for emergency use—no cinders or sawdust—just a plain dish which can easily be kept clean and fresh and is rarely used because puss will always go out if he possibly can.

When you are trying to think of parlour tricks to show off your cat, he will often suggest something himself. For example—I noticed my cat had a habit, whenever I went into the garden in the sunshine, of rolling over at my feet and kicking up his heels. It occurred to me that if I could get him to do this to order it would be quite effective. So I began by telling him to "roll over" when in the garden where he liked to do so; later I

persuaded him to do the same thing in the house, half pushing him over at first and rewarding him immediately afterwards. Now he will lie down and roll over anywhere any time I ask him to—without reward—and my friends think he is marvelous. On one occasion he jumped into my arms demanding attention, so I worked on this idea and taught him when I held out my hands to jump into them and on to my shoulder.

He will sit up and beg for an indefinite period. To teach this I coaxed and held him in the desired position, then rewarded

Please turn to page 33



We're fine thanks!

Nema Worm Capsules soon put us right! No nasty after-effects either. A single treatment is effective in removing hookworms and roundworms.

NEMA
WORM CAPSULES
A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT *From all Chemists*

CAT AMONG THE COSTUMES

By JILL STILLIARD RACY

A REEL of cotton spins to the floor, leaving in its path a lengthening thread, and someone's voice is heard: "Whiskey again".

I was introduced to Whiskey in the correct manner as he lay in luxurious abandon on the long work table, surrounded by crisp flounces of blue tarlatan and delicate pink laces against a background of sewing machines. He obviously expected and received a great deal of affection and care from the girls in whose company he chose to disport himself. Since that first meeting I have had the pleasure of watching Whiskey go about his day's activities, and I have heard his story.

Just before Christmas, 1951, one of the scene painters at the Alexandra Theatre in Birmingham, brought in a poor, dirty little kitten who, to all intents and purposes was a very unwanted stray. He was in a dreadful condition. He was fed and given shelter in the wardrobe department. Later he was taken to a vet. where matters were so arranged that he would not become interested in the tabby lady who reigns supreme over the stage door area. Gradually, Whiskey became cleaner in appearance,



Whiskey and Veronica

eventually revealing a very irregularly marked coat of black and white. His tail was black with white ticking; he wore black stockings which appeared from the back to be topped by white knickers. Apart from a few oddly placed black patches on his back, the rest of his body was white. One crooked black dab on his nose completed the piebald effect. No one has been able to account for the blunted aspect of his tail. It is thought that while in the process of risking his lives, he must have broken the tip in some minor accident.

Once Whiskey performed a feat of great daring. He was seen to jump from the wardrobe department window down

to the pavement three storeys below. A parapet broke his fall, probably saving one of his remaining lives, but he walked away from that escapade with a grazed mouth and minus his front teeth. Since then his prowls on the sunlit window ledges are a cause for anxiety.

Occasionally the Wardrobe Mistress's red setter Rusty joins the company of seamstresses at lunch time. Whiskey finds this an excuse to run madly up and down the room, leaping at the dog's feathery ears and muzzle, then darting away on softly pounding paws.

One of the youngest girls in the Wardrobe, Veronica, sees to Whiskey's food. When he feels that it is time for another meal he goes to her, rubs against her and mews a little. But when the girls bring out their lunch packets, he is given titbits by everyone.

At dress rehearsals or on

matinee afternoons, Whiskey has to be put in a room from which he cannot be released until the stage is again clear. His ability to walk on at the right or wrong moment has necessitated this. And, of course, there is always the auditorium wherein to prowl just as everyone is settled to enjoy the best bit of the play. So, well ahead of time, Whiskey is put into a comfortable corner and told to be good.

By now everyone is used to losing thimbles or finding boxes of sequins, pins or bobbins scattered across the workroom floor, just as they are used to seeing Whiskey enter every morning at about ten o'clock. And if ever there were a break in that routine, the first to be concerned would be the girls who gladly put up with his games, and over whom he exercises his own particular charm.

CATS IN RHYME

WITH TWENTY-FOUR BLACK-AND-WHITE ILLUSTRATIONS
AND ATTRACTIVE TWO-COLOUR COVER

**PUBLISHED AT 2/6, WHILE REMAINING STOCK
LASTS TO BE CLEARED AT 13**

SLIGHTLY SOILED

CATS AND KITTENS - 29a, QUEEN STREET - DERBY

AMANDA'S FLUFF

MISS AMANDA HUMPHREY (aged 13) of 29, Bluebridge Road, Brookmans Park, Herts., writes :—

"My black and white cat Fluff, an eight year old neuter, was very ill with worms and, although we eventually managed to get rid of them, he was left listless and weak with a very dull coat. We were afraid we might have to have him put to sleep.

One day a friend saw an advertisement for Kit-zyme and told me about it. I immediately purchased a bottle. We gave Fluff one. He seemed to enjoy it very much. After that we gave him six daily until he completely recovered. Now he is still having two tablets every day and he is very well and happy."

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

Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

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

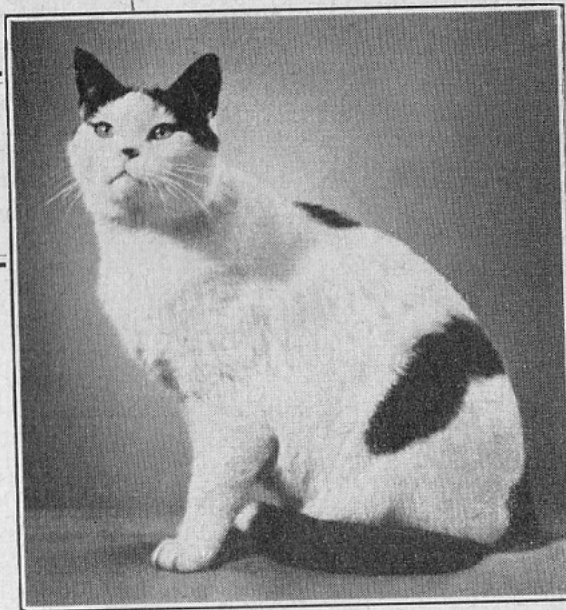
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-

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Letters and Pictures to the Editor



Derry and Tom

Norwich.

Dear Editor,

I am sure that each cat-lover who sends you photographs of cats is convinced that the animals concerned are the best in the world. Well, here is another one!

"Derry" and "Tom" took charge of this house four years ago, since when there has never been a dull moment. What one cannot think of, both can! Have you tried walking round the picture rail? No? Then try going up the chimney from the inside, or down the chimney from the outside. Any trees to be climbed, or mats to be adjusted? Send for Derry and Tom, distance no object. Any fish in the pond? Not for long! Derry will have them out for you. Gardening a

speciality. Ablutions supervised and correct training given. Tinfoil retrieved from almost any spot you wish in the house. Oh! yes and there is time to be courteous too. Arrive home for lunch and you are greeted every day at the gate by the twins! Hold out your hand to Derry and say "How do you do", and he will reply by offering you his right paw in the correct human manner and bow his head. Follow Tom and he will show you where your lunch is.

Yes, they are great fun! Each year they go to a dogs' home for a holiday and spend a happy time spitting in the dogs' faces.

Both are ginger, twin brothers neutered, yet vastly different in temperament, and Tom seems to be much the older! They had cat 'flu at an early age, but thanks to M. and B. tablets and injections both recovered, and have had no serious trouble since. Both have Kitzymes and take their rations from the bottle.

We have been regular readers of the magazine for the past four years, and congratulate you on the high standard of quality that you maintain each month.

Yours sincerely,
P. Banham.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Newark, 3, N.J.

Dear Editor,

It gives me great pleasure to announce the latest addition to my Fur Family—Panther, whose picture I am sending under separate cover.

Panther, the only one remaining of an ill-fated litter, doomed to an untimely death, was rescued and given to my mother-in-law for luck. His fate was determined by his colour, solid black, except for the little white bow tie at his throat. However, my mother-in-law, who understands cats about as much as the man in the moon, would not allow him in her rooms (she lives downstairs and I live upstairs). Instead, she stuck him down in the cellar on an old sweater, tossing an open tin of sardines before him. Poor Panther, only six weeks old, cried helplessly for his Fur Mommy, searching frantically about the cellar. We had a difficult time of it, trying to rescue him from beneath a pile of boards and rubbish. When he was finally dragged out, his little whiskers were enmeshed with cobwebs and he was one frightened little cat. At night my mother-in-law insisted on putting him in the yard in his cage. All through the night he cried pitifully, which, combined with

his state of under nourishment, tended to weaken the kitten.

All of this was unbearable to me. Even though he did not belong to me, I could no longer stand to see Panther tortured, and decided to do something about it.

Thereupon I told my mother-in-law that I have an acquaintance in New York City who is an authority on cats, has written a book "Your Siamese Cat" and is now writing another—true anecdotes about cats.

Having impressed her with the importance of my friend in the cat world, I then phoned Hettie Gray Baker for advice. It was then that I learned that the period of adjustment of a kitten weaned too young from the mother is comparable to that of a nervous breakdown in a person.

In the first place, I was told he should never have been left out alone all night, a terrifying experience to an already terrified kitten. Above all, he must feel secure and wanted. He must have nourishment administered with a medicine dropper or a doll's nurse bottle. Upon impressing my mother-in-law with this advice, she finally conceded to let me take the kitten upstairs to nurse him through this crucial period.

TO THE EDITOR

Following the advice of Hettie Gray Baker, I tried to pull the Panther through this most crucial period of his kitten life. He was terribly under-nourished, but I was patient, answering at any hour to his cries, and assuring him that he was wanted. It was some time before he abandoned the idea of finding his Fur Mommy, and adopted me as a fairly good substitute. When I heard his first purr and saw his first attempt to play, I felt more than rewarded for my efforts. He was still an emaciated-looking Baby Panther, but at least he was becoming happily adjusted to his new surroundings.

Now that I have had Panther wormed and treated for a skin disease and an intestinal upset, he is a healthy, normal kitten, happy that he is loved and wanted. He loves the company of my other three cats, Fuzzy, Red Boy, and Two-Tone—although the older cats are jealous of the Baby and hiss their displeasure at him. But Panther is far from discouraged. He teases the others while they are eating by playing with their tails and then scampering away.

Here comes Panther, carrying an artificial rose in his mouth and laying it down by my feet; yesterday it was a

bouquet of artificial violets. Now he is awaiting praise, and bear hugs from me; so I shall have to end my story of the Black Panther here and now.

Cat-ernally yours,
Rose Winkelried.

(Note. — Panther's photograph appears on our cover.—Editor.)

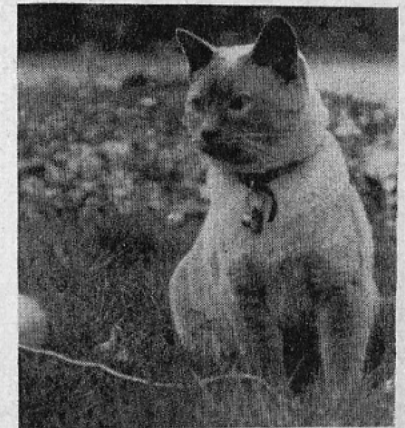
Farnborough,
Hants.

Dear Editor,

I have taken your delightful Magazine for some years, and eagerly await its delivery every month.

It will give me the greatest joy if you will publish the picture of my beloved Blue Point, Ming.

He is two years old and is a neuter. He has a divine temperament, and follows me everywhere. People say when they see us together that it



Southwood Ming

LETTERS AND PICTURES

reminds them of the song "Me and my Shadow". He will retrieve anything I throw, talking all the time he carries the article back. A ladder has been placed at the side of my bungalow, so that he can sit on the roof whenever he likes. He can walk down as easily as he goes up. Thank you for the pleasure your little Magazine gives me and for the many things I have learned from it.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Lucy Bispham.

KARULINO CLAIRWYN

JULY, 1951—SEPTEMBER, 1952.

Back to an April day—

Back, I say!
And the wind, the cold, the grey
Melt away.

And the flowers burst up from the
earth

In joy at the year's re-birth;
The silver-gold in the grass,
In the liquid light of the sun—
The first spring sun,—what fun!
And the breeze went playing past.

You sprang like an arrow hurled
Into the bright new world.
You didn't run—you flew,
With the joy of a thing that's new;
A silver, snowbird gleam
That was part of the April dream.

You were made for an April day
With your wild and sparkling play,
Your darting dash through the
flowers,
Through the glades of the daffy-
downdillies,
Like a baby King of the lilies,



Karulino Clairwyn, white Persian bred by Mrs. Atkins, dearly loved kit of the Misses Isambard Owen of Abersoch

For the whole bright spring you were ours.

You were "the one that was bad".
But we only played to be vexed,
So proud of our little lad!
"Whatever will he do next?"
Then you'd touch our cheeks in love
With a gentle little glove,
For you couldn't show it enough,
How loving you were—and how tough!

Oh, the day that you went away!...
We got the message you sent,
"I'm free and I'm content".
Suddenly tired of play,
Somebody called and you went.
And the summer day was spent,
You took the summer too,
For it went away with you.
The wind came and the cold,
And the year seemed to grow old.

You raised big, bronzy eyes
To look your fill at the skies.
You wouldn't wait for pain,
Nor for winter to come again.
You always go where you love
And you loved that ONE above.
Miss Isambard Owen.

TO THE EDITOR

Weymouth.

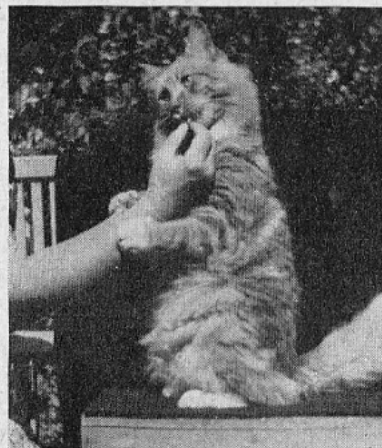
Dear Editor,

I have enjoyed your Magazine for many years now, and always look forward to the morning it arrives by post.

I was able to get the enclosed snap of Sandy in September, and should be so pleased if you could find room for it in the Magazine. He sits up like this to take a little piece of meat or fish from my finger before every meal; he is always ready to do it at any time for visitors.

Sandy is just over six years old and a much loved pet.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Marion Jackson.

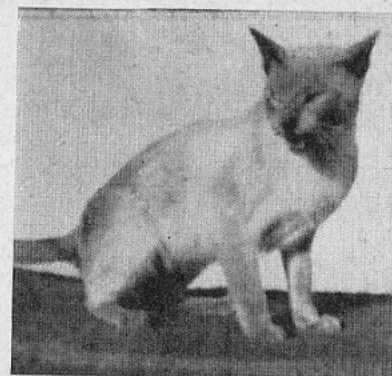


Sandy

Warwick.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of our young B.P. Siamese male, Rushmere Blue Peter, in



Rushmere Blue Peter

the hope that you may consider it good enough for reproduction in "Cats and Kittens" magazine at some date in the near future.

He was awarded his first Challenge Certificate at the Midland Counties Cat Club Show at Birmingham last month, and also won two Challenge Cups and another Special for best B.P. Siamese, M., F. or Neuter (D.N.C.) in Show—as this was his first show as an adult, you can imagine we are feeling quite proud of having bred him!

We have been regular readers of "Cats and Kittens" magazine for several years now, which we obtain through a local bookseller, and find the articles, letters and photographs most entertaining and helpful.

Yours truly,
(Mrs.) A. R. Cousins.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Yang

Chesterfield.

Dear Editor,

I always enjoy reading your excellent magazine, and not least of its attractions are the antics of their pets described by owners in "Letters to the Editor".

Yang says (but of course he talks!) that I must tell you that he, too, has his little tricks, and is a real credit to his Siamese family.

"Tell them that I can retrieve as well as those animals I believe they call dogs," he instructed me in superior tones, "And don't forget that when I sit up for my Kit-zyme tablets it is quite as good as many a circus turn. I'm a little proud of that myself. Tell them about that as well," he added.

However, he did not boast about his little fishing trips to

the pond in the back garden, but I got the enclosed evidence for you to see. I do hope the photograph will reproduce. It was taken on his first birthday. I should like to show him your magazine with his picture so that he can see that his secret is out.

With best wishes to you and your magazine.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ethel Lingard.

Malta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Dear Editor,

In the absence of Mrs. de Wolff, who is at present on leave, I am acting Secretary for the Malta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. On behalf of the Society I would like to thank your readers for their very generous donation of £15 12s. I expect Mrs. de Wolff has told you what a great deal of work there is to be done on this island in connection with cats and relieving their suffering. We are constantly hampered by lack of funds, so that every contribution is more than welcome. I can assure you that the money sent by your readers will be put to good use.

Yours sincerely,

Bridget Warden.

TO THE EDITOR

Linlithgow.

Dear Editor,

Regarding letter in your October edition, excuse me, a recently acquired reader, defending the grand work carried out by Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

I do not know what the English R.S.P.C.A. do with unwanted cats and dogs.

In Scotland the branch here does excellent work. Only unhealthy animals are destroyed, many homes receive cats and dogs from the local inspector here.

I know of many cases where pedigree dogs have been placed in homes where they are well cared for. In many of these homes a dog of its value could not have been afforded.

I have here four cats and a terrier dog received by the S.S.P.C.A. for destruction. The dog is a grand ratter and valuable to us though a mongrel.

I have known an inspector to go eighteen miles to deliver a dog where wanted, to prevent untimely death.

So the good work of the Holyoke Cat Club need not be taken up, but only carried over the border to the R.S.P.C.A. in England from S.S.P.C.A. in Scotland.

In praise of your magazine, may I say many useful hints have I collected these last two months, and may you continue to hand them out for the benefit of newcomers like myself.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. B. Newbigging.

Nr. Birchington,

Kent.

Dear Editor,

My two cats occasionally suffer from worms and I should like to try them with garlic tablets, but am not able to buy any locally and no one seems to know where I could get same.

Would the enclosed snap of my daughter Virginia with dog (Gussie) and Siamese (Ming) be



Virginia Pellett with Jessie and Ming

LETTERS AND PICTURES

good enough for inclusion in your magazine? I have tried all the summer to get a good one of the animals without the human element, but without success. Perhaps one of the other snaps would be better—Gussie and Ming (nine weeks), Weepie (black cat) and Ming when a kitten.

By the way, it was acting on your advice with regard to points, etc., that I bought the Siamese and in my eyes, anyway, he is a good specimen—lovely uncrossed blue eyes, straight tail, etc.

Please forgive me for asking so many things, but would you tell me the cost of having my two cats inoculated against gastro enteritis? I have not had it done because we live in a district where there are very



Weepie and Ming

few cats. I presume there are no ill effects from the inoculation?

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Edith E. Pellett.

Dear Mrs. Pellett,

Thank you for sending along the nice little snaps. We have retained two of these and shall be happy to publish them in one of our forthcoming features "Letters and Pictures to the Editor".

You would be able to buy Garlic capsules from any branch of Boots the Chemists. The new Burroughs Wellcome vaccine for inoculating cats against feline Gastro Enteritis is supplied and used by your vet., and prices will probably vary, but I should say that it will probably cost 25/- for each cat on average.

Editor.

Earl Shilton,
Leicestershire.

Dear Editor,

We have just bought a most beautiful Siamese female kitten who is three months old. Her name is Tina, and we are now giving thought to the time when she will make her first call so that we shall have fully made up our minds just what we are going to do when this

TO THE EDITOR

occurs. We should be very glad to have your advice to help us to decide whether we should have her spayed or allow her to have kittens.

We are very worried at the thought of her having kittens because we wonder whether we shall be able to take her through, what we feel would be, a difficult time successfully. At the same time, the prospect of having her spayed is equally frightening to us as we feel that this would cause her a great deal of suffering. If you would be good enough to answer our questions we are sure it would help us to decide Tina's future.

Firstly, we should like to know when we can expect her first call. Also whether she will call during the night or only in the daytime. This is an important part of our problem, as if she only calls during the daytime we can allow her to do so without annoyance to our neighbours, but of course a night call could not be allowed indefinitely.

Secondly, how old will she have to be before she can be mated without any harm to herself, and can she be mated at any time or must it be when calling?

Thirdly, how long will she have to be at stud, and what

is the period of gestation? Further, will she be able to take care of herself at birth or will she require constant attention?

Lastly, how long after having her kittens is it before she is likely to call again?

If it is not possible to let her have kittens, when would be the best time to have her spayed?

I must tell you how we look forward to your magazines—as soon as they are received we read them from cover to cover—and now that we have Tina I am sure we shall find them invaluable for reference too.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Jean Massey.

Dear Mrs. Massey,

Thank you for your letter. The Siamese is considered adult at nine months, and the female might well start "calling" at six months. When that does happen, particularly during the mating season, which starts in the Spring and continues until Christmas, she will "call" for about eight to ten days with about ten days interval between the "call". You can expect cries at any time during the day or night, but particularly during the day.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

She should be nine to ten months old before she is mated, and naturally must be mated during the "call". Arrangements must be made first with a stud owner, and it is best to find a stud with a different pedigree to that of your own cat. The third day of the "call" is considered best for mating, and you know that your cat will have to stay a couple of days with the owner of the stud.

The period of gestation is nine weeks. Usually the female is well able to take care of herself, but most owners like to be with them just in case. After having kittens it is often the usual thing for them to be "calling" again by eight weeks.

If you do not wish her to have kittens she can be spayed at any time except when she is "calling". The operation of spaying is naturally more difficult for a female than that of neutering a male cat, but nowadays veterinary surgeons do many such successful operations.

We have heard of females several years old which have had lots of kittens being successfully spayed.

Editor.

Dundee.

Dear Editor,

I have read your magazine "Cats and Kittens" with interest, and wonder if you could advise me how to keep my three months old half Persian kitten white. He frolics about so much that his coat is almost grey at times. I do my best with a brush and sometimes a damp cloth, but this is not enough. Could you please help me?

Yours faithfully,

Kathleen Fair.

Dear Miss Fair,

Massaging into your cat's coat fuller's earth and then brushing out has proved an excellent dry cleaner.

More than one breeder we know is not averse to washing white or light haired cats, and providing the cat is thoroughly dried and kept warm for some time afterwards this has no ill effect.

Editor.

TO THE EDITOR

Our Dumb Friends' League,
Victoria, London, S.W.1.

Dear Editor,

I have had several letters, following the publication of Miss Wilkinson's letter and your comments in your issue in November.

I have also written to Miss Wilkinson asking her to substantiate her allegations against the League, to which I have had no reply.

I can remember only one case in which the League was asked by the Executors of a deceased lady at her request before she died, to put down the animals that she left behind.

The League has always endeavoured to find a home for any animal that comes into its care, provided the animal was in sufficient bodily health, but it is morally bound to accept the wishes of the owner of any animal.

I trust that you will give expression in your paper to this letter of mine.

Yours very truly,

E. Keith Robinson,
Secretary.

Editor's Note.—We are pleased to publish this rebuttal, and trust it clears the air. We have previously expressed our appreciation of the good work we know the League to do.

Bedford Park, W.4.

Dear Editor,

In the December issue of "Cats and Kittens" your article "A Few Words on an Old Theme" gave me very great pleasure.

I have always included my two pets, Jackie and Tid, in the Christmas present list, and naturally they get a special dinner. My relatives also in time past did the same, and I know of others who delight to do so.

My two will have a gift on Christmas day, and they will also get a number of cards directed to them in their own names from their cat acquaintances. Last year they had one from a dog! For their part, they send out quite a number in return.

In spite of the misguided folks who laugh at one for treating our pets as "one of the family" and say we are raising them to the level of humans, I am sure you will get a number of letters thanking you for your article and agreeing wholeheartedly with it.

Jackie and Tid both—with myself wish you and your pets a very happy Christmas and New Year.

Yours sincerely,

A. M. de Lacy Lacy.

SIAMESE CATS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

Third Edition **10/6** Third Edition

From your Bookseller or direct from
29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

THE CATS' MEAT MAN— A VANISHED FIGURE

from page 6.

of the cats not less than their owners. Our cats' meat man knew just how much each of the animals on his round expected and were entitled to (he compromised between these two factors) and sometimes as he carved I would hear him mutter, "That's for Blackie, no, it won't do, Blackie don't like fat" and similar remarks. They may have been the bad old days, but I don't believe they were so bad for the cats' meat man. Certainly I never heard him grumble. Our streets are the poorer for his disappearance.

FELIS DOMESTICUS

from page 8.

Turning to another breed, some of the habits and idiosyncrasies of the Siamese cat are worthy of attention, as compared with those of the ordinary cat they are certainly peculiar, for instance, their loneliness when without human companionship, their somewhat canine walk, as distinct from the velvety footfall of the more familiar species, also that they are not so curiously partial to milk as are ordinary cats.

Some of these features may perhaps be explained by the probable crossing of this breed with the Malay cat, which is also a rather curious animal, and traces of which can be observed in some Siamese, such as an over-heavily "kinked" tail (a sure sign when judging a cat).

Altogether, cats in general, and Siamese in particular, are charming, inscrutable animals.

MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES—*from page 15.*

took £51 12s. 1d. Good going for one stall I think, it shows what an enthusiastic crowd they are and my blessings go out to them and the good work.

I heard on my return from Paris that my Oxleys Smasher had sired the First and Champion Blue Cream female at the Midland Counties Ch. Show. Mrs. Thompson was the judge, and the name of the cat is Nidderdale Alice, breeder Mrs. Budd.

After Christmas we shall all be thinking of mating our queens up again for Spring litters. I wonder what the New Year will have in store for us, nice strong healthy litters of kittens I hope!

CATS CAN BE TRAINED

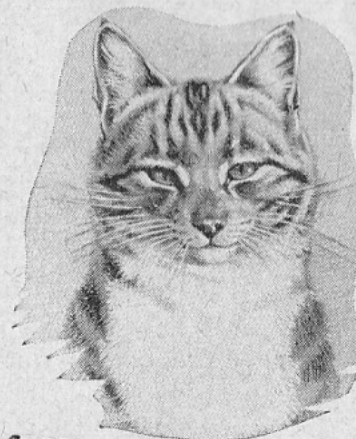
from page 17.

him, till he gradually understood. On the same principle I have taught him to run after little pellets of paper and bring them back to me in his mouth, to jump over my foot, etc. There is no end to the tricks a young cat can be taught, but once you start you must not give in till you have made him do what you want, and this sometimes requires a tremendous lot of patience.

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★

“Surely ‘Cats and Kittens’ with the big circulation that it has, could give the necessary information at least a month beforehand?”

*These are extracts from letters received
(originals may be inspected)*

★

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