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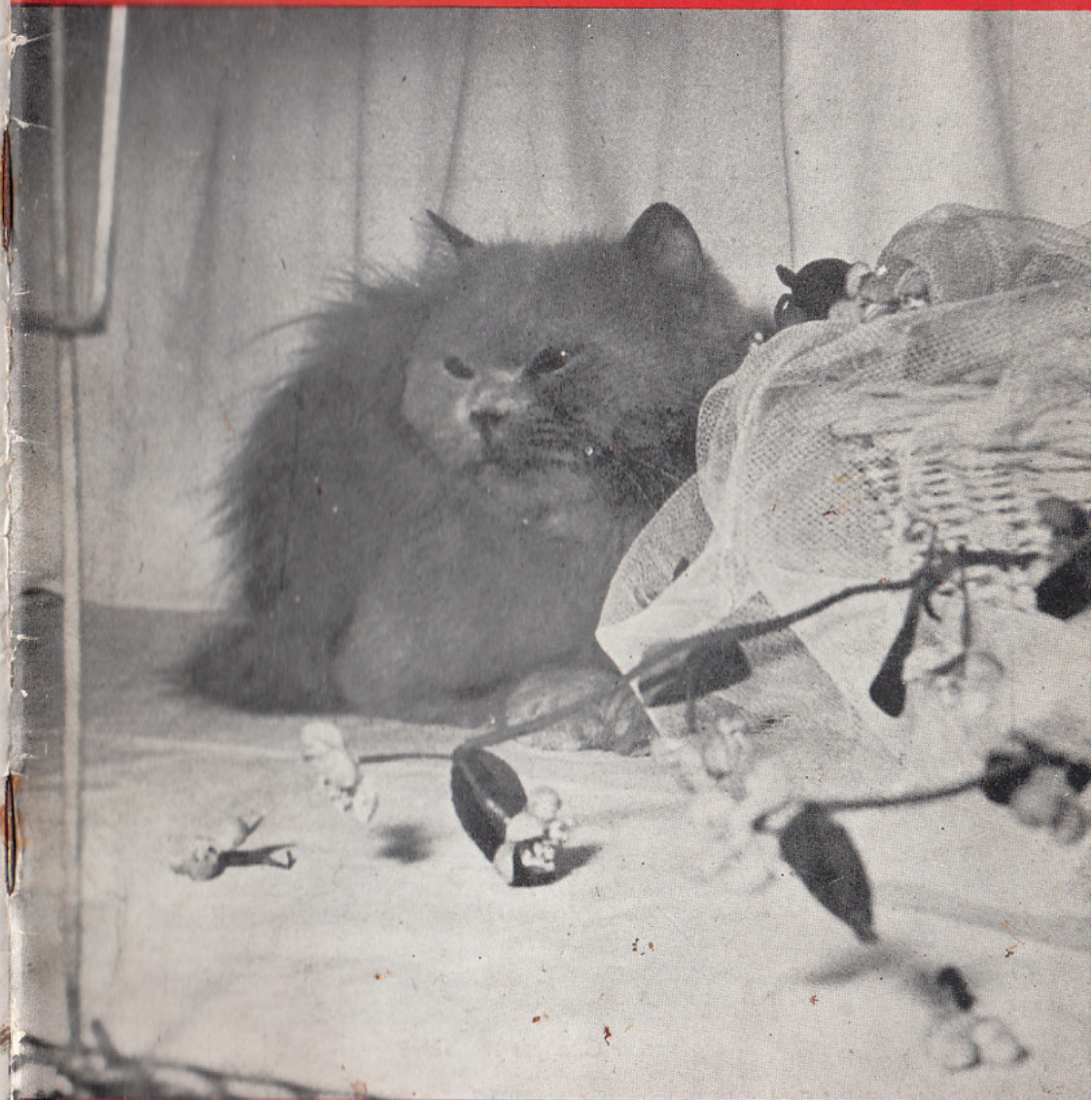
12 NOURISHING  
MEALS FOR 1/6<sup>o</sup>



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# CATS

## AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

FEBRUARY  
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

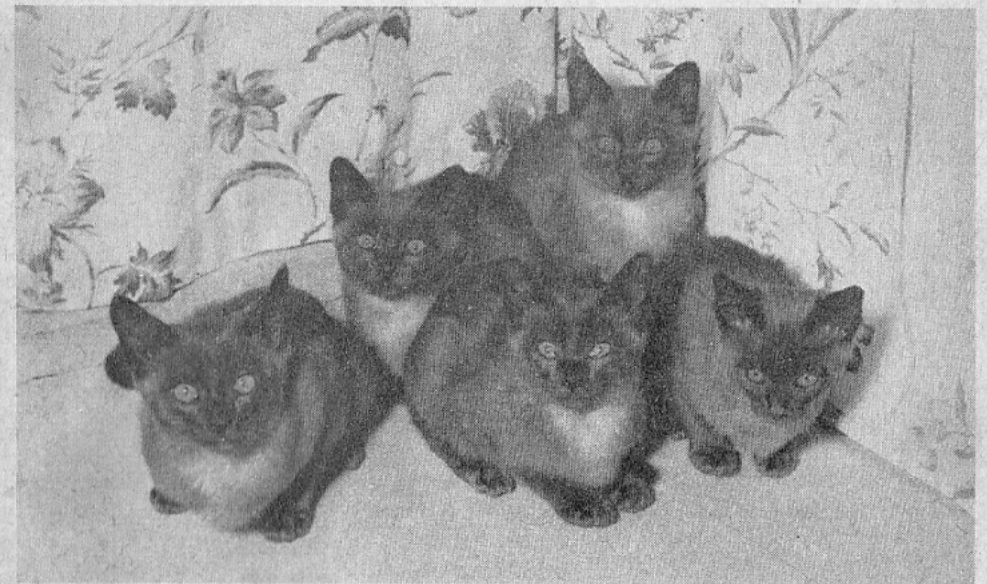
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FEBRUARY, 1953

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*Photo: Leslie H. Buckland*

Miss King's Burmese

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Our cover photograph this month shows Crowdecote Lady Lavender, bred by Mrs. Prince and owned by Mme. De Bovet, Paris

## CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

THE Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club was lucky enough to have Mr. Frank Williams organise a Festival Cat Show for them in Festival of Britain year, and the result was the largest cat show held in living memory, with a record gate, a record number of cats on view, and the splendid Royal Horticultural Society's New Hall in Westminster, as the venue.

The club which up till then, like most cat clubs, had a lean credit balance, profited by four hundred pounds after all the expenses had been paid, thus becoming "in the money".

A far cry to a few weeks ago when an extraordinary general meeting of the club was called by certain members who were out to criticise Mr. Williams, who is the club's secretary, notably because of his association with the Crystal Cat Club and its recently-held show at Olympia.

There is an old saying, "Those who are not for me are against me", and one wonders if this applied to the proceedings at the meeting when a vote of confidence in Mr. Williams was passed by seventeen votes to two, the committee abstaining from voting. We personally

are delighted at this result, and are glad that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams are vindicated.

This copy of your magazine will reach you just before the time when this country's cat clubs will be holding their annual general meetings. Often, unless the club is one which promotes an annual show, it is the only time when the members have a real opportunity of getting together and of knowing "what's going on". It should also be a time when the members of the clubs concerned get an accounting from their delegates to the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy as to how things have gone for the previous twelve months.

All too many club members do not know a great deal about the duties of the club's delegates on the Governing Council and I should like to say a few words on that in these columns.

The delegates whom the clubs send to these meetings in London are really there to represent the views and interests of the members of their club, and whilst it is natural that any controversial issue is one on which they might have their own opinion, that opinion should be submerged under the

wish or intention of the club members. Unfortunately there have been many instances recently where this has not been the case, and there is no doubt that some of the controversial issues debated by the Governing Council in recent months have been voted on with the delegates casting their votes often from the personal point of view and not strictly from that of their position of delegate of such and such a club. This is wrong, and members should clearly state when delegates are being elected, as they usually are at each annual general meeting, what line they would like their delegates to take on any issues likely to come before the Governing Council during the ensuing period, and they should insist that the club point of view be not departed from.

If this were the case, one at least of the most controversial issues which has "bemused, bothered and bewildered" all which have the interests of cats and clubs foremost in their minds, would have been settled long ago in a rational and sensible way.

By the time that these lines appear in print I hope that some person of position and influence, but outside the narrow confines of the cat fancy, has consented to be the Chairman of a meeting, which should

be advertised in the London "Times" and "Telegraph" and the London evening newspapers and in all the cat publications, at which all cat lovers should be invited to attend, of all, those for or against a mammoth cat show to be held at Olympia each year, and particularly in this coronation year of 1953. This meeting could go into all the pros and cons of such a show, and its decision one way or another, could "clear the air" and be all for the good of cats and cat lovers.

This brings in its train another interesting point, and that is one which our readers have brought to our notice more than once. That is the question of advertising the shows completely and thoroughly. There is no doubt

*Please turn to page 17.*

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### TRANSIT INSURANCE FOR CATS

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

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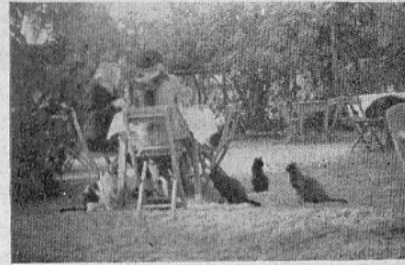
GRAMS: ALDOGS, Bilgate, London

## CATS IN ROME

By ALISON MURRAY-RUST

ROME must have, I think, one of the largest cat populations in the world; nowhere have I seen so many cats as there are there. They lurk round all the dark corners, and skulk along the narrow streets, investigating each garbage pail hopefully; there is a cat in every restaurant and shop, while all the ruins of ancient Rome are covered by cats sleeping on the sun-warmed bricks.

One would think, then, that Rome would be a paradise for the cat-lover, yet nothing could be further from the truth. There is no similarity between our well-cared for cats and the Roman cats, about 90 per cent of which are homeless. Italians have little affection for any animals, least of all cats; if I ever stopped to stroke a cat, people would stare at me in amazement—such things just aren't done in Italy! Certainly there is little about these cats that would make you want to stroke them—starved, mangy, and flea-bitten, they slink away from any friendly approaches, guilt and distrust in their narrow eyes. In appearance they are very similar to British cats, apart from their unkempt look; they have



Some Roman cats

the same rather round faces, but their legs are longer; the predominant colour seems to be white with black patches, although there are a lot of tabbies too.

If you want to have a glimpse of the worst type of Roman cat, go to the Pantheon; here, in between the wall of the actual building and the little outer wall, all the unwanted cats of Rome are thrown. Some are alive, some are dead, most of them are halfway between the two; they are all starved, and many of them are either minus an eye or an ear, or else they only have three legs; a great many have half of their tail missing, it being a common Italian custom to dock cats' tails. Whether anyone feeds these cats, or whether they just lie there until they die, I do not know.

Roman cats have very strident and harsh voices, and are truly Italian in that they are very fond of the sound of their voices; the noise they make at night is terrible—about half a dozen of them meet, and spend the whole night wailing and caterwauling. A friend of mine used to keep an air-gun near him, and fire it into the air whenever the chorus began—it never kept the cats away permanently, though.

There are, of course, exceptions to every rule, and I did meet one or two nice cats in Rome, including one that lived quite happily in the company of a large family of rabbits. The *portiere* of the block of flats I stayed in had a small cat that was very friendly; it was white with black patches, and had half a tail—a typical Italian cat; it seemed to like our flat better than its own home, and frequently came up in the lift with us, or else we would find it sitting on the mat outside the front door. The second it came into the flat it would make a dash for the kitchen, and inspect the rubbish-bucket; we always gave it something to eat—it was usually a little suspicious of milk, but was thrilled with some mackerel heads we gave it one day, swallowing each one in a single gulp.

Then there was the cat in the *Birreria*, a huge and fearsome-looking animal, who loved having a fuss made of it, and rubbed round your legs in ecstasies if you stroked it; if, however, you stopped stroking it, it was quite capable of attacking you with its claws, in an effort to make you take notice of it again!

Finally there was a cat we met at Ostia, near Rome; it was a cat that walked by itself, and we found it meditating on its own in a Roman amphitheatre; it took little notice of us, and seemed much more interested in the many brightly-coloured lizards running about near it. Later on, my cousin Mike, who is just five, came running up in great excitement, saying, "The cat gobbled up a lizard—the lizard didn't like it!"

These cats, however, were real exceptions, and the general rabble has nothing lovable about it; the cats don't ask for love, and they certainly don't get it. Yet they don't seem really noticeably unhappy—they are more resigned than anything; they have never known any other kind of life, and are prepared to accept this, terrible though it may seem to the British.

## OUR 'AQUATIC' TORTOISESHELL

By PETER MICHAEL

"WHY does she do it?" ask relatives and friends, both intrigued and amused by our tortoiseshell queen's curious predilection for reclining in of all places—the kitchen sink. Even in the depths of winter, Dab, that tough old lady, regularly indulges in this odd habit, unmindful of splashing water or drips. Wherefore one wag in our family has suggested that possibly her hinder end is permanently hot, necessitating periodic cooling!

Dab, who is a very dark, beautifully sleek type of tortoiseshell with many features pointing to Siamese connections, has every claim to be dubbed a truly "aquatic" cat, for she has a veritable passion for water and everything associated with that vital fluid. For drinking purposes, water is preferred to milk (a knowing cat, Dab—for water is good for cats, whereas too much milk can be the reverse); moreover, that water must as a rule be taken direct from the tap, not in a saucer or a platter. Accordingly, when Dab jumps into the sink and merely sits there casually, we take no notice, for we have long since become accustomed to see her

there; but when she takes up a position almost under the tap and looks enquiringly at us, we know that it is time to turn on the tap, so that she may lap straight from the jet.

Naturally, in the process she often gets very wet and bedraggled; but, bless you, this does not seem to worry her in the slightest—why should it, when she has more than once revealed a liking for splashing about, along with the children, in a garden tub on a torrid summer's day? And so, pretty well wherever she goes, she leaves a trail of damp or muddy foot-prints: the veriest novice at scouting would find it a simple task to track our water-loving tortoiseshell!

Not that Dab is by any means the only "aquatic" feline taking a nap at the fireside, courting in the garden, or enjoying a draught of pure, cold water, as I write. There are cats that wade or paddle; cats that take a tub (with or without their owners); cats that delight to swim. I myself have seen one crossing a stream, and I have notes and clippings concerning quite a number of these allegedly eccentric or exceptional cats—one of which, by the way, would, according

to its proud owner, never hesitate to swim any watery obstacle that was too wide to leap.

At one time, surely, the wild forefathers of our four-footed favourites must have been tolerably well versed in aquatic arts—unless we assume that the feline fancy for a nice piece of fish was acquired or prompted via exclusively terrestrial operations. Admitted, some cats can, and do, fish very efficiently indeed from dry land; but I cannot believe that fish-catching from *terra firma* provides the only clue to the origin of that gastronomic taste for sole or salmon, gudgeon or grayling . . . or goldfish.

Speculating . . . how many water-loving cats, I wonder, are Siamese or partly Siamese? For there is a strong possibility that Dab inherited her aquatic fads and fancies from her mother, lively and lovable Blackie, who also exhibited not a few Siamese characteristics and, likewise, was fascinated by water in every shape and form. So potent was the liquid

lure, that she was irresistibly attracted to the bathroom whenever water could be heard running into the bath or the wash-basin.

By way of postscript, and just in case you have gained the impression that the aquatic habits and exploits of our tortoiseshell queen are, so to speak, solely of the indoor games category, let me add that she is often to be seen sitting solemnly in a puddle in the garden or elsewhere out-of-doors, irrespective of weather conditions obtaining. Recently as though determined to demonstrate that this puddle-squatting is no less an essential feature of the daily routine than a rite or mere idiosyncrasy, Dab gravely and deliberately proceeded to the *only* puddle in the garden. And there, in that ridiculously small pool of muddy water, she sat herself down, doing her best to look dignified . . . in such peculiar circumstances a feat possible only to a cat, for can you imagine any human being retaining his or her dignity while sitting in a puddle?

## COLOUR IN CATS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

WHAT is the most common colour we find in our cats? Tabby markings are most numerous, but what about actual colour? I should say that black and white are the predominant colours.

In the case of ordinary domestic cats, little or no attempt at securing matings which are "controlled" as to the colour, or kind of mate, is made, and some beautiful coat colours are the result, but almost always there is the barring and stripes common to most domestic pets.

Darker shades of colour are brought about by a heavy development of dark pigment, and this is called Melanism, which is in almost direct contrast to Albinism, which denotes lack of colouring pigment.

Siamese cats show both melanism and albinism, and are said to be the only animals displaying both characteristics at the same time.

For proof, look at the blue eyes and the pale colour of the body, due to albinism, and the dense mask, ears, tail, and forepart of the legs, influenced by melanism.

Tabby cats tend to follow the Siamese, many have extreme black barring, and white

toes, chins and tummies, thus providing melanism and albinism at one and the same time. The important thing to remember is that the Siamese reproduces the same markings consistently whatever number of times it is bred, but the tabby colourings mentioned above naturally vary as the matings do.

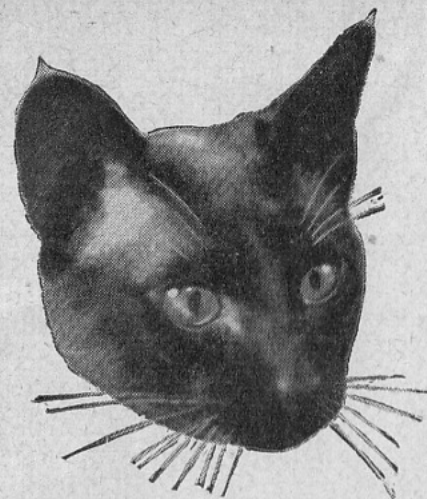
Another strange thing about colour is the dark markings along many cats' spines. This applies to many Abyssinian cats, although I believe breeders are trying to breed it out. Tabby markings not only often outline the spine, but often the ribs also.

Much colouring is said to be Nature's way of protecting the animal so coloured, and strong sunlight is another reason advanced for the darkening of the cat's colour along its back.

Many cats, when very young kittens, show tabby markings. These are often to be seen as pale rings of darker colour on the hind legs, and often on the tail. These remarks apply to Siamese, Abyssinian and Persian cats.

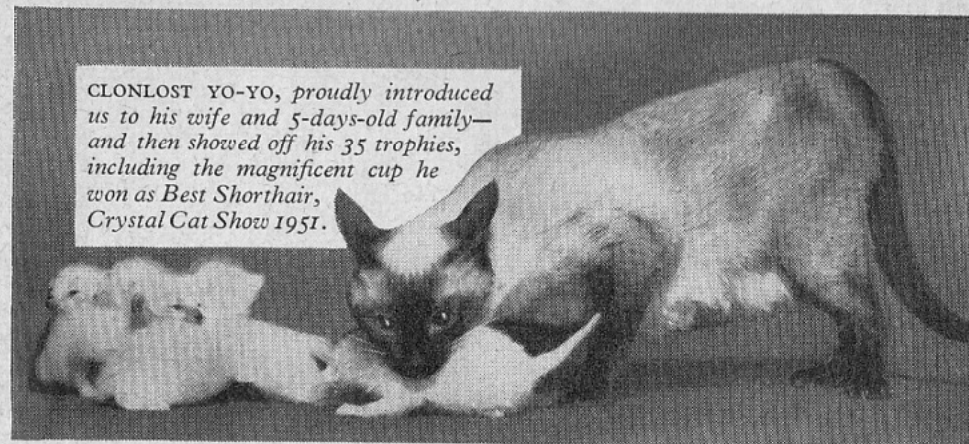
It is said that there are no self coloured animals; that the so-called self colour is made up of numerous shades all in

*Please turn to page 16.*



## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A CHAMPION

AT MR. RICHARD WARNER'S Spotlight Catteries, Bayleys Hill, Sevenoaks, *Seal-pointed Siamese Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo* graciously grants an interview to the 'Tibs' Reporter.



CLONLOST YO-YO, proudly introduced us to his wife and 5-days-old family—and then showed off his 35 trophies, including the magnificent cup he won as Best Shorthair, Crystal Cat Show 1951.

MR. WARNER heartily endorses the 'one Tibs a day' rule for all his stock. He gives pregnant and suckling queens Tibs with every meal. Cats love the liver flavour, and their daily Tibs tablet provides the full normal need of vitamins A and B.

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## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

CHRISTMAS is over, and we can now look forward to the New Year. It will be wise to review our breeding efforts in the past twelve months, and to sum up our failures and successes. The stock which is nearest to our ideal should be kept for next year's breeding, and good homes found for the rest, if it is not possible to keep them.

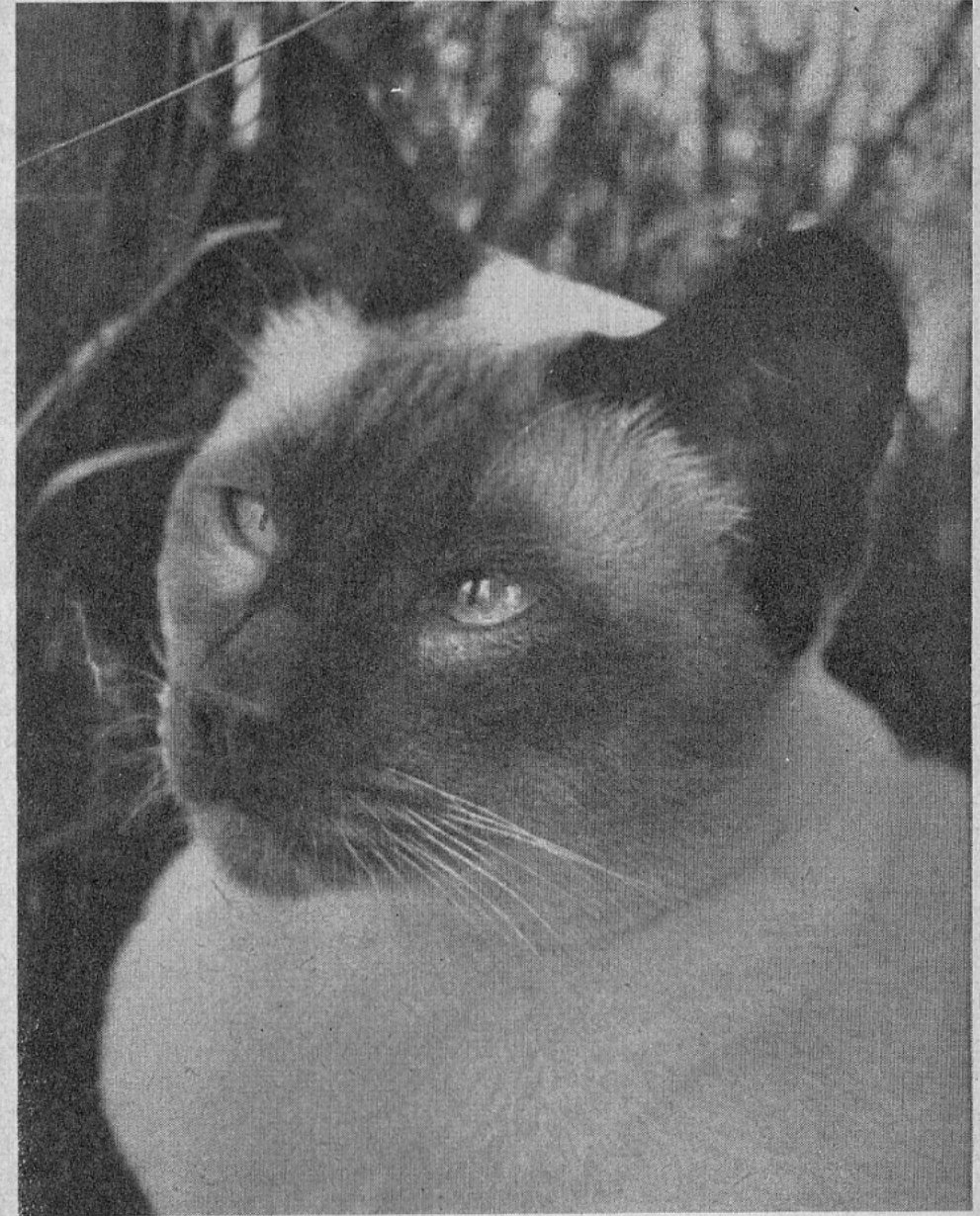
Mrs. Smith of Lincoln sent me a delightful photograph of her Siamese family. The male in the foreground is a son of Sco - Ruston Galadima's — "Gally", and a fine fellow he looks.

I received some very lovely cat photos. as Christmas cards — a truly beautiful study of Mrs. Coldham's chocolate point neuter, a handsome photo of Mr. Dean's Tomaso, a delightful photo. of Miss Ruthven's kitten Chinki Silver Blossom and an amusing one of Mrs. Hay's Siamese and Burmese neuters, posing on the settee, each with a gramophone record case round his neck with "Merry" and "Xmas" on them. The Burmese has grown into a fine big boy and appears to have a very long tail.

I was sorry to hear from Mr. F. W. Randell that his Siamese

stud, Nicholas Muffett, has died of pneumonia. He was fond of roaming the countryside, and often slept out, and must have contracted a chill.

Here is a letter from that great cat lover and breeder, Mrs. Blanche Warren: We are on our trip to North California, Oregon, and Washington. We will attend a show in Spokane, Eastern Washington, on November 1st and 2nd, then on the 22nd and 23rd another in Seattle, Western Washington. In the meantime, we will go up into Canada for a few days, then travel through Washington and Oregon and call on the owners of some of the many cats we have sold up there, most of which are champions or double champions, and so are their children. Most of them are Blue points. We brought a son of Raby Nefertari, Abyssinian, a dam of Dunloe Aphrodite, Russian Blue, and a little Burmese female. I must tell you of Galena, the little Russian Blue female. We took her to a show in San Diego, the middle of October, and she beat all the Russian Blues, one of which was an older cat who is a triple champion, and was the All-American Russian Blue female last year. Now that is some-



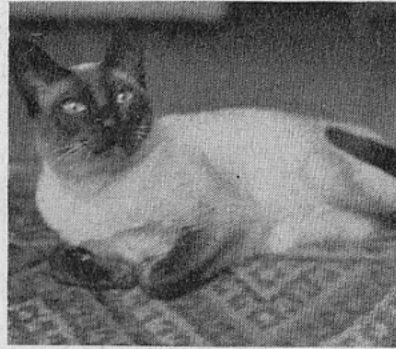
Mrs. Coldham's Chocolate Point Neuter

thing for an eight months old cat. Cats are adult at eight months here.

Miss Riches again kindly sends me news of Fiona and Angela, who will now be adult cats. She says: As I am writing, Fiona and Angela are having a romp and tumble all over the place. I do wish you could see them—you would be so proud of having bred such a lovely brace of Siamese! This little flat of mine has become a place of "Cat Enchantment". All my friends, one by one, have fallen to their wiles, particularly to little Angela's ingratiating and adorable ways. Their adoration for each other is a lesson for us humans to learn. I have never imagined that cats could be so attached to each other. Was it like that from the beginning? I suppose so, as it must have been the reason you did not want to separate them. I wonder if Gally has these same traits as his daughter. Probably yes, from what you said about him.



Miss Ruthven's Kitten  
Chinki Silver Blossom



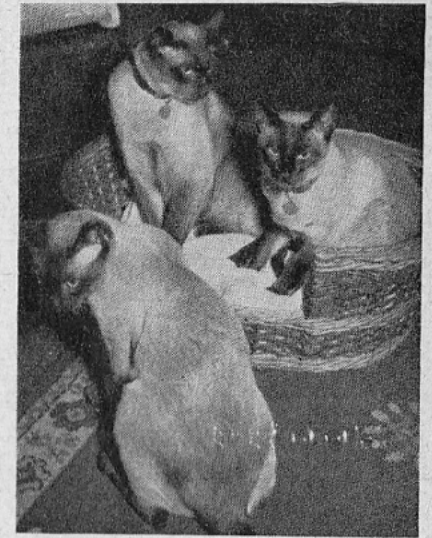
Mr. Dean's Tomaso

He must be a treasure of a cat. I am glad Fiona and Angela brought so much pleasure. It is nice to hear of one's kittens bringing joy and happiness to their new owners. My husband and I are very fond of Galadima, who will be nine in February. I think he deserves a birthday party, and I must try to arrange it. He is very attached to us, and loves to be carried around the garden, whilst he cuddles tightly into my neck. When he can get into the kitchen, his favourite place is rolling in front of the electric fire whilst he has his tummy tickled. The only thing is, I have to keep rescuing his tail!

The mild weather, for the time of year, has brought on a spate of calling. Chinki Yong Jetta started the ball rolling, and went down to Mrs. Coldham's Chinki Yong Zahran to be mated. Then her mother,

Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat, started and was mated to my Casa Gatos da Foong, so I hope the result will be some nice Burmese babies this Spring. Then the Siamese followed suit, La-Loo-Jennie, who was mated to Galadima; and Trinity Miss Melisande, who has not yet been mated. My young queen, Patwyn Van Wilma, has called several times, but I should like to keep her back until after the shows. Banchor Penelope, Penny, has, we suspect, got mated to Patwyn Wong Yong, Wilma's brother. They were in the house together, until I decided he had better take up residence away from the girls, but apparently I was too late. He will be adult on the fourth of January and has started off early. However, it will be interesting to see what Penny has by him. Last year she was mated to Lindale Simon Pie. I have a lovely little male of this mating, Chinki Gay Dasher. He is rather small for his age, but has excellent type and a lovely wedge head, with long whip tail. His name is appropriate because he dashed about so much as a baby and still does. We get tired of throwing his rabbit's paw long before he is of retrieving it.

I am looking forward to the Notts. and Derby Cat Club Show, to be held at the Royal Drill Hall, Derby, on January



A Siamese family  
Property Mrs. Smith, Lincoln

9th, and trust it will be as big a success as last year. As I am judging Siamese kittens, I shall not be able to exhibit this time.

Many of you will be thinking about breeding this year for the first time. If you have not already got your queen, you will probably be able to buy one which will be ready for mating shortly. This is the best time of year, as your kittens will be born in the spring and will have all the summer to develop into strong, healthy cats. Take some trouble over choosing a mate. Compare pedigrees, and with Siamese at any rate there is a wide enough choice to make it unnecessary to in-breed.

Please turn to page 33



**MRS. ROSE WINKELRIED** of 21, Winans Avenue, Newark, 3, N.J., U.S.A., writes:—

"I've been wanting to write you for a long time now in praise of Kit-zyme. It all began several years ago with my very first cat, Fuzzy, who had just had a severe attack of gastro-enteritis. Fortunately, one of my English correspondents, Mrs. Jose Cattermole, sent me a large tin of Kit-zyme. This was exactly what he needed to restore his appetite and playfulness. Before long his blue-grey, silver tipped coat became sleek and shining and his large, green eyes brilliant. Again he was in the garden, leaping in mid-air to chase butterflies.

Red Boy was also in need of Kit-zyme when he first came here. He was a scrawny looking kitten, but today he is an enormous, gorgeous looking, marmalade cat. Both he and Fuzzy are out in all kinds of weather, but the exposure never harms them, as they are well fortified with the vitamins and minerals in Kit-zyme.

Then there is Two-tone, a black and white stray kitten, who was so sick with worms, a skin disease and intestinal infection, that he had a close call to Cat Heaven. But thanks to the benefit derived from Kit-zyme, he is now very much alive and the picture of health.

My baby, Panther, who has just returned from the hospital where he was wormed and treated for an intestinal upset, is also improving rapidly with the aid of Kit-zyme. When he sees the other cats eating these tasty tablets, he opens his copper-coloured pop eyes real wide and begs prettily and, of course, joins the party."

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**PANTHER  
WITH HIS MISTRESS**



## MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

By **DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB**

A VERY Happy New Year to all readers of "Cats and Kittens". I received over a hundred Christmas cards from all parts of the world, including New Zealand, America, Switzerland, Sweden, Belgium and France. Many cards came from readers of this popular little magazine who have never written me before. This was appreciated very much, as it is nice to know my "Blue Notes" are looked forward to each month.

My Oxleys Smasher received a card addressed to himself from his daughter, Ronada Misty Lavender. It is very cute, with the picture of a black cat offering its paw and saying, "Purr-mit me to wish you a Merry Christmas. Smasher now has his card hanging in his house; we are keeping it there for luck.

During Christmas I received a letter and newspaper cutting from Miss Larsdotter, the owner of National and International Champion Ronada Onaway. The Swedish newspaper "Aftonbladet" names Onaway as the "Star of the World". I hope later to receive

a photograph of Onaway taken with her prizes and ribbons.

I am mating Ronada April (dam of Onaway) to Southway Echo again as soon as she comes in season, and am hoping for two "Stars of the World" to send to New Zealand in the Spring.

In the New Zealand magazine "Cats Monthly" I was very interested to read about the Springtime Dance held by the Palmerston North Cat Club. The hall was gaily decorated with pink cherry blossoms and spangled butterflies. The stage setting was arum lilies and cherry blossoms. A bird's nest comprised three eggs, signifying Spring, was to be seen among the lilies.

A spectacular feature of the evening was a string of coco-nuts across the centre of the hall. These were let down to the tune of "I've got a lovely bunch of coco-nuts", in the last Lucky Gay Gordons. This caused great amusement amongst the dancers.

Great fun, but rather hard on one's head, I should think, if one landed in the wrong spot!!!

**BLUE NOTES**—*from page 15.*

But putting all jokes on one side, what a wonderful spirit and what enthusiasm this young club are showing! They are holding their show on June 27th, and Mrs. Joan Thompson is to judge for them.

The Notts. and Derby Cat Club are holding their Ch. Show on January 9th, at the Drill Hall, Derby. Mrs. Bastow, the Hon. Sec. and Show Manager, has worked awfully hard, and has, I believe, a very good entry. As I am judging Blue kittens, I shall be able to give you a list of my principal winners in the next issue of this magazine.

Miss Jane Fisher, the Hon. Secretary of the Blue Persian Cat Society, is ill in hospital. I am sure everyone will all join with me in wishing her a speedy recovery and better health during 1953.

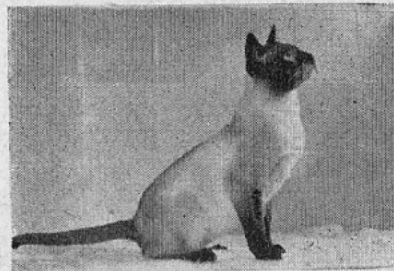
**COLOUR IN CATS**—*From page 8.*

close harmony. The deepest colour in cats is always along its back because colour is always deepest where the light falls the strongest.

For many years it has been believed that the colour variation of the cat's coat is some form of protective camouflage affording protection to the nerve centres and vital organs,

and that these marks are therefore most difficult to breed out.

Have you noticed that cats are like to almost all other animals in that the male and female are of the same colour? There was a time when common belief had it that tortoiseshell males were unknown, and that there were only tortoiseshell females, but there are males of this colour, although it must be confessed that they are very rare, and could be more correctly described as tortoiseshell and white.

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Telephone: Mil 4381

**CANDID COMMENTS**—*from page 3.*

that cat shows which are generally run either by the small committee or more usually by an amateur show manager are not extensively enough advertised. If the advertising was done on a professional scale there is no doubt that such money as was expended in this direction would bring back return many times covering outlay, and furthermore, such advertising would be carried out so that no possible coverage was overlooked, and that every possible avenue both as to "would-be exhibitors" and viewers of the

exhibits was directed to the show hall at which the show was to take place.

My suggestion here is that a firm with a sound advertising service behind them should be asked to co-operate and handle the advertising side in exactly the same way as at present the setting out of the pens and the laying out of the halls is undertaken by Messrs. Benches Limited. If this firm were approached, I am quite sure they would also handle the advertising, and what a good thing it would be. "Gates" would go up and there is no doubt about that. The difference between the profit and

*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*

loss of a show is surely covered by the one word "gate".

Mention of the cat clubs reminds me that the rank and file members are too much cut off from the officers of the club for too great a part of each year, and as mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs usually only make contact at the time of the annual general meeting and club's show. I know there are some progressive clubs which hold garden parties or tea parties in order to let members get together. There are some like the Siamese Cat Club which publish a news sheet or news letter. To take the Siamese Cat Club as an example; quite an elaborate newsletter comes out quarterly, and after an experiment of supplying it free, four issues now cost members who wish to have it 5/- a year, and even at this loses a good deal of money every year, and there is now serious talk of whether a subsidy is to continue, or the news sheet is to close down.

Your columnist has always been in favour of a news sheet being used as frequently as possible by every club, but also is a firm believer in the old adage of "cutting the suit according to the cloth". There is an excellent example of putting this idea into action afforded by the go-ahead Helen and Sidney Denham, who distribute the Abyssinian Cat

Club's news sheet. Although one of our oldest cat clubs, the club has never enjoyed a large membership; and consequently funds have been very low. The Abyssinian cat is a charming creature, graceful, kindly, friendly and intelligent, and it has also been a surprise to the present writer, whose home cattery was the first to produce a post-war champion, that these cats have not become exceptionally popular. If the Denhams continue to put out this lively and entertaining news sheet, then there is distinct probability that the Abyssinian Cat Club membership will rapidly increase, as no better publicity for any cat club can be found anywhere in the cat fancy.

Mention of the Denhams and news sheets makes it an easy step to pass on to the next subject, and that is Burmese cats. Many of our readers will know that there are now a number of these delightful creatures in this country, and possessing as they do the body shape and many characteristics of the Siamese, with a lovely dark chocolate colour of coat, and yellow to golden eyes; with much affection and great intelligence. There is added interest every day in this recently recognised breed, which now have their own championships at the great shows. Many cat lovers who

have seen them at the shows, and certainly all those who own them, are very keen on the proposed formation of the Burmese Cat Club, and very soon I hope to be able to announce the date and venue in London where all those interested in this new club will be invited to attend and elect officers for the club. In this connection those of us who have been working to this end are delighted to have the friendly help and co-operation of that great cat lover, Lady Aberconway, whose Dictionary of Cat Lovers, published by Michael Joseph, is so well known. Lady Aberconway has consented, when a club is formed, to be its President, and Helen and Sidney Denham have promised this columnist that they would be happy to handle a news sheet for the new club on the lines of that which I have already praised earlier in these notes.

Will all those interested in the proposed new club, which will have a very nominal subscription, please get in touch with me at this office?

Have all of you who are members of the Siamese Cat Club and not attending its annual general meeting, written yet to the secretary, Mrs. Sayers of Barbarons, Dunsfold,

Surrey, asking for your proxy voting papers? Remember what I said last month. Don't be disfranchised, but secure your vote, and use it.

Mrs. Ting is back in quarantine again, the second time in six years at Hackbridge quarantine kennels.

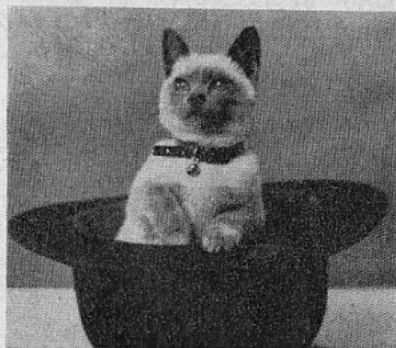
Messrs. Spratts of Bow Road, London, arranged her last journey for her when she went out to New Zealand, and they have safely brought her back again to this country. Mrs. Ting is Major Edwards' Siamese cat, and in her fourteen years of life she has been twice round the world.

Susette, the Siamese female cat I wrote about in December, is now very happy at Minehead in Somerset, in a household where she is the only cat. Her constant companion is the daughter of the house, Trudy aged eight, and the only other animals on the establishment are Trudy's five Tortoises, which, to quote her mother, "follow her about". That must be an amazing sight to see. All those true cat lovers who have written and telephoned offering to provide Susette with a first rate home, I wish to gratefully thank, but it is my intention to write personally to each one again—again, thank you!

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Pymble Blue Karen and Pymble Blue Kets at ten weeks old. Bred by Mrs. A. Price Hawkins, London, S.W.16



Yum-Yum

Mithian, St. Agnes,  
Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

Having read your grand little magazine for nearly two years, I feel it is time I sent greetings and thanks for happy times when reading "Cats and Kittens".

We live in the country with three Siamese queens, two half Siamese queens, and last, but not least, Mutt and Geff, the popular variety of "Black and White".

I am enclosing a photo of Yum-Yum, our five months old Blue Point Siamese. She was the tiniest and weakest of a litter of six. Her mother is my favourite, Hermitage Zu-Zu, and her father is Salamandra Merlin, a lovable, handsome Blue Point owned by Mrs. Turk of Reskadinnick.

You can understand when you see Yum Yum's appealing

look, why we just couldn't sell her when we parted with her brothers and sisters.

Each day she travels in the car to the ladies' hairdressing shop where I work, and spends her "working hours" as the official "lap warmer". She picks her choice among the clients, usually a "perm", for they stay put for two or three hours, and after a little chat and a purry song, she nestles down and sleeps soundly amid the general chatter and clatter of a busy shop.

Even the few cat-haters we meet will succumb to Yum Yum's charm, and I find that now she is the most popular member of the staff.

Hairdressing salons are usually considered to be dens of gossip and scandal, but we are "catty" in a different way! I find the staff and customers engaged in lengthy discussions

## TO THE EDITOR

on the "origin of Siamese cats" or "why Tiddles always chooses to disappear when the family wish to retire for the night!" or "can you tell me how to treat Topsy for canker in the ears?"

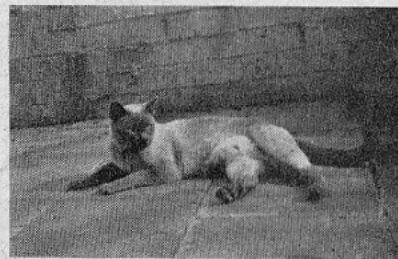
Each month we discuss news and articles in "Cats and Kittens". Hints are gained and passed on, and many a little pet is helped in this way.

I have several photos of my older cats, and hope sometime to send you one or two. I'd hate them to think that I had given Yum Yum too much limelight—even though she is the baby.

Yum-Yum is playing with my pen as I write. I think she wants to join me in sending you every good wish for Christmas and the New Year.

Yours very sincerely,

K. Anderson.



Lavender Blue, who belongs to Miss Natalie Griffey, on her second birthday

Cricklewood,  
N.W.2.

Dear Editor,

I still enjoy the little magazines as much as ever, and look forward to receiving it each month.

I am enclosing a photograph of Anson Eros, this season's outstanding kitten, whom I bred. I took him to the Festival Show, where he was first in the three-four months class, and best male kitten. He was then purchased by Mrs. Denton, who had been interested in him from birth! She has shown him at every show this season, and he finished his kitten career at the National.



Anson Eros

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

At seven and a half months he has won twenty-one firsts, and been three times best L.H. kitten, and twice best male. I thought you might care to publish his photograph.

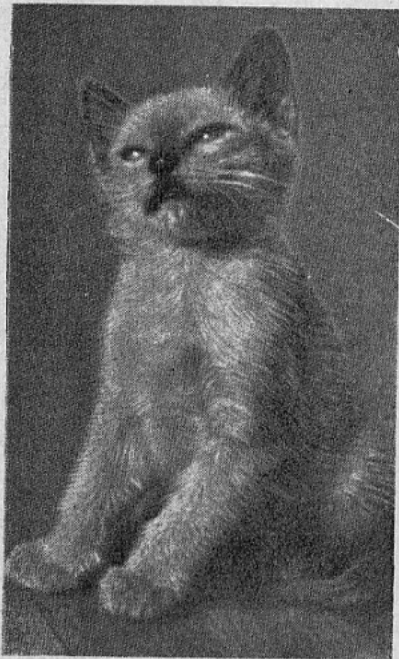
Wishing your magazine the very best of luck for 1953.

Yours sincerely,  
Irene Statman.

Knokke, Belgium.

Dear Editor,

I would be very pleased if you would thank Mrs. W. Smith, Natal, South Africa, for her kind mention of Saucy Boy in her letter in your



Mrs. E. M. Beerens of Knokke sends us this charming study

magazine—and for her sympathetic thought of our dear lamb Saucy Boy. I also greatly sympathise with her over her Mr. Tiptoes and her Jackie, whose photo. I admired so much. I've been reading her story again to-day in the July number, and am deeply interested and deeply grieved for the sad trouble she went through then—the dear lamb Tiptoes and then her Jackie. Really I do feel heart sorry for her and these sad people at the loss of their beloved pets. I know what nursing a loved pet is like.

Four years ago I had Saucy Boy in a dreadful condition; his flesh was open in many places with frightful festering. He lived on top of the piano and we had to push raw liver in his mouth and make him swallow to keep him alive, and I had to lift him down and lift him up again; and drop stuff on his sores pressed out of cotton wool. His face was unrecognisable. It was such a cold summer then, and we had to burn the gas high to keep warmth in him. I was so frightened because I had a baby girl of ten days in my charge for three months. My hands so much in Lysol, and pet lamb didn't like the smell of my hands. I had no veterinarian because, through a bad one, I

## TO THE EDITOR

lost a beautiful wee black Persian male. He tried out a new cure from America on Tottie and killed him. Others had complained over him, and it was discovered he was a quack and was dismissed from Knokke.

Before that I lost a mother mademoiselle and six months old kittens Bambi and Foderwin, all three very beautiful. Mademoiselle was a young grey and white lady. A chemist here sold me powder for flea. He swore it would do no harm to the animals yet one after the other died. I was beyond words in sorrow at seeing that happen.

I tell this to show that her sorrow is the same many have to face. It won't help others' sorrow, but let Mrs. W. Smith and others know that we can and all do sympathise over two of her darlings.

I meant to have told you before how glad we were to hear dear Leo had returned, and are lost in admiration for the grand search that was made for Leo. I've talked so much about it.

Really, we love the letters and photos. of the dear cats that appear in the magazine every month. They get more and more interesting, and the pictures of pussies are so delightful. If I feel dull, I just

pick at random any one of the cats magazines and read. I get interested and cheered again!

Did you ever read a book called "The Loved One" by Evelyn Waugh? There's a pathetic story of a pets' cemetery in it.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) E. M. Beerens.

Castle Donington, Nr. Derby.  
Dear Editor,

I heartily agree with your article regarding the difficulty in disposing of Siamese kittens. I have a charming litter, twelve weeks old, sired by Chinki Ranya and grandsire Lindale Simon Pie. Some are certain show specimens. Advertisements and pictures in various papers and magazines have not called forth one enquirer to purchase. As I have my two queens simply for pets, I can only contemplate mongrel litters in future. I cannot afford to keep the babies any longer, and there seems to be only one solution. This will no doubt be as horrifying to you as it is to me, namely, the Pet Shop!

If there is any other way of cutting one's losses, either in the matter of the queens or the kittens, I would be glad to hear of it.

Yours sincerely, with thanks,  
H. Dible.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Hullo Lachean, age seven weeks

Strathtay,  
Perthshire.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photo of the blue kitten referred to in Mrs. Brice-Webb's notes recently.

The mother of this kitten has seven healthy kittens, now nineteen days old, by Oxley's Smasher, Mrr. Brice-Webb's stud.

Yours sincerely,  
Dorothy Robertson.



Amber and Nina

Pets of Sheila Halsall of Prestatyn.



Twink, Nina, Amber-pia, born July 17th, in the bottom of the basket

Acocks Green,  
Birmingham.

Dear Editor,

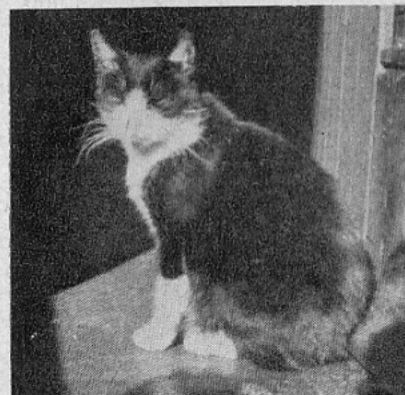
On reading my letter in print, it suddenly occurred to me some might infer that Manx cats were ones whose tails had been amputated. This, of course, is not true, but I have met folk who firmly believe this. My Manx, Moch-bridge Snowy, has a fan at the rear, but this is probably due to the misbehaviour of a great, or great, great grandmother. She herself is a third generation Manx.

The article on the sun making Vitamin D in cats' fur made me laugh loud and long. Given a glorious summer day, where are my three rapscallions? If they can manage it, curled up between blankets. Then comes

## TO THE EDITOR

November, snow, gales, fog, ice, maybe all at once—and they are scratching the door to bits to get out.

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Winifred Kenny.



Pal, a dear old Manx, died 4th December, 1952, age 15 years

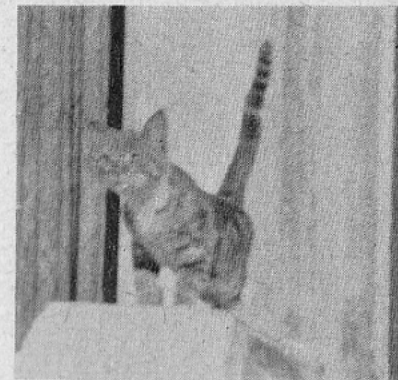
Pal, Tortie and Brownie were the much loved pets of Mrs. Woodlands Brown of the Isle of Man

Mitcham,  
Surrey.

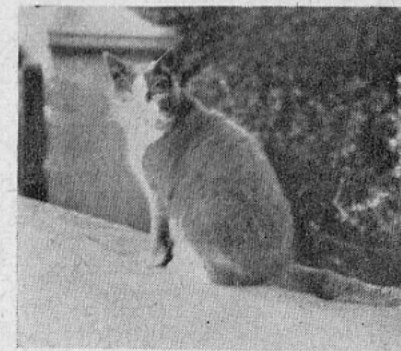
Dear Editor,

Lilian France's article in the December edition of "Cats and Kittens" magazine was up to her usual very high standard, both with regard to its interest value and the fair manner with which she deals with controversial points; a rare gift in a woman, particularly in our fancy.

I agree especially with her opinions about the Siamese Cat Club's October Show, with one



Tortie, run over and killed, 11th November, 1952, age 9 months



Brownie, died March 18th, 1952, age 14 years

exception, with which I shall deal in due course.

The fact that a fully grown cat was unplaced, having been first and Ch. at the previous show proves to my mind that some judges are subconsciously influenced by the fact that most of the cats in the open adult classes, and their owners, are recognised and known to

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

them. This results in a particularly unfortunate form of favouritism in as much as it is both unintentional and psychologically unavoidable. In kitten classes one seldom finds bad judging simply because the kittens are not known or recognised. One solution to this real evil would be to let these classes be judged by two or three judges independently, and award the cards on their mean estimate of points. This measure, I feel sure, would receive the warm support of breeders and judges alike, since the latter must find the absurdity of many placings embarrassing in so far as their obvious unfairness reflects adversely upon their deservedly high reputation. Some people might think that these odd results are due to individual variations in taste. This theory certainly explains the reversal of close decisions, but does not explain instances such as the one quoted by Lilian France.

The one matter with which I do not agree with Mrs. France refers to her views on the continued showing of Clonlost Yo-Yo. I agree with her on the general principle that a cat who has reached the highest obtainable point in its career should rest on its merits and give other breeders a chance. This is desirable for the fancy as a

whole and for the breeder of the champion in particular, since this course would obviate the inevitable heartbreak of its ultimate defeat by younger champions. In the case of Mr. Warner's superb stud, other factors come into the picture. As everyone knows, Yo-Yo has been the target of much jealous and uninformed criticism, and the only way left open to Mr. Warner to answer these criticisms is to go on winning Ch. certificates and breeding fine kittens with him to the discomfort of the army of the frustrated, who perennially produce their efflorescence of uninformed and barren spleen.

Helen Claire Howes' article on Vitamin D absorption and metabolism was most interesting. I hope we may be favoured by further similar contributions.

Most of the people I spoke to at the National Cat Club's Show felt as pleased as I did at the third Ch. certificate awarded to Mrs. Towe's Hill-cross Melody. This fine queen has had a lot of bad luck, and it gave me much pleasure to see little Mrs. Towe's happy face and to add my congratulations to the many others which she received.

I bought two kittens at the above Show. A little female, Hymers Penelope, bred by Mrs. E. Russell and sired by

## TO THE EDITOR

Morris Padisha out of Silken Letita, and a remarkably fine male kitten Sukianga Pepe Lemoko by Clonlost Yo-Yo out of Mallington Magic. It is my intention to breed with him, and if he develops according to promise he may one day make a name for himself. Both babies settled down at once in their new home, and my senior Siamese, a very serious and patriarchal neuter, gave them both a gentle good hiding, just to put them in their place, and then proceeded to wash them thoroughly. My other cats, both Siamese and longhairs, after the usual mirth provoking formalities, accepted the new arrivals and all is now at peace.

Yours truly,

I. Raleigh.

Dear Mr. Raleigh,

Please forgive the delay in replying to your letter, but I have been absolutely snowed under recently.

To my mind a champion like Mr. Warner's Clonlost Yo-Yo is the yardstick by which others should be judged, and I personally feel that no exhibitor should mind coming into competition with such a cat however many times it is shown. In this connection, you know that we have said before in the magazine that views expressed

by our contributors are not those necessarily held by the Editor!

Editor.

Guizenberg, C.P.,

S. Africa.

Dear Editor,

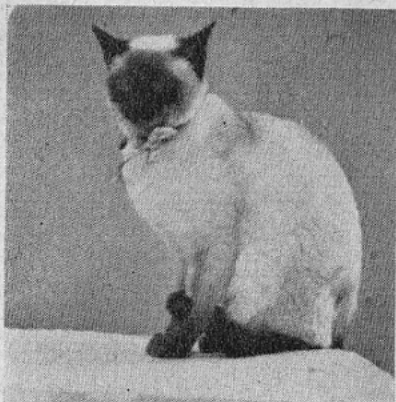
May I suggest that, contrary to Mr. Noel R. Cox's explanation of the kneading action of a cat's paws when she purrs, if you watch a kitten drinking from its mother, that is the action it makes to help the flow of milk, so the "present day kitten" would be able to explain the action in an adult cat as a return to the happy memories of infancy (see Freudian psycho-analysis)!

Also (please forgive the contrariness of my mood) may I venture to disagree too with Mr. Sydney W. France? He asserts that "Cats are immune from snake poisoning". Sad to say, they are not—at least in this country. They do on occasion get bitten and die. The reason this fallacy has originated is that the cat is a very quick, agile and brave opponent of snakes, so usually succeeds in killing the snake before he himself gets bitten.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Fanice Pocock,  
Chairman, S.A. Cat Union.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Yasmi-Jessabelle

Westcliffe-on-Sea,  
Essex.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photograph of my Siamese Yasmi-Jessabelle, born August 9th, 1951. It was taken last May.

Yours truly,  
(Miss) V. Lamprill.

Perthshire.

Dear Editor,

In December issue an announcement appeared to the fact that my daughter's queen had produced seven kittens in a recent litter.

Within forty-eight hours two letters arrived asking for kittens from Glasgow area.

One asked for a male 3-4 gns. and the other (a friend of the first) a good female, 2 gns. not more than 2½ gns. Needless to say, both letters were returned marked "Sorry" to senders.

The writer requesting the female replied—I quote: "I am surprised you have no kittens available. I should have thought with a litter like that you would have been glad to *give* them away, let alone *sell* them."

I wonder if the would-be breeders realise the work that goes into rearing a litter of kittens, and the cost of feeding?

My daughter does not expect or ask an exorbitant price, but nevertheless she expects a fair deal.

I am afraid that there are many more people in Scotland who expect good breeding for a small price.

Perhaps you would like to give your comments on the above or some of your readers would like to.

Yours faithfully,  
D. Robertson.

Kensington,  
S.W.5.

Dear Editor,

I have been a subscriber to "Cats and Kittens" for about nine years, and have found it most interesting. Now I am writing to you for advice. Lucifer, a four-year-old male Siamese belonging to some friends of mine, had "cat flu" early this year, and since his recovery has wheezed asthmatically, and occasionally

## TO THE EDITOR

gives a very wet, showery and rather sticky sneeze. His coat, spirits and general health and appetite are all good, and he does not infect his associates (one cannot call them his friends!), Minon and Blackie.

He is so sweet and affectionate, but his sneezes are rather a deterrent to really cuddly relations.

Someone suggested Cod Liver Oil and Malt. What do you think?

Yours sincerely,  
Beryl Yates.

Dear Mrs. Yates,

Unfortunately the cat flu' that your cat has had has left it with "snuffles", which is a most difficult catarrhal condition and sometimes almost impossible to clear.

We have heard of this condition being considerably improved by the cat being put in a cupboard in which has been placed a jar containing eucalyptus oil on which has been poured boiling water, and these inhalations continued for several days. Care must of course be taken to see that the jar cannot be knocked over.

Your vet. could also make up for you Penicillin drops, which you would have difficulty in dropping into his nostrils with a fountain pen filler. We

have known cases of "snuffles" which have been cured by the administration of capsules of Aureomycin.

Editor.

Norbreck,  
Blackpool.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you would be so kind as to advise me on how to join a Siamese Cat Club in this country?

I have two Siamese pussies. I am told the male is a very lovely creature. Do you think I might try showing him? But here again, I know nothing about the game!

Your help would be much appreciated.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) E. Cole.

Dear Mrs. Cole,

To join the Siamese Cat Club you would have first to write to the secretary, Mrs. Sayers, of Barbarons, Dunsfold, Surrey.

You will need a proposer and seconder to join, if you are in any difficulty get in touch with me, as I should be able to help you. You could certainly show your cat, and, of course, there is shortly a Championship Cat Show at Manchester. If you want details of this, you should write to Mrs. S. S. Culley, 65, Westbourne Park, Urmston, nr. Manchester, who



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

is the secretary of the Lancs. and North Western Counties Cat Club.

To know how to prepare your cat for showing and so on it would probably be best for you to buy a copy of my book "Siamese Cats", which can be obtained from this office, price 10s. 6d.

Editor.  
Worcester.

Dear Editor,

I am wondering whether you can help me. I have a Siamese kitten, four months old on the 8th of this month, which has such a dreadful habit of eating pieces out of everything it can get hold of, such as towels, flannels, dishcloths, hot water bottle covers, woolleys (he has spoilt three cardigans), any sort of material, cushions, skirts (he has spoilt a very nice pleated one which cannot be repaired as the piece is entirely gone and cannot be matched up), etc., that we feel obliged to get rid of him. We cannot give him the freedom of the house because of this habit, as we never know what he might destroy. Please do not think I mean he merely pulls things about mischievously, he really *consumes* the articles and is getting worse—it is quite nerve racking to be round the fire with him, if he jumps on your

knee you must constantly hold his mouth or you will suddenly realise he has spoilt your clothes, and he even walks around and nips out pieces round the hem of clothes if he is not discovered in time.

It is most disappointing—I would mention he was neutered just over a week ago, and we had hoped for improvement. He did seem a little better for a day or two, but now he appears much worse and we feel completely hopeless.

Everyone we mention it to tells us that "They have never heard of that before", including the vet., which of course is not very hopeful, and so I am writing to you as the "last hope".

We have tried putting pepper or soap, etc., on the articles, but this is very messy and cannot of course be used on every occasion.

Whilst writing, I would like to ask what you suggest Siamese should have for meals—we happen to be only two in family, and of course rations are not plentiful. We have tried him up till now with milk for breakfast, but he seems not to be keen about that now, which makes it rather difficult. He does not eat porridge, and has now tired of Weetabix. We usually give him either raw beef, or cooked rabbit, or any

## TO THE EDITOR

other meat we have for dinner with a little, very little, carrots (at least, we used to give him carrots, but he does not seem to eat them now), at middle-day; at tea time, unless we have some fish, he has some sort of meat again. Then last thing he used to eat sort of gravy soup with Weetabix, but now he is "off that" too, but he will eat a very, very, little Kit-e-Cat warmed in the gravy. We regularly give him Tibs and Kit-zyme. I wonder if you have any suggestions in case we should be able to keep him, although I think it is most unlikely, unless you are able to help.

Yours faithfully,  
C. Philpott.

Dear Mrs. Philpott,

It is by no means a new thing to hear of a Siamese which pulls woollens to pieces. Plenty love to get hold of a blanket and pull holes in it.

I have never heard of a remedy for it, although I have heard of many things being tried. The only thing I can suggest is that it may be caused by a vitamin deficiency, but I notice that you regularly give him Kit-zyme, which of course does contain vitamins, but you could get him some compound vitamin tablets from Boots and give him two of those every

morning for about three weeks.

Regarding a suggested diet. I should certainly cut out the milk for breakfast. Three meals a day are all that are necessary, and this can be provided by a varied diet of lightly boiled fish and rabbit and pets' beef when obtainable. Kit-E-Kat also makes an excellent alternative to sustain interest in meals. Ring the changes with the above foods, and for roughage break up half a Weetabix biscuit with each meal and knead it into the food. Milk is most unsuitable for Siamese cats. Editor.

Uffculme,  
Cullompton,  
Devon.

Dear Editor,

My copy of "Cats and Kittens" came this morning. What a lovely way to start the New Year, especially as I have been laid low with a broken rib, and have read it from cover to cover.

I see Mrs. France says there is no restaurant at the Horticultural *Old Hall*—well, I had a very good lunch there for 4/6 and tea at 1/9, really excellent and such beautifully fresh cakes. I quite agree the *Old Hall* in any way, for either the lighting or food. There happened to be a flower show on

## LETTERS AND PICTURES

at the New Hall the day of the National Cat Club Ch. Show.

The picture of the cats' meat man amused me—it was such a man being one of my earliest recollections. We lived in London in 1900. Abingdon Road, a turning off the High Street, Kensington. Every week the man used to come with the meat on a skewer as in the picture. Our tabby cat used to know the day, and would always sit on the pillar at the top of the steps and wait for the call.

I always preferred to play with the kittens to my dolls, and thought far more of taking them out in my doll's pram dressed in the dolls' clothes. I left the dolls to my brothers.

Now I breed Blue Long Hair Cats, but I still look back and recall the joy I had with my ordinary ones throughout the years.

Reading about Derry and Tom did me more good than all the medicine the doctor gave me, really made me laugh, and I had to read it to everyone who has been here to-day.

Long may your wonderful magazine flourish.

A very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

Cecily Douglas.

Nr. Kettering,  
Northants.

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is so nice. We really can't give it up and pass it on, and my mother, now always in bed, is very fond of it. I do wish some one could help us with our cats. It is really desperate. Not enough time to look after them and the feeding. People say put them to sleep, or in other words kill them, but my mother would be so distressed.

No. 1—Black and white doctored, comes to his name, Pipkin. Think home will be with some folk who came from London, he has made friends with their dog, but not till we have to clear out.

No. 2—Daisy Face. Old, still has kittens. At moment splendid young boy. Good home in prospect (many thanks). She will have to go with house. Would not live elsewhere.

No. 3—Large Tortoiseshell. Had many kittens, up trees, etc., now doctored last year in desperation. Seems very well. Very clean. Who would have her? Loves hunting.

Nos. 4 and 5.—Her two sons, doctored. Ginger and white and very fine all ginger. Charles very heavy, do for old lady. Timothy, not strong, coughs away and punctures lung. Vet.

## TO THE EDITOR

said with bone. Am afraid no one would take him. Always hungry.

No. 6—Most trying kitten cat. Daughter of Daisy Face. Pretty tabby. Would pay to have doctored if home could be found.

No. 7—Old garden cat, whose mistress died. Aged about sixteen. One eye, two teeth. Still well. Feed up garden. Must carry on there. Warm house at night.

Nos. 8 and 9—Two neglected ladies at farm. Feed on bread and milk once a day. Lovely cat and kitten. So friendly, not used to house.

That's the lot.

Have no time, with mother ill, to feed and train them.

Yours sincerely

(Miss) Melba Pleories.

Bournemouth,  
Hants.

Dear Editor,

I am very anxious to obtain a copy of Mr. Beckwith-Soames' book "Cats, Long-haired and Short", as my own copy has disappeared and cannot be found in the house. I am wondering if you, or your magazine, can help me. I am told that the book is now out of print, so my only hope is a second-hand copy.

I have tried the shops in Bournemouth without success, and I have also written to Foyles, London, but they had nothing.

I prize this book very much because it contained a photograph of the father of a tortoiseshell cat I owned some time ago.

Yours sincerely,

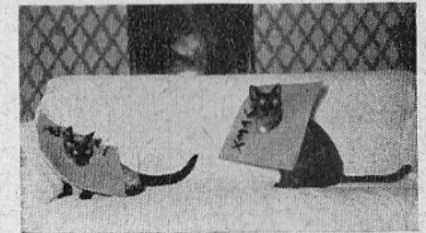
(Miss) C. F. Boxer.

Can any of our readers help here?—Editor.

---

### YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 13.



Mrs. Hay's Siamese and Burmese Neuters

A letter from Mrs. Blanche Warren tells me she has obtained a young male Burmese which will be sent here as soon as it can be arranged. This is good news, as we require an outcross for our third generation females if we are to keep the breed pure. Only pure-bred stock is eligible for Championship status.

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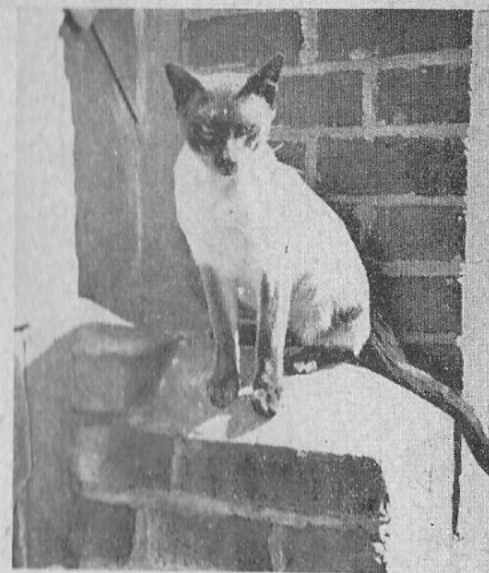
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CATS AT STUD — See separate  
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