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CATS AND KITTENS THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

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INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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MARCH, 1953

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

BBETTER the day, better the deed! For some reason which your present scribe can't give, April 1st is usually referred to as "All Fool's Day", but let me hastily add that this has no connection with the fact that on that day the Siamese Cat Club will be holding its annual general meeting.

This is the last opportunity I shall have before that date to again remind you that only those attending the meeting will be able to vote personally for the election of committee members and delegates, but those of you who have filled in

a postal ballot form and have sent it to the secretary will yet be able to take part in the voting although not able to attend the meeting. Your votes will be counted at the meeting and placed to the credit of those whom you have chosen. Do not let the opportunity go by, be sure and send in your postal vote.

My notes last month regarding the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club now have a sequel. For reasons not explained, the good work which Mr. Frank Williams has done for this club is to come to an

MORTIMER IS OUR COVER CAT

end, he having resigned. There is no doubt that this is a serious loss to the club, and I hope that the members will not forget the debt they owe to this gentleman for rescuing the club funds as he did, and, in fact, providing a substantial bank account at a time most needed.

Thank goodness cat shows are over for the season! How many people must be heartily glad that that is so. The indomitable spirit of those ladies who get up at unearthly hours of the morning to cart many large baskets from one end of the country to another leaves mere males gasping, and with what fortitude they accept victory or defeat in the show pen.

For some, unfortunately, there is afterwards the illness of cats which have been exhibited at the shows, and some unhappily spread disease amongst the other cats left at home and which had not visited the show. It does not matter how stringent is the veterinary surgeon's inspection of each exhibit before it enters the show, the fact remains that however qualified the veterinary surgeon, if any one of the cats is just incubating one of the infective diseases it is a carrier, and the risk is there for other cats at the show. There never has been nor can there be an effective safeguard, and it is a risk all must run and must

take philosophically without squealing. There have been many sad hearts about well loved pets lost after attending shows.

That amazing character, Miss Adele Rudd, with her feline friend Mortimer, raised almost £1,000 for cat charities recently. There is no end to the new tricks and plans of these well-known and much loved members of the cat fancy, and we in this office take a special pleasure in the fact that Mortimer and Miss Rudd were introduced to the cat fancy by the pages of this magazine. More about their adventures will be found in one of our features in this issue.

The dreadful flood disaster which has shocked and distressed the country and exacted such a toll of human life has also caused untold suffering to the animal life of the inundated areas, many thousands of which have been drowned. Newspapers have carried many stories of rescued people not leaving their shattered homes without their pets; their dogs, their cats, and I feel that the letter which I have received from Mr. Steward, secretary of the Cats' Protection League, if printed in full in these columns, would meet with a ready response from those of you who read these columns. Needless to say, we gladly offer our services at this office.

Dear Mr. France,

I thought I would like you to know that the C.P.L. has done as much as it can so far in regard to the need for help for the cats and dogs that have been evacuated from the flood areas. My point in writing to you is to ask if you are contemplating launching a special appeal through your valuable paper, and, if so, whether you would inform your readers that any contribution they might care to make in the feline cause would be welcomed by the C.P.L., who would undertake to see that the best possible use was made of any money that was sent to this organisation through the medium of your appeal.

You may have already made your plans, and in which case I should be glad to know of them as the C.P.L. itself would like to participate in any special effort you are making for the relief of distressed animals' owners and their pets.

I shall look forward to hearing from you in due course, and, for your information and not necessarily for publication, the C.P.L. has to-day sent our ambulance down to the domes-

tic pet evacuation centre at Hadleigh with food for both cats and dogs, blankets, and a supply of cat beds. This was in response to a request after our having given our promise of any help that was needed, and which in this particular case was called for late yesterday afternoon. This is, as I said, just a matter of interest and to show that whilst we cannot do as much as other societies, we are pulling our weight and doing what we possibly can in the cause.

Yours sincerely,

Albert A. Steward,
Secretary.

5th February, 1953.

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MORTIMER'S MEMOIRS

Another chapter in a colourful life story

By ADELE RUDD

SINCE the last instalment of "Mortimer's Memoirs" appeared, so much water has flowed under the bridge that we've had difficulty in keeping our heads above water! For he has a fan mail many a starlet might envy, and every letter is answered. Alongside, interwoven and almost imperceptibly, has grown up his work for The Cats' Protection League. His first story, published in "Cats and Kittens", "Mortimer, the Cat who adopted me", set a ball rolling which has continued to grow in size and speed ever since, so that in the last two years alone he has collected and made well over £1,000—£600 in 1952 and £420 the year before—a record we can hardly hope to equal, far less ever beat. So it seems suitable that his colourful life story should have another instalment written to mark his Thousand Pounds!

Even before Mortimer got me really going as his assistant and helper for cats less fortunate than himself, life with him was never dull, since then it has become a riot of fun! The Siamese in him seems to become more pronounced every

year, which, besides keeping up a non-stop entertainment in the home, seems to inspire all with whom he comes in contact to shoulder his own enthusiasms. Although some of my relatives regard our activities with a slightly jaundiced gaze ("You haven't much time for *me* nowadays" it seems to say)—so he *would* choose one of these with whom to have a bit of fun. I was getting ready to show some coloured slides—my American projector needs one's wits about one to get the right plugs into what, with resistance coils and so on to arrange for the differing voltage—and I'm no electrician at best—when in walked Mortimer, shaking something vigorously held in his mouth. Hastily plugging in the wrong plug, there was a bang and a flash, and a tactful darkness enveloped us. I went after Mortimer, led by a ray of light from the hall, and removed from his mouth my relative's very natty hat. I then went back to the projector with speed and apologies.

Just as I'd fitted a new projector bulb (obtainable only from New York, and very

expensive), and was adjusting things, in walked Mortimer again. My blood froze. He was dragging her fur with him, fighting it at about every third step, obviously trying to infuse some life to ginger things up a bit. Quite by accident I again plugged in wrongly, again there was a flash—and the room was in darkness. Again I retrieved, and replaced the fur stole next the hat, and once more started again at the projector. I had arrived at the same stage as before when that cat arrived, head held high and an expression of "something attempted something done" on his funny little face, while in his mouth *carrying a fur glove!* This time I merely rushed at him, took the glove and replaced it, and shut the bedroom door, bringing a protesting Mortimer back with me under my arm. "Do you always start these shows with bangs and flashes?" my relative enquired as I really got a slide in at last and started

One charming trick he continues to perform—that of literally *himself* helping cats in need. The story of how he saved the life of his friend has already appeared ("Mortimer saves his friend"). This is another instance of the telepathy which seems to operate between him and any cat nearby in need of help. He and I were out for our walk—

I always go with him, for this road is too dangerous for a cat who crosses so frequently—when he suddenly stopped, looked intently across the road—and crossed, I following. There, on a doorstep, was a little tabby tom, who for some reason Mortimer has always disliked. The language when they meet has always been unrepeatable, so, as Mortimer appeared to be going into the attack I called him off firmly: "He has as much right to this road as you have, leave him alone", I admonished. Mortimer stopped as if shot, and looked back at me, and if ever a look spoke, his did. "You mutt, I'm *not* attacking, *can't you see he needs help?*" it said.

And sure enough, he did. His mouth was propped open, he was dribbling, and he kept rubbing his mouth with his paw. Obviously a bad bone in his throat. I tucked each cat under an arm and came home. Phoned the vet.—yes, he was there (a Sunday afternoon) for an accident case. Yes, he would wait Putting Timothy into my basket on wheels (a child's folding car is the ideal emergency ambulance), I trundled the little cat down. Yes, a bad bone. Timothy not only allowed himself to be examined without raising a paw, *he purred* as I held him while the doctor fetched his forceps. (He knew we were

helping him and he had complete trust.) Bone removed, I trundled him back, and then I wondered, had he been long without food? (for he couldn't have swallowed while that cruel rabbit bone was lodged across his throat), so I decided to prepare a soft meal and a drink.

Mortimer met us in the hall and fussed around like the head ward sister! So keen was he for me to open the basket—and so strangely has he always tried to help cats in need, that I opened the lid with confidence and watched what he would do. Here was his enemy, and in his own flat! But I knew my Mortimer too well, or I wouldn't have risked it. He went to the basket and he examined Timothy—who sat still, quite happily and trustingly—and *then he kissed him*. I gave the meal which was gratefully, but not ravenously, eaten, and then I put him back on the steps where we had found him (I did not then know which house was his, but I knew he had a good home).

Timothy visited us several times daily after this, and Mortimer never again was anything but the perfect host. The past was forgotten—Mortimer has helped his enemy, and from then on he was his friend. We soon discovered Timothy's people—he himself introduced us—and it was a

happy sight to see Mortimer and Timothy exchanging bits of gossip, instead of competing to see who could think up the most insulting things to say!

The other morning, returning from shopping, a kindly neighbour had taken in a parcel addressed to Mortimer. It was a box of quite sinister aspect, with iron bands round the edges and secured by iron clips. It looked so extraordinarily like what one imagines might be a bomb, I really wondered if I should ring the police for friendly advice before opening then I spied in Ye Very Olde English lettering (practically unreadable always to me), a word which *might* be "Vintners" so I got out my push cart and trundled it to the local wine shop instead! Was it, I asked, the kind of box he had ever seen before? Yes, it was apparently one well known to the trade (but not to me), and he assured me it was definitely no bomb, but booze, and I could open it safely! Arrived back, I attacked it with hammer and screwdriver, to discover inside TWO FULL SIZED BOTTLES OF SCOTCH WHISKEY—sent from *America!* (a sign of the times!). Inside a charming note "To Mortimer, to use for his wonderful work".

Please turn to page 18

OUR "WILD WEST" CAT

By SUSAN MANNING

FELIX came to Vancouver in a box on the back of our car. He was a skinny, wild, black kitten, one of a family born on a small ranch, in the Canadian west. The ranch was on the edge of almost impenetrable virgin forest. The ranch cats, Felix's parents, were wild creatures, never coming into the house at all. They were rarely fed more than a kind of mush of milk and bread, the farmer explaining that he believed in the western idea, "Go, hunt your own food".

It was my little son who begged to own a "wild west" kitten, so Felix was brought back to the city. At first he was so timid he backed away from humans rather like a frightened horse. Like all wild things, Felix was shy of man, and my son was always coaxing him out from corners and dark hiding places. He took a long time to conclude that we meant him no harm, even after the nightmare journey of three hundred miles in a closed box. At last, he settled down, metaphorically licked the butter off his paws, and began to grow up.

From eating practically nothing, his appetite grew

enormous. He filled out, and became a handsome, sleek creature with deep black fur, slim legs, and a real grace of his own. To watch him walk was an education in cat-knowledge. He held his head proudly, carried his body with an easy swing, and waved his thick tail like a plumed exclamation mark! He would follow me about the garden, and even along the road to the shops, like a dog. And talking of dogs, Felix was a match for them! Those he fought with slunk off in terror with bleeding tributes to his sharp claws, and gave him a wide berth in future. Felix became known as the "Wild West Terror".

But he had affectionate ways. One of the strangest exhibitions of devotion was the way he loved to jump on my shoulder, stretch himself around my neck, and lie there, for all the world like a purring black fox!

Felix never lost his wild heredity. Under all the assumed domesticity lurked the old hunting instinct, which the rancher had fostered in his parents. You saw it in the cruel gleam of his eyes, and his horrible exulting purring after he had caught a starling.

Our house was on the outskirts of the city, close to wooded slopes. Felix would cross the road, and go swinging his way through the undergrowth, and we knew he was "off hunting". He would disappear for days on end, returning sleek and fat, to sleep for hours.

I have often known him catch rabbits. Felix would sit down and wait, in some hidden spot of the woods beyond the house. He didn't appear on the alert, or even in hunting mood. He would just wait, sitting amongst the bracken, as though he was at ease on our front doorstep. But his eyes! The pupils would shrink to pin-points of light! He knew the slightest stir of the undergrowth.

Felix was a most wary hunter, an instinct he had inherited from the ranch creatures. I have seen him frozen into poised alertness, never moving a muscle as a rabbit popped from warren hole to hole. He knew the right moment to pounce, and he never made a false move. He never stalked. Nor did he crouch from cover to cover. He waited, half-hidden, biding career—a pet at home, a his time, until poor baby bunny, thinking himself quite alone, would sit, cotton tail curled up over its back, to nibble some juicy patch of

leaves. Then, with a bound, Felix would be out, and a moment later all would be over. Felix was of the real wild west. "He always got his man! Or animal!"

And he had an uncanny sense of direction.

We moved from the outskirts of Vancouver into the town. We took Felix to the new home, and introduced him all round. Two days later he disappeared.

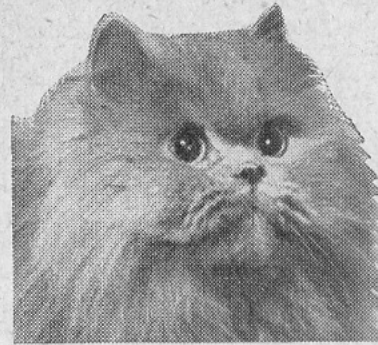
"Just one of his hunting trips," I soothed my son.

However, next day a former neighbour telephoned. Felix was sitting, waiting, on the front porch of our old home! He must have tracked his way back, even through several crossings of streets. No doubt he missed the proximity of the woods.

I don't think he was ever as happy in the new home. It was too "civilised" for him. Poor Felix! He couldn't hunt legally, so he "caught" what he could illegally! He became a sad thief. Many were the pieces of meat he carried off from under the eyes of busy housewives along the row. Even though we fed him liberally.

But he never stole from us! True to type, Felix remained to the end. He went out to do his hunting!

Please turn to page 17



"Film Stars envy my coat"

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



'Judges rave about my pale, even, silky coat,' says Apollo. 'This is one of my favourite snaps. Aren't we looking pleased! We'd just won more prizes at the Festival and Crystal Cat Shows.'



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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

THE Notts. and Derby Cat Club's Eighth Ch. Show, held at the Drill Hall, Derby, on January 9th, was again a great success. Congratulations to this year's show manager, Mrs. Margaret Bastow, who took on a very difficult task with her usual equanimity. I was judging Siamese kittens, and the standard was very high. My best kitten was a seal point male, Lightsome Aubretia, owned by Mrs. C. Dixon. I liked his dense points, good ear placement, and lovely eye colour. He was, however, beaten for best short hair kitten in show by Mrs. Matthewson's lovely little blue point male, who I also placed first in his open class. I thought, on the day, his front paws were not quite deep enough, and his eyes were round. Both these points could improve as he gets older. His coat colour was perfect, and I hope it remains like that. So many blue points go fawn on the back, which spoils them.

Best short hair adult was Mrs. Lamb's seal point male, Pincop Simon, a well deserved win, as he was looking very nice. He also took his second challenge certificate.

Best short hair neuter was Mrs. Rorke's Siamese S.P.

male, Pristine Phu-Hi, a very nice cat, to whom I awarded the Premier.

Best long hair neuter was Miss McEwan's Blue long hair, Trenton Buster Brown. The best long hair adult, Miss Langston's Chinchilla male, Ch. Flambeau of Allington. The best long hair kitten, Miss Langston's Chinchilla male, Mark of Allington.

The gate was good, and altogether it was a very enjoyable show.

When we arrived home, however, we found burglars had broken in, which made a very unpleasant ending to the day.

I was not able to go to the Manchester show, but I do hope Mrs. Cully had a very successful show for her first championship event on January 24th.

The Southern Counties Cat Club's Ch. Show was held on February 3rd at the Old Horticultural Hall, London. There was a tremendous entry, and terrific classes. It was a great tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who ran the whole thing with their usual skill.

My Burmese female, Chinki Yong Jetta, took her second challenge certificate, and my Siamese male, Chinki Ranya,

was second in his open class, which was very good, as it placed him above champions and cats which already had two Ch. Certificates, so I was very proud.

I am surprised to find so many people do not yet know they can have their cats inoculated by a vet. with the Burroughs Wellcome vaccine against infectious feline enteritis. It would be a good thing if cats and kittens were not allowed to be entered in a show unless inoculated. Stud owners should also refuse to receive queens for mating unless they have been done. I used to get the American Lederle vaccine for my own stock, but since vaccine became available here, I have not sold a kitten which has not been done. I think it is up to all of us to do everything we can to prevent this dreadful scourge. There is very little can be done once the poor cats or kittens have got it.

Mrs. Ivimey always remembers Gally's (Sco-Ruston Galadima's) birthday and on the morning of February 6th a card arrived for him. He grows more and more attached to us, and shows his affection in no uncertain manner. As my own birthday falls on the 9th, Gally and I usually manage a small party between the two dates. This year, on the 7th, we invited a few old friends, and

had a really jolly time, and some lovely presents.

I was glad to see two very nice queens, sired by Gally, at the Derby show. He has sired some lovely kittens, and I have mated him to La-Loo, pet name Jennie, and to Banchor Penelope—Penny. Last time Jennie was mated, just before she came to me, to Mr. Randall's Nicholas Muffett, who has since died. Jennie always had nice kittens by him, with lovely eye colour. Chinki Gaylord was one of theirs. So I shall be very interested to compare her kittens by Gally this time. Penny had a lovely litter last year by Lindale Simon Pie. I have kept one, Chinki Gay Dasher, a very typey kitten with big ears and long whip tail. I shall probably keep him as a future stud. He retrieves marvellously, and will fetch his rabbit's paw as many times as one cares to throw it, and no other cat dares to touch it. So again, I shall be interested to see what kind of kittens she has by Galadima.

I think it rather interesting to mate my queens to different studs and to note results, hoping to find the perfect mating. I still think Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo suits Chinki Jonta best, so she has been down to Sevenoaks, and we are looking forward to her litter a little later on.

Two litters of Burmese are also due this month. Cheli and Jetta never forget they are mother and daughter, and will be wanting to help each other with the babies. It will be interesting to have some of these gay little creatures about again. Championship classes for this lovely breed were first put on at the 1952 Croydon show, where Dr. Atwell's Chinki Yong Shwegalay was first and ch. My Chinki Yong Jetta was first and ch. at the National Show. Mrs. M. Barker-Smith's Chinki Yong Kassa was first and ch. at the Lancs. and North Western Ch. Show, and Jetta was again first and ch. at the last big show of the season, the Southern Counties. No Burmese became a full champion. Dr. Atwell's queen could not be exhibited again as she was in kitten. I was judging at Derby and was not able to go to Manchester, so none of my Burmese were at those two shows. However, there is always next season, and I hope by then there will be more kittens to put in the show pen.

March is the month of A.G.M.'s. Do try to attend as many as possible. It is only in this way you can have a voice in the running of the clubs to which you belong.

Every year newcomers want to breed Siamese kittens judging from the maiden queens I have sent to my studs. The

best thing is to get a small tea chest, put clean newspaper at the bottom and a good sized cardboard carton with a layer of newspapers for the queen to tear up. Near to the time a blanket can be placed on top of the torn up paper. It is essential to cover the opening of the tea chest with a dark cover. This I do with drawing pins and the queen can safely go in and out. Not only does she like this dark place to make her nest, but the cover should remain for the first three weeks to protect the babies' eyes from the light. If this is done, kittens almost never have sticky eyes. The tea chest must be placed in a secluded place where the queen can have access to it. Some queens begin making a bed early, but others leave it till almost the last day or two. Try to be around when the babies are imminent. You may have to help. Place a hot water bottle under the blanket at one end of the carton when the first kitten arrives. The mother doesn't mind if she can see it, but if you take it away and she hears it crying she will want to go to it. If she doesn't sever the cord in reasonable time, you must do it for her. When she purrs and cuddles the babies up, you can be sure she has had all of them. Have a freshly-filled hot water bottle ready,

Please turn to page 16



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

By DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB



Lindisfarne Boy Blue

THE Notts. & Derby Ch. Show held at the Royal Drill Hall, Derby, on January 9th, 1953, was indeed a happy day. Mrs. M. Bastow, our Hon. Secretary, kindly offered to run the show and a jolly good job she made of it. This was her first attempt as a show manager, everyone was made to feel at home and I am sure the day was enjoyed by everyone.

Miss Longston had a field day with her Ch. Flambeau of Allington, who was voted Best L.H. Cat, also her Mark of Allington won the honour of Best L.H. Kitten. Both of these lovely exhibits are Chinchilla's. Mrs. McVady won a championship certificate with her Gaydene Candy Kines (who now becomes a full champion), and Ch. Gaydore Rudolph. Both of these lovely Blues have become full champions this season. Best Blue Kitten was Mrs. Kay Nilsson's Ronada Scheherazde. A really lovely kitten for type and a lovely pale coat of good texture and length. This kitten was awarded first under Miss

Rodda, Mrs. Brunton and myself, so Mrs. Nilsson had a field day.

The Lancashire and North Western Counties' Cat Club held their 1st Ch. Show at Manchester on Saturday, 24th January, 1953. Owing to the unfortunate illness of my very dear friend Miss Lelgarde Fraser I was asked to judge her classes. I hope she will soon be restored to good health.

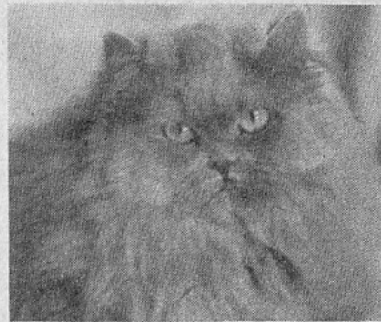
I judged the Premier Neuter Class and all Miss Fraser's side classes. My winning neuter was Mrs. McEwan's Trenton Buster Brown. I believe this is his third win which makes him a full Premier. This was a happy

day as we motored up to Manchester and although the weather was cold it was dry and we really enjoyed the run.

Mrs. Cully the Show Manager had a lot of setbacks with judges being unable to come owing to illness. But she took it all in her stride and the show went along without a hitch.

We shall all be forgetting shows for a time and concentrating on rearing some nice healthy litters of kittens. This to my mind is always an exciting time, choosing a stud and wondering what kind of kittens your queen will have. At the moment my Rookery Nook Puff is in kitten to my Oxleys Smasher. This happened without my knowledge and I had no idea she had even been in season, so much for one's plans! Ronada April is in kitten to her old sweetheart Southway Echo. These two suit one another beautifully, and I always say, if you find a stud that suits your queen use him again. This mating produced Int. Ch. Ronada Onaway and Ronada Scheherazade, so I hope I am just as lucky with the next litter.

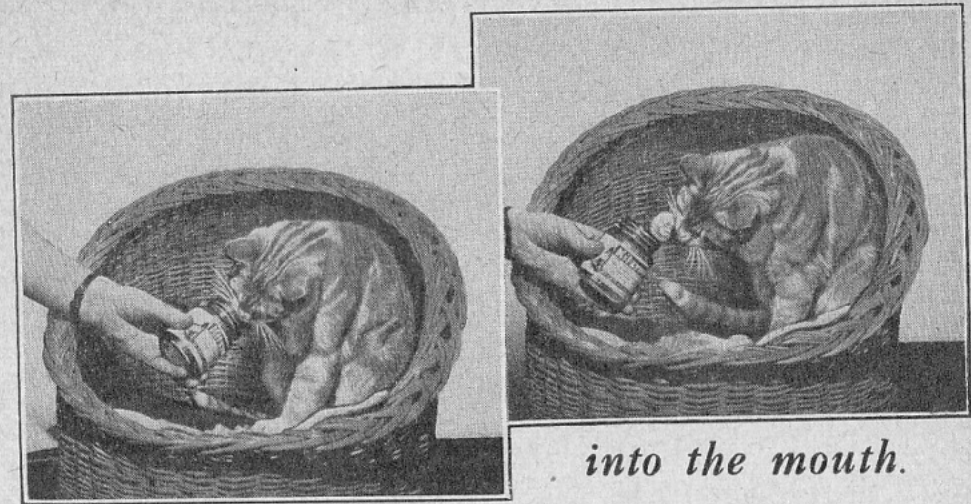
Queens have started calling early this year. Smasher is singing out for queens; he has had two this week and does not like it when they are taken away from him!



Int. Ch. Laska Van Frisia State

I have received an invitation to judge Creams and Blue-cream Kittens at the K.K. & N.C.C. Coronation Kitten Show to be held on the 31st of July at the Horticultural Hall, London. This show should prove a successful one and will, I hope, attract a large entry of kittens and Neuters. To the general public I would say please make July 31st a *must* day to visit the Horticultural Hall.

Miss Dulcie Hore, young Editress of "Cats' Monthly" in New Zealand and a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens", sends news that her little black queen is nursing three hefty blue males by her young Blue stud Lindisfarne Boy Blue. She is quite thrilled as this is Pearlie's first litter, and the first queen that Boy Blue has mated. She hopes to show the kittens under Mrs. Thompson in New Zealand on June 27th. Good luck Miss Hore. I hope your kittens do well.



into the mouth.

Out of the bottle . . .

Mr. P. Banham of Per Ardua, 25 Larkman Lane, Norwich, writes:—

"In one of your recent advertisements it was stated that Bruin, the featured cat, 'tries to get Kit-zymes from the bottle.'

Down with Bruin! Here are two photographs of my Derry, who not only tries but succeeds in getting his rations out . . . and gets them for his pal Tom as well, if allowed!

Tom does not appear in the photograph, but he, like Derry, is a 'ginger' and almost a gentleman. They have no claims to pedigree, but Kit-zyme has been just as beneficial to them as to any of your much photographed prize-taking lovelies. Their coats have a healthy gloss and their appetites never leave them!

Derry, as you see, helps himself . . . from paw to mouth! Tom, a more conservative cat, has no truck with self-service and takes his tablets from the hand. Both would take more than the suggested ration if given the opportunity and I would not hesitate to recommend Kit-zyme to other owners of ordinary household cats."

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YOUR CATS AND MINE—*from page 12.*

clean newspapers and a warm blanket. Remove mother and babes from the carton, empty out all soiled paper and replace with layers of clean newspaper. Put in the hot water bottle and blanket and place the mother and kittens back comfortably. Offer the queen a drink of warm milk. If she refuses it, put it aside. When you are sure she is quite comfortable, drop the dark cover over the front of the tea-chest and leave her to rest

and suckle her little family. Look in at intervals to see she is managing them all right, especially if it is a big litter. If you think there are too many kittens for the queen to manage so that they are all able to feed, a good idea is to take half the kittens away during the day-time for two hourly periods. They can all be with the mother during the night. They must be removed from the room in which the queen is, or she will not settle without them, and must be kept on a hot water bottle.

SIAMESE CATS

By Sydney W. France

All you want to know about

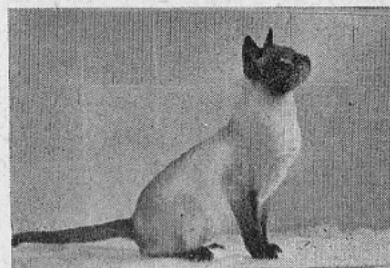
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Cats Magazine
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AT STUD

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Winner of Twelve first prizes

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Mrs. E. M. LEONARD42, WISE LANE, MILL HILL
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Telephone: Mil 4381

OUR "WILD WEST" CAT—*from page 8.*

He had many adventures, and narrow escapes. An irate neighbour cruelly shot at him with a bebe gun. Felix slunk home with the end of his tail missing! The wound healed, and he lived to be shot again,—this time in the ear! But Felix was tough! He survived even that! Was he not a Wild West Cat?

Chastisement did no good. He continued on his lawless thief and a cruel hunter outside. Until at last, alas, he came to a sad end! He was nearly nine years old when,

unfortunately, he found and ate some poisoned meat put down for a rat that had been bothering the neighbourhood. Retribution had caught up with him!

We knew we had lost a devoted pet. But the ways of civilisation were not for Felix. He had been born in the wide open spaces. His parents had been as natural and lawless as all creatures of the wild. To the end the hunting instinct remained in his blood, and he liked to "catch" his own food, even from our neighbours' kitchens! He was a Wild West cat always, and as such we still think of him!

*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*

MORTIMER'S MEMOIRS—*from page 6.*

There seemed one way only to use such a rarity as this, and that was as outstanding prizes to raise money for the pressing need of the Cats' Protection League headquarters—a *new animal ambulance* (the old one can't be further repaired). And so Mortimer and I got together!

As I write, he is sitting on a large table, surrounded by surely the most astounding gifts any cat ever received. On either side of him is a large bottle of Scotch! Behind his charming head stand, like two more sentinels, a full sized bottle of brandy and another of gin! In front of his snow white paws rests a lovely diamond and turquoise ring, and one either side cluster the following: A valuable old Sheffield cruet, an exquisite hand made lace tea cloth, THREE food parcels (two from U.S.A., one from Canada) each containing things enough to make a human's mouth water—butter, ham, fruits in syrup, sugar, candy, and what not! In the right foreground nestle two lovely pairs of nylons, and to the left two cheques for half a guinea each! ALL THESE GLORIOUS GIFTS MUST BE WON

IN CONNECTION WITH MORTIMER'S CORONATION SURPRISE!

This comprises two most interesting and amusing competitions, which anyone can enter. One is connected with "the funniest cat anecdote"—and who doesn't love talking about their cat? And every cat with character is constantly doing amusing things! Now's a chance to tell about it AND win one of those magnificent prizes! Miss Rachel Ferguson, the famous novelist, has most kindly consented to judge these entries, so lose no time and "have a go"! WRITE FOR FULL DETAILS FIRST to Mortimer, c/o The Cats' Protection League, 29, Church Street, Slough (enclosing a STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE), mark letters "PLEASE FORWARD".

Prizewinners will be announced in "Cats and Kittens" by the kindness of the Editor, and also at Mortimer's Gala Coronation Birthday Parties in London. Competitors will have priority for these invitations, so, if in London in June, ask for an invitation early (also enclosing a S.A.E.). By joining in Mortimer's Coronation Surprise you will also be helping him to continue his grand work of helping his less fortunate friends.



BLUIE

(Bred by Mrs. M. E. Kirkus,
owner of the "Suncroft" cattery)

Miss E. Smith of Orme View, Roseberry Avenue, Old Colwyn, North Wales, writes:—

"I can't describe how grateful I am for your discovery of Kit-zyme tablets.

Blueie, my blue persian cat, had suffered very badly from skin trouble for over three years. I had tried a great many 'remedies' but all were useless and it was not until I used Kit-zyme that his trouble improved. Now, after a remarkable recovery, he is the picture of health and vigour.

And Blueie loves the tablets which he 'paws' out of the bottle himself. I think Kit-zyme is wonderful and my thanks go to Phillips the makers."

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

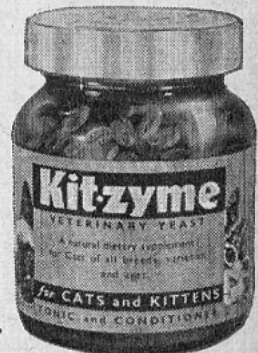
Kit-zyme

VITAMIN-RICH YEAST

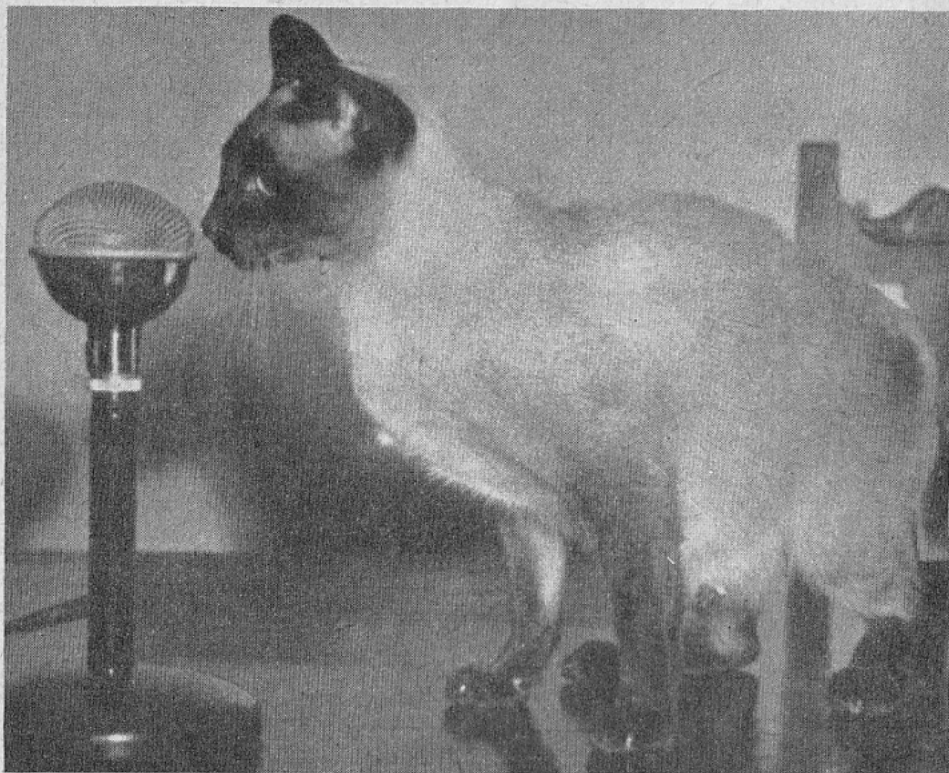
Promotes resistance to:—LISTLESSNESS, FALLING COAT, LOSS OF APPETITE, SKIN TROUBLES
50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-
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LETTERS AND PICTURES



The Princess Tai-Lu recording one of her radio programmes

St. John's Wood,
London, N.W.8.

Dear Editor,

May I, through the pages of your wonderful magazine—of which I am a regular reader—reply to all the hundreds of people all over England who have written to me about my Siamese Seal-Point Queen—The Princess Tai-Lu.

All letters will be answered in due course, but as I am replying

in rotation it may take a little time until you get yours.

Of all the many questions that you ask, "How long before Tai-Lu returns to Radio and Television?" seems to be the outstanding query.

I can tell you that her new radio series, entitled "Tai-Lu Flies Abroad" begins in the Light Programme on Sunday, 25th January.

Her new Television series will be transmitted late March or April.

TO THE EDITOR

Many of you ask whether her book "Tai-Lu Talking" published by Wm. Heinemann at 6/-, can be bought outside Great Britain. I am delighted to tell you that it can. South Africa, Canada, and New York have received copies, also my publishers tell me a number of copies went to Siam! It will also be on sale later this year in Holland, translated into Dutch.

Several ladies among you have written asking when the second Tai-Lu book will be published. "Tai-Lu Flies Abroad" as it will be called will be published during 1953—the exact day of publication I will give at a later date.

We have been greatly honoured this week by a letter from Her Majesty the Queen accepting a copy of "Tai-Lu Talking" for the Royal nursery library.

I enclose a picture of the "Princess Tai-Lu" recording one of her radio programmes which I felt may interest readers.

Again, dear Editor, may I say how absolutely delightful and instructive your magazine is to cat-lovers. As an F.Z.S. I think it one of the best periodicals on animals published to-day.

Thanking you,

Yours very sincerely,
Billy Thatcher, F.Z.S.



Mingswyk Blue Prince

Ipswich,
Suffolk.

Dear Editor,

Is this photo of my kitten (who is now a cat), shadow boxing, any use for publication? If not, I thought it might amuse you. He was best S.H. at Felixstowe earlier this month, and am showing him at the Southern Counties' Show.

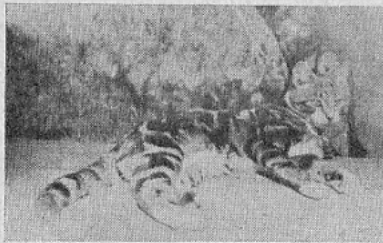
Sincerely yours,
Jose Cattermole.

Shepperton,
Middx.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing photographs of two greatly missed pets, Octave, who died following an attack by a dog, on September 17, 1950, aged 3, and Khush Rajah, who was killed on the road on September 13, 1951, two days before his first birthday. Octave was a very wild

LETTERS AND PICTURES



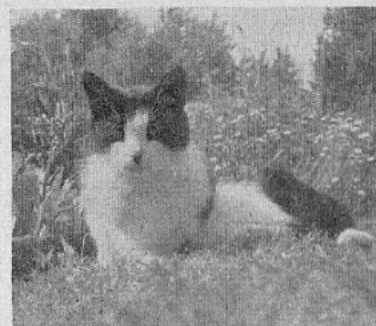
Khush Rajah (Happy Prince)

little kitten who never seemed to grow up. He was always in mischief, and was the "life and soul of the party." He had a mania for water, and wherever a tap was running, there was Octave, watching intently and giving delighted dabs. He would dive into any bowl of water and often came out smothered in soapsuds. Whenever anyone had a bath, Octave had to assist by walking round and round the top of the bath, then slithering down the sides, drawn to the water as if by a magnet. Poor little Octave died a most terrible death with real reluctance, and though hæmorrhage from his punctured kidney drained him to a shadow he went on struggling to his feet until an hour or two before he died. Towards the end he seemed almost human, and filled the house with distinct cries of "Mama! Mama!" I hope I never see another cat die such a cruel death.

Khush Rajah, the "Happy Prince," was always a little prince in behaviour, and loved everyone as much as they loved him. He was the kitten which Pixy Tim, the old Tom we took on with a new house, and had doctored, adopted as his own baby. He was more fortunate than Octave, and died as peacefully as he had lived. We found him lying serenely in the gutter, with only a tiny dent in his forehead, as if asleep. He must have been killed instantaneously. Usually Pixy Tim howls at the sight of death, and added his wails to Octave's on that day when Octave died. But though he saw me bring in Khusha's body he called only once, and showed no sign of grief. He understood that his adored kitten had met a peaceful end, and never once searched for him, though he went frantic trying to find Octave.

I know it is best to begin breeding with an adult queen, so that one can see how she has developed, but in my case my first queen will have to be a little kitten. By then Pixy Tim will already have got used to the future tabby kitten and will then have two to mother; and when the kittens want a boisterous game they will have each other instead of having to try to arouse the sedate old

TO THE EDITOR



Octave

neuter, who now has only brief spasms of kittenish behaviour.

I have kept cats (just ordinary treasured pets) for 26 years, ever since I was five, with only a fortnight's break, after one dear old 16-year-old tabby died. She was much too precious to be replaced—but a fortnight later in walked a stray, bombed-out kitten who became just as beloved in his own very different way, and is the hero of a book I wrote (unpublished) for my school pupils. We have learnt that the only thing to do when a pet dies is to get another at once—we just can't bear the empty house without them.

Pixy Tim is our one and only now. He is a lovely neuter, over six years old (birthdate unknown), and though he is no show colour he is very handsome, with black and sepia tabby markings on grey and cream. I think one of his

ancestors may have been Siamese, as he has a very loud voice and talks very volubly.

I have become so keen on taking up cats seriously that I want to begin breeding this year. I have booked a little Tom kitten to be neutered as company for Tim, who was very fond of his "little brother" as we called the future kitten's elder brother who was run over some time ago.

When the new kitten (not born yet!) has settled in I shall get a little Siamese queen so that I can breed from her. In the meantime I am learning much valuable information from "Cats and Kittens," ready for the time when I can put it to use.

Here is a tip for owners who find sand or earth toilet-trays inconvenient. When my Pixy Tim had cystitis (I have nursed him through his attacks and he is now perfectly well, with the help of our Vet's tablets) he had to be kept indoors in the warm. I tried an earth tray, but found myself bringing in mud and worms. He does not like an empty tray, so I gave him a tray with a few sheets of folded newspaper. Pixy Tim taught me how to arrange the newspaper so that after using the tray he can fold it over tidily and hygienically. The newspaper method keeps his

LETTERS AND PICTURES

feet clean too, so we do not have to mop up wet footprints or trodden-in lumps of earth or sand.

Another tip for amateurs: When cleaning the cat's ears as instructed by the Vet, a protesting cat can be managed single-handed if held the right way. It takes practice, of course, to get the cat used to it. When cleaning the left ear I hold Pixy Tim in my right arm, with his weight on my right knee, and operate with left hand, and vice versa. A chair is not always at hand just where I pick him up as he retreats, but this does not matter, as I bend the left or right knee to support him. Another method is to catch the cat as he creeps backwards, by crouching behind him and sitting astride him—not putting any weight on him, but just making it impossible for him to go further backwards. I then put one arm round him across his chest to prevent him from going forwards, and change hands so that the free one is nearest the ear to be cleaned. Of course, he is always rewarded with something nice to eat, usually a Kit-zyme tablet.

To give medicine, or tablets less tasty than Kit-zyme, I turn him on his side on the lawn (if fine), or on his back on my lap (if bad weather). If he is on

his side I pin him down with one arm, if on his back on my lap I hold him steady between my knees. I have found it easier to open cats' mouths from the front, not the sides. If the fingers are kept between the small front teeth of top and bottom jaws serious bites from bigger teeth cannot occur when the medicine is popped in at the side and the cat tries to shut his mouth in protest.

As Pixy Tim was neutered late he has all the "tiling" instincts and except for the winter lull is always in the wars—so I have had plenty of practice in nursing him through war wounds and chills caught on the tiles! The Vet provides the medicine and medical instructions, but as Pixy Tim will do nothing for anyone but me, and would not dream of seeing a Vet nowadays (he was trouble enough when the neutering was done, and he is twice that size and strength now), I have to carry out the treatment myself single-handed, and have had to learn these tricks. They may help others who happen to be alone at the time when the cat needs treatment and raises objections. Pixy Tim is becoming very patient, evidently realizing how the treatment has cured him, and now makes only the very mildest forms of protest, if any.

TO THE EDITOR

We have many foreign friends who are always impressed with the lovely cats they see in England. People from countries where cats are inferiors are amazed to see the size and condition of the commonest pets, and above all, to note how affectionate and intelligent they become through being treated like people. As a result, some cats will be treated better in countries where it is the fashion to ignore their well-being.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Evelyn Dainty.

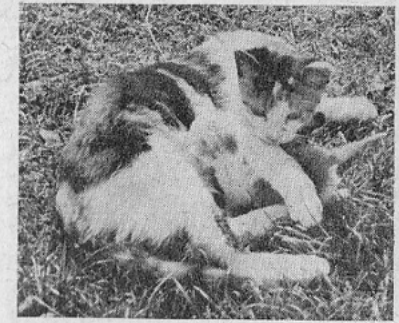
RIKKI

With gem bright eyes that dim the
sapphire's flame,
Set in a face of deepest chocolate
brown,
The dusky gloves that constitute
his paws,
His pride and arrogance worn as a
kingly crown.

He is himself, not yours, not his, not
hers;
His sustenance you gladly may
provide;
A space upon your pillow is his
right,
Upon your shoulder he may take a
ride.

All this I know, yet love him for
each prank,
That sets the household rocking by
its knees,
On velvet paws he walks into your
heart,
O naughty, sinful, well loved
Siamese.

From Marie Vyvyan,
St. Keverne, Cornwall.



Stretford, Manchester.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph which I hope you will be able to use for your magazine.

It is of my sister's cat and kitten and I photographed them on the lawn last year.

Yours sincerely,
Iola M. E. Steen.

Clifton, Bristol, S.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a snapshot of Puppet, my Red Tabby. He is one and a half years old now, and is a beautiful and healthy cat. I read with interest the article on Red Tabbies in the January edition of "Cats and Kittens." But our cat does not come from a pedigree family, yet he has deep amber eyes.

Puppet is beautifully marked and we say he has a crown, rings, bracelets and some spectacles! The deep amber fur is the same colour right down to the roots of the fur.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Puppet

I would be so pleased to see Puppet in your magazine, which I find very interesting.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) P. Bull.

Hendon, N.W.9.

Dear Editor,

We possess a Siamese cat, her name is Mandy and she is a year old. A very lovable cat, her only fault is eating wool-cardigans, blankets and woollen gloves are her favourite. She has no show points, I am afraid, her coat is very dark and patchy, has no squint, and no kink in her tail, but just the same, a very dear pet. I have enclosed some snaps which I have always meant to send for your magazine, so if you have a space for them perhaps you

will print them in your future issue. We have a lovely house, and the garden adjoins on to a park so there is no hope of a cat being run over. So if you have not found a home for Susette perhaps you will consider this letter of mine.

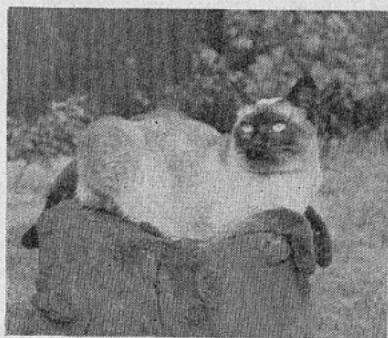
Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) R. Richards.

Bristol, 1.

Dear Editor,

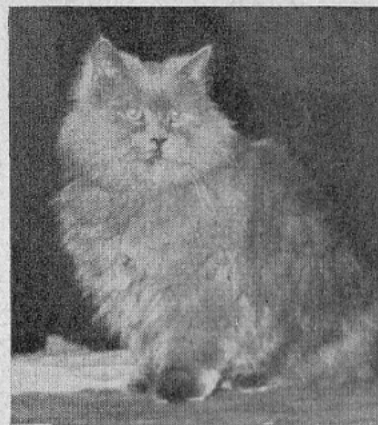
I think perhaps you will be interested to hear about our Blue Persian Neuter cat Bill.

He was given to us about 9 months ago in a kindly effort to console us for the death of our Mickie, another Blue Persian on whom we all doted, but when Bill arrived he was in a most appalling state of health with long standing snuffles and eczema and we were told that all efforts to lessen or cure the snuffles were quite futile and that it was incurable; but we



Mandy

TO THE EDITOR



Bill

felt we could not keep Bill indefinitely with snuffles and therefore he must be cured. We gave him the best and most suitable food we could, with Brand's essences twice a week. The P.D.S.A. obviously gave him the right physic, and after about 3 months, it began to lessen and he now seems quite free and clear in nose and throat. He was tapped for dropsy and nearly a quart of fluid removed, nobody thought he could survive and he was a very sad and pathetic pussy for some time, but now, as you will see from his photo, he is a very handsome cat, so grateful for what we do for him. He has a lovely coat and beautiful amber eyes so clear and healthy-looking. We have a small staff here who just adore him and have helped a lot in his recovery.

The little rhyme doesn't cover the details, so I am writing this letter. I might also say how much we all enjoy "Cats and Kittens" every month.

Yours sincerely,
A. E. Richman.

Enclosed is a picture of our darling Bill,
A Puss who has taken many a pill,
Potions and pick-me-ups, powders galore,
But now is quite fit so he takes them no more.

Lotions and ointments were put on his skin;
He suffered from eczema and was oh! so thin.
Then dropsy set in and it really seemed plain,
That Bill would soon have to be put out of pain.

We hustled him off to the P.D.S.A.,
Who looked at him sadly and shook their heads "Nay";
But all did their bit and I'm happy to say,
We hope to have Bill for many a day.

A. E. R.

Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

Dear Editor,

Having read your magazine with interest, I have decided to be bold enough to ask your advice regarding my own cat and that of a friend. My friend's cat, in the summer, had worms very badly. The Vet. gave him worm powders which after 5 or 6 doses seemed to clear the trouble. Now he has them

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Benji at 4½ months

again as bad as ever. Can it be caused by his eating too many mice and rabbits, which he catches. Or, can you tell us of anything that really will cure him of worms. The cat is a great favourite, and is often nursed by the children, and my friend is rather worried as to whether the children would get worms from the cat. As for my worry, it is that our cat Benji does at times get irritating spots under his chin and round his neck. He does not seem at all unwell with them, nor does his fur come out. Would it be caused by over-feeding, or wrong diet. He is fed mostly on rabbit, sometimes raw, sometimes boiled and mixed with

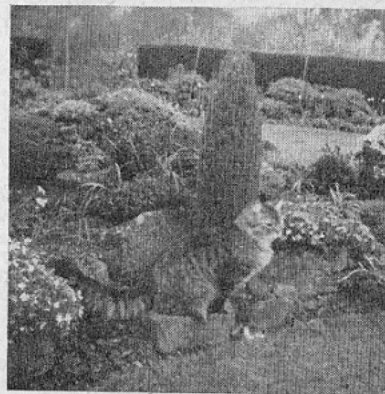
biscuit. Fish he has twice a week, liver when I can get it. Other meats he does not care for. Kit-zyme he has had since we had him at the age of 6 weeks. I am sending the photographs that you may see that he is a fine cat; he is now 1 year 9 months old. I shall be very grateful if you can advise me how to prevent him from getting these irritating spots.

Good luck and success to your magazine in the new year of 1953.

Yours sincerely,
M. Horton.

Dear Mrs. Horton,

We find that the best way of worming a cat is to obtain some Parke Davis Nema worm capsules, you will find that a good chemist will supply them and like many of the worm capsules on sale you have to have the right size capsule according



Benji at 14 months

TO THE EDITOR

to the weight of the animal to be treated, so you should know the approximate weight of your cat.

As to the spots on your cat's neck, this sounds as though it might be caused by a vitamin deficiency and I suggest you give it three compound vitamin tablets a day for about three weeks.
Editor.

Hampstead,
London, N.W.3.

Dear Editor,

Would you please be so kind as to advise us as to the best treatment for our Siamese cat who suffers from constipation. She has a cough, and has been treated for worms, but we think the real trouble is constipation, unless she also has asthma, mildly.

We would be grateful for your help.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) C. Weston.

Dear Miss Weston,

The easiest and simplest way of treating constipation in Siamese is to give them the amount of a teaspoonful of Liquid Paraffin. Insert the spoon at the side of the mouth, holding the cat firmly by the back of the neck and tip the spoon up quickly, practically none will be spilt.

That can be used any time when your cat needs it and will do no harm.
Editor.

30, Millfields Avenue, Rugby.
Dear Editor,

My wife and I are very pleased to hear that Suzette has gone to a good home, and hope that she will now be able to settle down happily. We think it a most generous gesture on your part to give her away as you have.

We are still a catless household, and I was wondering whether any reader of "Cats and Kittens" could help us to find a pair of kittens. I'm afraid a pair of pedigree kits would be too expensive for us, but I thought we might be able to find a pair of tabbies or blacks at a reasonable price, both from one litter, of course, and male for preference; also short hair, not long. We should be very pleased to hear from any reader who could help us in our quest. We feel that we should like two kittens, as they are so much more fun than one on its own, and also good company for each other.

It is now over four months since we lost our family from gastro enteritis, so it would be safe for us to replace them, but in any case I intend to have the newcomers immunised with the B. & W. vaccine.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Once again very many thanks for writing to tell us about Suzette, we appreciate your thought.

Yours sincerely,
T. D. Shillcock.

West Dulwich, S.E.21.

Dear Editor,

Thinking your magazine excellent, and realising you are an expert on cat welfare, I am wondering if you can tell me why my cat, age 6 months (a pure white short hair) sucks his knitted rug, or shawl in his basket? He purrs, and seems to enjoy it. He is neutered, healthy, and of a friendly disposition. Well fed, drinks milk, though water is always down and changed daily.

My last cat, when less than 12 months, used to do this sucking, only usually near my dachshund's loose skin by his mouth!

I daresay you know all about cat behaviour, usual and unusual, and can tell me if there is some defect in his diet causing this, or is it suppression due to being neutered at 3 months?

Can you recommend any satisfactory way of cleaning an all-white Cat? He cleans tail and back excellently, but neck and head look grey! He's brushed and combed, and I've even washed his head with soap.

"Preen" is not satisfactory, I find, just messy, and inclined to distract the cat from washing himself.

All good wishes to "Cats and Kittens."

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Joyce B. Wheen.

Dear Mrs. Wheen,

I'm afraid I can't be of help regarding your cat's habit of sucking wool. This is a habit which plenty of other cats have and no one has ever been able to offer a satisfactory reason or a satisfactory cure.

It has been said that it is caused by a vitamin deficiency, so that you could try a course of Kit-zyme tablets. Magnesium Carbonate would be a good powder to rub well in to your cat's coat and then brush out thoroughly.

The Editor.

Romford, Essex.

Dear Editor,

Just before last Christmas we acquired a five-month-old half-Persian. A dirt box was prepared on its arrival, which he used immediately without guidance, on being released from the carrier. The box is kept in the same place. He is kept in this room every night and without fail, he uses the box, although there are carpets, etc., close by.

TO THE EDITOR

But since being "doctored" a week ago, he has soiled carpets on two occasions in adjoining room during daylight, although there has been complete access to his night room.

The cat is rather nervous of people generally, never anxious yet, to visit the garden in daylight, except darkness.

Is this developing dirty habits just a stage, or maybe the after-effect of "doctoring"?

He is such a pretty creature, but we cannot help but to begin to distrust him alone about the house.

Could appreciate it very much if you can advise us on this situation with a remedy perhaps?

Yours faithfully,
L. W. Stonell.

Dear Mrs. Stonell,

It is probable that the lapses you mention are only temporary, and that by now your neutered cat will have returned to its normal clean habits.

Just for a time I suggest that you change the sanitary tray several times a day instead of the perhaps couple of times a day that you do and this should help him to "get back his medals."

Editor.

Congleton, Cheshire.

Dear Editor,

We have a three-year-old neutered Tom cat, who has a lot of skin trouble, and although we have had two Vets. to see him, the trouble (which is most certainly eczema) persists. Last summer his whole body was affected, and he lost all his fur, but towards the autumn the sores got better and he grew a new coat. This state was, however, only for a brief period, for in November the sores recurred, and now it seems he will lose his coat again.

Most of the time, of course, he is licking and scratching. His food is good and varied, boiled rabbit, fish in small amounts, and the usual cat foods, and for a long period Kit-zymes.

Now could the neutering have caused this, or could it possibly be due to worms. We do know he has worms.

If it is the latter, what do you recommend?

We would be pleased to have your advice in the hope that it will effect a cure.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) C. Worth.

Dear Mrs. Worth,

I think neither worms nor the neutering which your cat has had could cause it to have eczema.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

The only way to cure skin trouble is to take an empty tin to your chemists and to secure some sulphurated potash and mix this up in a bowl of warm lathery solution made of soft soap and put into it two lumps each as big as a walnut, which should be thoroughly dissolved in the mixture.

Give your cat a thorough bath in this solution, taking care that none gets into its eyes. Repeat this every third day until it has had three baths. It is best to have a box with a wire netting front in which the cat can be placed and then put in front of a warm fire until it is thoroughly dry.

This would cure the condition permanently, but at the same time remove and burn any of its bedding that might have been in contact whilst it was in this condition.

Editor.

London, N.W.2.

Dear Editor,

I thought your readers might be interested in this story, which comes from a cat lover in Paris. She had been obliged to bring her little cat Paton, from his home among the olive terraces of Provence, to her flat in Paris. And knew that Paton was pining for the South. At Christmas, she was given a set of wooden salad servers.

She could not understand why Paton seized the spoon, and rolled on the floor with it tight in his paws, and rubbed his head against it a dozen times. The reason suddenly dawned on her, the spoon was made of olive wood!

Yours truly,

(Miss) E. Gadd.

Letchworth, Herts.

Dear Editor,

I have a female Siamese kitten age 6 months. I would like to have her spayed. Can you advise me on these points please? (1) At what age would you advocate the operation (she has "called" once already)? (2) Is it wiser to wait for the warmer weather or do you consider this species of cat hardy enough to have the operation in winter? (3) How often do females "call" and must you keep the cat indoors always until the operation has been performed?

Thank you very much indeed,

Yours faithfully,

D. McNeill.

Dear Mrs. McNeill,

Your female Siamese can be spayed at any age and at any time of the year.

I am afraid that you will find that a Siamese female will "call" persistently and regularly. They usually "call" for

TO THE EDITOR

about fourteen days and there is sometimes, and in fact usually, about fourteen days between the "calls." The mating season will be starting shortly and the frequency of the "calls" will be greater in the spring than in the autumn and winter.

Editor.

Roehampton, S.W.15.

Dear Editor,

As a regular reader of "Cats and Kittens" I wonder if you can give me some advice. We have two kittens who are nearly four months old. Although they have a garden to play in and a pan indoors on which to

sit, they still occasionally make messes behind the gas stove and in all corners of the kitchen.

I wonder if you would be good enough to tell me how to cure them of this habit.

Yours faithfully,

Peter Bonavia (aged 14).

Dear Peter Bonavia,

I should try using peat moss in your cats' sanitary tray and changing it several times a day.

When the part behind the gas stove has been washed and cleaned, it would be a good idea to sprinkle pepper there.

Editor.



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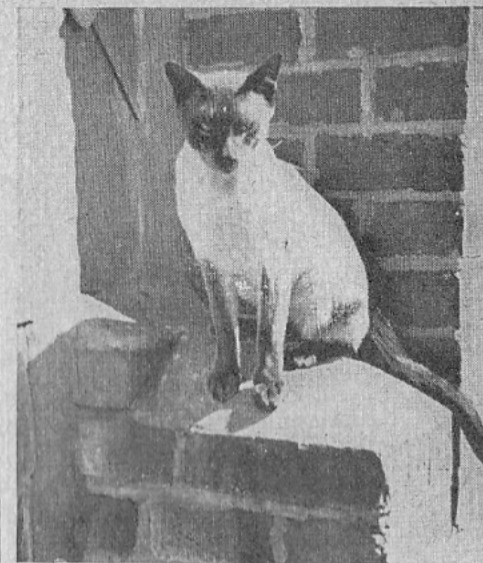
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