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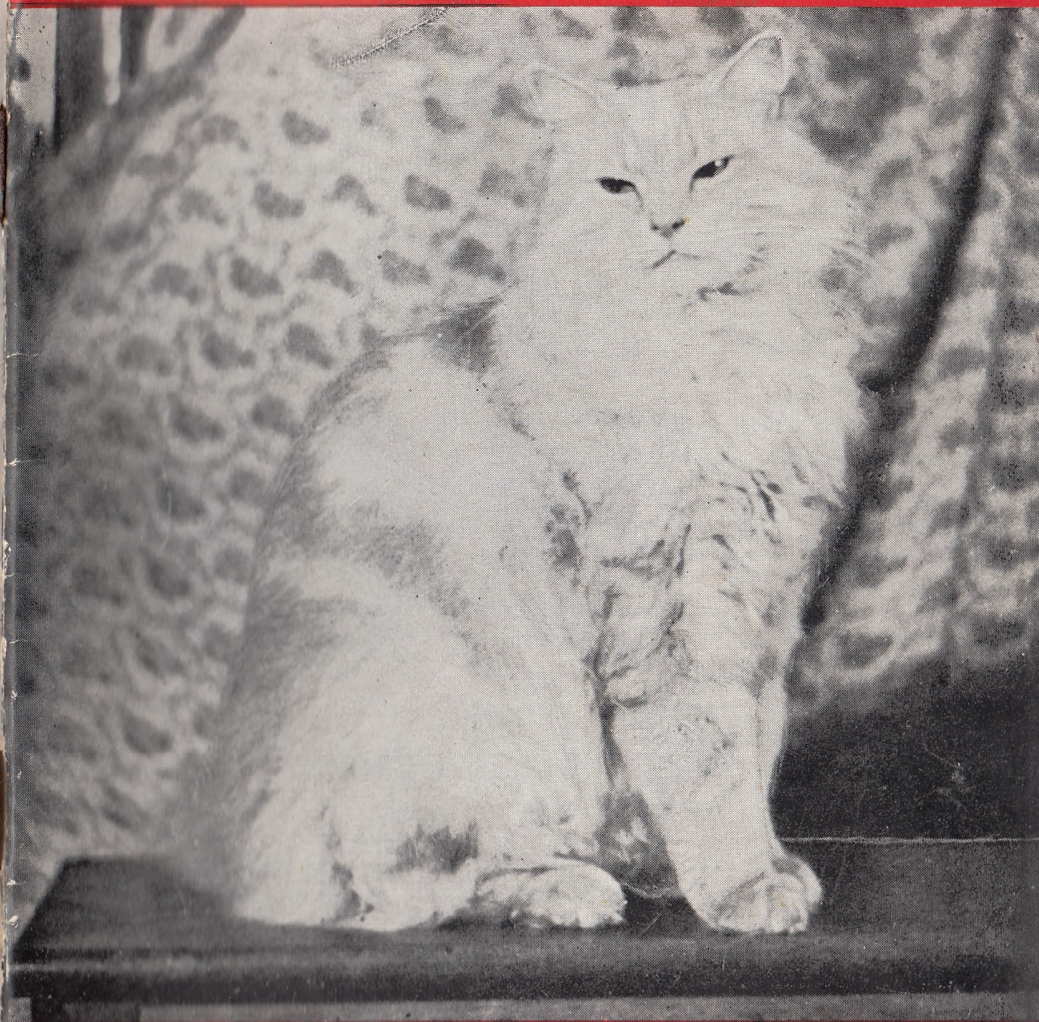
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C A T S

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JUNE

1953

MONTHLY

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices : 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JUNE, 1953

CANDID COMMENTS

BY SYDNEY W. FRANCE

A WEEKLY journal has been devoting more of its space than it usually does to correspondence from cat breeders and experts interested in the genetics of cat breeding because recently the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy suggested a separate register of experimentally-bred cats.

Thank goodness your columnist is left unmoved by all this, to him a Siamese cat is the sort of cat which was first imported into this country just seventy years ago, one with blue eyes, seal face and forelegs and tail, and light fawn body. There is talk nowadays about Blue Point, Chocolate Point and now Red

Point Siamese. Dr. Norah Archer has been foremost in the breeding of the Red Point variety of Siamese.

This variety of so called Siamese Cats is said to have been started from mating a short-haired Red male to the Seal Point Siamese. Well, how on earth any progeny resulting from that mating can be regarded as Siamese is just past my understanding. That's how it appears to be, but perhaps that's one of the reasons that the Governing Council are trying to get the position regularized. I should think the best thing to do is to leave the registration of cats exactly how it is at present but to revive

The Cover Photograph is of Miss Betty Swanwick's
Pink Persian, LIONEL

the Experimental Breeders' Club which was in existence in the early 1930's, and let the Experimental Breeders' Club have a register of these various cross-matings.

Further reflection on April's annual general meeting of the Siamese Cat Club gives rise to the posing of an intriguing little problem. There were vacancies on the committee and for delegates to the Governing Council. One of the candidates stood both for the committee and as a delegate to the Governing Council, to be unsuccessful for the committee but to be returned as a delegate. Now comes the poser! The delegate is cut off from all contact with the club except at 1954's annual general meeting, yet it would be wrong for this delegate to be co-opted on to the committee, as the annual

general meeting had made it clear by vote that the candidate was acceptable to them as a delegate but not as a committee member. Thus it would be going against members' wishes to co-opt. It is quite a quandary is it not?

The popular Sandy Agricultural Show has for many years had a cat section which has not only attracted a large number of entries but a record number of spectators. Last year this popular event failed to gain championship status from the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy and I am happy to report that for this year the Governing Council has afforded Championship status, so that Mr. Brian Porter, F.A.I., its popular secretary, can look forward to many exhibitors and a good gate from the cat world.

Methusalah of the Cat World

OLD Tom, faithful mouser at McFarlane's grocery store, Montrose, Scotland, has died in his twenty-fourth year of age.

A previous owner of the business, ex-Bailie George Keir, was given Tom as a kitten by a customer. He made the shop his home, had his own special chair, and for close on quarter of a century received the adulation of countless children while their

mothers purchased their provisions.

Out of shopping hours, Tom would adjourn to the office with Mr. Keir, sitting on his shoulder while he pored over the books. After Mr. Keir's retirement, Tom stayed on at the shop, from which he had only been absent one night in his long life—when he was accidentally locked up next door!

TALKING ABOUT CATS

BY ARCHIE JACKSON

IF you ever go to India you will see the Cheeta. This large leopard cat is an amusing fellow. When he is caught at the beginning he is as wild as the Wild Man of Borneo. But they have a quaint way of curing him of that sort of thing. All the ladies in the household take turns to keep him awake by constantly talking to him. It works. In next to no time he just learns to behave himself in the usual way and, yawning slightly, turns to the wall with the Cheeta-cat equivalent to a 'Yes, dear' or 'No, darling' and tries to snatch a spot of sleep. The Cheeta actually goes to bed with its keeper, and they sleep under the same blanket. They say one of the most amusing sights in the East is to see a man-sized Cheeta sitting up in bed, a sleepy eyed old man in a nightcap with the tassel hanging over his nose. This nightcap and tassel are a patent arrangement to sooth the savage beast. For some strange reason this dangling tickling business over his head seems to introduce a domestic element of contentment.

Talking about cats makes me think of the little stiff figure that occupies a glass case in a

museum not twenty miles from where I sit. Whenever I make a trip in that direction I always go back to see this particular survival of an age that is separated from us by about 40 centuries. . . . for my little museum friend is a mummified kitten. He would still be playing with the copper skinned Egyptian children when he died, or was accidentally killed. I often try to see through the mist of so many centuries and catch a glimpse of the silent black haired youngsters standing round with big wet blobby tears hanging on their eyelashes as Father Egypt sadly lifts the little broken body of the kitten, and Mother Egypt wonders what dainty she can cook to take their minds off the minor tragedy.

That stiff little figure that was centuries old centuries ago—standing like a very small soldier on parade—would bring back memories to those Egyptians for the rest of their lives. When the children became grandfathers, and grandmothers, and when their grandchildren grew up . . . "Old gran. used to play with it," they'd say when visitors came around. I often wonder

what sort of folks those ancient Egyptians were who were so notoriously fond of cats! They'd be having trouble with the Israelites about them, perhaps: or maybe the Plaques were bothering them. The children would be worried about their homework. Still—history wasn't so difficult then—1066 and Wm. the Conqueror and all that sort of thing were still well ahead of their time. Geography was full of undiscovered places. Euclid—the pest of all youthful lives—had not yet started to play tricks with figures, and lines, and triangles.

As I like better to listen to people than to talk myself I often bring up the subject of cats when the conversation threatens to peter out. It always has the desired effect. "Talking about cats—" says the stout chap. "Reminds me of my Aunt Beannie and her—" interrupts the thin fellow. And then the man who seldom ever speaks at all begins to show signs of still being concious. Everybody wants to talk about cats. Most of us have kept dogs: everybody seems to have owned a cat at one time or another.

Mrs. Houseproud arranges her new home thus:—"I'll have a tapestried wall effect instead of a patterned paper. I'll have two literary busts on

the mantelpiece . . . and a chocolate coloured rug at the fireplace to go with Ginger's yellow caat." The home is never complete until the cat washes his face before the fire in the new house. Cats are proud animals and they sometimes prefer the old house to the new. I have known cases where they have changed masters just to remain in the old haunts they'd become so attached to.

They tell a classic story about the poetess Browning when she was off her food and very ill. Her pet watched her rejecting all the things that were offered to her until, exasperated at the lack of comprehension in humans, he opened his own secret larder and produced the freshest piece of meat he had in pickle. This delicacy, a decapitated mouse, he laid carefully and proudly upon the counterpane. I have also heard of a cat that was trained to sit at the table and face the routine courses with all the proper implements in their correct order. They say a white cat ignores music. I worked with an architect who claimed that his mother's cat could die for its country, stand on its hindlegs for the National Anthem and spit like a Guy Fawkes cracker at the playing of the Red Flag.

It is interesting to take a look through our library in search of literary references. I don't mean the usual Encyclopedia stuff. You wouldn't recognise your cat after the Britannica was finished with it. An old favourite novelist called G. R. Sim, one of the giants of fifty years ago, was once very sick in bed. He couldn't move. The sun was shining into his eyes and causing him great discomfort. His cat was sitting watching him . . . Yes! Yes! You've guessed it. It pulled down the blind. This is the man who said he never went his to church again after hearing Vicar telling tall stories about dogs. He told another one that might be true. In an old Scotch grocers' shop in a remote village, the English visitor was shocked to see the cat licking the end of the Ham where it had just been sliced. She remonstrated. The old Scotch grocer misunderstood her concern. "Dinna worry, ma'm, th' ham will dae him nae harm. Bauldy has to sample aw thing that comes in." Which reminds us of the titled lady exclaiming, when her pet dog took a piece

out of her footman's leg, "Oh dear, I hope it won't make him sick."

W. J. Locke once wrote a book called "SIMON THE JESTER"—all about an eccentric Professor, a sort of theatrical cat king, and a beautiful woman who appeared on the stage with the feline beauties. It was a grand story—and if you can dig it out of the library shelves it will give a great deal of pleasure to all cat lovers who enjoy a good piece of literature. P. G. Wodehouse in his Mulliner stories introduces some wonderful cats. Do you remember the one about the Bishop leaving his cat with his nephew? The effect that dignified and ecclesiastical cat had on young Mr. Mulliner was truly terrific. There is a hypnotic quality in the eyes of a cat that makes you wonder. I once had an old cat called Hector who sat and stared into the faces of our visitors until they could stand it no longer. They invariably went to the nearest mirror to see what was wrong. When they did that old Hector curled up and went contentedly to sleep. His victory was won.

CATS AND HEDGEHOGS

BY V. PAYZE BLAIR

CONTRARY to general belief cats and hedgehogs get on well together; the urchins, to give them their old West Country name, make good pets—they are friendly, alert and one of their most attractive features is that they appear to be devoid of all fear. Like the robins, they trust you on sight, showing an infinite belief in the kindness of man.

I first saw our "Herbert" in the dusk of a March evening trotting swiftly down the rocky steps . . . Queenie-cat saw him before I did, she ran after him and when he turned himself into a ball she was astonished. I picked her up and after a while Herbert uncurled and sniffed and grunted across the lawn on the hunt for worms, foraged under the stones of the lily-pool for small frogs and beetles, then gripping the edge of the low bird bath with his inky front paws he raised himself up to lap the water with a lot of snuffling and bubble-blowing down his long pointed snout. I let the cat follow him and she seemed amused at his antics.

He had probably come out of Epping Forest or from the old farm in the woods where the

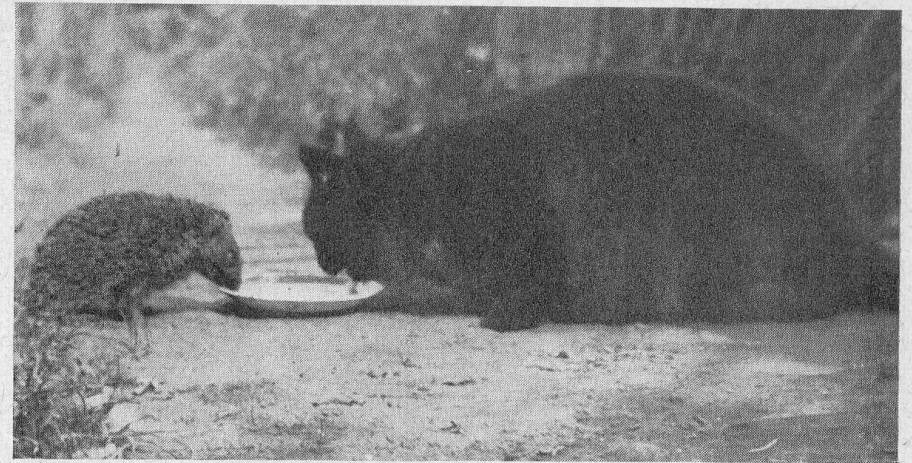
farmer said he has very often seen litters as large as twelve young hedgehogs in his clover fields—the tiniest things, like sugar mice without tails.

The next night I put down a saucer of milk. It was moonlight before he arrived leisurely poking and nosing about until he scented it, then twitching his nose he made an eager dash and was soon lapping hard with his little pink tongue. Urchins can rarely resist milk and there is an old West Country belief that they will suck it from cows left out in the fields at night. It is certainly the best bait if you want to try and tame one for it wasn't long before Herbert scuttled up through the open kitchen door in search of the enticing saucer which I had placed nearer and nearer the house each successive night.

He was quite indifferent to the cats and soon shared a dish with Stinker, the black tom.

Then one night he decided to sleep behind the kitchen boiler until the morning when he came out yawning at the first rattle of tea-cups.

Hedgehogs are generally supposed to be full of fleas, but Herbert's variety must have



Copyright photo. by the author

Herbert the Hedgehog shares a saucer of milk with Stinker, the black Tomcat.

been of the affectionate kind for they never left him; he was clean, too, in his habits—if he didn't go out of doors of his own accord I shovelled him up on to a shovel and put him in the garden. He has a bed in a dark corner of the kitchen and doesn't hibernate in the winter like those in the wild.

Urchins eat anything from a slug to a partridge and the tame ones are inclined to overeat themselves so food shouldn't be left about otherwise they help themselves too liberally—with unpleasant results.

They are nocturnal little creatures, lovers of the night, and go their inquisitive way confident in their armour of spines—when walking about the quills lie flat, but when they roll up with nose and feet tucked away the spines point outwards in every direction. Like most of his kind, our Herbert is an individualist—friendly to all but servant to none; he has a mind of his own and settles his affairs with a quaint self-assurance, coming and going at will but always returning sooner or later.

Both Queenie-cat and Stinker have accepted him as a peculiar kind of brother!

A CAT'S DEVOTION

BY VIOLET DEERING

MUCH has been written regarding the sagacity of cats—which in the opinion of many people far exceeds that of dogs.

While staying in County Kilkenny I witnessed a most remarkable display of feline intelligence.

Every day a white cat roamed the garden and the vicinity of the house. Despite the fact that food and milk were regularly placed outside the kitchen, nothing would induce her to come inside. On making inquiries, I discovered that she had belonged to a former occupant, and (my informant said) she had now gone 'wild.'

I did my utmost to make friends, and at last had some success, for after some weeks, instead of running away on my approach, she would stand her ground until I came too near, when she would immediately take fright and bolt. However, by degrees I gained her confidence to such an extent that she would actually allow me to stroke her.

Some time later she disappeared for weeks and I wondered what had become of

her, until one morning I heard a cat crying outside the kitchen. On opening the door, I saw her—but how altered! She had become a mere shadow of her former lovely self, and seemed scarcely able to walk. She mewed pitiously as she regarded me. Then she dragged herself some little distance, stopped, and looked back at me. I followed and she continued her painful crawl, pausing every now and again to look back at me. She was so obviously trying to get me to follow her that I went on, and she led me to some steps, across the meadow, towards the edge of the wood.

Here she stopped, and began mewling; then out of a rabbit-hole came the loveliest white kitten—a bundle of fluff, it looked like. I tried to pick it up, but it spat at me and ran back into the hole.

I returned to the house for some milk, and placing the saucer outside the hole, retired to a distance. It greedily lapped the milk, but the old cat refused to touch any. I could see that she was very ill indeed, and seemed to experience difficulty in breathing. But there was nothing I could

do, for I could not catch the kitten and the mother would not come indoors: so leaving a supply of food and milk, I was reluctantly compelled to leave them.

The next morning she again appeared at the kitchen door, and once more she led me up the steps—I saw that she had brought the kitten to the top of the steps, but it fled into the long grass as I approached.

Once more the cat mewed, and the kitten crept out and sat watching my every movement. I stroked the old cat, and she even allowed me to take her on my lap as I sat on the top step. I was miles out in the heart of the country, (and a newcomer); I had no one to send for a vet, even had I known where to find one. I am quite convinced that the cat allowed me to nurse her in my lap in order to show the kitten that it need not be afraid of me, for, after a while the little creature timidly crept nearer. I soon succeeded in soothing its fears, and in a minute or so it was nestling in my lap beside its mother.

I sat there with them for the better part of an hour, when, suddenly, the old cat crawled off my lap and dragged herself down the steps—looking back

occasionally as she waited for me to follow. I did so, still holding the kitten (now purring happily) and she led me to the kitchen door. She waited until I had reached the spot, when—taking no further notice of the kitten—she crawled painfully towards the hedge. Before disappearing into the bushes she turned and gave me a look.

Never shall I forget that look—the expression in the cat's eyes was almost human, and told me plainer than any speech that she knew she was dying and could no longer feed the kitten, and trusted me to look after it.

Poor little creature—that was the last I saw of her—for from the moment she went through the hedge, I never set eyes on her again, even though I searched the place daily, taking the kitten with me, in an effort to attract her attention.

We called the kitten Snowball and it became the household pet. He grew into a really beautiful cat, but the memory of that old cat (whose name I never knew) will always remain with me as a shining example of unselfish, unchanging and undying mother love!



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

(BREEDER AND INTERNATIONAL JUDGE).

IN the April issue of Cats and Kittens, I stated that the Best in Show winner at Leeds Show, Beamsley Moon Mist, was sired by Beamsley Richard. Such is not the case, Moon Mist owns Ch. Thiepval Wanderer as her sire. My sincere apologies to Wanderer, also to Mrs. Culley, his owner.

I have received a very interesting letter from Mrs. Smith, breeder of Moon Mist, of Otley, Yorkshire. She tells me that she always enjoys reading my Blue Notes and has sent along her news. Firstly, there are two new additions to the Beamsley Cattery. The first is Berrett Casanova, the lovely blue male kitten who did so well at the Blue Persian Show last October. This male should prove an ideal out cross for queens in the North of England. Secondly Mrs. Smith has purchased one of the lovely Blue-creams mentioned in my notes in the April issue of Cats and Kittens. She is by Ch. Bay-horne Minton and is to be mated to my Oxleys Smasher

when she is ready. The kittens should be good from this mating, as both are very pale blue.

Mrs. Smith's queen Valley End Shot Silk is rearing a litter of six by Ch. Astra of Pensford. There are three Creams, two Blues and a Blue-cream. Last year Shot Silk had eleven kittens in two litters and reared ten, so the little lady seems as if she is going to do as well this year.

I have received a schedule for the Seacroft Show, which is being held at Killingbeck Park, Leeds, on Saturday, June 27th. There is a very generous classification for cats, and anyone wanting a schedule should write to Mrs. E. W. Taylor, Rowley Grange Cottages, Scarcroft, Leeds. Mr. C. M. Lamb is judging the Short-hairs. Miss Wentworth Fitzwilliam the Siamese and myself all the Long-hairs.

The next show after this is the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club's show, which

Please turn to page 17.



Loyal Greetings

to

Her Majesty

the Queen



June 2nd, 1953

Elizabeth R
1953

YOUR CATS AND MINE

BY LILIAN FRANCE

RETURNING from an evening walk, my husband and I stopped and held our breath as a long haired cat streaked across the road in front of an oncoming lorry. But the lorry slowed down and stopped. Puss had the right of way. He had used the zebra crossing!

We have again visited our new import, the Burmese male, Casa Gatos Dar-Kee, in quarantine. He enjoyed our visit and the rabbit we took for him, and appears to have put on a little weight. There is only one other cat there at present, a black tom, who has spent eight months in quarantine as his owners have not yet been able to find a home together. What a long time to spend away from his humans. It does seem sad. I know how gladly we shall fetch Dar-Kee home the very moment we can.

As I write, six Burmese kittens and two Siamese are dashing around me. The Burmese are much less shy than the Siamese and settle much more easily when I bring them in for weaning. The Burmese are quite at home in a couple of days, but the Siamese are much more nervous and hide

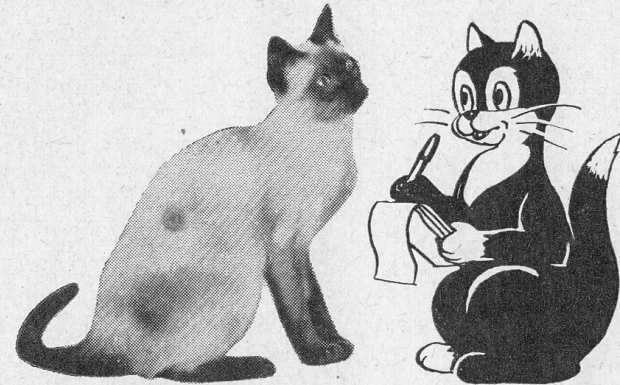
away if one wants to pick them up. I handle them very gently so that they will know humans won't hurt them. Although I can't rear all my kittens in the house, I like to have them in for a time before they go to new homes, so that they will feel less strange.

How the cats and kittens enjoy the sunshine! After the adult cats who have wired runs have had their outings, I like to let all the kittens in to the garden to play. Their scamperings are completely sweet and I could watch them all day if I had time. It is lovely for kittens to be born in early spring so that as soon as the weather is really warm, they can spend their days happily in the garden, building up reserves of sunshine for our dark winter.

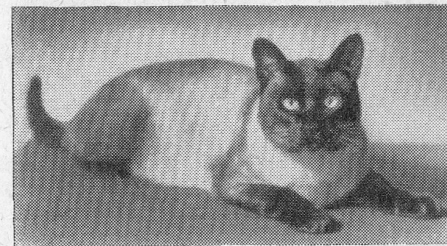
During the nice weather, stud cats are rather troublesome, especially if one has a calling queen about, as one can hardly shut them up, although I sometimes feel I ought to do so. When six of them are shouting in different keys, believe me, it is almost more than I can stand. I know many people are tempted to have a stud just for their own queens and for the

Please turn to page 17.

TIBS REPORTER SPOTS A WINNER



Tibs reporter, Tibby, has a flair for a scoop, and here he is on the scent of a future champion. Shah Jehan, a magnificent seal-pointed Siamese, owned by Mrs. Vincent of Park Road, Woking, Surrey, has a record of which any cat might boast.



Shah showed us this photograph of himself after the National Cat Club Championship in 1951. Like many other prize-winners Shah has had one advantage. Mrs. Vincent is a firm believer in Tibs, and recommends them as a source of vitamins and minerals. She knows how they help towards those hall-marks of champions—shining coats, brilliant eyes, and general good health.

Now that it is again possible to build without restrictions, Mrs. Vincent is on the look-out for land. She has plans for what she hopes will be the finest cattery in the country, so here's to her every possible success!

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ALICE GROWS UP

BY HUMPHRY BULLOCK

ALICE, our Siamese, is now nearly a year old. She has picked up rapidly after her near-fatal illness at Christmas (Young Lady of Siam, Cats and Kittens, April, 1953). She has had her "operation," too, and very quickly got over that also. In fact she has put on weight so steadily that some of the family describe her as fat—most unjustly in my opinion.

As soon as the dry spell came with the spring Alice began to taste the delights of the great open spaces, in the shape of our small back garden. So far she has not developed into a cunning stalker like Nicholas her predecessor, but she has hardly had the chance yet. Most of her leaps and springs have been aimed at bees rather than birds, though she spends quite a lot of time hiding in a bed of wallflowers gazing raptly at the neighbour's pigeons.

It is always interesting to see what a Siamese fancies in the way of diet. Only once have we tried her with a proprietary brand of cats' food. She would not touch it. Fish-heads, and lights from the butcher, are her staple subsistence. Bread and milk though acceptable as a supper-time snack or as substi-

tute for early morning tea is by no means always polished off completely. Any scraps of egg are highly popular, so is bread and butter (not margarine) at teatime; but cake is eaten only if home-made with real eggs—no "bought" cakes and pastries for our young lady. As we have cream regularly Alice gets the dish to lick at least once a day, and as the washer-up of this house I must say that she does the preliminary cleaning as thoroughly as I complete it.

Perhaps her most diverting development up to date is the game she has invented all by herself, of bringing one something to throw, dashing after it into a far corner of the room, and retrieving it like a well-trained gun-dog. There are no half-measures about the retrieving, either. She brings the missile in her mouth and either lays it at one's feet or, if we do not display immediate energy, jumps right into one's lap and even drops it into the hand. The toy most favoured for this game, which she keeps up until tired out, is a small ball of silver paper; and every time Master opens a packet of cigarettes he finds Alice's watchful eye fixed upon him in

case the packet is now emptied and a new game is about to start.

An alternative toy for the sport of retrieving is a plastic jumping grasshopper with springy wire legs, bought at Woolworth's at Christmas to entertain young nephews and nieces but soon adopted by Alice as her very own Christmas present. When utterly bored, as in wet weather, she goes to the shoe-cupboard in

the bedroom and extricates a furry bedroom slipper. With this in her mouth—it is nearly as large and heavy as herself—she bumps up and down the stairs and through the house in a progress sounding as if a whole family of ghosts were on the move.

I wonder what she will think up next! Like a successful general in war, a Siamese cat has a proper appreciation of the effectiveness of surprise.



We're fine thanks!

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THE WILD BLACK CAT

BY CLARE MEADMORE

CATS are well-known camp-followers and in the Orkneys during the war, there was a substantial quota of cats attached to all the camps on all the islands. Some of them were wild, some were tame, and at least one was half-and-half.

Beautiful was a tame cat attached to our mess. She was a splendid animal, heavily well-fed, and with eyes like two harvest moons.

She had a playmate, another black cat, smaller, lighter, in whose narrow eyes the flame of wariness always flickered. For *this* cat would bolt into the blue at the mere sight of a human being.

But as winter passed into spring Beautiful lost interest in play and the wild cat was treated with indifference when she rolled on her back invitingly. Beautiful produced two kittens and spent all her time behind an old chest-of-drawers in the common-room.

This room was not much used by day, but now and then someone would go that way

and hear a scuffle and be startled by a black streak flying out.

If you sat quietly alone in the room a black face would come and peep round the corner of the door. Raise your head and it was gone. But not for long. Fear of humans and distrust of the inside of a building were gradually being overcome in the wild cat. Her need for company and urge to play were so great that, finally, if we sat still, we would be treated to the spectacle of the wild cat rolling over and over on the floor with the kittens. Beautiful would sit complacently looking on.

A too-sudden move on the part of any one of us and the wild cat was under a piece of furniture, or out of the door. She never made friends with us and the price she thought necessary to pay for her fun was eternal watchfulness, even in her wildest games. By pretending not to see her we probably made her as tame as she was ever likely to be.

YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 12.

convenience of not having to send out, but the public stud owner does a good service to the Fancy by having mature studs ready for use when you want them and by bringing up young studs, often trying them out on her own queens to see what kind of kittens they produce. If I only had a couple of queens, I should certainly never keep my own stud and should be very grateful to be able to send to a good male as I required. The stud owner has to keep her male all year, but she cannot be getting stud work all the year round. I think an inclusive price is

best for a mating, one to cover all costs, such as return carriage and phone calls. This cuts out the person who waits to see how much the stamps are on the basket and refunds that amount to the penny. One lady added threepence to the stud fee for return carriage. I told her when sending the pedigree about it but never had a reply. I also think cats not in season when they arrive should have a nominal charge made for them. The stud owner has to feed and clean them and also, it takes far more time up than a queen who *is* calling, for one keeps hoping she may come into season or may only temporarily have been put off.

BLUE NOTES—

from page 10.

is being held in the Old Horticultural Hall, Westminster, on July 31st. Show Manager is Mrs. Vize.

News has reached me that the lovely male Ch. Myoune Gallant Homme, exported to France by Mrs. Vize, was awarded the honour of Best in Show at Turin, Italy, on April 12th, the judge was Mille Coste. This male won consistently in England and it seems as if he

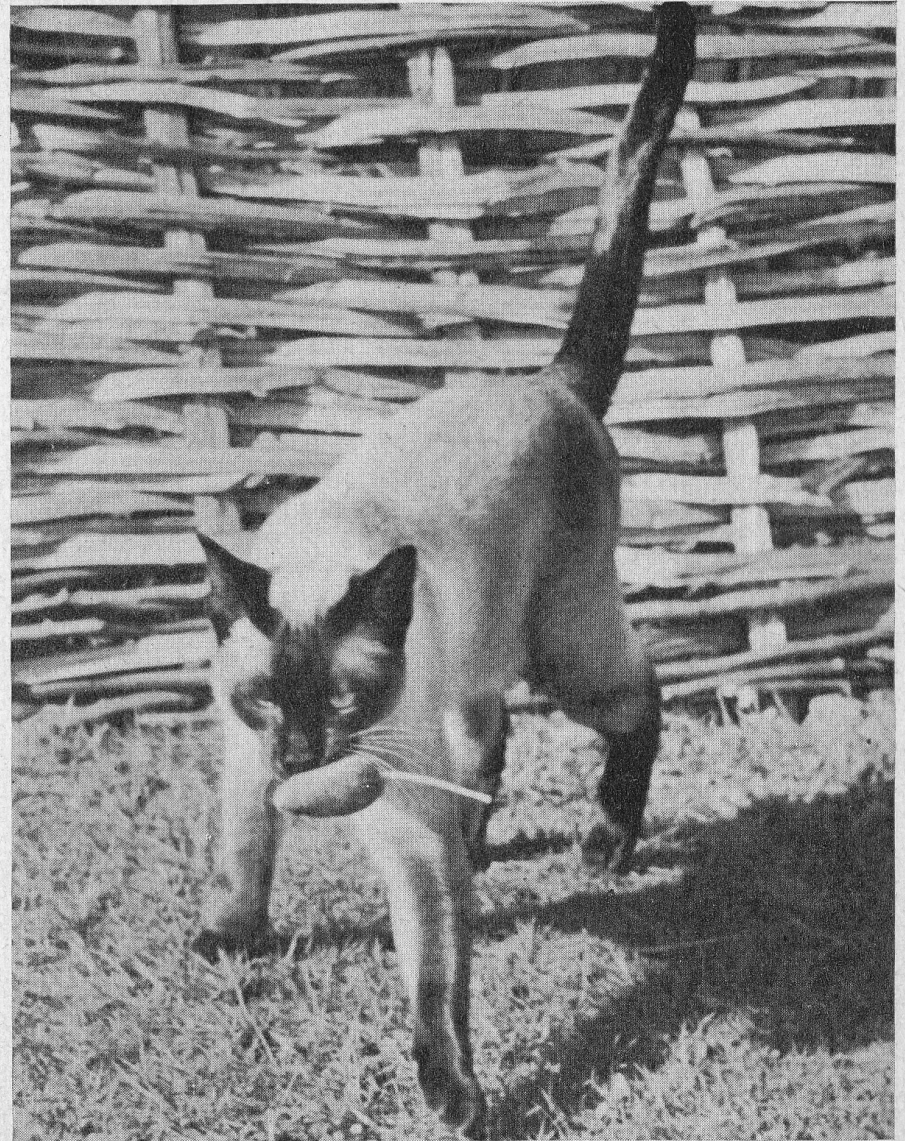
is going to do the same on the Continent. The very best of luck to his new owner.

Mrs. Dulcie Hore of New Zealand tells me that there is great excitement at the so-longed-for visit of Mrs. Joan Thompson, who is on her way to judge for them. Judging by the programme that is mapped out for Joan, she is going to be very busy and should have a wonderful time. I am sure we all wish Joan the best of luck, but it will be nice to have her home again.

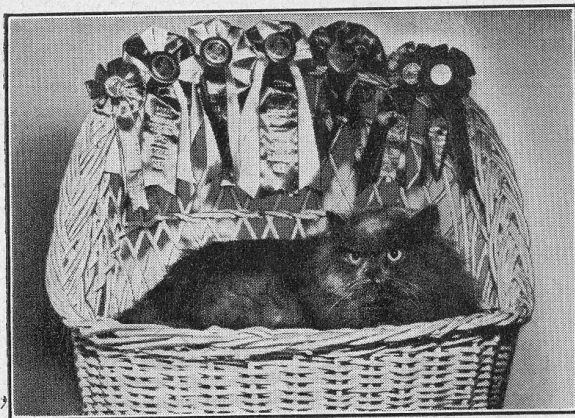


Wool Gathering

Photo. Edwin Mitchell.



Rockford Simon, bred by Mrs. Smith, Leicester, in training !



TONY

(Grand and Double Champion Maple Leaf's Antoine of Khyber) with a few of his ribbons.

Mrs. Harold Lee of
159 Tuxedo Avenue S.,
Hamilton, Ontario,
Canada, writes:—

"Would you please despatch my order for Kit-zyme immediately or I fear I am going to be out of the tablets before the new ones arrive.

I have no doubt that some members of my cat family will, if necessary, condescend to take ordinary yeast tablets as a temporary measure, but dear old Tony—the subject of my photograph—simply refuses anything but the best and demands his Kit-zyme. And if, on occasion, he decides that he doesn't want his dinner, all I have to do is crush a couple of tablets and sprinkle over his meat . . . it always goes down fast then!

Before Tony came to make his home with me and my other cats—amongst which, incidentally, are some of his children—he was very famous at Cat Shows both in Canada and the U.S.A., when exhibited by his owner Mrs. M. Pugh of Toronto. Although now an "older gentleman," Tony is still in wonderful condition and I am sure it is the regular use of Kit-zyme that keeps him so fit.

By the way, it is not only English Cats that help themselves from the Kit-zyme tin. My two Siamese do this and the Persians sit around and wait for the inevitable tablet or two that slip through their paws."

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



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

50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-
KIT-ZYME is sold by Chemists and most Pet-Stores

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If any difficulty in obtaining, write to:

PHILLIPS YEAST PRODUCTS LTD., Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Stoulton,
nr. Worcester.

Dear Editor,

I was very surprised, and I can assure you extremely grieved to see in the May issue of "Cats and Kittens" an article by a doctor entitled "The Guinea-Pig Cat."

I have been taking your paper for several years, because I have always thought your paper was run by cat lovers for cat lovers. Not merely for cat breeders, who are not cat lovers but have a commercial interest in cats.

That article by Dr. L. R. C. Haward is very misleading. If any cats or other animals are well treated in laboratories, it is most unusual. The great majority of animals in laboratories are subjected to the most cruel experiments in the name of science. Your Dr. L. R. C. Haward knows this quite well. That article was probably written deliberately to mislead people who know little about vivisection into thinking that animals sent to laboratories do not suffer.

Most real animal lovers are anti-vivisectionists, and wish to get the law permitting vivisection annulled. It is a disgrace to humanity that such a law permitting cruel experiments was ever passed.

Men have a moral responsibility towards animals. No good, moreover, has ever resulted from these vile experiments by doctors and licensed so-called scientists.

I certainly would have expected you to be opposed to vivisection. I should be interested to know. I think many more of your readers will also be surprised at that misleading article.

I am, Sir,

Yours very truly,
Matthias R. von Holst.

Editor's Note:—

Our correspondent has read into Dr. Haward's article "The Guinea-Pig Cat" which appeared in our May issue, a great deal that was not there to read.

Before publishing this feature we ourselves read it very carefully, and it was obvious to us that such experiments as were taking place at the place which our contributor described were for the purpose of studying animal behaviour. Never once was there any mention of vivisection. Had there been, our correspondent may rest assured that we should have had nothing to do with the feature.

It has been our consistent policy to avoid printing anything of such a nature, or any photographs of such a nature,

LETTERS AND PICTURES

and we do believe that no ill happens to the cats which our contributor mentions.

Incidentally I'm afraid Mr. von Holst will call down the wrath of the breeders on his head for saying "who are not cat lovers but have a commercial interest in cats." In my experience cat breeders are real cat lovers and it is not the commercial interest which counts as most of them, I am sure, never make breeding pay and put in lots of hard work.

The well-known Red Tabby stud Rivoli Rogue is with his owner Mrs. C. M. H. Bridford, at Little Choppyng Farm, Coddendam, near Ipswich, Suffolk. We are indebted to Charles Franklyn, Esq., of Wickham Hill House, Hassocks, Sussex, for this information.

—*Editor.*

Wells, Somerset.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of my Siamese neuter-male Andy. He is a seal point and is two and a half years old. I do hope the photo is printable as I should love to see Andy in an edition of your delightful little magazine. Wishing you every success for the future.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) Patricia Hubbard.



Andy

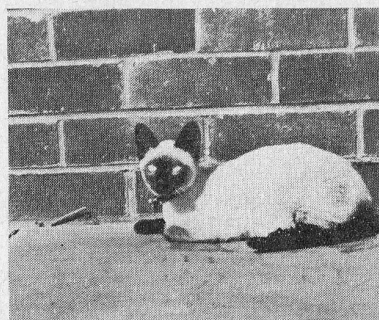
Rushden.

Dear Editor,

I always enjoy reading your little magazine and find it most interesting. I shall be very proud if you consider one or several snaps good enough. Butch is a four-month-old kitten, very sweet, and I am afraid a little spoiled; his real name is Ona Tando, breeder Mrs. T. M. Burlton from Keysoe.

Sincerely yours,

R. C. Huggins.



Butch

TO THE EDITOR

London, N.19.

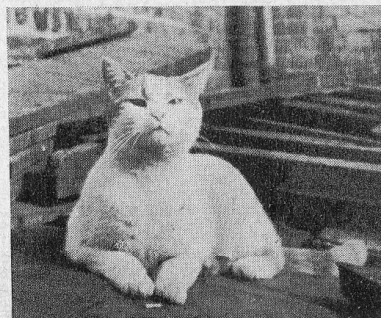
Dear Editor,

I started reading your magazine last October and have kept meaning to write about our Tids (photographs enclosed).

Last Christmas my husband bought our cat a sleeping basket and at the same time muttering, "This should keep the cat off the bed." He placed the basket in front of the fire and did everything to entice Tids into it but no, she wasn't having any, she just walked round smelling this new thing. Three weeks passed and she still wouldn't go in it so my husband, fed up with seeing the empty basket lying about, sawed off the legs and placed it on top of the wardrobe out of the way. That night without any prompting Tids sprang on to the wardrobe from the table and to our amazement slept the night in the basket and has done so ever since.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) S. H. Cannell.



Tids

London, S.W.18.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of my cat Timmy who, although he died last May, is still as much loved as when he was alive. We have never yet got over the shock; he died with a growth in the stomach—not even an operation could have saved him—but I am pleased to say he died peacefully. I am a regular reader of your book, and it would give me great pleasure if you could print this photograph for the anniversary of his death.

Gratefully yours,

(Miss) B. Elmes.

New York City, U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

When I read in the February issue of your charming "Cats and Kittens" magazine about those three beautiful pets, Pal, Tortie and Brownie, I thought perhaps the enclosed might bring a comforting thought.



Timmy

LETTERS AND PICTURES

When we are born we do not know
Someone must tell us it is so,
And name the year and day and
date,
Thus do we claim our "jour de fête."

Mayhap, too, that when we're dead
Someone must tell us that we are,
Assure us we've reached realms
above
Where all is saved of what we love.

May those who gently come to me
Be my dear pussy-pets, for then
My soul in full felicity can rest
Since all of us are home again.

Sincerely yours,
Elsie Ely.

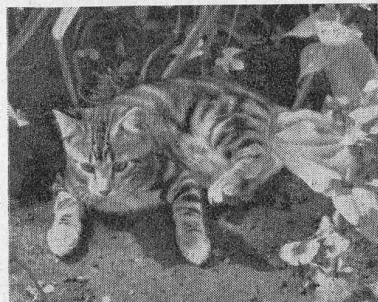
Natal, S.A.

Dear Editor,

I would like to introduce to
your readers my two new
friends—Timothy and Punch—
(the black and white)—sorry



Punch (black and white)
Timothy



Timothy

Punch turned his cheeky face
away from the camera—he
always does as he likes!
Timothy loves posing so I
am sending you two lovely
photos of Tim alone. These
two kits are half brothers and
the best of friends—spend
hours playing—they jump about
in the chestnut tree just like a
pair of monkeys. When
Timothy feels its sleep time
he gets into the basket along
with my Scotty—Bessie—
sleeps there as long as he likes,
he is Bessie's best friend.
Punch (his name suits him
well) never misses an opportu-
nity of giving Bessie a good
hard slap with his paw! She
has a great respect for him, I
can assure you!

I wonder if any of your
readers have ever given their
cats mashed chestnuts, my kits
give me no peace while I am
preparing them, they nearly
get their noses cut off in an
effort to take them out of my

TO THE EDITOR

hands. I boil them, mash them
and mix them with their mince
and they go through the plate-
ful! I wonder if they are in
any way harmful—they cer-
tainly have no bad effect on
my kits.

I have been away from home
for about ten days and the
first thing I shall hunt for on
my return today is my March
number of Cats and Kittens—I
just love it.

My regards to all your
readers.

Yours sincerely
(Mrs.) A. M. White-Smith.

Dereham, Norfolk.

Dear Editor,

I would be so very grateful
if you could help me over the
following points. I have this
stud Siamese Chong Raon, and
was hoping to start him breed-
ing his first season this spring.
He is now 13 months, but as we
are in the Air Force, and there-
fore always moving about, I
have been delaying matters
until I knew where or when our
next posting will be.

At the moment the cat is
delightful to handle, goes in the
car with us, and lives as one of
the family. If I start mating
him, will he get cross and
difficult to deal with? He has
flashes of temper occasionally,
but these are very rare, and
quickly over.

Next question is about breed-
ing houses or mating pens. Can
you tell me what these should
be like, and if they are very
expensive, or is it possible to
get a second-hand one? I
understand that a second cage
or apartment is necessary to
get the stud out of the queen's
way, once mating is accom-
plished. Is this correct?

At the moment the cat is
used to a collar and lead, lives
in the house, is beautifully
clean, and easy to move about.
If mating will interfere with
this, I would rather leave it
until we have a more permanent
home, as I am so devoted to
him, and he to me, that I could
not bear to have to part with him.

Please forgive me for taking
up your valuable time. I enclose
a stamped and addressed envel-
ope for a reply.

Yours sincerely,
Vivien Edmonds.

Dear Mrs. Edmonds,

However well behaved your
entire male is now at thirteen
months, very soon you will find
that he will display all the
undesirable qualities of a stud
cat. Yowling himself for
females, spraying on curtains,
even by the side of an arm
chair, or a piano, and you will
be compelled to stop keeping
him in the house and having
him with you.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

All entire males need a separate house and run of their own, and for mating queens the usual procedure is to keep a separate place for this purpose with a small pen inside. The visiting queen is placed in there to be seen by the stud who has the freedom of the city outside the pen and within the hut. After a time it is safe whilst you yourself are there to let them try to mate. It is sometimes necessary to hold the queen's forepaws to the floor of the pen. When the mating is over the stud cat will himself retreat to a place of safety.

Editor.

London, N.W.4.

Dear Editor,

We have a cat which is very highly strung and nervous. Shortly my husband and myself have to go away for a week and we cannot take the cat with us and neither can we get anyone to come in and look after him. My sister in the country will have him, but in his state he will be dreadfully frightened of the noise and traffic, so I am writing to ask you if you can suggest anything we can give him to quieten him on the journey. I shall be very grateful if you can help me.

Yours faithfully,

(Mrs.) M. Harwood.

Dear Mrs. Harwood,

It is a very wrong practice to give sedatives to a cat. I suggest that you obtain a cat's travelling basket and get him used to this by placing him in it for short periods which would gradually be increased before the time he has to go to your sister's house. A small piece of folded blanket should be in the bottom.

He should then be placed in the basket when he commences his journey to that address, and taken out of the basket in a room from which he cannot run into hiding. He will soon settle down then.

Editor.

Islington, N.1.

Dear Editor,

I have been taking "Cats and Kittens" for some years and have often passed on to friends the helpful advice to cat owners that you often give.

I should be grateful now for a little advice concerning my own cat. She is a spayed female, six years old, and being long haired occasionally brings up hair-balls. This morning I caught her beginning to retch, and got a piece of newspaper in place just in time. A hair-ball came up, also some food which is not usual, but what really horrified me—a worm! It was a round white

TO THE EDITOR

worm, about two inches long with a flattened head.

Do you think she is likely to have any more? And what could have caused it? She doesn't have any fleas during the winter although she gets a few in the summer when she goes out more.

I live alone and cannot always get the time to take her to a vet., and should be most grateful for some advice.

Yours faithfully,

Jean Stretton.

Dear Miss Stretton,

For hair-ball an occasional teaspoonful of liquid paraffin inserted from the spoon into the side of the mouth whilst firmly holding the cat by the hair at the back of the neck, will prove all that you need.

You need not be alarmed about your cat having worms—almost all of them do. Nema worm capsules, advertised in our magazine, are what you require for this condition.

Editor.

Basingstoke, Hants.

Dear Editor,

We would welcome hints on feeding and rearing a kitten which has been promised us, to take the place of a good pal who is very much missed—having died of cat 'flu and congestion of the lungs. Only

three years old, but a cat in a thousand, as he travelled with us wherever we went, and well over a thousand miles to his credit. He was no pedigree champion, but a marvellous tree climber; followed us just like a dog and enjoyed a walk very much. He loved to travel in a bus and was very much admired for his appearance—all black, thirty-eight inches long from tip of his nose to tip of tail. His father was a domestic cat gone wild. He is very much missed; my wife took his death very much to heart and is very distressed.

Yours faithfully,

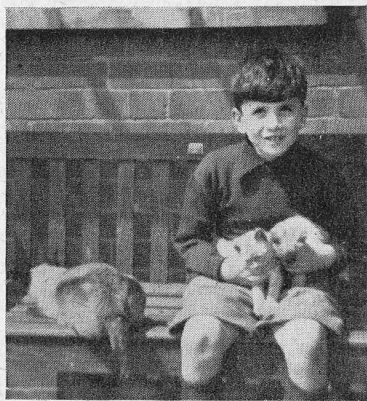
J. W. Jenkins.

Dear Mr. Jenkins,

If you have just lost a cat with Cat 'Flu would it not be unwise to have another so soon? You know that Cat 'Flu is infectious and that it is considered wise not to have another cat in the house for at least three months after losing one with that illness.

Kittens need three meals a day; first thing in the morning, 2 o'clock, 6-8 o'clock, and should be started off with milky food, like Farex and milk, quaker oats and milk, which should be gradually changed to lightly boiled rabbit, carefully shredded and checked over for bones, lightly boiled fish

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Jonathan Smith with Lu Lu and two kits. Owner Mrs. Smith.

also checked for bones, and when they are about ten weeks old they can have finely cut up pets' meat. Plenty of water should always be available. Avoid leaving milk about for them, it is not good for cats.

Editor.

Chester.

Dear Editor,

Since writing to you some weeks ago following the death of my Siamese nine-months kitten from I.F.E., and the illness of his mother after being spayed, I wonder if I could trouble you again on two matters.

The first is the method of anaesthetising cats for this operation. In the case of my own cat I had to collect her

two hours after she was left for the operation. On the way home she was quite silent but trembled so violently I feared she would be dead before we reached home, and I have never heard such a cry of anguish from a cat as I did from her when I was opening the basket to lift her out. She was very distressed and shocked, and I found it impossible to keep her still though I did prevent her from jumping on the table and other high places. The smell of ether was almost overwhelming and for an hour she staggered about, foaming at the mouth, frequently looking at the ceiling and waving her head in circles, all accompanied by cries of distress.

Remembering that Hetty Gray Baker in her recent book on Siamese cats referred to her cat having been anaesthetised with nembutal before being spayed I asked my vet. if he ever used it. His reply was "We always use chloroform for cats." My sister living near Bath reports that her cat was chloroformed before spaying and also that she was very ill afterwards, the vet. remarking that he had had difficulty in getting her under the anaesthetic. The family vet. at Bognor also confirms that cats are difficult to anaesthetise with chloroform.

TO THE EDITOR

In view of all this I find it difficult to understand why nembutal cannot be used in this country as an anaesthetic. Three years ago a very old and sick cat of mine was given a lethal injection of nembutal and I was very impressed with the quiet peacefulness of his death. Is there perhaps some risk attached to its use as an anaesthetic, or some unpleasant reaction later? In any case I shall be very reluctant to have any cat of mine chloroformed again whatever the reason.

The next question is to decide whether to have the spayed female mentioned above inoculated against I.F.E., as I understand any cat that is fortunate enough to recover from this disease is probably immune for life. That the infection came from her I have now no doubt—the symptoms were too identical.

As I intend having another Siamese cat or kitten later on this summer, I have been making enquiries about the Burroughs Wellcome vaccine. I understand that if the procedure is the same as for dogs, a first injection is given to immunise and five days later the germs of the disease itself are injected, and that there is then a slight risk of infection. Is there any risk of my spayed female being reinfected? I

would naturally keep them apart, but this is not easy in a flat—even a ground floor one with a garden.

If there is a risk I will also have her inoculated.

Yours truly,

(Miss) G. M. Williams.

Dear Miss Williams,

I have taken Siamese cats to a most experienced vet., himself a lover of cats, and must really say that I have been rather horrified at the method of anaesthetising them. This consisted of having the ether at the bottom of an open can and forcing the cat's head into it. Of course, we have the old saw that "one has to be cruel to be kind."

Nembutal has also been used by the vet. I mentioned above, but I should say there is risk in using this.

I still think that a cat which has recovered from I. E. could still be vaccinated with the Burroughs Wellcome vaccine to advantage. In fact, I would recommend that every cat, old or young, should be immunised.

Editor.

London S.E.11

Dear Editor,

I should be greatly obliged if you would kindly advise me regarding my ginger tom cat, eight years old.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

For the past 6 years he has had eczema and for most of the year with the exception of one or two months his back is very sore and raw where he licks himself to pieces.

I have taken him to the Vet several times and have tried various treatments, including a strict diet, and injections of Penicillin, but the trouble still persists. At present I have some pink lotion which dries the sores up very quickly, until he starts irritating them again.

I happened to be reading a copy of "Cats and Kittens" dated August, 1951, and was particularly interested in advice that you gave to a person by the name of Barbara Cantlay. You suggested Sulphurated Potash baths. Do you think these might help my Sandy or have you any other suggestions?

I would add that he has had well over 1,000 Kit-zyme tablets and although his general condition is much improved the eczema does not clear.

Your advice will be greatly appreciated,

Yours faithfully,

A. Hope.

Dear Miss Hope,

Eczema in cats is very difficult to cure. Diet is one thing and you should see that he gets an assorted one,

including lightly boiled fish and rabbit and roasted pets meat, all of which requires to have half a Weetabix broken up and kneaded into it. Avoid giving him milk or milky foods, and always have plenty of water for the cat to drink whenever it needs to do.

The Kit-zyme tablets should help, but in the circumstances I advise you to obtain some Compound Vitamin tablets as supplied by Boots and give two of these a day.

The method of bathing a cat is to first put vaseline round the eyes as a preventative, mix up water with some nice soft soap in a zinc bath, seeing that the water is the right temperature, then make an infusion of Sulphurated Potash, two pieces each the size of a Walnut which should be mixed up. Taking great care not to get this in the cat's eyes, the cat should then be bathed in this.

After towelling him if you could have a box with a wire netted front to put him in in front of a gas or electric fire this would be excellent for him to dry. Give three or four baths with a interval of three or four days between.

Editor.

S.E.13.

Dear Editor,

I am wondering if you can give us any advice or put us in

TO THE EDITOR

touch with someone who can attend one of our pussies. We are annual subscribers to your magazine, but cannot remember ever reading of our particular problem. Strangely enough we have come up against it twice.

Two years ago one of our "girls" had a lone kitten which was left very much to itself until another "girl" with babies took it in hand, but by then, although we didn't know it till later, the damage was done. It was a dear little soul and although a girl we kept it, my husband having taken a great fancy to it. It then started sniffing a great deal and later sent out large pieces of mucus from one nostril. We had vet's advice and treatment, and he said she would grow out of it—she never did and in fact was always a very gentle, sad-looking pussy with her head sort of thrown back as if the nose trouble was a load to her. Her sexual affairs were affected by the bother (according to the second vet who we saw this is general in such cases) and then in August last she gradually "faded" one Saturday morning and had to go to sleep—the vet was surprised at her collapse—said it was caused by anæmia.

Just previous to T.T.'s death (T.T. short for Tiny Tim though a girl) another girl (we had three until we kept the one

about whom I am now writing) had four kittens. One got its foot badly hurt and to get it to heal the pussie was left in its warm box, but the mother seemed to neglect it, marching the others off elsewhere—they were then three-four weeks old—and it would appear that the injured one took cold. Certainly it had to be hand-fed and we did all we could for it. As T.T. died my husband asked to keep this little mite in its place and Kipper is its name.

Almost from the start of its leaving the 'baby kitten' stage it has had the same catarrhal trouble as T.T. and it is getting worse in spite of vet's treatment. He continues to say that she will get rid of it and gives us tablets, but when he saw her in the early stages he called it 'flu. He now seems to realise that it is the same nose bother as before.

This pussie, now nine months old, is much brighter than T.T. and a different type, but the sniffing and ejection of loose watery mucus is more regular and every so often—four or more times daily—a large piece sometimes $\frac{3}{4}$ -1 in. long leaves the left nostril. We have read lots of cat ailment articles, seen at least two vets, and are contemplating another, but we wonder whether there is someone who knows what this troublesome

thing really is and what we can do for it. Can you kindly suggest anything? We should be very grateful.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) E. Raines.

Dear Mrs. Raines,

The trouble that you mention is "snuffles." This is a catarrhal condition to which cats are rather prone. This starts either by infection from another cat or as a result of "cat flu" and it is almost impossible to cure.

Many owners of cats so infected have them put down, some vets use chlorio mycetyne and we have heard that this has good results, but my own opinion is that very little can be done for acute cases although some relief can be obtained by placing the cat into a box or cupboard in which has been placed a jar or old jug containing boiling water which has been poured over a few drops of eucalyptus oil. Care of course must be taken that it is impossible to knock this over. Editor.

Maidenhead.

Dear Editor,

If a veterinary surgeon does his or her work conscientiously and if a kitten or cat shows signs of possible infectious or contagious disease, it is the veterinary surgeon's duty to

refuse entry to other exhibits from the same cattery. This may sometimes be a hardship, but should the suspected exhibit *only* be removed, the remaining exhibits might well spread infection to the other exhibits.

It is "drawing a red herring over the track" to state that a cat which had recently been "best in show" at a small show was entered in a side class where one of the acting veterinary surgeons was also exhibiting and was refused entry. It was a *kitten* from the same cattery which had an ulcerated mouth and was running a temperature, which failed to pass the veterinary examination and therefore the cat had also to be refused admission. One of the other veterinary surgeons also examined the kitten and endorsed her colleague's decision.

A veterinary surgeon who is also a breeder of cats is an asset to the Cat Fancy and to any show which is fortunate enough to obtain his or her services. Veterinary surgeons at shows sacrifice valuable time and remuneration when they officiate at shows and every encouragement should be given them. Needless to say, the veterinary surgeon's exhibits must be "vetted" by another veterinary surgeon.

Yours truly,

Evelyn Langston.

Cadgwith.

Dear Editor,

Can you tell me of a good powder to brush into and clean my Siamese cat's coat which will be harmless and not prevent him cleaning himself. Also, what is good to prevent canker? At present I dust in a little borax powder. Is this all right?

Yours Sincerely,

(Mrs.) P. Nairn.

Dear Mrs. Nairn,

I can recommend you to use Bob Martin's "Preen" dry cleaning powder for your cat's coat.

* It incorporates a mild anti-septic and is an excellent member of the Tibs products for cats. To prevent canker. cleaning of the cat's ears once a week is the best thing. You would require olive oil and a orange stick similar to that used for a manicure, and cotton wool. A small swab of cotton wool is wrapped round the end of the orange stick and very gently indeed each ear is cleaned out, changing the swabs as you go along, then put a drop of olive oil on the end of a swab and then very lightly each ear can be swabbed out with the orange stick. Editor.

Read
this
remarkable
testimonial
sent to
the Press!

I shall be once more
country.—A. E. VIZE (Mrs.).
EXPORTING KITTENS
I FEEL sure that the following information
will be of interest to readers who export
kittens to America.
Our Morris Lindex, which was silver cup
winner at the recent Olympia show and which
was subsequently sold to Miss Rand, of
U.S.A., was within 24 hours of the landing,
taken to the New York cat show, where he
won his first championship award and rosette.
We think great credit should be given to
Messrs. Spratt's, who must have looked after
Lindex marvellously for him to have arrived
in such good condition as to be able to win
honours so soon after his journey.
M. W. RICHARDSON.

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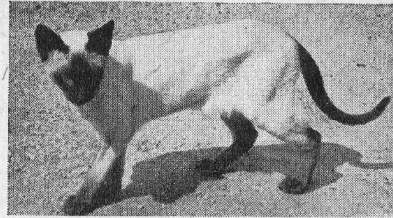
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OUTSTANDING MALE

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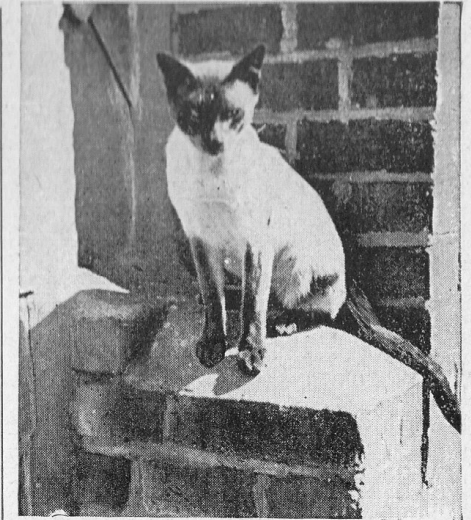
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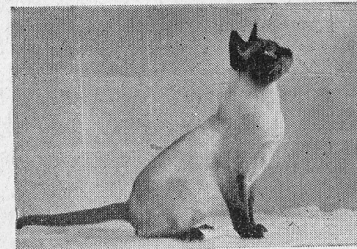
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