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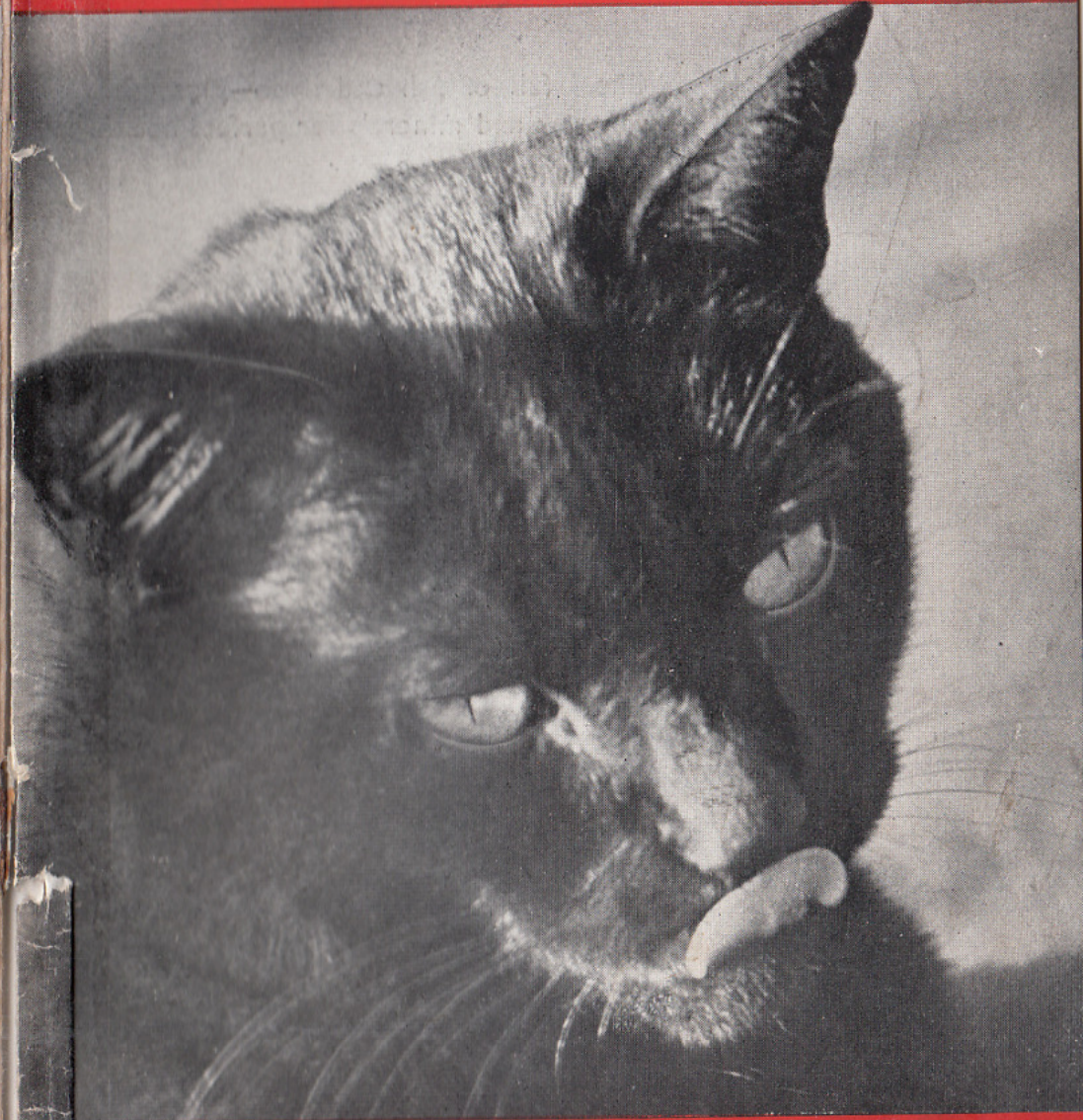
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Printed in Great Britain by James Harwood Ltd., Derwent Street, Derby, for and published by the Proprietor, Sydney France, 29a, Queen Street, Derby. Trade Agents: The Rolls House Publishing Co., Ltd., 2, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

AUGUST
1953

MONTHLY



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1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : **SYDNEY W. FRANCE**

General Offices : **29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY**

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AUGUST, 1953

CANDID COMMENTS

BY SYDNEY W. FRANCE

YOU will have noticed that our July issue was without the "Candid Comments" feature. Some of you will say "We like the magazine better without it" and may I hope that there are just one or two who wondered why it was not in and hoped that it would reappear again with the August issue—well so it has.

Your columnist has been in hospital for four weeks and is now just out again in time to compile these notes for this August issue.

Being on the committee of the Siamese Cat Club, I was surprised and disappointed to

learn that the club's able and efficient, well-liked, honorary secretary Mrs. Sayers had not only resigned that office but also from being show manager of the Siamese Cat Club's own show being held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall at Westminster in October. Mrs. Sayers tells me that they have decided to leave England altogether and to take up residence in Tanganyika, East Africa. She is a well-known judge of Siamese and in her time has won many awards with some of her outstanding cats. Mrs. Sayers has not been secretary of the Siamese Cat Club long but has impressed all

Summer Days—Thirsty Days

Cover Photo: Thos. A. Langley, A.R.P.S.

by her extreme efficiency in this office.

To my mind there appeared to be no dilemma as to who should be her successor, one name "stood out a mile"—Mrs. K. R. Williams of Sutton, Surrey. For some years a member of the committee of the Siamese Cat Club, one of its well-known judges, Kay has always been a leading light with several other clubs, notably the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club and the Southern Counties Cat Club. Both of these clubs were lucky enough to have her run their shows and I believe I am right in saying that both have always shown a profit on them which is much more than many clubs could say about cat shows. She and her husband were responsible for what was probably the most successful cat show in the history of the Cat Fancy, The Festival of Britain Cat Show held at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Westminster in 1951 and from which the Kensington Club profited by no less than £400. Last year's great Crystal Show at Olympia was also managed by her and her husband, Mr. Frank Williams, another stalwart of the Cat Fancy.

The Siamese Club's show could be in no better hands and I look forward to hearing that

many striking innovations will take place. Not the least of which I am sure will be adequate advanced publicity and suitable advertising using not a selected few but all periodicals which will bring the show to the notice of those with the intention of exhibiting and viewing the exhibits.

Very soon it is proposed to hold in London an inaugural meeting for the purpose of forming a Burmese Cat Club, and for which Lady Aberconway has graciously promised to be the first President. All of us I am sure will wish to express our deep sympathy to her in the recent bereavement she has suffered through the death of Lord Aberconway. Lady Aberconway was almost always accompanied on her visits to the cat shows by her husband and it was hard to say which one of them liked cats more than the other.

A large all-breeds cat show is scheduled to be held at the beginning of October by the Governing Council of the Cat Fancy, but up to the time that these notes are being written we have received but meagre details other than that Mr. Towe, chairman of the Croydon Club, is to be its manager. If and when further news comes to hand we shall be pleased to pass it to our readers.

HOMING CATS

By Lieut.-Colonel H. E. CROCKER,
C.M.G., D.S.O.

THERE have been many instances of cats being able to find their way home but we don't know how they do it. One of the most remarkable of these journeys performed by a cat was that of "Smoky," a ten-year-old black cat that lived at a farm in Cornwall, where he was well known. When the farmer left and went to live in Sussex, he took Smoky with him in the train. Shortly afterwards Smoky disappeared and could not be found anywhere. Then, one morning, he was found at his old home by the new occupants, waiting at the door in the morning. He was very thin and his feet were cut and sore but otherwise he was perfectly all right and soon recovered with good feeding. He was very frightened and at first refused to go in the house. He had walked the whole distance from Sussex, over 300 miles. How did he find his way? He could not have seen the country from the train. We simply don't know what this faculty is that some animals have for finding their way.

Here is another instance. When I was a boy we had a beautiful white cat "Snowy," that used to follow me round the garden like a dog. He was

very fond of rambling with me in the little wood at the back of our garden, where he would go off on his own chasing rabbits and mice and would always come home for his supper. One day he disappeared and we heard that he had turned up at our old home some 40 miles distant. How he had found his way there no one knows. He was very pleased to see me when I went to fetch him and he never ran away again. I suppose he just wanted to have a look at his old home. He settled down quite happily in our new home and lived to an advanced old age.

Then there is the story of the cat that walked home one evening with diamonds between her claws. She had been for her usual walk and was limping badly when she returned. On examining her paws, bits of what looked like cut glass were discovered between the claws. When taken to the jeweller's, they were found to be real diamonds and very finely cut. If not claimed within a month they belong to the lucky finder.

While I was in India with my Regiment we were stationed in the Khyber Pass on the Northwest Frontier of India. I had a magnificent Afghan cat, a tabby

with long fur like a Persian. He was very well known in the Regiment and would come with me to the Mess where the Sergeant always had something for him. One Easter I went on a few days' leave, leaving the cat in charge of the Mess Sergeant. When I returned he told me that the cat had disappeared. I felt certain that he had been stolen and gave him up for lost. To my delight he turned up one evening, rather thin but perfectly all right. Someone of the Regiment had seen him in Peshawar, about 30 miles distant and had tried to catch him and bring him back, but he had escaped and had found his own way home through the Pass, where he would have run the danger of being killed by jackals or wolves.

After the First War we were stationed in Turkey, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. I was in a camp for some months and found a stray cat

there which became very tame and friendly. After a time I was posted to a place far up the Sea of Marmora and took the cat with me. She seemed quite happy at her new home, but one day she disappeared. The Turks are very fond of cats and I knew that no one would ill-treat her. They would be far more likely to take care of her and feed her if they found her wandering about. I thought she must have been killed by one of the savage sheep dogs that guard the flocks. They are very dangerous and will attack a stranger on sight. Some time afterwards I received a message that my cat had arrived at my old camp, very tired and thin. The officer who relieved me there had looked after her and within a few days brought her back to me when he rode along the coast. She was very glad to be with me again and not long afterwards produced a couple of beautiful kittens.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"CLEVER MR. TWINK" by Freda Hurt, illustrated by Nina Scott Langley; the Epworth Press, 7/6d. A well produced, well printed value-for-money book.

A story for younger children which should certainly cause many "grown-ups" the pleasant (or otherwise) task of reading aloud to one or more spellbound listeners, unless the children into whose hands the book falls are capable of doing their own reading. The author was until recently deputy matron of a children's nursery and is very fond of animals, particularly cats and dogs, but she has two cats at present, one of which is a white-whiskered old gentleman of sixteen—any birthdays coming along?

A HARMLESS, NECESSARY CAT

BY G. M. EDWARDS

WAS Shakespeare a cat lover? Judging from his writings—which is the only way we can judge—he most certainly was not. He describes dogs, especially hounds, with affection and understanding, and in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Lance's dog is an important member of the cast, but for cats he has not a good word. The best he can say of them is that they are harmless and, because they catch mice, necessary.

In all the plays there is only one sympathetic picture, an evocation of night, when

The cat with eyne of burning coal
Now couches 'fore the mouse's

hole,
and this, from *Pericles*, was almost certainly not written by Shakespeare. He never describes a cat, he is never excited by its grace or its independence, he might indeed never have seen one in his life. All his knowledge seems to come from proverbs and sayings which were old even in his time, and which he is content to use almost exactly as he found them.

Thus in *The Tempest* he says of flattering courtiers:

They'll take suggestion as a cat
laps milk.

Claudio, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, tells Benedick:

What though care killed the cat,
thou hast mettle enough in
thee to kill care.

Falstaff, extolling his own valour, declares:

I am as vigilant as a cat to steal
cream.

Henry V's enemies are described as:

Playing the mouse in absence
of the cat.

Mercutio, taunting Tybalt, calls him "Good king of cats," and demands from him "nothing but one of your nine lives." We cannot, says Hamlet, interfere with nature:

The cat will mew and dog will
have his day.

And Lady Macbeth scorns her husband because he is a coward:

Letting "I dare not" wait upon
"I would"

Like the poor cat in the adage; the particular cat to which she refers being the one which wanted to eat fish but did not care to get its feet wet.

Only on three occasions does Shakespeare speak of a cat with imagination and humour, and they are all in *Henry IV*. Owen Glendower is describing the time of his birth as wonderful, for then the earth shook. "So would it have done at the

same season," says the practical and impatient Hotspur, "if your mother's cat had but kittened." Later, when Glendower says he writes poems, Hotspur retorts:

I had rather be a kitten and cry
mew
Than one of these same metre
ballad-mongers.

And when Falstaff first appears he proclaims himself to be "as melancholy as a gib (or tom) cat."

But even here the suggestion is that the cat is worthless, of little account, and so Shakespeare thought it. Constantly he refers to cats as vile and unworthy. The queen in *Cymbeline* wanted poison, so she says, for

Killing creatures vile, as cats and
Of no esteem. [dogs]

Romeo laments that "every cat and dog . . . every unworthy thing" may look at Juliet while he is banished. Titania is to love whatever she sees when she wakes,

Be it ounce or cat or bear—
Wake when some vile thing is
near.

In the same play a too fond lover is told, "Hang off, thou cat, thou burr, vile thing, let loose!" And in *Coriolanus* the common people, whom Shakespeare always hated in a crowd, though he loved them individually, are described as "the

rabble; cats, that can(not) judge."

In *Macbeth* cats become evil as well as vile, for they accompany the witches and act as their familiars. Bearing these associations in mind, it is obvious that Mercutio is insulting Tybalt grossly when he calls him "more than prince of cats . . . Good king of cats."

Having shown that Shakespeare had no love for cats, I would go further and say that he was probably one of those strange people who cannot bear to look at or touch a cat, and find its presence abhorrent. He notices this condition twice. Bertram, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, says of Parolles, "I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me." While Shylock, asked to account for his hatred of Antonio, says he cannot:

Some men there are love not a
gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold
a cat.

It is unreasonable, but it cannot be helped. And although Shakespeare speaks with so many voices it is impossible to tell which is his own, it does seem likely that he regarded cats, as Shylock did Antonio, with "a lodged hate and a certain loathing."

A Boarding-House with a Difference

BY HAZEL BROWN

LAST Spring it occurred to me that it might be fun—even profitable fun at that—to try my hand at boarding cats.

My only real qualification for such an undertaking was a genuine love of cats, for I had had no previous experience of boarding. Still, I comforted myself, hadn't I looked after my own cat (and dog) successfully for some years? Surely, then, a few extra pussies could be taken in my stride.

I expounded my plan to my husband. "Let's try it, anyway," was his comment. I was delighted.

What we lack in space inside our home is compensated for by our very large garden, part of which is still natural woodland. We set about clearing an area a convenient distance from the house, upon which we erected a vast cage of wire netting and nailed it to poles placed at suitable intervals. This, of course, took us many week-ends, but by the time we had finished we had a positive paradise for our feline visitors (as well as a large bill for wire netting!) The cage was 8 feet high and about 150 feet in circumference. This area we divided into four sections and placed a large, straw-filled box in each. Thus the cat would be

able to eat, sleep and stretch its legs in great comfort, even to the extent of having a tree to itself to claw and climb. This Whipsnade for cats we named The Cattery.

The next thing was to see if the enclosure really did enclose, and our own cat, Roly, had to be test-cat. We popped him into one of the sections and fastened the gate (or so we thought). Roly looked bitterly offended. There he sat, one black blob of injured innocence, staring miserably out through the wire at the people who were supposed to be fond of him. Our dog also joined in the staring—from the other side of the wire. Soon it became too much for his doggy curiosity and he pushed hard against the Cattery door and opened it. Roly, instead of being grateful, punched him smartly on the nose and stomped out to freedom. ("Stomped" is the word: he puts his paws down very deliberately and rather stiffly—just as though he is keeping time to some military music, unheard by human ear).

Our first real boarder was Tigger, my mother's cat. She is a large, long-haired tabby and most dignified. Her piteous mewes were heart-rending, but we resolutely determined not to

be moved by them. After a few hours we were horrified to see her "at large" walking down the garden path. This was the first of many escapes and it became a battle of wits between Tigger and my husband. Tigger was adept at finding tiny pieces of wire netting that could be lifted by thrusting her nose underneath and pushing through. My husband, to his eternal credit, won the battle eventually, and for the rest of her stay, Tigger remained peaceable and resigned.

My notice in the local news-agents had begun to do its work, and one day a charming mother cat arrived with her two kittens whom she was still feeding. She seemed quite delighted with her new quarters once she realised that her precious babies were safe. The kittens were adorable; every time they crawled around and got their paws dirty, they were resolutely dragged back to the nest by Mum, and carefully washed all over. And Mum was not too careful how she handled them, either! They were bumped over the rough ground by the scruff or by one ear, their little pink noses kissing the dust! We were amazed at the progress they made during their stay with us; when they first arrived they could barely walk, their legs splayed out and they invariably fell flat on their tummies. When the time came

for them to go, they were strutting about quite firmly. How sorry we were to part with them!

My next customer was of a different ilk altogether. He was a large, black, very wild creature called Nebuchanezzar. I suffered some slight damage whilst transferring him from house to Cattery, for he was as strong as a young tiger, biting, fighting and scratching. Finally he burst out of my arms and straight up one of the trees in the enclosure. There he remained all day, in spite of tempting plates of meat left down for him. Our tallest ladder only reached half way up the tree, and Neb. would not budge. That night there was an electric storm, and we lay awake hoping that Neb. was all right. Next morning we rushed to the Cattery, only to find it empty. So were the plates of meat! He must have leapt an incredible distance from the top of his tree to another tree outside the enclosure. Only squirrels, we felt, *ought* to be capable of such feats.

After searching the immediate neighbourhood without success, we found Neb. purring contentedly in his own garden. There he remained for the rest of his owners' absence, and I visited him with food twice a day. He seemed quite content, and curled up at

nights on a bed of straw in the shed. I was glad I left him there for I could imagine his savage fury had I tried to return him to the Cattery.

My next charge was a sandy little thing with large, wistful eyes, called Marmalade. Though still a kitten, he was not at all playful and seemed very "down in the mouth" which we put down to home-sickness.

The following morning another boarder arrived, a particularly frisky black and white young cat named Punch. He was well named, for punch he certainly did—at my nylons, my skirt, and in fact everything within range. Once in the Cattery he bounded up a tree (oh, dear, how we wished we'd cut down those trees!) and then was too frightened to come down. I coaxed, I cajoled, but to no effect. I was getting really desperate when his foot slipped on the tree-trunk, and, mewing loudly, he slithered to the ground. Gratefully, I popped him in the kitchen, and rushed off to keep an appointment.

When I returned home the kitchen had taken on the aspect of a bargain basement after the sale is over. Massed on the floor there were mops, dusters, brushes, bottles and tins, all mixed up in one glorious jumble, with several newspapers finely shredded over the top of the mixture. Desperate for a cup of tea, I

stumbled to the sink and turned on the tap to fill the kettle. But Punch, still full of energy, jumped on to the draining-board, put his paw under the running tap, and neatly deflected the water so that it showered all over me. I feel I should be congratulated that I did nothing more than give the little demon a hard shake!

Meantime, as poor Marmalade had been sick and off his food for several days, we took him to the Vet., who pronounced cat 'flu. This was a blow indeed as three more cats were due to arrive next day and of course cat 'flu is very contagious. However, I managed to get the three fixed up at another Cattery, and devoted my time to nursing Marmalade. Three times a day medicine was administered, which, I may say, he did his best to resist. We found the most effective method was for one to hold him firmly, while the other opened his jaws and tipped the liquid down his throat from the side of his mouth in a tea-spoon. We became quite expert, and also fed him this way on a little milk or broth and later on canned strained foods sold for babies. He would not voluntarily touch anything, and he was so small and weak that we were fearful lest he should die of exhaustion. At any rate, the



MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

UP AT 5 a.m. on the 27th of June to get ready for our journey to Seacroft, Leeds, where I was judging all Long-hair exhibits in the Cat Section.

After having breakfast our feline family were cleaned and fed and made comfortable for the day. Then thermos flasks were filled with hot coffee, tea and milk, and sandwiches cut ready for our long car journey. My husband and I then motored over to West Bridgford to call for Mrs. Bastow, who had kindly offered to act as my steward.

It was a lovely day and we really enjoyed our day out. The cat marquee was a nice large one and it gave us plenty of room to move about. 84 cats were entered, which was very good as this was the first venture of including cats at Seacroft—I hope to see this a yearly event as everything was beautifully arranged.

I was very thrilled with my judge's badge, which was in the form of a rosette made of royal blue and gold satin ribbon. In the centre was a bronze medallion with the Queen's head, and underneath "Coronation Show 1953" was

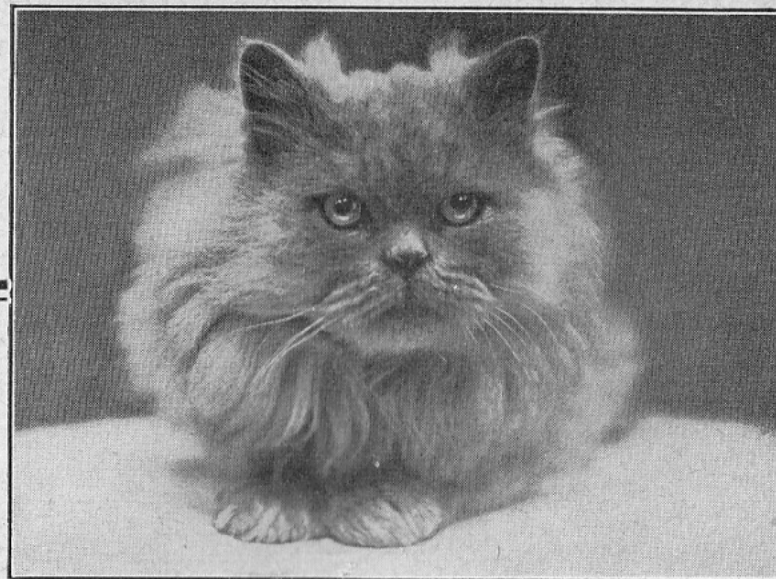
inscribed. It was a lovely idea and my badge will be long cherished.

The Best Cat in Show was the lovely blue Persian "Anlaby Jennifer," owned by Mrs. Carbert of York. "Jennifer" owns "Idmiston Afterglow" as her sire and "Timothy of Knott Hall" as grand-sire. "Jennifer" carries a real pale lavender coat of softest texture, she has a sweet short face, lovely muzzle and chin and a pair of wide-awake well spaced eyes.

The household pets were lovely and far too many to mention. I brought a lovely black shorthair out for Best Household Pet, which honour he won. His coat shone like black satin and he was in wonderful condition. I should imagine he had some Siamese in his make-up as his body shape was lovely. He was a credit to his owner, Miss Farley.

I am awaiting news any day of a litter expected out of "Beamsley Nyddia" by my "Oxleys Smasher." Mrs. Smith, "Nyddia's" owner, and myself agree that the kittens from this mating should be lovely, as

Please turn to page 21



PRIORY VALENTINE

Mrs. M. E. Beedell of 243, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9, writes:—

"I thought you might like to see the photograph of my prize-winning Blue Persian, Priory Valentine. Valentine had a severe illness and, after a relapse, developed pleurisy. For weeks he would not eat, but I gave him Kit-zyme which I am sure brought him through. I gave the tablets to him by dropping them down as medicine and now he eats them himself.

I would also like to tell you about a beautiful alley cat belonging to someone I know. This cat, a young tom, recently got in a brawl over females and was bitten very close to the spinal cord. He couldn't use his hindquarters and refused all food. Kit-zyme was given crumbled up on a bit of tasty food but, when he had got the flavour, he ate the tablets one after the other. Now he is running about as usual."

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

BY LILIAN FRANCE

I EXPECT a number of you missed Candid Comments from the July issue. I know I did. The explanation is that my husband was very seriously ill. He has just returned home, after a month in hospital, looking and feeling much better than he has for some time.

Naturally, it was a very worrying and harassing month for me, and I found it very difficult to cope with the cats. Four of my queens decided to call at the same time. One kept it up for over a month. That, and the noise of six studs was almost unbearable. At one period, I thought I could not continue to endure it. Two of my queens, Bluehayes Charming Lady and Banchor Penelope were in kitten, and I felt appalled at the thought of more kittens to look after.

Mrs. Sheila Halsall, who owns Chinki Silala, very kindly agreed to have Lady. She stood the journey well and already is a great favourite, for she has a very loving disposition. She was mated to Patwyn Wong Yong, who, incidentally, has gone as a pet to a lady who lost her own Siamese recently. Silala is a daughter of Ranya's, and is in kitten to Chinki Simonero. Penny kittened to-day and

produced nine, by Sco-Ruston Galadima—Gally. They all have lovely long thin tails. I think it wonderful for him to sire such a big litter at nine-and-a-half years old. I told him he was daddy to nine, but he seemed quite unconcerned.

I am hoping I shall be able to dispense with some of my queens as I want to have a good deal more time to care for my husband and if one has queens, one is obliged to breed with them or they call and call. I also want to part with my two young studs, both sired by Lindale Simon Pie, and both proved sires of lovely kittens, as I only have four stud houses and when Dar-Kee comes out of quarantine, I must have somewhere to put him. Gally and Ranya, Darkee and Daffy will be as many studs as I can manage.

Jennie is mated to Ranya, and Talana to Simonero, and I want to find good homes for both, either to sell or by arrangement. Some of my kittens are very typey and would make lovely breeding queens—one, the same breeding as Ranya and one sired by him. It makes me very unhappy to contemplate parting with my dear little cats, but we would like to find a smaller place than

this and I should not have room for all of them as I have now.

Everyone has been most kind during my husband's illness, and I am deeply grateful to Mrs. Coldham, who so generously said she would have any or all of my cats for me, and *not* on a monetary basis. I must apologise for the long delay in replying to some letters and hope the writers will understand. Now my husband is home, I shall be able to get back into my old routine.

The Notts. and Derby Cat Club's garden party was held at Mrs. Bastow's house on July 11th. It is always a jolly affair. The entertainments committee worked very hard to make it a great success.

I am looking forward to judging at Barnsley on July 18th. Mrs. Brice-Webb is my steward and her husband is running us up in his car. I always enjoy my outings with them. Mrs. H. Priston is managing the cat section, so it should be, as usual, a great success.

July 31st is the date of the Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Show in London. I have entered my lovely young Burmese male kittens, though I can't imagine how they will ever keep still, for they are always full of energy and nowhere is too high for them to climb. They go up the wire runs like monkeys. They are

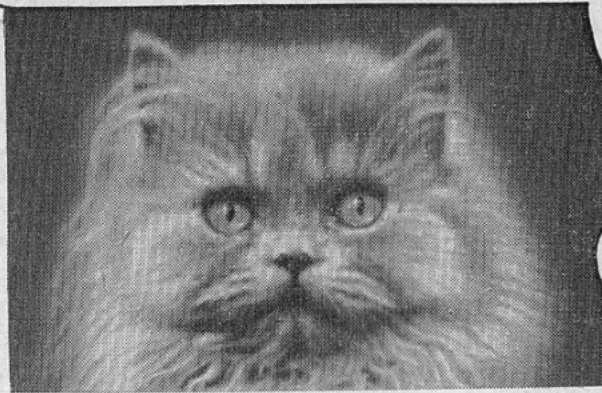
the most wonderfully friendly little creatures imaginable, making friends with any stranger immediately, with no fear or shyness. The moment one picks them up, they purr happily and close their eyes with pleasure at being loved.

Chinki Yong Jetta is due to kitten about July 20th. She was mated this time to Mrs. E. Miller's Burmese stud, Trinity Golden Nizam. Cheli is mated to Daffy. Next time, I shall be able to try Jetta with Casa Gatos Dar-Kee. We have not been able to pay him our usual visits, but will do so as soon as possible. He just loves to be fussed and cuddled.

I have not had much time for grooming lately and find my cats full of loose coat. I find it best to give them a good comb with a very fine steel comb and then to hand groom, and finish off with a brush to remove loose hairs.

During the hot weather it is very important to take the utmost care to see that the cats' food is fresh and cleared up quickly. Kittens especially can get very serious gastric upsets, which may prove fatal, through eating food contaminated by flies. I try to give all my cats and kittens their first meal early, before we have our own breakfast, and then to remove the dishes as I tidy their houses. The bigger kittens

MY DEAR, YOU LOOK CHAMPION!



Tibs reporter, Tibby, is quite bowled over by a beautiful lady who takes praise as her due.

This silky-haired, bright-eyed animal is Gathorne Georgianna who has carried off challenge certificates three times in succession. Gathorne Georgianna belongs to Mrs. Chappell of 2, High Road, Cowley Peachey, Uxbridge, breeder and judge of blue, cream and blue-cream Persians.



Mrs. Chappell has a wisdom born of many years experience, for she has been breeding cats for 20 years. She told us how many of her own and other champions she had seen kept in top condition by Tibs—'They're wonderful both as a diet balancer and to correct slight irregularities. Tibs are in regular use in the boarding section of this Cattery.'

Now that cat breeding is so firmly established in the family Mrs. Chappell is glad that the tradition looks like being continued, for her niece Audrey is following in Aunty's footsteps.

Famous breeders say:

TIBS

KEEP CATS KITTENISH



10d. and 2/-

ORPHANS AT SEA

BY JOHN SCANNELL

I WAS Radio Officer on a British ship, s.s. *Specialist*, at Corpus Christi, Texas, last September, when I had the following experience.

The ship's complement was increased six weeks previously by three kittens; nursed by a fond mother, the young family thrived until . . . well, that is my story.

Early in the morning I was wakened by the kittens crying. Harassed by the mewling trio I went on deck to investigate the uproar. The kittens were frightened and their faces also had an expression which told of more than fright; picking up each in turn I saw marks on the white kitten where the two grey kittens were trying to nurse. Hunger! That was it. The mother was gone and the kittens were starving!

Within a few minutes a number of the staff were on the scene. With the Second Officer's assistance we came to the following conclusion. When we arrived in port we docked at number seven berth and early the following morning we shifted to number eight berth to make room for an American ship. The cat went ashore before we shifted and when she came back, boarded the American ship. As that ship left port

the evening before, then the cat was lost. Alternatively, the cat finding herself in strange surroundings went back ashore and was wandering around the docks.

For the next half hour we did everything possible to get the kittens to lap, but in vain. After breakfast, I walked through the dock sheds and searched all the most likely places, but without success. On my way back to the ship I asked dockers and police to report to, or send a message, to number eight wharf, if they saw a white cat.

Tired, thirsty and very much in need of a shower and drink I returned on board; passing the kittens on deck I saw their need was more pressing than mine. For the remainder of the morning I tried to feed the orphans. The Captain came out and watched the operation. After watching for some time he suggested I try rubbing condensed milk on their noses. I was back in a few minutes with a newly opened can. The Captain dipped his finger in it and rubbed each kitten's nose in turn. Three pink tongues came out, explored and licked. Three pairs of eyes blinked and three noses sniffed; and each kitten, in his own way, said:

"Cripes, it's grand! Give me more, please." The Captain and I could not help laughing at the way they licked their lips and paws. After about a teaspoon full each we considered they had had enough for the time. Now, at least, they would not starve.

After lunch I made for town and after a canvass of dime stores, succeeded in getting a bottle. I will always remember that evening; with the buses on strike and not enough money for a taxi, I had to walk the twenty minutes journey to town. The perspiration dripped off my forehead and made my sun-glasses uncomfortable for wearing, the glare and heat of the sun increased my discomfort; but the thought of three hungry kittens waiting for me, gave me energy to plod along the dusty road.

Back on board, the kittens would not take the bottle! The teat certainly was large, but even after alterations so that it should be easier to hold, also renewing the milk and using less water, they still refused.

For the first time I felt defeated. Time was running short as we were due to sail the next morning. Standing on deck and looking along the wharf I saw a man come out of the watchman's office. I got a brainwave; with the assistance of a telephone directory in there I had a chance of

getting the address of a cat's home. Within a few minutes I was thumbing yellow pages and had found a possible address. While making a note of the address a chap came in, he had a camera slung over his shoulder with a flash light attached to it. I asked him did he know the address and he said it was four miles out of town. I asked him did he know of a nearer one and told him the reason why I wanted it. He thought for a moment and then picked up the phone. "I will call a doctor friend who should be able to help you. He treated a dog for me and I boosted his business by placing a piece in the paper about it."

After a few words of salutation, the reporter told the doctor about the kittens and asked what could be done about them. After listening for a minute or so and taking a few notes on a pad he thanked the doctor and hung up. Turning to me he grinned and said: "See what the power of the Press can do!" He picked up the pad and said: "All you got to do is take half of milk and half of water, warm it and place before the kittens. They will learn to lap before they get too hungry." I thanked him for his assistance and after giving him a few details, rushed back on board to try out the new formula.

Please turn to page 34

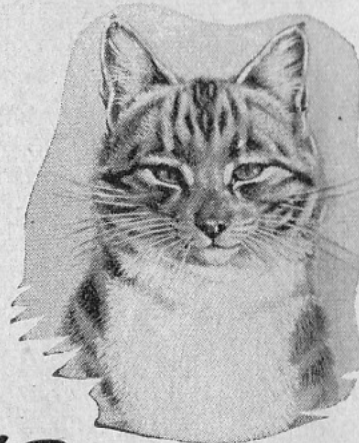
YOUR CATS AND MINE—from page 13.

are fed again after we have had our lunch. They are ready for it then and it is quickly cleared up and dishes removed. They are all fed again at 7.30 p.m., when it is cooler, and I find they enjoy it better then. They like plenty of fresh clean water during the hot weather. Gally drinks more than any cat I know. He has a very big bowl which he almost empties every day.

Queens should be wormed when they finally leave their kittens, or the kittens leave them, as the case may be. I find Banocide very good for worming, as usually only one dose is necessary.

If you wish your queen to have a second litter, don't forget to miss at least one call before mating her up again. She needs a rest after nursing her family.

My queens—the ones who are not calling—and the kittens are all thoroughly enjoying the long sunny days in the garden. Several toms hang around watching them, sometimes escorting my queens right to the backdoor. There are days when I don't catch sight of one, and others when they sit around, gazing at the queens in their run, and of course, there is the occasional fight with one of my males.



HAPPY CAT

The cat who is a household pet *must* be kept free from fleas and lice. Dust him regularly with 'Lorexane' Dusting Powder—it will keep his coat healthy and immaculate. Self-respecting cats appreciate its protection. It is safe and pleasantly perfumed.

'Lorexane' DUSTING POWDER

(Contains gamma BHC)

Retail price 2/- in a convenient container.

Obtainable from your usual supplier or, in case of difficulty, write to Imperial Chemical (Pharmaceuticals) Ltd., Wilmslow, Manchester, a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

THE SAFE INSECTICIDE





Dodnash Monarch and Zahran, Siamese and Burmese
Owned by Mrs. C. Coldham



Photo—W. F. Mansell
Anybody's Birthday?

A BOARDING-HOUSE WITH A DIFFERENCE—*from page 9.*

treatment proved effective for he recovered, and when his owners came to fetch him he seemed quite reluctant to leave us.

With the exodus of Punch (I can't honestly say I was sorry to see *him* go) we had a break from boarders for a time, and went off on holiday.

Soon after we returned, a man presented himself at the door with a mewling hamper. He and his family were going away that afternoon and could I *please* have their cat, Barney? We had already started to dismantle the Cattery, not having anticipated any more boarders that season, but the poor man looked so desperate I said I would "oblige."

Barney stared at me with enormous tawny eyes, full of hostility. I should have taken warning from those eyes, but I merely stroked him, called him a "good boy" and went to prepare his quarters. There would be no trees to climb for Barney, of that I was determined. I provided one of the large boxes with a wire run, popped Barney inside, and hooked the wire over the top of the box, fixing it firmly.

Next morning I sallied forth with his breakfast plates, bidding him "good morning," and "had he slept well?"—but I was wasting my breath, for Barney had gone!

There is no point in dramatising the situation: I will only say that I believe the shock must have taken several years off my life. After I had recovered a little, I saw that the wood of the box had been broken in one corner at the back. My resentful boarder must have become frenzied in his attempts to escape and the wood, having stood up to much previous pummelling, no doubt gave way before Barney's onslaught.

Next day, in spite of diligent searching, there was no sign of Barney, but the following morning, much to my surprise, I came upon him curled up under a nearby holly bush. At my approach he leapt into the air and bounded away. That night I left food by the holly bush. In the morning it had gone. Gradually I brought the plates nearer the house, and one night I actually saw Barney through the kitchen window, having a good tuck-in. It was a tantalising position, knowing that at any time he might decide to leave us, and there was nothing we could do to stop him, for to catch him was quite impossible.

This war of nerves lasted a week. Then one evening he didn't come for his food; nor again the next night. At break of day I took a bus ride to his home to see if he had "gone to earth." The front garden was

Please turn to page 33

THE BEXHILL CAT CLUB SHOW REPORT 1953

THE fourth Cat Picture Show of the above Club was held in The Granville Hotel, Bexhill, on Wednesday, June 24th.

There were over 200 pictures—the biggest entry we have ever had. They looked very attractive in the pink and gold ballroom of the hotel—lovely vases of summer flowers decorated the room—and all the stalls and the picture tables were draped in white with garlands of red, white and blue streamers. The stalls included a flower painter's work, an attractive doll's house stall—and last, but not least, the National Registration of Animals Service, who have supported us so loyally through the years. Their stall is always colourful and gay. Our own Club stalls were loaded with good things lovingly given to help cats.

Mrs. V. E. Major sent us eighteen of her beautiful cat studies for the Show—they are always greatly admired. Mrs. Fisher of Northam, N. Devon,

and Mrs. Coldham of Tattington, sent many delightful pictures, and there were many others too numerous to mention.

Mrs. F. H. Stephenson of Tunbridge Wells won Best Pedigree Cat in Show with "Woburn Sunshine" and Mrs. Coldham of Tattington won Best Non-pedigree Cat in Show with her brown tabby "Faith."

Mrs. Roy Christine Janes, the actress, opened the Show. Her 17-years-old cat "Andrew" won a third prize in the Show. Councillor Goodwin, the late mayor, was in the Chair. The treasurer's little daughter, six-year-old Penelope Regan, presented bouquets to Mrs. Janes and Mrs. Goodwin.

The Club tends its most grateful thanks to the judges—Mrs. L. K. Sayers, Mr. Gordon Allt, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. Kirk-Bullivant and Mr. Arthur Whitcher who judged the small dog picture section. This was put on in the last week by special request.

BLUE NOTES—*from page 10.*

both sire and dam are of palest blue. "Valley End Shot Silk," also owned by Mrs. Smith, has just visited "Smasher" and as both these queens are Blue-creams it will be interesting to

see the result. Another lovely Blue-cream that has just visited "Smasher" is "Widdington Wrexina." "Nina" is of wonderful type and I do wish her owner, who is a novice, the very best of luck.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Timothy and Micky

Lymington,
Hants.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a negative showing my cousin's two cats, Timothy and Micky, helping her with the decorations. If you think it good enough to be put in the "Cats and Kittens" magazine I know she would be very pleased.

I always enjoy the magazine very much and pass it on to her afterwards.

Yours truly,

A. Meta Young.



Timmie-Willie

Whitby.

Dear Editor,

The enclosed snapshot was taken of Timmie-Willie sitting in his barrel on his eleventh birthday. I wonder if you would like to use it in "Cats and Kittens."

Yours faithfully,
(Miss) F. Thomlinson.

MUFFY.

Mrs. Jessie Harris, of St. Clements, Sandwich, is proud of her cat, Muffy, because Muffy was 22 years old on April 7th, 1953. Despite her age she still has a wonderful appetite and is always ready for her piece of fish each day and the cream off the milk. During her life she has travelled several times with her mistress, once over 100 miles from Hampshire to Kent. She has always more than repaid her mistress for her good home and affection, by making sure no

TO THE EDITOR

rats or mice ever come into the house. This cost her half an ear once, but she is still as staunch in her duties as ever. On sunny days she takes a stroll in the garden and seems to be a guiding light to the other cats in the district, judging by the respect they have for her. When the weather is wet, she sleeps in her basket by the fire and waits for dinner time.

Shepperton, Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

I have at last managed to get a snapshot of my dear old Pixy Tim. Pixy Tim, a grey and black tabby with touches of cream, is now the king of the pets, as we now have twenty pets for our school here—a pair of tortoises, a pair of hamsters with four babies, a Dutch rabbit with nine bonny Coronation babies, and last but by no means least, a Siamese kitten,



Muffy

Ariel Patsy (full name Issonian Ariel Patricia) bred by Miss Lonnon, of Minster-on-Sea, Sheerness, Kent. Pixy Tim is a benign old godfather to her, and continues her education where her mother, Hilldown Silky Girl, had to leave off. To-day he taught her to climb to the top of the old apple tree, where she had a fine time swinging like a monkey. She is now walking over this letter, purring loudly as if to say, "Send my good wishes too."

With best wishes to all,

Yours sincerely,

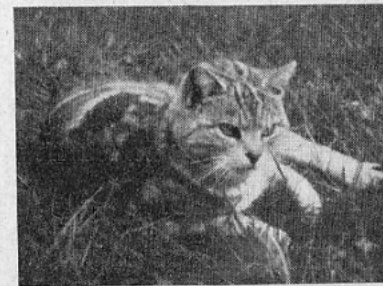
Evelyn Dainty.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing two snaps of Golden Slipper and Tippler.

Now I have some questions to ask you. First of all: "Is it bad for a cat to have kittens at nine months old?" I presume it is. Secondly, the kitten of the nine-month mother has a funny trouble with its eyes;



Pixy Tim

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Golden Slipper

for after every time it goes to sleep the eyes produce a sort of green film which gums up the eye. We have told the vet. about this trouble, and his verdict was—bathe it in tepid tea with cotton wool. We have been doing this for the last two weeks with no result, for it goes on sticking after sleepy moments. Could you please suggest a remedy for this illness? This kitten is also rather undeveloped, but I suppose that that comes from the fact that the mother is too young to have a baby. This kitten is now a month old (born on Whit-Monday) and only learnt to see a few days ago. It learnt to "type" to-day!

The enclosed photos are of the kitten's mother and grandmother.

Yours sincerely,

Stella Evans.

Dear Miss Evans,

A female cat is considered adult at nine months and a male is usually considered so at ten months of age.

It is not unusual for kittens to have eye trouble which results in these being "gummed up" often, particularly in the morning. The cure is to mix a quarter of a teaspoonful of boracic crystals into half a cup of boiling water and stir up well. When it is lukewarm, and of course you must be careful to make sure that it is, bathe each eye thoroughly with swabs of cotton wool, trying to get as much liquid into the eye each time as possible. Do this several times a day until the trouble is cleared up.

Where eye trouble is acute with conjunctivitis you should ask your veterinary surgeon to supply you with a small tube of mammary penicillin and a tiny squeeze in the corner of each eye has excellent results.

Editor.



Tippler

TO THE EDITOR



Nib

St. Ives, Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

I thought you might like to see the snaps of my cat Nib, they were taken on his 15th birthday. He is still very agile but has lost all teeth but his fangs. I am sorry to say the hot weather is trying him. Don't know what I shall do when his time comes—grin and bear it I suppose like other people do who have lost pets. "Cats and Kittens" is very interesting, especially the letters and good advice.

Yours sincerely,

A. Manger.

P.S.—Please go on giving us good advice about our pets. Good luck to the little paper.

W.C.I.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photograph of my lovely cat, Roossey (Roosevelt), who died in February this year at the age of 12.



Roosevelt

To compensate in some measure for his loss, I have now a little kitten—Ike—and I should like very much to have your advice.

So far he has not been out, and I should like to know at what age it is safe to allow him to go down the 75 steps from my flat to the front door and across the road to the Square, and how soon I can safely leave my windows open at the bottom.



Nib with his owner and pal

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Roossie was born in the country and later always had access to a garden and heath, so that when he came here, he could cope quite easily with traffic and dogs, but as the kitten is quite unaware of outside dangers, and I don't want to keep him indoors indefinitely, I should be very glad of guidance.

The enclosed picture was taken by a friend of mine, now in Australia, where a very dear companion of hers is a little Siamese kitten, Griselle.

I always send on to her my copy of "Cats and Kittens."

Yours sincerely,

A. H. Mahoney.

Dear Mrs. Mahoney,

Personally I should think it would be necessary to purchase a cat harness similar to that kind advertised in our miscellaneous columns and having first got your kitten used to it indoors should then venture further afield by getting him to negotiate with you the 75 steps from your flat to the front door.

Do this many times and then when he is familiar with this procedure take him across the road to the square. When he is completely familiar with this I think you could safely leave him to negotiate this journey on his own, although there is

surely always an element of risk as he has to cross the road and there is bound to be fast moving traffic.

Editor.

Exmouth, Devonshire.

Dear Editor,

Is it not possible in some way—perhaps through the medium of your magazine—to send a warning to children and animal lovers against the pernicious practice of laying down slug killing compounds?

We have recently lost a very dear pet cat from that cause, and I know of others who have suffered in the same way—even children have not been immune.

There is no antidote to this vile poison, as we have been assured by the veterinary surgeon. Moreover it is put up in attractive form—cautioning purchasers is useless, for how can one safeguard small children and animals against picking up innocent-looking fragments.

After all, one *can buy* vegetables and flowers, but not lives.

Yours sincerely,

P. A. de Chaselle.

London, N.W.11.

Dear Editor,

I read and liked very much your magazine. I hope that you will help me in some of my difficulties.

TO THE EDITOR

I live in Egypt and next week I will go back, so I should like to know certain things about my cats.

I have two male cats, five year old. Till they were nine month old they lived in our house which had also garden. Then we went to a flat on the third floor.

I never let them go out as the door-keeper kills the cats considering that they dirty the stairs of the house. Being indoors till one year old, it was all right. But then they began to mew loudly, to quarrel and attack each other and then to become friends again. Also they began to dirty often on clothes, furniture or floor and generally in places which they ought not, leaving behind them that very objectionable "cat smell." I tried everything; I put sand in a box, I explained them; they dirty on the sand but they continue also in other forbidden places. Also they scratch furniture and clothes. How can I train them or is it too late? I have the conviction that if they were doctored all these will not happen. Is it possible in their age or is it dangerous?

As they do not go out they are very afraid of people, and run away whenever they see a stranger. They are so wild that

although they like me much, when by mistake they go at the stairs they are so frightened that as I carry them inside they scratch me.

While I was here my parents had to leave the house for a certain time, they tried everything so to take also the cats, but it was impossible. So my mother had to stay at the house for my cats. When they were younger, I carried them with a basket, but now that they are always indoors, they do not let us to carry them in a basket. How can I carry them, if I move from that house. I realize that they became like that, because I do not let them go out, but how can I do otherwise when I know that if the door-keeper meet them will kill them. How can I do them again to be friendly with strangers and easy to take them in other places?

The one has tape worms; I tried everything, but nothing succeeded. How can it be cured?

I leave next week for Egypt, for this reason before leaving I decided to be advised by real cat lovers.

Yours faithfully,

D. Ficardo.

P.S.—Excuse my English, but I am foreigner.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Dear Miss Ficardo,

The trouble with your two cats is that they are adult males and it is the natural thing for them to call loudly, this to attract female cats, and they quarrel with each other merely because they are entire males and this is also the reason that they spray on the furniture and the floor and so on, leaving a "catty" smell.

The only solution is to have a good veterinary surgeon neuter them, although it might be considered that they are rather old for this operation to be performed.

For worms in cats you can do no better than use Nema worm capsules which are advertised in our magazine.

Editor.

Jacobs Well,

Guildford, Surrey.

Dear Editor,

BREEDING WITH IMMUNISED
CATS.

I Wonder if you have any information from breeders who have had their breeding queens immunised? As this is still in its experimental stage, I can't help wondering whether it is really quite safe in all respects.

I know of several queens who have lost their kittens this season in precisely the same

way—kittens appear perfectly normal when born, but die after 5-8 days. P.M. examinations throw no light on the cause of death.

In all these cases the litters are the first since the immunisations. One cat in particular is a most reliable breeder.

Assuming there may be something in this theory, do you think the cats are permanently ruined or that any poison would be brought away with one litter?

I should be interested in any information on this subject—my particular brand of vaccine was from Burroughs Wellcome.

Yours sincerely,

Leslie Owen Jones.

Dear Mr. Jones,

Long before the war Siamese queens were being immunised with the American Lederle vaccine against Infective Feline Enteritis and there was never any trouble with any kittens they might have had afterwards.

We ourselves have been fortunate enough to secure the Lederle vaccine since the war and have had no trouble. Recently we have been using the new Burroughs Wellcome vaccine, and so far no ill effect can be reported. On the whole

TO THE EDITOR

one may safely say that the vaccine is safe to use for breeding females and, of course, especially for kittens.

Editor.

Brentford, Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you could help me about our half-Persian cat, now about six years old.

As a kitten, he did not mind grooming, but of late years has fought us tooth and claw when we have tried to get the fur mats off him.

It has not really mattered up to now, because each spring they have grown away from the skin and we have been able them to snip then off.

This year, all down the spine the fur has clogged into really hard lumps and the skin underneath very dry and hard, and even to touch them results in an attack upon us.

Could you advise me, as to whether there is a softener which could be used safely to help me deal with the lumps—or alternatively if a veterinary surgeon could with safety give him a shot and remove the lumps in a few minutes and if such a surgeon does that sort of job. I see your magazine "Cats and Kittens" each issue, but so far have not seen this problem tackled by you.

Your kind advice will be most gratefully appreciated. In other matters I am always most interested when I read your magazine.

I might add Jon is a great pet, and has the freedom of all the chairs in the house—so an oily solution is not a possible one.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) Mildred M. Stewart.

Dear Miss Stewart,

Your problem regarding Jon, your half-Persian cat, has been passed on to me by the Editor of "Cats and Kittens."

As a breeder of Persian cats for many years, I know how their coats do get matted up, unless groomed *every day*.

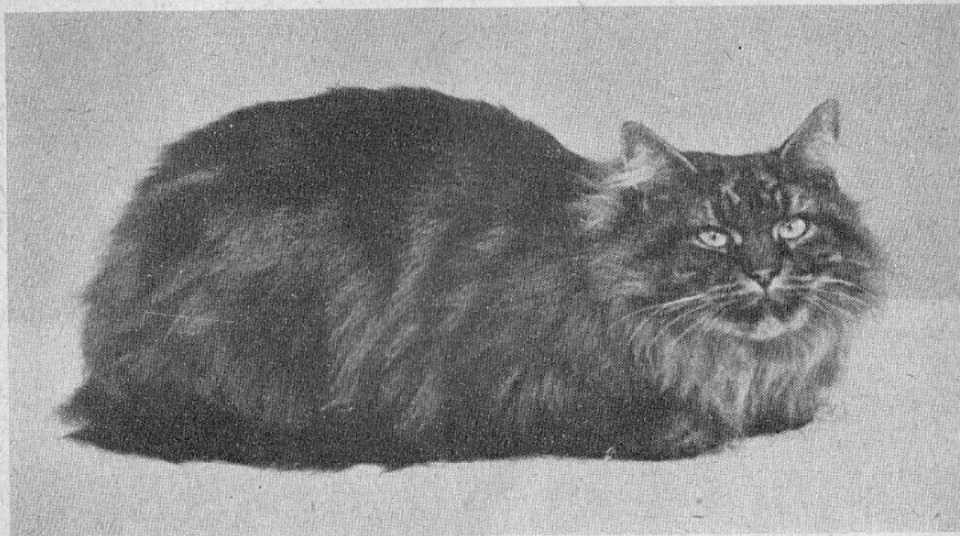
As Jon's coat is so matted and he is a fighter, your best plan is to take him to a vet., who will soon get his coat in order under an anaesthetic. It will only distress him more if you try to do it yourself.

The reason his coat is so matted and scurfy is that the lumps are stopping the air getting through to his skin. You will find when these are removed his coat will quickly grow and the skin get back to normal.

Yours very sincerely,

Doris Brice-Webb.

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Buddie Ryland

Bourne End,
Bucks.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to ask you if you will kindly insert the enclosed photograph of our cat "Buddie"—you very kindly inserted a snapshot of him when he was eighteen months old. The snapshot appeared in "Cats and Kittens" magazine in the March, 1951, issue.

The enclosed photographs were taken at a photographer's who specializes in animal photos but that day "Buddie" just would not sit, in fact refused to sit—I leave it for you to decide. We think the best one of him is where he has tucked both his puddies in!

I have taken your magazine now for quite a long time and very much enjoy reading it, and then I send it on to dear friends living at Higher Clovelly in North Devon. They do so enjoy the pictures and reading. With all best wishes for your magazine and grateful thanks.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) A. Ryland.

Maida Vale, W.9.

Dear Editor,

I have been a regular reader of your monthly book for nearly three years and I am wondering if you could possibly find some solution to the problem I have or be able to put me in touch with someone that could help me.

TO THE EDITOR



Aileen and Doris Woods—best friends of cats in one of the outposts of the empire, Kowloon, Hongkong—are the twin sisters who you will see on the photograph above. Many cat charities in this country have been helped by them and their fame is such in the Crown Colony that any stray cat is taken by the natives straight to their flat and they never turn one away. Goodness only knows how they manage to find homes for them on the occasions they don't themselves provide a home for them.

The problem is my Siamese neuter, nearly three years old, has developed eczema—he has had it for about six months. He has had many expensive veterinary treatments and I also took him privately to the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, but nobody seems to offer a real cure and the only answer is try this or that. Well,

I gave up the veterinary treatment as it was doing no good and costing so much. He has so many different kinds of pills, vitamins, ointments, lotions and injections. Then I tried the old-fashioned sulphur powder blended with olive oil which at first dried up and took out the redness of the skin. But I had him all cured with this but

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

he has broken out again all over face and neck. It seems as fast as I can get one place healed, another starts. He is very miserable and cross, and seems only to want to sleep or wash and scratch.

Do you think there is any cure for this complaint? It is of the moist type now and bleeds when he scratches, and at first when he had it was dry and scaly.

I take off the scales with a fine comb before applying any treatment. At the moment his head is completely bare of fur. I cannot think how he came to get this thing, as he has a walled and netted garden and does not come into contact with any other cats, and he has always the best of food. He used to eat only horse meat, but I was told when he got this trouble that it might be that was overheating his blood. Then I discontinued that and now give him rabbit, fish, and Kit-E-Cat—and lamb sometimes. I also stopped the Kit-zyme as well to see if that was causing trouble.

He is a son of "Mystic Dreamer" and I would be very

sorry to have him put to sleep, but feel that he is only suffering with all these ointments being applied which they all hate so much. I do so hope you will be able to give me some guidance or perhaps could put me in touch with someone who would help.

Thanking you in anticipation

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Yvonne DuBarry.

Dear Mrs. DuBarry,

You seem to have tried almost everything that could be tried for the eczema. We ourselves think that the sulphur powder blended with olive oil is the best thing, the only thing is the cat looks so abjectly miserable whilst being treated.

You don't say whether you have tried a course of Compound Vitamin tablets, but they may help.

We will publish your letter in the magazine and some of our readers may be more helpful than we ourselves appear to be.

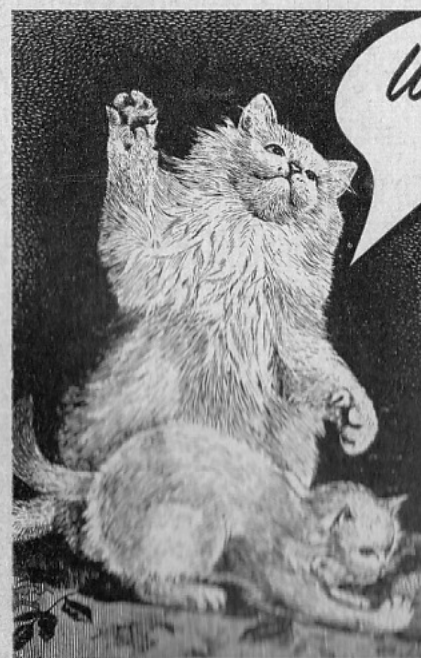
Editor.

A BOARDING-HOUSE WITH A DIFFERENCE—*from page 20.*

empty, so I walked down a side-road from which one could view the back garden—likewise deserted. I made that journey several times in the days that followed, until I noticed that people were beginning to eye me suspiciously. I'm convinced they thought I intended to burgle the place, and I quite expected to be arrested for "loitering with intent." I could almost see the headlines in the local paper: "Wife of Professional Man Arrested on Burglary Charge"—and then, in smaller letters, "Only looking for a Cat," she said." Of course, no one would believe it, and could you blame them?

Still, I wasn't arrested, and you may be interested to know that Barney found his way home in that clever, uncanny way cats have. He arrived in time to greet his owners, and apart from his lean and hungry look, appeared to be none the worse. We were profoundly relieved, as may be imagined.

If there is a moral to this story, it is that "experience teaches." And if any of you are thinking of boarding cats for the first time, I would strongly advise you to sweep away any romantic notions of "Whipsnades," such as I had. Failing proper kennels, a good shed or outhouse, preferably with double doors, is the only way to ensure your peace of mind!



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*

ORPHANS AT SEA—*from page 16.*

The pilot brought the paper on board the next morning and I read all about my adventures on the front page under the heading:—MEOW! WAYWARD MOTHER ASHORE AS ORPHANS GO TO SEA.

Two weeks after leaving port, the white kitten who I thought would never survive, used to get rid of excessive energy by climbing up on my shoulder while shaving—there he would be joined by one of the others and a fight would take place around the back of my neck.

If anybody around Liverpool knows of three kittens who are partial to condensed milk, now they know the reason why.

DANEHURST CATTERY

BLUE PERSIANS
CHINCHILLAS
CREAMS

Kittens only sold to good homes

CATS AT STUD — See separate announcement

Also STUD REGISTER (G.C.C.)

GORDON B. ALLT

F.Z.S.

DANEHURST, OLD LANE

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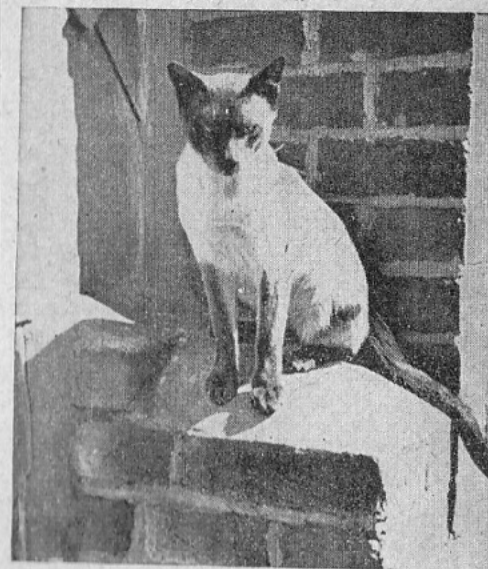
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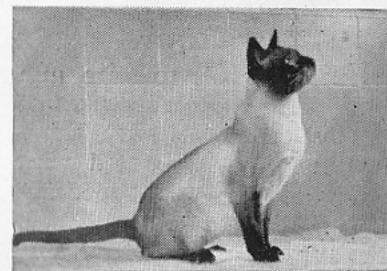
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