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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

OCTOBER

1953

MONTHLY

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CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

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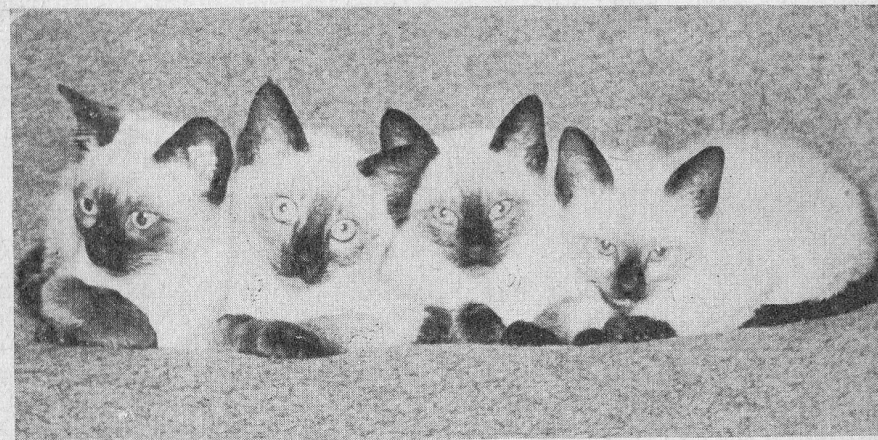
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices : 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

OCTOBER, 1953



"Pi-Tau" Kittens, eight weeks old. Owner Miss Christine Veldhuis, Holland

Our Amusing Cover Photograph is by R. Oakes, Esq., London, E.5.

CANDID COMMENTS

BY SYDNEY W. FRANCE

OCTOBER ALREADY! Autumn threshold of winter! How many of you pamper your cats right through until the Spring? Little blankets, electrically heated quarters, these are commonplace for the real cat-lover, but there are plenty of you who say that a well looked after cat needs no extra protection in winter, and all that is necessary is to keep it away from draughts and not allow it to get wet. I almost subscribe to the second point of view.

I'm hoping that now the long evenings are here again that you will find time to write to us. We have had so many letters to our "Letters and Pictures to the Editor" feature that we are a little startled that during the summer months the number falls off. Particularly do we welcome the pictures and photographs of YOUR cats.

This magazine is expressly for "every cat-lover" and this really does mean "every" whether breeder or flat dweller with just one neutered cat, and it is no use breeders writing to us saying that we don't give enough news of shows or pedigree cats and so on because it must be stressed again that we are interested in all cats and are out to interest all who love cats, but without any kind of

preaching, instructing, or authority.

By the time these lines appear in print several of the important cat shows will be over, not the least of which is that of the Siamese Cat Club. What is the appeal of Siamese cats to so many? The rather startling coat colour with the seal mask, legs and tail and the lamb coloured body, the deep blue eyes? I suppose the answer really lies in one word—character. There is an indescribable something in the Siamese character which I think is lacking in other breeds. On the other hand the eerie noises that a Siamese can make sometimes all too frequently and surely trying to many Siamese owners, not to say their neighbours.

The ornamental Blue Persian with its much calmer, more tranquil, manner is probably the "beau ideal" of many cat-lovers, but they too have their problems. What a job it must be getting those lovely long coats in perfect condition, but what lovely copper eyes this variety has.

What on earth are women thinking about buying coats by a well known Parisian dress designer who is turning out ladies coats lined with skins of tortoiseshell cats? Comment is superfluous!

CAT O' NINE TAILS

BY N. J. HALLEY

A LITTLE boy of only three years of age, so I am told, actually took his mother's scissors and chopped off the cat's whiskers.

In fact he contrived to carry out this premeditated crime without even waking the innocent victim, and he escaped without a spanking . . .

Will they grow again? How long were they? My cream Persian has a celebrated pair, a full six inches on either side, gracefully curved and forming a moon shaped crescent of pure white.

When he yawns they cross over in a most bewitching manner. He also carries a plume of them which arch over and protect each of his glowing orange eyes.

In contrast my Siamese has a neat moustache of fork-prong length. It would appear that when newly grown as at present they are white, but they gradually turn brown, and there has been the odd occasion when half of his whiskers were black and the other half white.

Which reminds me that I once went to a cocktail party and saw a lady in a blue hat with what I took to be an immensely long whale's whisker protruding from it.

Most cats of the short coated variety manage to keep up a brand-new-carpet appearance, but some of the longer haired species when really well groomed prefer to pose lazily on richly coloured silk cushions.

My most intelligent blue Persian, nicknamed the Home Guard, preferred the window-sill, from where he could always keep one eye sweeping like a searchlight across his mousing territory.

Should he spot any stray cats, he would take a flying leap out of the window, and a motley collection of invaders could be seen scrambling for dear life over the garden ram-parts.

On one occasion a hedgehog appeared on the lawn, but the Home Guard was not to be caught napping, and soon managed to bring it to a halt, springing into the air whenever it started to move as though he expected it to be some kind of explosive bomb.

So it remained on the lawn, like an ornamental cactus until the darkness dropped a curtain over the scene.

The other day my washer-woman said "Your cat is parading up and down the drying green with a bright

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SERVICE CATS

BY JAMES G. B. WYATT

THE luckiest cats in the fighting services are the quick thinkers. A good memory for faces can also be an advantage. Your home cats know the luxury of especially prepared cat foods, they know that come winter there is a place by the fire and at the first pangs of thirst a healthy meow will produce rich creamy milk.

It is not that the cats in a camp appreciate sympathy or stay to look for it. They deem it a favour if you leave the lid off the swill bin or a kitchen window open, they will see to the rest unaided. From which you may gather that a large percentage of camp cats are wild and do not hang around to enjoy human company.

In the services, given favourable conditions, you will find a wide range of pets. The crippled sparrow, the oiled seagull, monkeys, chameleons, etc., but for cats the conditions are not favourable. There is the canteen cat, the cookhouse cat, the mess cat; these are taken for granted. The common factors are mice and food. In these places it is not everybody that smooths the cat when it wanders into the crowd or passes some notice it has failed to read.

There is of course one place that is the exception. The transport section is manned day and night and a clear thinking cat seizes the opportunity of a twenty-four hour service. Not that these cats are domesticated in the true sense of the word. An attempt at petting at the wrong moment and its forelegs are round your wrist. In the few seconds it takes the cat to vanish, you ponder over a series of slow punctures.

Strangely enough the tougher the cat the more it is appreciated. I have always said "I prefer cats to dogs, you know where you stand. You don't mean a thing." Having said that I had better break into the first person and tell you of the cat in our transport section.

Its mother is still history, having achieved fame by appearing at the same time as the "tea break" wagon and coaxing cake from the troops. She hated cake as a food. She would carry it across the road and site it in a favourable position, measure her distance and wait. From then on you had to decide whether you were a bird lover or a cat lover. She vanished, but is still remembered.

The daughter—she is really only a youngster—was a nomad never failing to turn up on a Saturday afternoon to cost me the price of a sausage roll from the canteen wagon. Then came the time when she was expecting a blessed event and started looking for the best service. She stayed with us.

One morning she walked into my office and meowed. That was the first time I had heard her break into speech. I conducted her to the rag cupboard in the store and appointed the storekeeper as midwife. There was concern all round as he tiptoed to the door and reported one, then two, then three. What a good mother she was. Meanwhile the cars got very dirty; we could get no rags.

They were all ladies, but in the service anything that can live—lives. Everybody filed past each day to watch progress. Scraps arrived, meat, fish, fresh milk, tinned milk and portions of the duty driver's supper. When the kittens were a little bigger we tried to move the family to another room, so that we could lock the store. She put us in our place and the store remained open. The notice to quit was withdrawn.

They started to toddle. In a store with racks of spare parts and a floor sprinkled with jacks, wheels, batteries, etc., mother was working overtime looking

for the young. The obvious solution was a play pen. This was built and served its purpose for a little while. Soon the kittens took over the whole of the transport section and where ever they moved mother's eyes followed. Their antics nearly gave her tennis neck. Sometimes you lost sight of number three yourself, but if Mum wasn't looking bothered you knew all was well. When they spread themselves in separate rooms she would sit in the passage in control.

Life became a series of tableaux. In the waste paper basket, on the chairs, on the duty driver's bed, in fact anywhere that three kittens could nearly get. These were all photographs I nearly took; I never made it. I shall take them next time without fail.

Did I say next time. Yes, it is true. The three young have departed to good homes in spite of being ladies. One started a career in one of the messes. A "rodent operative" was dishing out poison for the rats so one of the lads took the kitten home as a temporary measure. He had a small child. It was logic not to expect the child to part with it, so there it stays. Nobody grumbled, certainly not the kitten.

So here we go again. Mum has been following me around checking up on a good nest.

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"CAT-CHAT"

BY V. PAYZE BLAIR

I AM a cat lover; you are a cat lover else you wouldn't be reading this, so let's have a cat-chat . . . what do we know?

The fastest animal of all is a member of the cat tribe, the cheetah or hunting leopard, which is used in India for running down black buck. Stopwatch timing has proved its speed to be 70 m.p.h. No cats, however, can run in reverse almost as fast as they can go straight ahead which is achieved by the gopher, an American rodent, which spends so much of its time passing up and down narrow burrows that it doesn't bother to turn round but runs backwards at as high a speed as it can go forwards.

Certainly our domestic pussies would have a hard time trying to catch the kirghiz jeboa, a jumping mouse of Central Asia. It can go so fast that a man on horseback can't overtake it. Even the speed at which birds can fly away from cats is deceptive—a sparrow can reach 35 m.p.h., a black-bird 30 m.p.h., and a swallow 60 m.p.h.

Cats in Egyptian tomb-pictures dating back 2,000 years B.C. can be seen chasing birds and eating fish and the early Romans shaved off their eyebrows as an act of mourning

for the loss of a tame cat. In the museum at Pompeii is an exquisite little carving of a cat buried since A.D. 79, and dug up within the last century.

It is claimed that more paw-weary strays are better cared for in Liverpool than elsewhere in the country. Alderman William Boote, who helped to found the original Cats' Shelters, left in his will legacies amounting to £18,000 for a bigger and better Cats' Home. It is also reported that a certain rich man once cancelled legacies of £5,000 to each of seven relatives because of their contemptuous attitude towards his cat, so he left it a fortune of £15,000 to make sure it never lacked a tin of salmon to share with alley-cat friends as long as it lived.

I found out in Grasse in the South of France, where the most exclusive, and expensive, perfumes are made, that most of them contain an extract taken from the civet cat which is said to be one of the most repugnant smells in the world.

A cat-bird is an American thrush; a cat-fish is a North American river-fish; cat-ice means thin white ice over shallow places where the water has receded; cat's-eye is a precious stone from Ceylon; cat's-foot

is ground ivy and a cat's-paw is a dupe used as a tool in allusion to the fable of the monkey who used the cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire.

Why do we say "Letting the cat out of the bag"? The saying goes back a long way when shrewd country folk going to market used to try to palm off a cat in a bag as a succulent little pig. As long as the gullible were content to buy a "pig in a poke," that is, make a blind bargain, all went well for the seller and the trick was successful. However, if the buyer investigated then the cat was out of the bag, well and truly. "Poke" is an old word for bag.

Catgut has nothing to do with cats—it comes from the intestines of sheep and horses. The name used to be gut-cord and it is supposed that by saying the word slovenly and turning the two parts round we arrived at catgut. It is used mainly for violin strings and fishing lines.

Cat-head is a nautical term for the beam projecting from a ship's bows to which the anchor is secured; cat-holes are the two holes at the stern of a ship for a cable or hawser; a cat-beam is the broadest beam in a ship; a cat-boat is a small freighter and a cat-rigged boat means one with one large fore-and-aft mainsail.

Kit-cat was the name of a club founded in 1688 by Whig

politicians meeting at a pie-house near Temple Bar kept by Christopher Cat or Catling; an old she-cat used to be known as a grimalkin and a Mexican cat is called an ocelot.

Wild cats still exist in remote parts of Scotland and small numbers of them can be found on the Rock of Gibraltar which they share with foxes, rabbits, hares and the famous monkeys. The present troop of the latter, however, now live on a compound on the Rock so that a record can be kept of the births and deaths that occur; even so—it is an interesting fact that the skeletons or skins of the dead monkeys can never be found and this must be due to their companions burying them in some inaccessible and secret place. Provision is made in the Gibraltar Estimates for their upkeep in much the same way that a special grant is allowed for the maintenance of cats in Government offices at home, where estimates show that they prevent damage amounting to between three and four million pounds sterling each year.

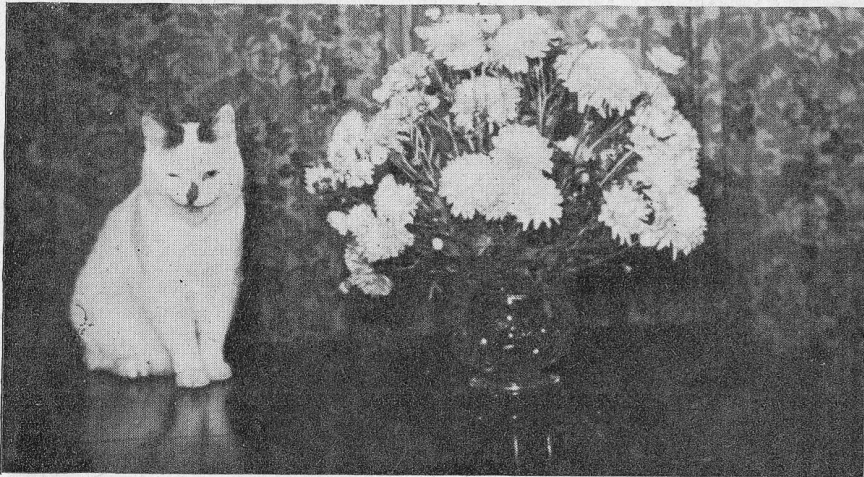
I hate to end by spoiling a good story but very little of what we have been told of Dick Whittington and his cat is actually true. Though it is a fact that Whittington was Lord Mayor of London in 1397 and on three later occasions the story about him being the poor boy

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MORE MORTIMER'S MEMOIRS

(Fun in the Flat)

BY ADELE RUDD



Mortimer

FIVE years ago today! A starving stray, crouching, injured, emaciated—so filthy I had no idea of his real colour—who could then have dreamt that in FORCING myself to go and try and help him, I would gain so much joy, interest and fun; while he was pre-destined to win help for cats who suffer as he used to do, help on a scale truly wonderful to see? That he would draw to himself cat lovers all the world over, and that he would give to me something I had longed for, for many years, and thought I should never possess. This longing started years ago, at the Zoo,

when one day the lions' head keeper took me behind the scenes to see the cubs. Suddenly a couple of Siamese cats sauntered up. The first I had ever actually seen. I exclaimed at their beauty, and he thereupon picked them up and threw them across to me—these I caught with some surprise in quick succession, and they nestled into my neck. "How did you know they wouldn't MIND being thrown to me?" I asked. "Always tell," he replied, "you can do anything with the cats." It would be more accurate to say that cats can do anything with me, and

it was left to Mortimer much later to prove this!

From that moment I longed to have a Siamese: circumstances forbade it for I didn't agree with cats being kept shut in flats, and a Siamese in London would surely otherwise be stolen, I felt. Imagine my surprise when, less than a week after Mortimer adopted me with such sweetness and charm, that small act of charity in trying to help him which brought me so much joy, brought me also my Siamese cat! That Mortimer was all Siamese INSIDE I very soon discovered! Within a week he was jumping on my shoulder at the most unexpected moments, he climbed everything from curtains to screens, and the interest he showed in everything I did was clearly due to Siamese in his ancestry.

He loves, to this day, to land on a moving target—me, walking!—and candid friends complain I've developed a slightly hunched look, doubtless unconsciously making Mortimer's landing ground easier for him to negotiate! For I never know when nine pounds of cat is going to arrive on my shoulder or back, and never but once have I felt a claw, and that was when I was preparing soup, and his interest made him lean over too far, he slipped, and fell right into the soup! Thank heaven it was cold, and

he was quite unhurt. I couldn't say the same for myself and my shoulder had the doctor's attention and penicillin treatment for a week afterwards! As it's unthinkable to shut a cat from the kitchen—especially a Siamese—I now wear a small, thick shoulder cape firmly attached to my waist, when cooking, and Mortimer can watch everything in safety from this somewhat novel grandstand!

Formerly this was a quiet road. It isn't so now. Gradually it became more and more dangerous. I always take the numbers of the worst offenders—usually lorries racing each other—and send them to their firms and the police. The courtesy and co-operation of both is grand, and I suggest others in built-up areas should do the same. Far fewer animals would be killed and injured. Mortimer having escaped death by inches four times—I always went out with him when the danger became great—I decided he must be tried on a lead or I should soon have a nervous breakdown watching him crossing in front of cars, and finding myself quite unable to protect him.

Now, I thought, there would indeed be fun. Imagine my surprise when putting on collar and lead, Mortimer never turned a hair and proceeded forth as to the manner born! (His Siamese

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB*(Breeder and International Judge)*

UP AT 4.45 a.m. on August 27th (what an ungodly hour!) to attend Sandy Championship Show. My husband had arranged to take Mrs. France and myself by car. As we had to be at the showground by 9.30 a.m. we had to start out early, as it is quite a good distance from Bramcote, Notts.

It was a lovely day and the drive there and back was most enjoyable. Mrs. France took along her Burmese female "Chinki Yong Jetta," who only wanted one challenge certificate to complete her title. This honour she won and it is nice to know that "Jetta," bred by Mrs. France, is now a full champion.

I exhibited my new Blue kitten "Westbridge Emile" who is not yet at her best but continues to improve daily. She was a perfect darling and slept all the way home. It was a trying day for her, being her first show, but she behaved like a true lady of Persia.

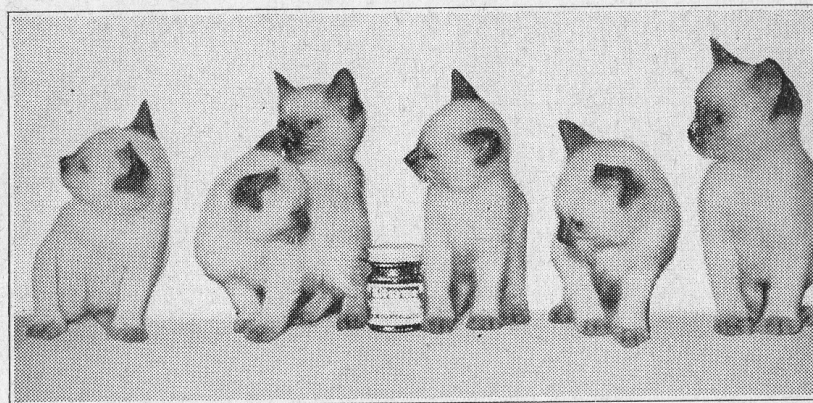
Mrs. Crickmore's lovely kitten "Thiepvall Precocious" was voted "Best Kitten in Show,"

and she well deserved this honour. I noticed Mrs. Tomlinson awarded her First out of a class of 40 in the Coronation Stakes—quite an achievement for a kitten. Mrs. Carbert's lovely Blue queen "Anlaby Jennifer" won her championship and was voted "Best Cat in Show." She also won a championship with her lovely Black queen "Sarisbury Saccharessa." Congratulations, Kitty, you certainly had a field day.

I really enjoyed my day out, meeting so many friends old and new, and to be able to have a good chat with everyone. I was very pleased to see Miss Yorke looking so much better than when I saw her at Kensington.

I read with much interest Mrs. Joan Thompson's notes on her visit to Australia and New Zealand. Best Blue Adult was Mrs. Downey's male "Merryman of Dunesk" by "Ch. Dylan of Allington. The winning blue Female was Mrs. Pepper's "Farways Mirryanne" by Oxley's Tommy Lad. (These

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A charming study of Altmhur chocolate-pointed Siamese
(Sire: Praha Sforzando. Dam: Frensham Zephurel)

Mrs. E. Maude-Richards of 64 Angell Road, London, S.W.9, owner-breeder of the Altmhur Siamese, writes:—

"I have used Kit-zyme regularly for a long time now and I am quite convinced that the good health enjoyed by my brood Queens, stud Toms and kittens is largely due to the tablets.

As well as the family in the photograph, a further litter of 7 chocolate-pointed kittens arrived three weeks ago and yet another is expected within a few days. Then, in August and September four of my Queens will have their families so you can well imagine how much Kit-zyme is to the fore these days!

When the bottle appears there is an absolute riot and I am certainly not allowed to forget 'Kit-zyme Time', I always recommend anyone buying my kittens to continue giving the daily dose of tablets.

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

BY LILIAN FRANCE

I ENJOYED my visit to Sandy show on August 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Brice-Webb and I travelled together by car and a lovely run it was. We were again fortunate in having perfect weather for our trip. I took Ranya and my Burmese female Chinki Yong Jetta, who won her third Challenge certificate to become a full champion, the first Burmese to become a champion here. As I also bred her, I feel very proud. Jetta has one adorable female kitten, Chinki Golden Princess. There was a very good entry of adult male Siamese. Mr. Raleigh's Sukianga Pepe Lemoko was 1st and Champion, and a very beautiful young male owned by Mrs. Kay Williams and bred by Miss King of Bognor Regis, was second. He has a wonderful head and eye colour and was shown in perfect condition. Mr. Matthewson's Maiz Mor Marquis was third. I liked Mrs. Lapper's Bradgate Pasha and Mrs. Hewlett's Sabukia Simba. It must have been a very difficult class to judge. The winning female was an exquisite young lady with perfect pale cream coat and perfect points. Unfortunately, I find I have not marked my catalogue and so do not know her name, but I did speak to

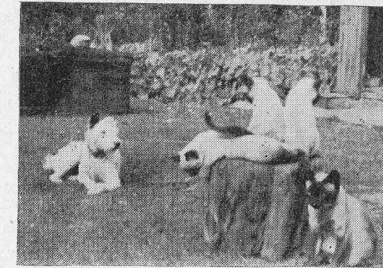
her owner, who told me Gally is her grandsire. Miss Bone showed a lovely Abyssinian female, Albyn Jera, who was First and Champion. She was outstanding for type and quality. Mrs. Hamilton, who lives in Scotland, exhibited her Black Manx female. I was very pleased to get an opportunity to talk to her as we have only corresponded and she has promised to let me have any news of interest about Manx for the magazine. I do think it a pity more is not known about this interesting breed.

The marquee for the cat section was a really big one, giving plenty of light and air. Entries were good, and cat sections at all the outdoor shows would do far better if the organisers realised that breeders are not going to enter their cats if they are to be confined in a small stuffy marquee which becomes intolerably hot when the public crowd in. I liked the arrangement of the pens, so that the public could see the cats from the outer side, whilst the judging went on without interference on the inside. I still think it is an idea to be copied at most shows, especially where there is no balcony. Unless there is a balcony, it is impossible to watch

the judging, although a charge is made for this.

Our Burmese male, Casa Gatos Dar-Kee is coming home on September 15th, and we are looking forward to having him. He will be very much in demand and I hope will sire some really good Burmese kittens. I have entered him for the Coronation show, which will be his first here.

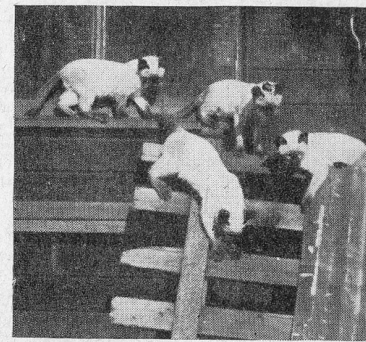
I have had very sad news from Mrs. Halsall, who has lost her Siamese queen, Chinki Silala. She says—"We were carting hay all day and little Silala was with us most of the time—had a cup of tea with us out of a cup, went to bed with the boys, then out for her little run about 9.30 p.m. I called her in soon after 10 p.m. and no reply. We found her dying in the road without a mark on her. I carried her in and she died at once, bleeding from the mouth. We think she was hit by a car. Ladybird is very



Chinki, Mia and Family.
Siamese Twins

happy with her kittens and I think I shall keep a female to replace Silala, as Lady may be lonely on her own when all the kittens have gone."

The lovely cover of the September issue, a chow-chow dog and Siamese kitten, was sent to me by Miss Christine Veldhuis of Holland, who also sent a charming photo of four Siamese kittens which I hope will appear with these notes. She is visiting England this month and is coming to see my cattery. Obviously a cat lover, her letter was very amusing. It says: "I am the proud and happy owner of two seal-point Siamese, mother and son, no champions, but very sweet and handsome pets. I have two male kittens from my last litter of four, which are to be sold one day. With Tsau-Tsjoï the chow-chow, they form a happy animal family and it is really amusing to see them together, Tsjoï behaving as if he was the father, washing the kittens and handling them very gently and



Jester, Jinx, Juno and Jasper,
training acrobatics

carefully when he is playing with them. The kittens, rascals as they are, are naughty little things, and they tease the poor dog as much as they possibly can, making a fool of him by tickling him under his pads and biting his nose and ears when he is taking his afternoon nap. Mother and big brother watch with great interest and look as though they are hiding a smile when Tsjoi is kicking desperately in his sleep, waking up to search for a quiet corner where he can continue his sleep in peace; but after a while he is again disturbed by his teasers. The queen is a very devoted mother. She refuses even to take one bit of food if the children haven't had their part yet and she is quite content and happy with the remaining bits after they have had their meal. Even if we take her away to another room, she doesn't touch the food, no matter how nice it may be."

I have received a lovely photo from Mrs. Margaret Smith of Leicester, holding her five Burmese kittens, the only way she could get them to keep still. Her queen, Chinki Yong Kassa, will soon have another litter as she is in kitten to Casa Gatos da Foong.

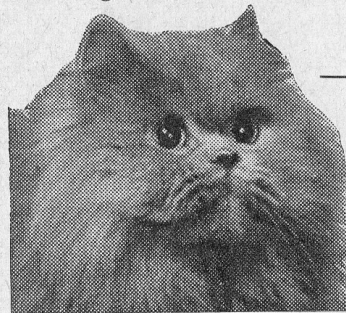
A very welcome letter from Mr. Dean of Caterham, who bought my Bluehayes Charmion, says: "As it is just over a year since we had your

Charmion, rechristened Brahms and all the adventures he and Tomaso had at the time of their arrival, I thought you would be interested to hear how they are getting on. I am happy to say they are both well and a constant joy to us. Brahms is really a most beautiful cat with a lovely long slinky body, wonderful eye colour and a long whip tail. It is certainly a great advantage, having the two cats. Their personalities are as different as could be. Brahms is rather aloof and dislikes strangers, whereas Tomaso is a most forthcoming little chap who will let anybody pick him up and make a fuss of him. Also, their tastes in food are quite dissimilar, which makes catering for them rather difficult. We had an alarming experience with Brahms in the Spring. It was a very warm day and he and Tomaso were playing in the garden when I noticed Tomaso was watching something very intently. I thought it was a field mouse and out of curiosity went to look. To my horror, it was an adder! I at once put the cats indoors and killed the snake, congratulating myself that I had noticed it in time. However, about a quarter of an hour later, Brahms began to howl piteously and I noticed his head was very swollen. I knew at once he must have

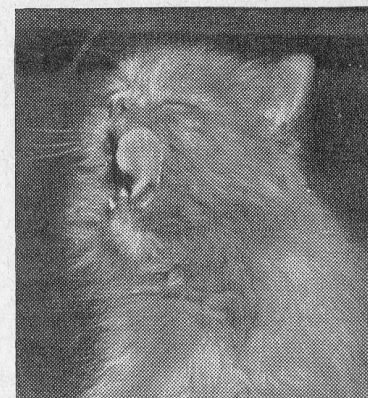
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CALLING ALL CATS!

Tibby, the Tibs Reporter, introduces a bevy of champions and takes pride in telling the world that each of these beautiful cats has Tibs regularly.



Prize-winning Blue Persian Eireanne Apollo, a superb specimen of his breed.



Blue Cream Persian Bourneside Shot Silk, is rather bored with show successes.



Seal-pointed Siamese Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo, famous sire and winner of 35 trophies.

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coats, glowing eyes and general good health are the soundest testimony to the value of Tibs in giving cats the A and B vitamins they need to look and feel their best.

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MORE MORTIMER MEMOIRS—
from page 9

relatives must have been lead-trained from kittenhood, and he inherited it !)

Actually it is really I who am on the lead, as I go where he suggests, and he is restrained only when trying to cross the road at dangerous moments. His days of straying taught him the fascination of basements, and he retains his love of these. So now I use a 16-foot lead of thin white string, so light he doesn't feel it, and as he goes down I remain at the top and let this out. He has an exciting sniff round, then runs up the steps, and as he does so I wind in the lead rather like using a fishing rod ! But the dangers of a cat on a lead—especially a long one—are great : one must not take one's eyes from him for a second : he can jump to a window ledge—and fall before landing if the lead tightens: he can jump to climb a tree. Mortimer has done both, but mercifully without injury. And I have learnt by experience. A HARNESS is the proper thing for a cat and we have this for car drives—which he LOVES !

One day I thought I would give him a treat. A friend brought her car, and we proceeded to the country with Mortimer looking out of the window, thrilled to his tail-tip, missing nothing. When we came to some very quiet fields

we got out. Now Mortimer will have the treat of his life, I thought. Green fields which he had of course never seen. I carried him into one and put him down, and his terror was something I shall never forget. He took one look at the awful, unknown green open space and tried to sink into the earth. He didn't try to run away (he was of course on lead), he became absolutely rigid with terror and tried to get the long grass to cover him . . . Horrified, I picked him up, he was trembling violently, his heart was racing, and he thrust his head under my light coat . . . Quickly we went back to the car, and returned home, but it was quite half an hour before he ceased to tremble and cautiously put his little head out to see where he was. When he realized it was a car, all was well. His joy on returning home was good to see. "Give me this lovely bricks and mortar," he seemed to say, "don't ever let me see those awful fields again . . ."

Not long ago I met with an accident, I was taken to hospital and four stitches were put in my forehead. When the ambulance brought me home Mortimer met me in a most agitated mood. Clearly he knew something had happened . . . for indeed I felt very shaken indeed. I gave him his supper and went to bed. Soon I felt decidedly worse—delayed

shock—and I hoped I shouldn't feel any worse as the night went on. I wished I wasn't alone in the place . . . and as I thought this there were hurrying feet and in bustled Mortimer. He got on the bed and he put his arms round my neck as if to assure me I WASN'T alone, he was there and would comfort me, and he slept the whole night with his face pressed against mine. And I can't express how much better I felt for the comfort of that little warm, living thing pressed closely against me.

When I had 'flu he took up what was practically a permanent position on my chest—obviously in an effort to help and comfort me. I wondered if it was safe for him, and rang his grand doctor. "Quite safe," she said, "ringworm is the only thing cats and humans can catch from each other, and you aren't likely to have that, nor is he, so don't worry! Let him sit on your chest if it makes him happy." So he did ! At night he pressed tightly to my side and slept. But one night I couldn't, and I reached to the table beside me for a tangerine, careful not to disturb the little sleeping form, which the small light showed curled into a blissful ball, chin upturned, so lovely to look at. As I peeled, I got a squirt of juice in the eye. This should have warned me, but didn't. I continued to peel.

And quite suddenly, without the slightest warning, Mortimer rose straight up in the air and sailed over the bed-side table and landed in the middle of the room ! I have never seen anything quite so funny ! Poor little mite, he was literally a jet-propelled cat, for a jet of that pungent juice must have got him on the mouth and automatically touched off the spring which makes a cat jump—and he jumped ! He wouldn't come near my bed for twenty-four hours, and I don't blame him !

As readers will remember, Mortimer goes out and brings in cats in danger, or need of help : or he insists that I go out with him to take help where he—by some strange, but very real instinct—knows it is needed. The other day he asked to "go tats" and it was at a most inconvenient moment. But I have learnt to do as he asks, so I put on his lead and out we went. He took me to a garden some doors down the road where a small kitten was "being played with" by four revolting children. (N.B. I love children, and if they are revolting it is *the parents' fault* for not training them properly, not theirs. Animal lovers will know what I mean by this). I hadn't an idea to whom the kitten belonged, but I picked it up and told the children to scram, in a dragon-like voice I can achieve only when an animal is being in any

way upset. Kitten in arms, Mortimer walked sedately and rather proudly beside me, with the air of head nurse letting mother have a treat carrying the baby. Safely inside, Mortimer took charge of the kitten and I returned to his "fan mail" . . . for I've learnt not to waste time since he took over the flat and engaged me as housekeeper-secretary!

About 6 p.m. we went out to prospect. Sure enough there was a worried woman peering under bushes, tapping a plate and showing all normal signs of cat-hunting. "What's it like," I asked, "how old?" On receiving an exact description of Mortimer's protege, I brought her home and returned her treasure. It appears she was new to this road and didn't realize its dangers. She did before we had finished, and now that little kit is growing into a lovely boy, safely kept in his own back garden.

Would that I had a similar garden for Mortimer, although thanks to the great kindness of the tenant in the flat below ours, a small front garden is now Mortimer's, safely wired, and with small but sturdy tree stump for claw-work and sitting upon, cat-mint, cocks-foot cat grass, and a tiny "lawn"—36 inches by 18 (which I cut with large scissors on Saturdays!). Mortimer loves this and basks there in the shade of delphiniums, or sits on a tiny garden

chair provided on the "snap-dragon terrace." A tiny "field" of long grass also enchants him, and in this he hides and pretends he's a tiger . . . With a little thought a London cat can have a very happy time even when he can't have complete freedom. For instance, every window ledge is safely wired to form small and safe balconies, and the big south window balconies have glass sides, so that he can get the sun without the gale which so often seems to blow. These too enable him to be out in the sunshine sometimes right up till November.

But although we have so much fun, it isn't all play! Mortimer gave fourteen parties in his flat last year, for The Cats' Protection League. Having wound up his appeal for Headquarters ambulance, and turned in a magnificent £1,000 within twelve months—thanks to the help of his many quite wonderful friends—we were going to have a bit of a rest . . .

Or so we thought . . . But friends returning from France told us terrible tales of the condition of cats in some parts of that exquisite country—especially in districts where there were no animal clinics for many miles . . . we heard stories which prevented sleep . . . it was all very disturbing . . . Mortimer looked at me one day with that steady, unblinking gaze which always makes me

"step on the juice" if I'm slacking off a bit . . . and seemed to say: "*Shouldn't we sleep better if we did something practical and lent a paw to help the cats of France?*" I've got four paws, all equally useful, why not lend two to help the CATS OF FRANCE? It won't take from English cats, indeed it will probably HELP THEM MORE"—(I didn't see what Mortimer meant by this till later, but that's in itself another story.) "We want to help cats EVERYWHERE . . . where the need is greatest . . ."

So Mortimer arranged a party for the League for French Animal Welfare—indeed he has given them two—and the co-operation of cat lovers was so wonderful, they were so moved to see Mortimer lending a paw to help the Cats of France, that these two parties made the record-breaking total of £101! And he is now President of their lovely St. Francis Club for all Animals, founded by the English branch of The League for French Animal Welfare.* His gifts—sold on his little stalls at his parties—are kept *meticulously separate*, in two trunks marked respectively: 1. "*English Cats (Cats' Protection League)*" and 2. "*French Cats: St. Francis Club, League for French Animal Welfare.*"

* Membership—for humans or their pets—is a year minimum: send to MORTIMER, c/o League for French Animal Welfare, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

And not only is he President of the Club, but the fine cover photograph from the March issue of "Cats and Kittens" is being used to form the new badge of the League, and it is now known as the Presidential Portrait! Mortimer is thrilled to his tail-tip because it will so help his work for cats in need: it will be available to all members of the St. Francis Club.

Mortimer then asked, "What do Presidents really do?" And somewhat rashly, I replied: "If they are good ones they work like blacks for the cause they represent." "Then we must give more parties," Mortimer seemed to say, and so we are now working hard for his CHRISTMAS MARKET PARTIES, both for the Cats' Protection League and the League for French Animal Welfare, at the end of October and beginning of November. At these, lovely slides in really natural colour photography will be shown, of Mortimer and his friends at work and play: and OTHER ANIMALS AND BIRDS. These are so exquisite we want to share them with all animal lovers. Anyone within reach of Kensington can ask for an invitation, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to Mortimer, c/o *Cats and Kittens*—there is no charge. Mortimer gives the tea himself, and makes a collection after the slides, sitting on my shoulder and watching, with

immense interest—which makes me blush!—to see what each guest gives! After this there are charming stalls with novel, dainty, inexpensive—and *easy-to-post*—Christmas Gifts on sale and all who can we hope will ask to come and “Market at Mortimer’s”, when every farthing will go *intact* to help cats in need. (All his collection for the French League goes exclusively to **Cat Welfare** there).

And now to conclude. The incident which led to the photograph produced in this issue of Mortimer, I hesitate to tell, as it sounds so impossible. But it is true. The picture is the last of a sequence of shots—the originals are in natural colour and are shown on the screen—and will be shown at his Christmas Market parties—and was taken when, after supper, Mortimer started to see what he

CAT O’ NINE TAILS—*from page 3*
yellow something dangling from his mouth. I can’t remember washing it—or did I?”

I dashed out to find it was our next door neighbour’s duckling, dangling it is true, but uninjured.

The last tale I have to relate concerns a walk I took past the little fishing village.

SERVICE CATS—*from page 5*

She sleeps in a box on the window ledge, she practises in my IN tray. She doesn’t know that we are fixing up the ideal

could find on the table! Now he hates ice-cream, but likes *to find* a little on his own (that’s quite different!). We had been such gluttons we hadn’t left any and on seeing this Mortimer let out a Siamese howl of indignation (I got a shot of this which has to be seen to be believed!). Hastily clearing the table and trying to distract his thoughts, I told him a funny story. At first he sulked. Then he became interested, and finally as the end was reached, I was somewhat shaken when Mortimer *laughed, and laughed and laughed*. And if you don’t believe me, look at the picture, and I think you will laugh too, and feel what fun it is to live with a little cat who, although he works hard for his less fortunate friends, has also a great deal of fun in his flat!

It was one of those warm sunny days, and I was amused to see five village cats basking on the hot boards inside one of the boats on the beach.

On retracing my footsteps later in the day, I was surprised to see a boat load of seafaring cats, mewing in unison with the seagulls, which swept past in astonishment!

home in one of the cupboards. I wait patiently for her next meow. As I said “I prefer cats to dogs, you know where you stand. You don’t mean a thing.” Or don’t you.

BLUE NOTES—*from page 10*

awards were given at the Auckland Show, New Zealand). “Tommy Lad,” bred by Miss Albrecht, is the same breeding as “Ch. Oxley’s Peter John” and my “Oxley’s Smasher” and I well remember him as a kitten. He did very well in England before Mrs. Pepper took him out to New Zealand.

At the Palmerston Show, New Zealand, Miss Hore was awarded Best Kitten in Show with her “Illawarra Black Smasher” (named after my own stud). I guess Miss Hore

CAT-CHAT—*from page 7*

who made good was only given credence in the 17th century And as for his cat, well, in the 16th and 17th centuries the word *achat* meant “buying and selling” and making a

YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 14

found the adder before I did. It was some time before I could get the vet., but he came round and gave Brahm’s the antidote injection. He was a dreadful sight by then, his head twice its normal size, the eyes quite closed by the swelling, and obviously in great pain. Within an hour or two the inflammation began to subside, and though he was not himself for a few days he made a complete recovery. The vet. says we were fortunate as an adder bite is often fatal for cats.”

got a big thrill with this high honour.

I am adding to my cattery a lovely blue-cream “Mayblossom of Pensford,” bred by Mrs. Joan Thompson. She is by “Ch. Astra of Pensford” out of “Anchor Felicity”—the same breeding as “Ch. Dawn of Pensford,” “Int. Ch. Twinkle of Pensford” and “Ch. Twilight of Pensford.” So I look forward with great joy and interest to this little lady. I have bred Blue Persians since 1934 and I am hoping to have some really nice Creams, Blue-creams and Blues from “Mayblossom.”

profit. *Achat* in course of time became ACAT and as Whittington became a rich man through his buying and selling and making a profit it becomes clear why the legend grew up around him of having a cat.

I have just received a letter from Miss Josephine Tomblin of Glasgow who has Chinki Gaylord and also Trinity Miss Melisandi, both of which she bought from me. She also has a stud named Omar, and tells me: “He went out for his usual early morning stroll and failed to return. The entire Glasgow police force were on the lookout for him and also the Cat and Dog Home. However, weeks went by and no sign of Omar. Seven weeks later a man came to ask if I would board his cat whilst he was on holiday. I

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MANX CATS

BY SYDNEY W. FRANCE

A RECENT article in the Isle of Man *Weekly Times* states that Manx cats are in danger of extinction. These cats, famous throughout the world for their unique taillessness, may be in danger of dying out. This decline is because many people have their Manx tom cats doctored.

At a meeting called some time ago by the Government "vet" another disturbing fact came to light, and that was that as the breed gets purer whole litters of kittens are still-born. This discovery was made by the geneticist of Liverpool University while doing research on the Manx cat. The high mortality rate is fortunately only met with in strains that are almost entirely pure, and it can be overcome by mating a "stumpy" or a tailed cat of Manx blood to the pure Manx. The resulting litters will be mixed, containing tail-less, stumpy and tailed kittens.

It is extremely rare to come across a litter that are all pure rumpies.

Those present at the meeting decided to call the association the "Isle of Man Manx Cat Association" and elected Mr. N. S. Twining, Kerroo-ny-Clough, Greeba, as secretary. Concern was expressed about

the export of inferior Manx cats. It was stated that cats had been sent and described as being pure Manx, whereas some of them were "stumpies."

After the association is firmly established, it is proposed to issue a certificate for all Manx cats being exported, provided they have been examined and passed by the Association's veterinary surgeon.

Plans to encourage the breeding of the cats included the guaranteeing of special classes at insular shows, and the presenting of special prizes. It was stressed that purity could only be assessed from the physical point of view. Whereas a cat may appear to be pure, having the characteristic hollow at the end of the backbone, no indication could be given as to its pedigree. If mated to another rumpy, it may not breed true.

A standard for the Manx cat has been drawn up by the Association for judging purposes. The maximum number of points awarded is 100. Of these, 45 are for the breed's main characteristics—taillessness, height of hindquarters (which give the cat its unusual "hopping" gait), and shortness of back.

THE KING'S LYNN CAT SHOW

A Few Interesting Notes from
BARBARA HEWLETT

AS WE have had shows for rabbits, pigeons, poultry, and cage-birds, put on by the Gaywood Fanciers, we thought we would have a go at a cat show. Mr. Browne is the Association's show manager for other shows and he organised the hall, pens, etc., as I simply would not know how to put up a pen, and I took over the secretarial part and the coaxing of people to enter their cats, greatly helped by Mrs. Statham of Middleton. We had fifty cats entered in the end, after we had browbeaten and cajoled, and filled in people's entry forms, and explained why they had to bring meat tins and white ribbon.

We were extremely fortunate in having Miss Yorke and Mr. Tomlinson to judge. Miss Yorke's soothing words to nervous novice exhibitors and Mr. Tomlinson's sleight of hand in returning the most obstreperous to their cages were a pleasure to hear and see. Two Siamese (not novices) of notoriously bad behaviour came out as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, just to show a good example to less experienced pussies.

Quite frankly, at 9.45 a.m. I never thought we should be ready for them to be judged at

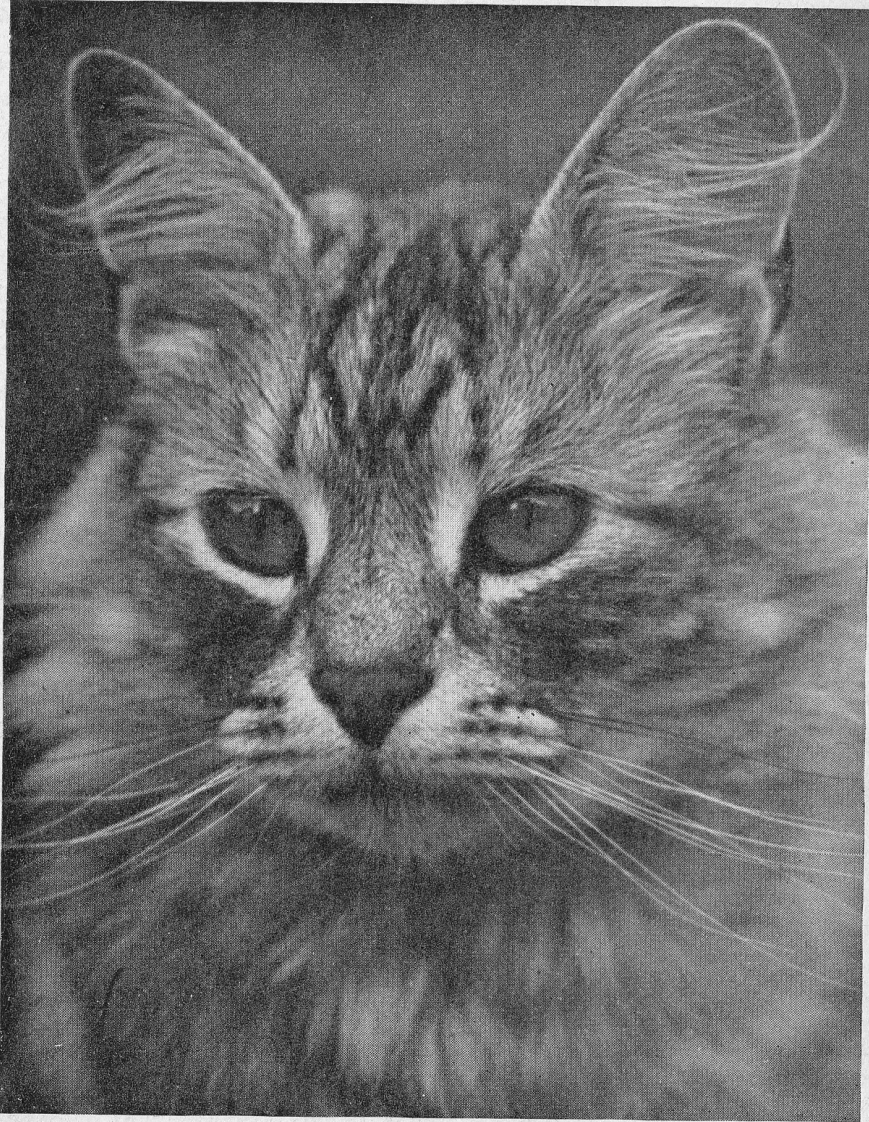
all, as more than half the exhibitors had never shown cats before, and there were hardly enough others to tell them what to do, how to tie on tallies and soothe the jangled nerves of their charges, remove feeding bowls, arrange blankets, etc. There was one colossal household pet who was thoughtfully bending the bars of his cage as if they were made of tinfoil.

Mrs. Statham was a tower of strength stewarding for the vet., then nurse-maiding the debutantes and then going on to be a judge's steward. Mr. Statham was the other steward—he has had some experience at our pet shows and he stewarded for Mr. Tomlinson, and very well too.

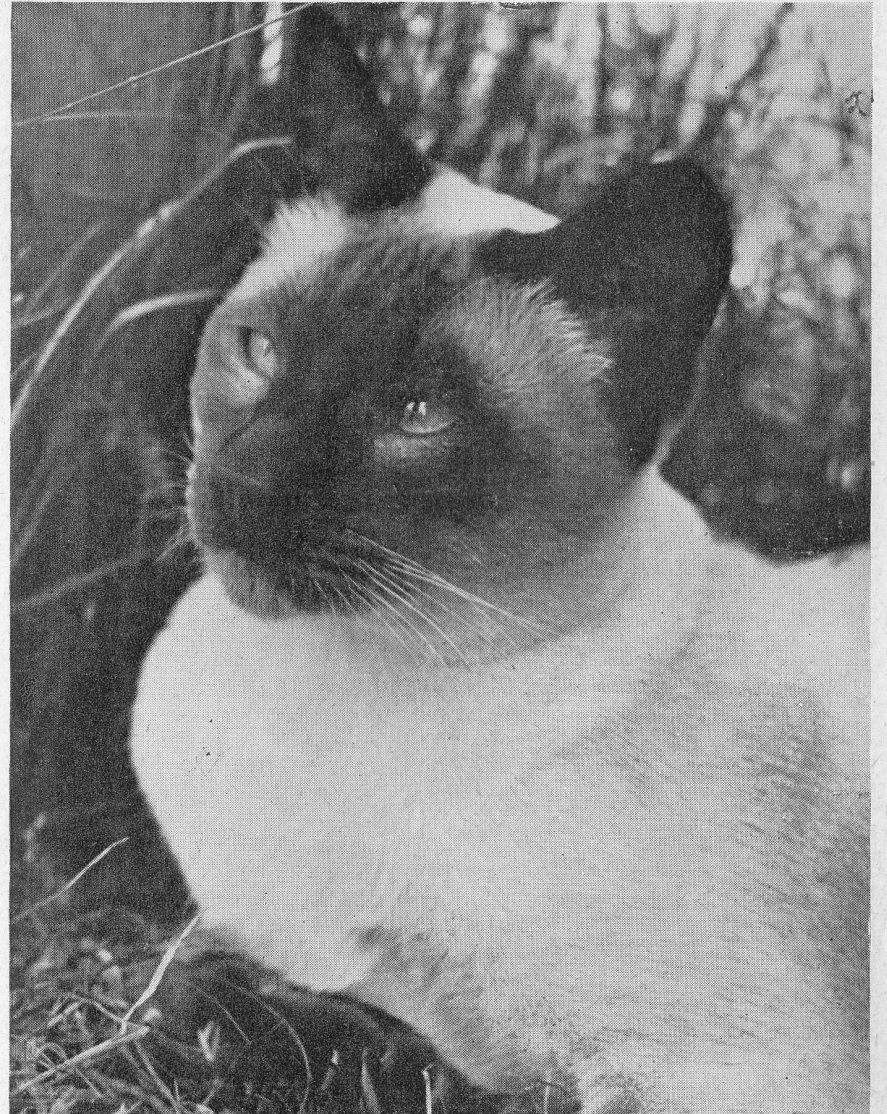
With Miss Yorke kindly lending us a hand in distributing them, the prize cards were up by 1.30 p.m. (*Editor please note!*), and the cats had settled down, and the worst was over. It was a fine day and we really had a very good gate, and people were most enthusiastic and we really felt it had all been worth while.

Mr. Statham had kindly typed out a dozen catalogues and my husband had written out notices and also acted as

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Photograph : J. Summers, Reading



Photograph : Mr. Frost, Ipswich

CATS THROUGH THE AGES

Conclusion from our September Issue

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, ETC.

- 98** GEORGE BAXTER : Pussy Napping (c. 1850) : colour print.
- *99** G. STEVENS : Kitten with Dead Game : oil.
- 100** ANON. (Victorian) : Cat and Lobster : underglaze print. So far as can be found this is the only "pot lid" showing a cat.
- 101** ARTIST UNKNOWN : Foreign Itinerants (c. 1840) : colour print.
- *102** MISS CORBAUX (early 19th century) : Always at Mischief : lithograph.
- 103** CURRIER AND IVES (c. 1873) : Kitties Among the Roses : coloured engraving. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.*
- 104** CURRIER AND IVES : My Little White Kitties : coloured engraving. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.*
- *105** LOUIS WAIN (1861-1939) : A Cat's Christmas Dance : engraving (1890). Although he had been drawing cats for several years, it was this picture that gave Louis Wain world-wide fame. There are more than 130 cats in the picture "each with a different expression," as he wrote and he completed the picture in a week.
- 106** LOUIS WAIN : Kittens : pen and ink drawing. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.*
- 107** LOUIS WAIN : Cat and Candle : pen and ink drawing. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.* The caption reads "starts and swears it (*sic*) everything it is not familiar with."
- 108** G. F. HUGHES : Snookered (c. 1890) : Chromolithograph. *Lent by Miss Barbara Jones.*
- *109** J. J. DOLPH : Tired Out : oil. *Lent by R. E. Abbott, Esq.*
- 110** MELLIOR JACKSON : Two Tabby Cats : oil. *Lent by P. N. Dawson, Esq.*
- *111** LOUISE BRIARD : The Thieving Magpie : oil. This picture closely resembles "L'Invasion" by Eugene Lambert, the famous French animalier.
- *112** LOUISE BRIARD : Kittens at Play : oil.
- 113** EUGENE LAMBERT : Dans la Corbeille : etching—artist's proof.
- 114** CHARLES VERLAT (1824-1890) : The White Cat : oil. *Lent by Hilton Cooling, Esq.*
- 115** GOTTFRIED MIND (1768-1814) : A Cat with Three Kittens : watercolour. *Lent by the Courtauld Institute of Art (Witt Collection).* Called "The Raphael of Cats" by Mme. Lebrun, Mind devoted himself entirely to painting cats and bears.
- 116** JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU : Sleeping Cat : pencil drawing.
- 117** PAUL RENOARD : Cat and Kittens : watercolour.
- *118** HENRIETTE RONNER : Black Cat (1899) : oil. *Lent by R. E. Abbott, Esq.* The cat was a favourite of the Duchess of Bedford.
- *119** STEINLEN (1859-1923) : Le Chat : oil. *Lent by Messrs. Roland, Browse and Delbanco.*
- 120** STEINLEN (1859-1923) : Deux Chats : lithograph on velvet. *Lent by Lady Welby.*

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, ETC.—Contd.

- 121** BERTHE MORISOT (1841-1895) : Child with a Cat : etching. *Lent by Mrs. H. A. Feisenberger.*
- 122** LOUIS LEGRANDE : Titi : etching. Inscribed to Pierre Loti.
- 123** PIERRE BONNARD (1867-1947) : Le Chat Blanc : oil on board : signed 1894. Exhibited : Bonnard, Vuillard Exhibition, Edinburgh Festival, 1948 ; Bonnard Exhibition, Rotterdam, 1953. *Lent by Daniel R. Nahum, Esq.*
- *124-126** GWEN JOHN (1876-1939) : Three studies of Cats : pencil and watercolour. *Lent by the Matthieson Gallery.*
- 127** GWEN JOHN : Tabby with Wide Open Eyes : pencil and watercolour. *Lent by A. H. Stewart, Esq.*
- 128** GWEN JOHN : Girl with Black Cat : oil. *Lent by Mrs. T. S. Denham.* Gwen John, the gifted sister of Augustus John, was devoted to cats all her life. She made watercolour drawings of cats in the cellar in Howland Street where she lived after leaving the Slade in 1897. When in 1939, in Augustus John's words, "feeling the old compulsion of the sea upon her, she took the train to Dieppe, where she collapsed on arrival and taken to hospital, expired, she had neglected to take any baggage with her, but had not forgotten to make provision for her cats in her absence." Sir John Rothenstein has written : "I am not alone in believing her to have been one of the finest painters of her time and country."
- 129** FOUJITA : Cat and Kittens : aquatint.
- 130** E'ZAN : Cat with Frog : etching : artist's proof.
- 131** ARTIST UNKNOWN (Japanese) : Cat and Peonies : watercolour.
- 132** ARTIST UNKNOWN (Japanese c. 1800) : Studies of Cat and Mouse : watercolour.
- 133** ARTIST UNKNOWN (Japanese 19th century) : The White Cat : watercolour.
- 134** SHOSUN : Cat and Goldfish : colour print.
- 135** PABLO PICASSO : Le Chat : aquatint. *Lent by J. C. Thomson, Esq.* From the special edition of the *Histoire Naturelle* of Buffon, Paris, 1942.
- 136** SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. : Three studies of cats : pencil drawing. *Lent by Count de Belleruche.*
- 137** SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. : Two studies of cats : pen and ink. *Lent by Count de Belleruche.*
- 138** SIR FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A. : Three studies of a corpse of a cat : pencil drawing. *Lent by Count de Belleruche.*
- 139** ROBERT AUSTIN, R.A. : Cat and Mandolin : etching. *Lent by Robert Austin, Esq.*
- 140** F. E. HOLLAMS : Toby : albino Abyssinian cat : oil. *Lent by The Countess of Liverpool.* Albinos appeared amongst the Abyssinian cats bred by Sir William Cooke.
- *141** GERTRUDE HERMES : Cats : woodcut. *Lent by the artist.*
- *142** GERTRUDE HERMES : Other Cats and Henry : woodcut. *Lent by the artist.*
- *143** WENDELA BOREEL : The Cat : lithograph. *Lent by the artist.*
- 144** JAMES BOSWELL : Grade A Special : lithograph.
- *145** ESME CURREY : Sleeping Cat : etching. *Lent by the artist.*

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, ETC.—*Contd.*

- 146** JAMES MASON : Baby, Sadie and Folly : pen and ink drawing.
- ***147** WINIFRED TAYLOR : Cat with Bird : aquatint. *Lent by the artist.*
- 148** JACQUES NAM : White Cat. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.*
- 149** EILEEN MAYO : Cat in Cherry Tree : woodcut. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.*
- 150** ANON : Siamese Cat : chalk (after a lithograph by Alex Orri). *Lent by Miss P. McOstrich.*
- 151** JOYCE DAVIES : Gracefield Sprite : Abyssinian female : pastel. *Lent by Mrs. Grace de Udy.*
- 152** JOYCE DAVIES : Ch. Missflore Pan Print : blue pointed Siamese male. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***153-156** LEONOR FINI : Four studies of Cats : gouache and pen and ink. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***157** PAAR : Daughter of the Moon : lithograph.
- ***158** WENDY DOBBS : Cat on Chair : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***159** WENDY DOBBS : Cat on Chair : etching. *Lent by the artist.*
- 160** GUY FAULKNER : Abyssinian Kittens. *Lent by the Countess of Liverpool.*
- 161** ELISABETH CASTHELAZ : Zette : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- 162** ELISABETH CASTHELAZ : Three heads : engraving. *Lent by the artist.*
- 163** ELISABETH CASTHELAZ : Abyssinian : pastel. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***164** RONALD SEARLE : The Cat on the Mat : pen and watercolour. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***165** RONALD SEARLE : Four Moods : pen and watercolour. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***166** GEORGE BORCHARD : Old George : linocut in colour. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***167** GEORGE BORCHARD : Siesta : linocut in colour. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***168** M. STOK : Bagheera : watercolour. *Lent by the artist.*
- 169** SIR LIONEL LINDSAY : Siesta (1925) : woodcut.
- 170** SIR LIONEL LINDSAY : The Black Cat (1922) : woodcut.
- 171** SIR LIONEL LINDSAY : The Ivy Jar (1923) : woodcut. The cat beside the ivy jar was an incorrigible snake hunter at Sir Lionel Lindsay's home in Australia and killed a great number before eventually being fatally bitten.
- 172** CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY : April's Kitten : chalk and watercolour illustration. *Lent by Miss P. McOstrich.*
- 173** JOHN CRAXTON : Cat in a Basket Chair : gouache. *Lent by Basil Taylor, Esq.*
- ***173a** HELEN MACKENZIE : Cottage Window : lithograph. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***174** PETER FOLDES : Cat, Rat and Bird : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***175** LILIAN LANCASTER : The Black Kitten : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- 176** GRETta PLUCKEBAUM : Black and White Cat : aquatint. *Lent by Miss Kit Wilson.*
- ***177** CLIFFORD WEBB : Family Life : colour engraving. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***178** CLIFFORD WEBB : Cats and Geranium : wood engraving. *Lent by the artist.*
- 179** FELIX TOPOLSKI : Ellie : pen and ink drawing.
- ***180** ROY TURNER DURRANT : Cat after Prey : oil. *Lent by the artist.*

PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, ETC.—*Contd.*

- ***181** MARGARET KAYE : The Cat among the Carnations : fabric collage. *Lent by Messrs. Roland Browse and Delbanco.*
- ***182** E. F. COOTE LAKE : The Kitten Surprised : watercolour. *Lent by R. E. Abbott, Esq.*
- 183** JAMES MASON : Lady Leeds : drawing in colour. *Lent by Michael Joseph, Esq.* Autographed : "Dear Michael Joseph, This drawing has the distinction of having visited the offices of the *New Yorker*—but only hastily! Lady Leeds did not make it. All good wishes from the troop. James Mason." Lady Leeds was a stray which adopted Mr. Mason when he was playing at the Theatre Royal, Leeds.
- ***184** BARBARA MORAY WILLIAMS : Cats : etching. *Lent by the artist.*
- 185** TRUDA HOPE PANET : Abyssinian Cat and Kittens : pastel.
- 186** MAJORY ROGERS DONALDSON : Two studies of "Chloe," an Abyssinian queen : tempera painting. *Lent by Miss Margaret Cunningham.*
- ***187** L. FELDBURG EBER : Siamese Cat : drawing. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***188** L. FELDBURG EBER : Sleeping Cat : drawing. *Lent by the artist.*
- 189** JOHN SKEAPING : Performing Cat : drawing. *Lent by Mr. A. D. Hippley Coxé.* The cat is Clovis, one of the eight cats in Mr. Hippley Coxé's troupe in 1937. How he persuaded the cats to ring bells and perform other feats is described in his book, "A Seat at the Circus."
- 190** JOHN ALDRIDGE : Two Cats : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***191** NICHOLAS EGON : Ginger Kitten : watercolour. *Lent by the artist.*
- 191a** JEAN COCTEAU : Karoun : *Lent by Mme. Peyraud.*
- 192** ANTHEA OSWELL : Yawning Cat : oil. *Lent by the artist.*
- ***193** JOHN FLAVIN : Fighting Cats : oil. *Lent by the artist.*

(*Exhibits in this section not acknowledged are lent by Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Denham*)

Numbers marked * indicate the exhibit is for sale

THE KING'S LYNN CAT SHOW

—*from page 23*

chauffeur. Mrs. Crickmore wrote out prize cards for us, and my sister and Mr. George Chapman took the gate money.

Mrs. Statham's lovely Blue-point Glebe Fairy was Best in Show and Mrs. Crickmore's kitten Thiepval Precocious was Reserve best. Mrs. German's Russian Blue Prince Dunloe Paylovitch was Best Neuter, and Mrs. Bedford's L.H. Blue-eyed White Fluffy was best household pet.

SPAYED QUEENS—*from page 30*

I hope I have convinced a few of the people who are in doubt. I know that if I had stuck out for a male kitten years ago, I might have missed five years of owning a beautiful, intelligent cat, admired by all who see her and who is ready to defend me against all strangers to the house, yet who is silly enough to come to bed every night, giving me a sloppy wet lick before settling down, deeply resenting my husband's presence.

SPAYED QUEENS

BY SHIRLEY C. DUNNING, M.R.A.D.

I OFTEN read various reports from people who are loathe to have female kittens neutered or who insist upon having a male kitten for a pet. The usual reasons against spaying a female are that it dulls their characters or health, or impairs their hunting abilities.

So I am writing to those people to describe my own experience.

Five years ago, I wanted a male Siamese cat as a pet and, having contacted a breeder, I found she had then only one female available. When I saw the kitten, she was so beautiful that my husband and I fell for her and before either of us knew what we were doing, we had bought her. The breeder said that I could have her spayed, which I did at five months of age. She has grown into a wonderful cat, with absolutely no ill-effects from the operation. As we live in the country, she has led an almost completely natural life, supplementing her diet from her prey (I regret to admit!) and has now two rats, nearly as big as herself, to her credit—a fact which most impressed our neighbours. As for the mice and birds, I wonder

that there are any left in this part of Nottinghamshire.

Before we settled here, she moved with us several times and took each new home in her stride. As to her health, she has survived cat 'flu twice, indeed I think a spayed queen has more resistance because on the second occasion, she was dreadfully ill, and yet *she* rallied, whereas I lost my Burmese queen through the same illness.

Regarding their disposition, I had my second son at home one lovely day last September when, normally, Mowgli Magoy, my spay, would have been out hunting nearly all day. Yet, that morning, she came back in the house and in spite of the doctor and nurse and usual upheaval at these times, sat on the landing defying all who crossed her path and howled as only a Siamese cat can, until my baby was born late in the afternoon. I could not have had more devotion or companionship from any animal as, even afterwards, she reclined on my bed, only doing quick retirements whilst doctor or nurse paid their daily visits.

Continued on page 29.

Letters and Pictures to the Editor



Minet

Hounslow,
Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

Enclosed please find a snapshot of one of our cats which I would be very happy for you to publish in your magazine. Her name is "Minet" and she is two and a half years old, but unfortunately went blind as a kitten. She has had two families but in spite of her loving care we could not rear them, so decided to have her neutered. She is always so happy and loves playing on the grass in the garden, and follows my mother about the house like a dog—always listening for her voice. We have several lovely cats, but dear little Minet has a special place in our hearts.

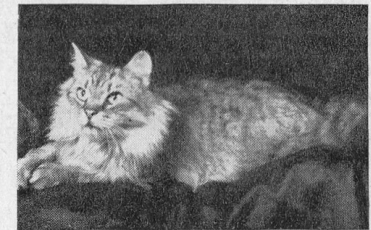
My mother and I have taken your delightful magazine for many years and always find it so interesting and helpful.

We shall be looking forward to seeing our little Minet's photo in your magazine, as she posed for it just as if she could see the camera.

Thanking you,

Yours faithfully,

Phyllis E. Bryant.



Non Non

Miss Veldhuis's Chinchilla

Switzerland.

Dear Editor,

I received this morning my fifth copy of your truly delightful magazine. Though I haven't been taking it for long I always look forward to its arrival.

I am enclosing in this envelope two pictures, one of each of my two pets, Tippler and Golden Slipper. The latter is mine only and the former belongs to the whole family.

Tippler, the eldest, was given to us by some friends, with her mother, Blackie, a beautiful black Persian, who we were forced to put to sleep. Tippler has had three litters and is about 18 months old. She had her last litter a week ago.

Golden Slipper is my special pet. She is called in nearly every evening by calls which are supposed to represent a tomcat. These calls carry very far because friends living a quarter of a mile away have heard them. She comes from Tippler's second litter and is nine months old. Every evening in front of the fire is a steam-engine and every night on my bed is a same but more tired puss (there are, of course, a few exceptions). Golden Slipper is so named because she was separated from the others by Tippler and put into one of my mother's dancing slippers which were painted with gold paint.

Is it bad for a kitten to open its eyes at five days old or not? Ours has done so.

Yours truly,
(Miss) Stella Evans

Dear Miss Evans,

It is not unusual for kittens' eyes to be opened at five days old and perhaps in future you might try to keep the newly born kit's and the mother in a dark place until they are about a fortnight old, which is always a good thing.

Editor.

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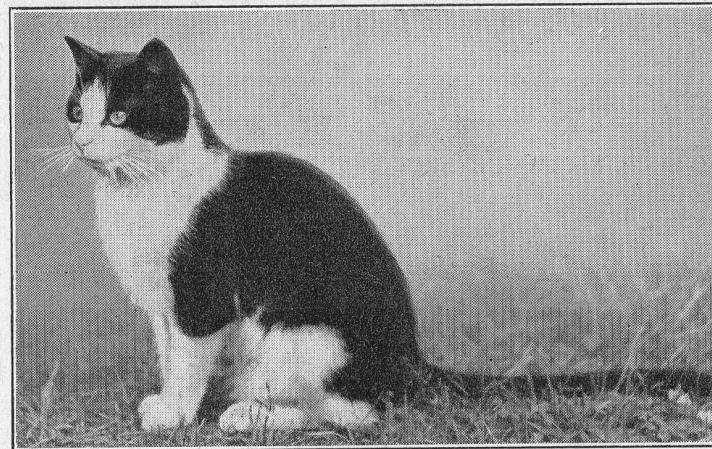
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YOUR CATS AND MINE—
from page 21

asked particulars and when I learned the cat was a Siamese asked a lot more questions as I suspected it was Omar. Sure enough, when he brought the cat in, there was Omar, as large as life. He had been living in the next road. The man tried to tell me he had notified the police, but there was no record of it. I thought of prosecuting, but decided he had got a fright and that was enough. The amusing tailpiece is that he

asked me to castrate the cat whilst it was with me ! ! ”

My Burmese queen, Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat, has a lovely litter of kittens by Casa Gatos da Foong, one girl and four boys. Chinki Jonta has a really lovely litter of six, three girls and three boys, by Chinki Gay Dasher, all with lovely long whip tails. Penny's babies by Gally are now nine weeks old and four of the six ordered. The two males are really lovely and it seems a shame to sell them for neutering.

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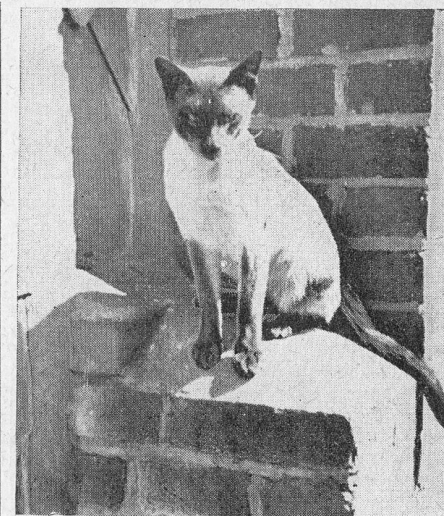
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