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Mrs. W. G. Harriott of Orchard Way, Osborne Road, Laindon, Essex, owner of the Penchar cats and Boarding Cattery writes:—

"I have always used Kit-zyme, but I think you may be interested to know that my cats and kittens also have Kenadex regularly in their diet—and they love it. Only one cat, Baralan Polleyanna, winner of 1 C.C., was "fussy" about it at first, but she soon changed her mind.

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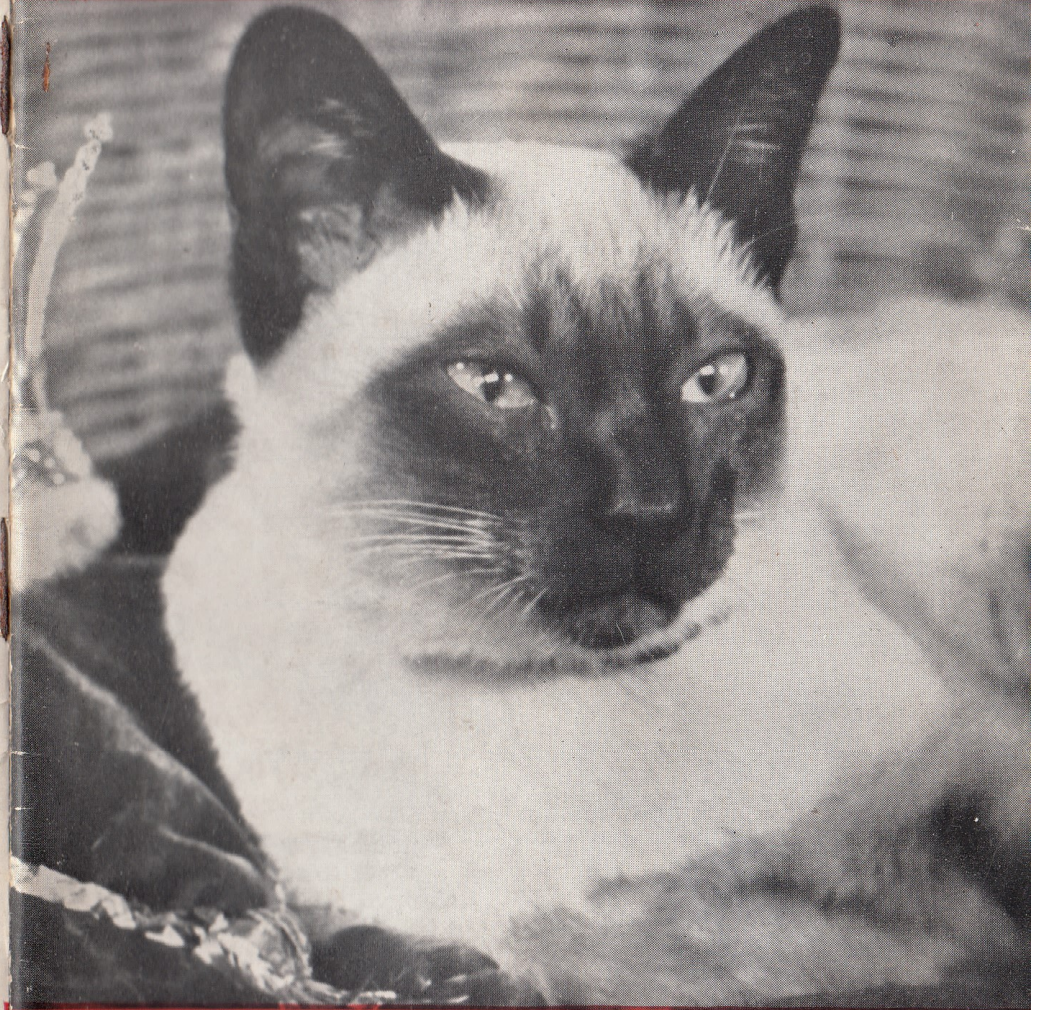


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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JANUARY
1954

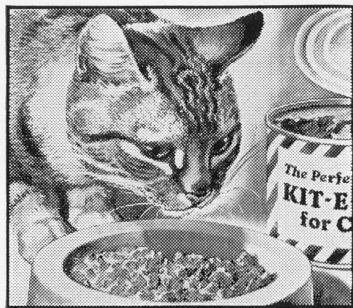
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THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

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1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices : 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JANUARY, 1954

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

I DON'T often get the time to read although I would like to do, but it is just as well if one is in the cat fancy to read as much as one can as it is only in that way that one can find out the other person's point of view, and not least "what is going on." I find the small print rather trying, but an article recently published elsewhere contained much food for thought. This was written by *J. Ralph, a name with which I am not familiar, and which I

notice is not one on the list of exhibitors at the recent Midland Counties Cat Show. It was titled "Impressions of a Novice on Visiting the Midland Counties Show." The writer started off by saying "Just as in certain parts of Cornwall one is called a foreigner unless born there so in the cat fancy one is regarded as a novice for the first 20 years or so.

Doomed for the next 15 years to the ranks of lower priesthood, I yet feel that the novice has much to contribute to the Cat Fancy. For one thing he can often contribute youth, an essential ingredient. Secondly

* Since writing this article, a correction in the journal mentioned above makes the writer to be Mr. I. Raleigh, well known exhibitor.

Our Cover photograph is of Tai-Lu facing the Television Camera—Photograph B.B.C.
See Feature Story, page 6

he can contribute the invigorating wine of studentship, whereby the older and wiser breeders acquire the well-earned and subtle pleasure of feeding the neophyte with the rich fruit of their own learning, for is it not more blessed to give than to receive? Thirdly and finally, the novice is largely untouched by the politics of the Fancy, nor is he hag-ridden (I use the term in its ambi-sexual sense) by the partisanship which so obviously screams and rages through the ranks of the stalwarts whose job it is to maintain the high and honest tradition without which catdom is lost," and then went on: "What then could mar such a fine collective effort? There were many people present who thought it unwise of the show manager to have entered Pincop Simon. Others, whilst holding the same view thought it also wrong of Mrs. Williams to have entered Blue Hayes Foxey, which had already won his championship. These cats people argued, had reached the pinnacle of fame and their owners should therefore refrain from pot hunting and give other cats a chance.

I do not happen to hold this view. Some time ago Mr. Warner was criticised for his continued showing of Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. I was a very raw novice at the time, but nevertheless could not help defending

Mr. Warner on the grounds that in order to keep the status of 'champion' at a high level, it was essential to maintain a high order of competition. I have not altered my views although I now show a young stud whose chances of gaining his remaining challenge certificates are thereby diminished. If a good young cat cannot in time beat a good old one, then the young cats are not worthy of championship honours. Furthermore, at a recent London show Mrs. William's cat was preferred to Simon, and I think both exhibitors did the right thing by competing again.

There were others among the more thoughtful exhibitors who conceded both Mrs. Lamb and Mrs. Williams their right to show, but who strongly criticised the former lady for entering her very fine cat in 14 side classes as well as in his open class. I do not feel competent to express an opinion in this case, since for such an opinion to be of value it is necessary to know whether or not there is a precedent. I will therefore be satisfied with setting down the arguments both for and against such an action on two counts:—

(1) A number of people said in my presence that it was not fair for a show manager to show at all as she was the only person among all the exhibitors who knew all the entries in each

class and could enter her cats in classes where they would stand a particularly good chance of winning. This accusation cannot be levied against Mrs. Lamb since she entered her cat in all or almost all possible classes regardless of competition. Besides there is ample precedent for exhibiting by a show manager.

(2) I heard people complain that having brought their cats from distant homes at considerable trouble and expense they thought it a bit thick to find that the show manager had not only entered her well-known champion in the open class, but had also entered him in almost every side class and that had they had her advantage of knowing the entries beforehand they would not have bothered to come to Birmingham. In view of what happened they did not intend to show there in future, and hence it was suggested that Mrs. Lamb had put her personal interests before the ultimate interests of her club.

In my opinion this accusation is unjust. Everything Mrs. Lamb did was in strict accordance with the rules of the Governing Council, and this is a fact which every honest critic must bear in mind. If her action seemed unjust then the rules which made it possible should be blamed and not Mrs. Lamb. Championship shows are open to all and that includes Mrs.

Lamb. Furthermore no official should be put in such a position that by showing her cat in accordance with the rules of the Council, she leaves herself open to the charge of placing her own interests before those of her club, or of taking an unfair advantage of her position. Like most of us Mrs. Lamb undoubtedly loves her cat and wants to see him in a cage decorated with cards and the centre of admiration, and having met her I am convinced that no other thought ever entered her mind.

Since Mrs. Lamb acted properly and yet gave cause for complaint to a large number of intelligent people, there is only one conclusion which can be drawn, namely that the rules should be altered.

Any show rule which gives one exhibitor advantages not possessed by others is a bad rule; no sane person can dispute this fact. Representations should be made forthwith to the Governing Council to alter the rules in such a way as to make it impossible for a show manager to exhibit at his or her own show. Secondly I would suggest a further rule, whereby full champions should be excluded. This would greatly increase the keenness of all those who do not own champions, *i.e.*, some 80 per cent of the exhibitors who support the shows and without whom club

shows would all be dismal flops. If these two measures were adopted I prophesy far heavier entries, and it is even possible that clubs would make profits at their shows instead of losses."

My own impression here is that a Champion is a yard-stick by which other cats should be judged and I make no apologies for again using this phrase which I have employed on more than one occasion before on this subject. All the same I emphatically agree with those who say that a show manager should not exhibit at the show at which he or she is officiating, nor for that matter should any of the show officials. It might well be said that a show manager who wins most of the awards at his or her own show, might notwithstanding refuse to take the prize money; but that merely means that it prevents someone else from securing it.

Elsie Kent, one time secretary of the Siamese Cat Club, one time contributor to our columns, at all times provocative, forthright, and outspoken, writes in another periodical on what she calls "Weird Judging Results," she says: "The serious breeder may look to the Siamese Cat Club for guidance, but nowadays I feel he or she may look in vain. Once upon a time should the club look upon a certain point with disfavour, Club judges were united in penalizing the fault and before long it disappeared for the

simple reason that the breeder knew it was useless to exhibit such stock. To-day everyone judges to their own particular fancy and we get the weird results of half-a-dozen Siamese judges at the same show all putting up a different cat, which, even allowing for the personal element, cannot be right.

Various suggestions have been put forward in an endeavour to stem the Siamese flow towards the alley cat. From one leading breeder comes the idea that the Governing Council Stud List should be divided into sections.

The first should be headed 'Approved by the Siamese Cat Club' and would contain the names of all those cats who have been in one of the first three places of their Open class at a Championship show, or have won a first in their breed class at a non-championship show. Also a cat could be eligible for this section if three of his progeny by different queens won under similar conditions in their kitten classes.

In the second section would be listed all those cats who do not qualify for these conditions. The argument will naturally be that breeders can't be forced to use certain cats, but at least a number of keen novices would be helped, and the Siamese Cat Club itself would be showing discrimination.

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BLACKIE THE ODD CAT

By PHYLLIS DE-LEA

BLACKIE is a most peculiar cat, and he has a few strange and interesting habits which are most unique. For instance, he does not like milk, and no matter how we camouflage it, or cajole him he is most adamant, and will not touch it. Far rather would he drink water; but not from his own dish. Many are the times he has been seen drinking the rain water from puddles. Often he climbs on to the sink and drinks from the wash bowl! Odd we think!

We have an old pear tree in the garden—a huge tree with many branches. Blackie's great delight is to climb this tree; never any other, although he has a choice of a dozen. But the most interesting part is the descent, and because we have never seen a cat behave so oddly before, I think it is worth recording.

First he climbs straight to the top, up some thirty feet of trunk, and eventually finds himself amid the maze of growth at the top, which no pruner can reach. From this elevated position he surveys the world. Having satisfied himself that

all is well he starts the descent, but not in the usual way a cat comes down a tree. Instead Blackie is original. At every branch he stops, then climbs carefully on to it, and runs along like a squirrel to the end. There he considers, and after a while turns back, walks to the trunk, then down to the next branch, and repeats the performance.

He continues this game until he finds the branch he is looking for—that is one which overhangs the store shed. This is his stepping off place. Having come to the end of this branch, he gracefully springs to the roof, and to complete the act he makes a very dignified final jump on to a small iron ladder which is propped against the shed, and walks down it gracefully to the ground.

This strange game is repeated every time. He is like an actor playing the same part repeatedly, though in this case it is spontaneous and untrained.

One final thing which makes Blackie so lovable. He never touches birds, although they come in plenty to our garden. Altogether we are proud of him.

THE TAI-LU STORY

By BILLY THATCHER

“ALL right Fred—track right up to her and we’ll get a close shot, Princess Tai-lu won’t mind, she likes being televised.”

The enormous “creature” on wheels guided by two camera technicians glided silently forward and came to rest a few inches from Tai-Lu’s little nose.

There she sat in her hooded basket, her jewelled crown on its scarlet velvet cushion at her side. She stared all round her contentedly for she loves the attention she receives at Lime Grove studios. Without batting an eyelid she gazed into the eye of the television camera and purred—and as if by magic she was transported on to a million television screens all over the country.

It began, you know, the Tai-Lu story, just over two years ago when her first book was adapted for a radio series and found its way on to T.V. in June, 1952. Since then she has completed two more radio series, and the current television series will be her third.

Like all personalities (Tai-Lu is personality *plus*—I know, I live with her!) she has a constantly growing fan mail from young and old alike.

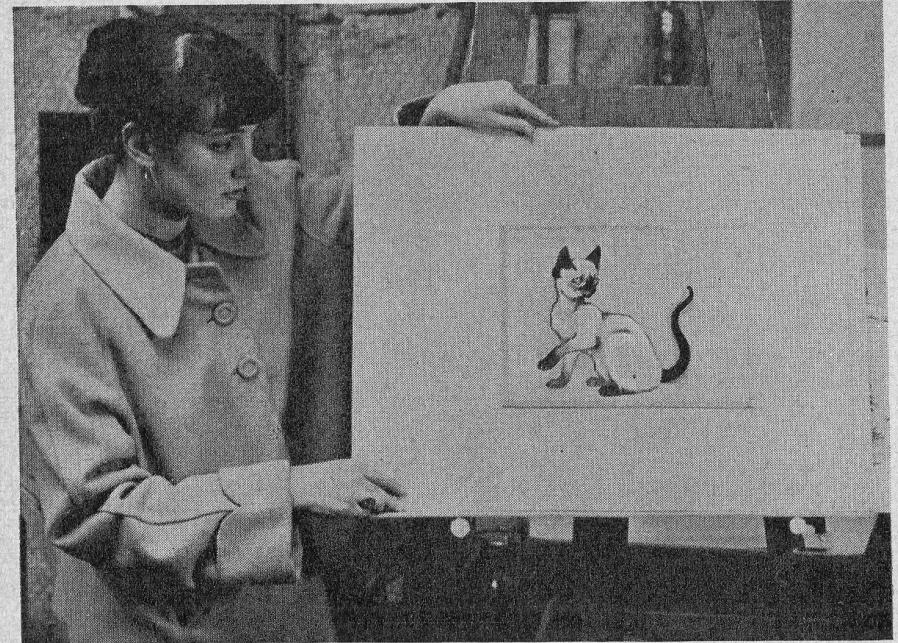
Lately letters have begun to arrive from across the seas—

from Australia where her book “Tai-Lu Talking” has been dramatised for the radio networks, and from Italy where in Milan Tai-Lu was the first animal heroine to be featured on their children’s television service.

If I may, I should like to add a word here about the team of people behind Tai-Lu who have a common aim—keeping her on the road to success.

First of all we have been fortunate in getting Janet and Anne Grahame-Johnstone—twin daughters of brilliant artist Doris Zinkeisen—to illustrate Tai-Lu in every moment of her career to date. For not only do they illustrate her books and annuals and her strip cartoon stories each week in the Hulton press publication the “Robin”, but draw and animate her television adventures. And when I tell you that between twenty-five and thirty moving illustrations are needed for each programme, you will realize the amount of work involved. Their latest Tai-Lu contribution is some enchanting Christmas cards, and a lovely Tai-Lu seal-point glove puppet wearing her crown, which will soon be in the shops.

Next there is the clever young composer Donald Swann whose



Animator arranging Tai-Lu’s Magic Tail Picture—Photograph B.B.C.

work has been much lauded by the London critics, for his contributions to the smash-hit revue “Airs on a Shoestring” at the Royal Court Theatre. Together we have written words and music—a complete Tai-Lu score in fact, for the new television serial you will shortly be seeing on your screens. Last but by no means least, Shelagh Fraser, the “voice” of Tai-Lu, my friend and co-author.

But most important of all—and we all agree on this point—is Tai-Lu herself or the Princess Tai-Lu to give her her correct name. For without her there would be no inspiration and her

stories would never have been written. She is a “personage” in every sense of the word and is always present when we discuss plans for her future. She sits poised and serene on the arm of my chair or on my lap, and listens intently to everything that is said. When her name is mentioned, as of course it is frequently at these meetings, her eyes widen and she voices her approval or otherwise at the new adventures we work out for her. With her frequent visits to Lime Grove studios she has made hosts of new friends. Charming Sylvia Peters and

Please turn to page 23

RESOURCEFUL COURAGE

Another Mortimer Story

By ADELE RUDD

Author's Note.—*I have written this at once before any detail could become blurred in mind. Whether the Editor will print another Mortimer story so soon I don't know. But it had to be written, to put on record what is to me the most wonderful story of all.—A.R.*

MORTIMER'S party was over he had superintended counting the money, seen it entered, checked and signed for—packed and taken away (for on principle we won't have ten shillings left in the flat), and then we felt we could relax. It had been mighty hard work, but how worth while! The League for French Animal Welfare* was richer by £88, and indeed the party raised over £100 for a friend—a cat ("a grand chap" said Mortimer) who was once a stray himself, wrote as soon as his human arrived home, telling Mortimer he would give him £15 for his Christmas Fund for the *Cats of Draguignan* if he could manage to collect a similar sum! "You watch me," said Mortimer, *I know my friends will rally round to my S.O.S.Miaow . . .*" It's a desperate need for there is no clinic or shelter in that part of France for fifty miles, the plight of the sick and unwanted cats hardly bears thinking about. Mortimer is working hard to

help get them a shelter and his party funds go to help that great need.

But although we worked like beavers, *we had fun!* (But the picture shows a moment Mortimer didn't think fun at all!). I never enjoyed a party more nor, I am sure did the little host. He mingled with the guests among whom were a number of new friends introduced by "Cats and Kittens"—and what delightful guests they were! All the new friends enrolled themselves or their pets in Mortimer's St. Francis Club for all Animals, and many enrolled themselves as well. "A most successful party" said the little President of the Club, who, much amused and encouraged by a friend who had once salvaged two of his shed whiskers and sold them for 2s. 6d. apiece, sold one shed the morning of the party, and realized 3s. 6d. on it! "It's not every President who can get 3s. 6d. for a whisker!" he remarked as he washed after supper that night.

*Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

The slides in natural colour photography of Mortimer cause roars of laughter, for if ever a cat was a born comic it is he! He is the only animal I know who not only doesn't object to being laughed at, but is encouraged by it to go on playing the clown! He loves me to get my camera and start. Exquisite slides of wild animals and birds brought loud applause, and these were charmingly described by Miss Walter who took these particular pictures.

One amusing incident was caused when a friend of mine—not a cat lover as we understand the term, but fond of animals in general, and always a kind supporter of Mortimer's work—mentioned she couldn't stay to the end "as Harry was not well, she must get home to him." Immediately she was surrounded by sympathy: "I hope it's nothing serious, *have you had the vet?*" was said on all sides. She left the party rolling with laughter for Harry was her husband, but everyone present had naturally *taken it for granted he was a cat!*

Next day I decided we would have a rest. Having recently had some wonderfully helpful spinal treatment which included a daily dose of lying flat, which I had found highly inconvenient, but now, truth to tell, felt would be very pleasant indeed! Mortimer and I went for a good

walk—he taking ME on the lead—I answered all his letters, we both had a very early supper and then I watched Mortimer prospecting for a bed. Very choosey he was too. "I haven't decided *where* I'm going to sleep" he said as he inspected one chair and then another, opened the wardrobe door, disappeared, and soon came out again. Finally, with somewhat mixed feelings I watched him decide on the linen cupboard, and settle on the clean lace tea cloths all ready for the C.P.L. party the following week! However, it's Mortimer's flat, and I've never shifted him yet from any place he has liked, and I didn't now. (What is a little more laundry compared with the ecstatic pleasure of a little cat curled up asleep, happy and unafraid, in the nest of his choice?).

Now always, in winter, I put a lamp in the far end of this large north room, even when I have a fire, for it does not sufficiently air the big bay window, and without this attention, stores of envelopes are apt to stick themselves down! . . . so I trimmed and filled the lamp—a make I have used for year, and put it in the room. Then I went along the passage to the sitting room and proceeded to make myself very comfortable on the long sofa, turned on the radio for a

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

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

THE lovely picture of the kittens bred by Mr. D. Robertson on page 18 of last month's "Cats and Kittens" were out of Galtreo Miss Muffet and sired by Oxley's Smasher. This information was inadvertently left out of my notes.

The blue kitten Ronada Ting-a-Ling by Oxley's Smasher out of Valley End Phyllis is now on her way to New Zealand. She was shipped by Messrs. Spratts and I cannot speak too highly of the care and attention given to the kitten by them. They even took the trouble to send me a wire to say she was safely aboard and had been given into the care of the chief officer on her long journey. I feel sure with such kind attention she will reach her destination in perfect condition. Mrs. Marsack her new owner is counting the days until Ting is with her. A new house is waiting ready for her; it is big and airy being 15ft. by 12ft. and 9ft high. It has two sleeping compartments, and in the open part plenty of shelves and scratching posts and flowers and catmint growing.

Mrs. Marsack intends to have the kitten in the house part of the time, so she should be very happy. When old enough she is to be mated to Mrs. Downey's Ch. Merryman of Dunesk. My good wishes go to Mrs. Marsack with plenty of good luck with her new pet. Ting's litter sister is being shipped out to Mrs. Dulcie Hore (Editress of Cats' Monthly) as soon as arrangements have been made with Messrs. Spratts.

Up bright and early on Saturday, the 28th November, to act as Referee Judge for the Yorkshire County Cat Club's Show which was being held at the Corn Exchange, Leeds. My husband very kindly said he would take me by car and we really enjoyed the run as it was such a lovely day. 151 cats and kittens were entered which gave the judges plenty to do. All the club's cups and trophies were on view as well as a very nice array of special prizes. These were all presented after the judging was over. Mrs. George Bolton presided over a stall of

Please turn to page 12

“ . . . quite kittenish again ! ”

Mrs. Delia Drew, of 8, Wetherby Mansions, Kensington, S.W.5, writes :—

“I should like to tell you that my cat Rufus has improved in every way, including skin trouble, from a course of Kit-zyme tablets over a period of two months.

The change is remarkable. Rufus, although 12 years old, is now quite kittenish again and I shall certainly continue to give him the tablets every day for as long as he lives. All our friends remark on the wonderful improvement Kit-zyme has made on his condition and I thank you for being the means of preserving my much-loved cat.”



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gifts—which were for sale, and some very nice things were offered at very reasonable prices. I bought two or three things suitable for Xmas gifts, including a very nice chocolate cat which looked so much like a Burmese that I could not resist it. Mrs. Georgina Bolton and Mrs. F. E. Taylor made a grand job as joint Show Managers, and are to be congratulated on the way the show was run. Best Exhibit in Show was Mrs. M. Smith's Kirkgate Mriacle by Ch. Thiepval Wanderer, dam Blue Pompom of Kenton. All judges were unanimous with this award and Miracle is rightly named. He carries a pale lavender profuse coat groomed to perfection, lovely head with the neatest of well-placed ears, lovely type and good coloured eyes. Best Long Haired Adult was a lovely Blue-Cream, Anlaby Victoria, owned and bred by Mrs. Snowdon. She is by Danehurst Prince out of Anlaby Cleopatra. Best Short Hair was Fenhay Maid, owned and bred by Mrs. Tunncliffe. She was sired by Velhirst Vindicator out of Cottingley Clover.

After the presentation of the prizes my husband and I decided to make for home as we had a long way to go and a lot of hungry little mouths to feed when we arrived. We had an awful job getting out of Leeds, after travelling up one street

and then another for about 20 minutes we eventually found ourself back again at the Corn Exchange!! After another attempt we found ourselves on the right road and arrived home about 9.30, where our family of pets greeted us.

I wish to thank Mrs. Marion H. Johnson of Ontario, Canada, for her kind Xmas wishes and wish to take this opportunity of wishing her and all readers of "Cats and Kittens" a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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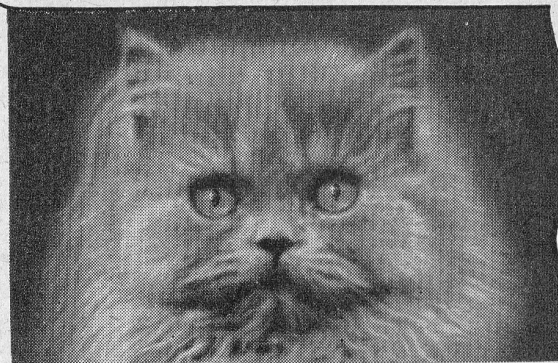
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MY DEAR, YOU LOOK CHAMPION!



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.

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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

A HAPPY New Year to all our readers and their feline friends. It is always heart-warming to hear of kindness to a stray, so I thought you would like to read a letter I received from Mrs. Agnes Jay, a great lover of all animals, with many varied pets. She writes:—"The Burmese kit arrived quite safely. My husband collected her and brought her to our office. She was very scared at first, but soon came to our call and purred. We took her home in the evening, and she was not a bit scared of the dogs and other cats. I am afraid Allida hated her on sight. She swore at the kit, at me, my husband and Pat. She is terribly spoiled and very jealous. Autumn swore at first, but she has got over her jealousy. But not Allida. I suppose she will at least tolerate her in time, as she does the Duchess. We were all very pleased with the Burmese Kit. She is a sweet little thing. So affectionate. I especially love her tail with that fascinating kink.

I have been feeding a poor old stray cat at the office. I thought at first it was a female in kitten, but I have discovered he is a neutered tom. He must be very old and his ears are all in tatters. He is terribly thin.

His poor backbone stands up like the Pennine Chain, and he has a very swollen tummy. He can eat and drink very slowly and appears to have very few teeth. The poor old thing is very grateful for a little affection. I have had him before my office fire and he lays and watches me and purrs, so pleased to have shelter. Obviously no one wants him, so I shall take him to the vet and get him overhauled. If he is ill, I shall have him put to sleep, but if he can be cured by care and good food, I shall take the poor old man home, and let him live his few months out in peace. I don't think he can live long, but I think he would be grateful for a warm bed in the outhouse and good food."

Talking of strays, my husband was in his office, when he heard a kitten crying pitifully. It was dark and pouring with rain and it took quite a little while to locate it under a shed which was raised on bricks. It proved to be a black and white kitten, about six weeks old, wet through and very frightened. He took it in and dried it, placing it before a warm fire, and giving it milk which it lapped up gratefully. Next morning, it was full of beans and was so pleased and fussy, it made it very difficult

to get any work done. It enjoyed a good meal which I had sent for it, and we were beginning to wonder what we should do with it. That afternoon, a little girl saw it at the window and immediately said it was her kitten, which had gone out the previous day and got lost. So kitten and owner were re-united to make a happy ending.

I enjoyed judging Siamese kittens at the Croydon Cat Club's Ch. Show in London on November 11th. The quality of the kits was very high and it was very difficult to make a decision among so many good exhibits. There was an excellent entry and a very good gate, and the show was a great success. I had quite a lot of classes and did not finish judging until 4 p.m., so I had very little time to look round the other exhibits. I did have a look at the Burmese. Mrs. Waldo-Lamb was exhibiting her queen Trinity Titania, and Mrs. Macaulay her kitten Chinki Amber. Abyssinians were well represented, Miss Bone winning 1st and Ch with her Ch Heatherpine Junita. Mrs. Foxwell's Siamese Male Selborne Pantherina won his second Ch. Certificate, a well deserved win. I thought him a very good cat. The best L.H. was Miss Beedell's Blue male, Magyar Yanos. Best L.H. kit Mrs. Turney's Chinchilla Bonavia Flora. Best Sh. H.

Cat was Mrs. Grant's Siamese female Purland Pukka Pu. I have as Best Sh. H. kit Mrs. Ellis Jones Siamese kitten Chionadox Chatchani, but do not think it can be correct, as she was not first in her open class. I have written to the show manager about this, but have no reply as yet. My best kit was Mrs. Udall's Bluecroft Benjamin, a very good exhibit, with very deep blue eyes of good shape and dense points. Best Neuter was Brig. Rossiter's Premier Bellever Silver Cornelian, a lovely silver Tabby.

During November and December, I can usually be sure of a pretty quiet time as far as calling is concerned, but this year, no doubt due to the exceptionally mild weather, my queens are coming into season one by one. Cheli started it, and now she and Wilma Sabrina and Jonta are all calling together. None of them are due to be mated. My only regret is, they have to be deprived of their daily run. As soon as I have a calling queen, a white tom with a black tail appears on the scene. He is most persistent, and spends hours either sitting on the window ledge of the queen's house, or near the door, no doubt hoping it will open to let him in. As soon as he sees me he is off, to sit watching from the rockery or some other point of vantage. What a blessing it

Please turn to page 20

RESOURCEFUL COURAGE—*from page 9*

favourite programme, remembered hearing the opening announcement—and then fell asleep. I must have been asleep some time when I was rather rudely awakened by Mortimer, pushing his little face against mine and then feverishly “making dough” on my neck with needle-sharp claws, a most unusual thing, for he usually does it so gently that he doesn't hurt at all. But now I had to take the velvet paws in my hand to dissuade him. Whereupon, delighted at getting some response from my sleeping form he did a forceful “sentry-go” up and down my body and reaching my top end butted me with such force I remonstrated for I thought my neck would be dislocated!

“What *is* the matter Honey?” I remember asking, .. you usually sleep for hours after a supper like that . . .” and I closed my eyes, and once again was almost asleep when he returned to what I can only call the attack. He pushed his face against mine and then *slapped me on the cheek*. “Darling,” I said, “You'll hurt me if you do that, you might scratch my eye . . .” than I added—“I'll come and play hide and seek later on, be a good boy and come and finish your snooze”

I might have been addressing the clock for all the effect it had on Mortimer. Disgusted, he leapt off the bed and on to the high Chippendale chest. Sleepily I watched him, he prised open a door with a purposeful paw, and started hiking things out of the top shelf and throwing them on the floor . . . Nothing to break, and I was gently amused, until he noticed a box on the top of the chest. This was full of small gummed price labels and pins, ready to price all the Cats' Protection League stock for the stalls at the next party now that the goods of the French League had been packed away. Giving the box a good shove he got it to the edge, then plop! down it went on the floor! This got me to my feet. I walked over to him and spoke—without the least suspicion of crossness in my voice (for Mortimer does as he likes in his flat, and I let him, to try a little to make up for the suffering he endured while a stray). “Mortimer,” I said, “that is *not funny!*” I was simply stating a fact, for I know many more amusing games than picking up a thousand gummed labels and about two thousand pins! . . . and imagine my surprise to see Mortimer spring away as if (so I thought) he was scared of me. Horrified, I ran after him to the next room, “Darling, of course we don't mind one bit, it was very clever of you t



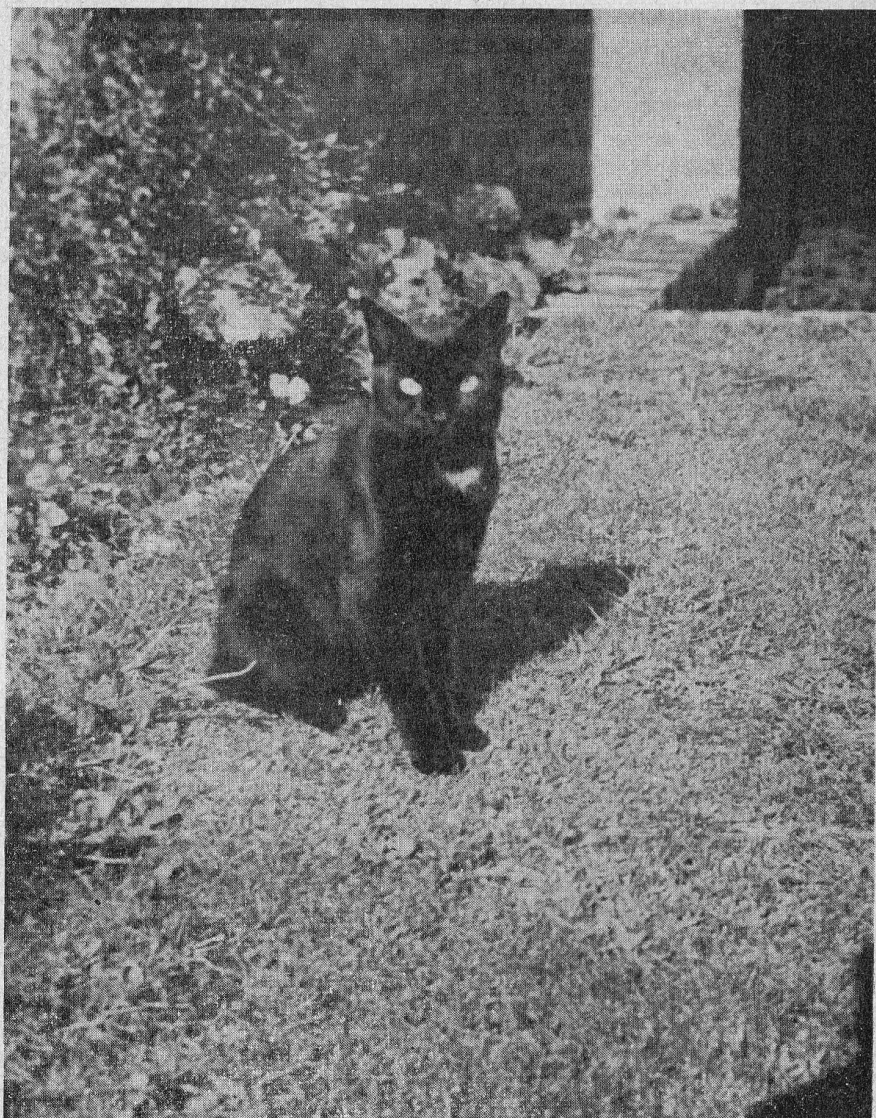
Our Hero—Photo by the Author.

think of that to get me up to play games . . . it was very funny” I stopped in mid sentence, and rushed across the long room, for there was the lamp in flames, they rose high above it, then almost disappeared making a strange sound, as of suction, as they sprang up and then fell away—quickly I turned down the wick and on the flames contracting, blew for all I was worth and finally, panting with the effort, I got out the flames. But the lamp was now belching smoke as I carried it and put it outside the window. Then I returned and looked at the floor. A beautiful Persian rug was alight—in my hurry to remove the lamp I had not even seen this—and this I managed to stamp out, but it

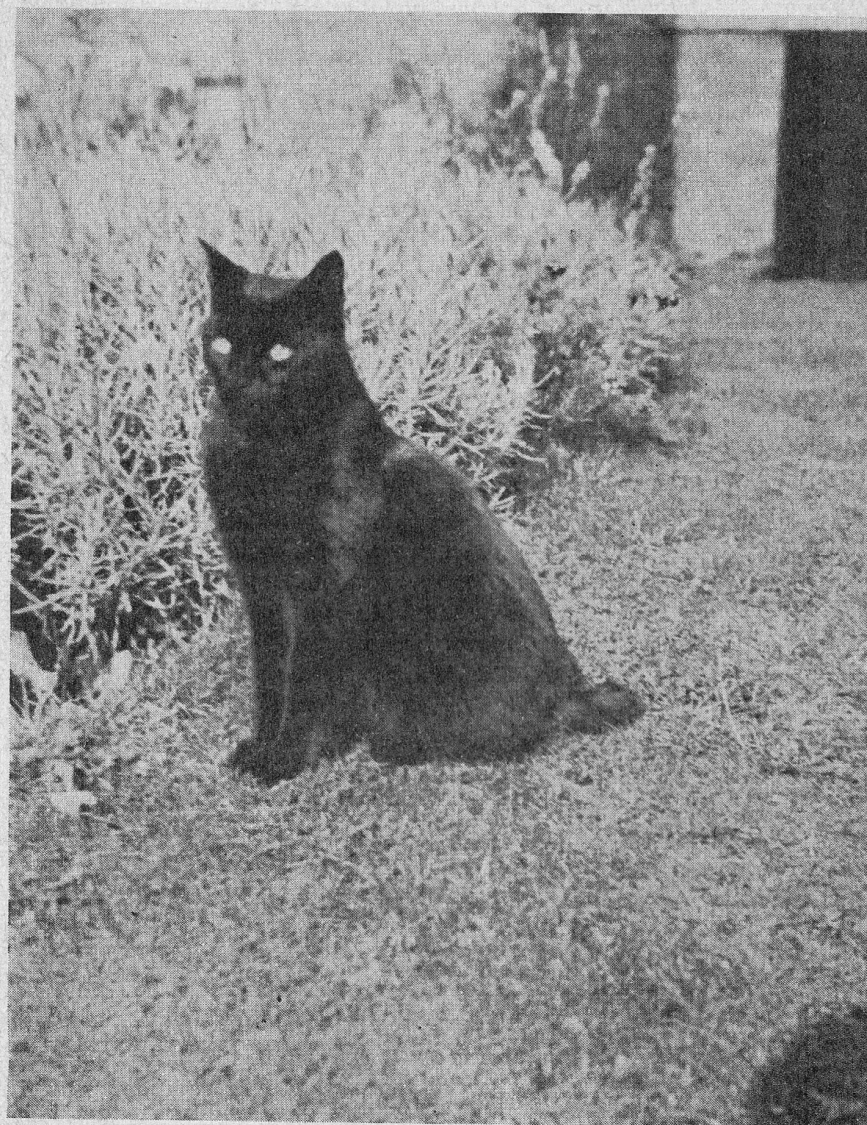
was completely burnt through, so was the thick felt under it and also the green carpet beneath them both.

If Mortimer had not persevered in waking me, there might indeed have been tragedy for us both: I might well have been trapped by the flames for *not the slightest smell of burning had reached the sitting room* some distance away. Had he not succeeded in getting me on my feet what might have happened one hardly dares to think. *It was so brave* the way he ran to the other room, knowing I would follow and see the danger—*so brave*, for he is terrified of any form of fire, so much so I always thought he must at some time have been burnt: he flies at a

Please turn to page 23



Black Cat for Luck ! It's New Year, so two pages of Good Luck for our Readers Above—Pookie, pure Manx, considered a real beauty by experts. He is a real "Rumpy"



Bozzie above is a Manx "Stumpy" with a tail only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. See Letters and Pictures, pages 28, 29, 30.

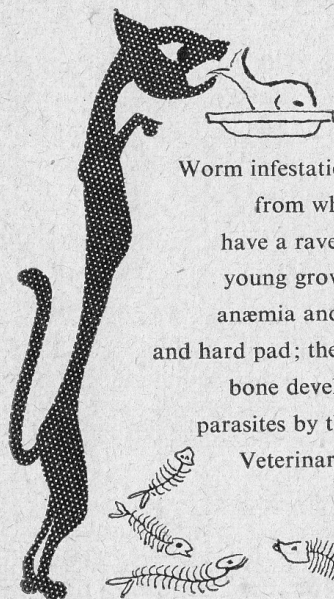
YOUR CATS AND MINE—*from page 15*

would be if people would only have their toms neutered. This gentleman is a constant source of worry to me. I can't find out to whom he belongs, or I would offer to pay for him to be neutered. He scavenges for any bits of food I may throw out for the birds, but seems perfectly hardy as he will sit for hours in the rain and not appear to mind at all.

I am sorry to learn Linda Parker has gone to live in the south and taken her cats. It will be a real loss to the north where her studs were greatly valued. I had a litter by Ch. Sabukia Sweet William and shall keep the one female Chinki

Jonquil, and perhaps two males, Chinki Jacaranda and Jackanapes, for future breeding. They are lovely kittens, and Jacaranda has particularly dark blue eyes. Their dam is Chinki Juanita, a daughter of Jonta's by Maiz-mor-Marquis.

My Banchor Penelope (Penny) has a lovely litter by Ranya, five boys and three girls. Nine days old to-day, they are all doing well. Penny only has four at a time, and I change them over every two hours, putting all of them in with her during the night. Whilst I am away at the National Show on Wednesday next, I have engaged a kitten sitter to continue the changeover.

**is your pet ravenous yet thin?**

Worm infestation is probably one of the most common conditions from which dogs and cats suffer and infested animals often have a ravenous appetite but show no gain from their feed. In young growing animals, hook worms and round worms cause anaemia and lowered resistance to such infections as distemper and hard pad; they sap vitality and check healthy growth and sturdy bone development. Your pet can be completely freed of these parasites by the simple administration of NEMA worm capsules.

Veterinary surgeons and dog and cat breeders have used this proved Parke-Davis product for over 25 years.

Ask your Chemist about
NEMA worm capsules!

CANDID COMMENTS—*from page 4*

Stricter Judging. Another idea is that at the Siamese Cat Club Show the Open Male class should be restricted to those winners from other shows who would be eligible for the Approved Section of the Stud list. This would keep out the exceptionally bad specimens and give a hallmark to the show. The committee might issue a directive to all club judges asking them to be more strict in awarding prizes, and also not to sprinkle v.h.c.'s and h.c.'s unless the exhibits really warranted the cards.

After careful thinking one comes to the conclusion that no scheme really gets to the heart of the matter and it all comes back to the question of judges. A start might be made by calling together the judges to go over the standard of points and if they are in agreement on what constitutes a champion, to be much more strict and selective. If the Siamese Cat Club committee did this, it would then have greater power to discard a judge who gave awards to second rate cats and at the same time, the nervous judge

would feel that he or she had the support of the Club in an unpopular decision.

No plan is absolutely fool-proof, but with the show season here again, why not try it"?

I don't very often agree with Elsie Kent and know her well enough to be able to say so, but with her I find it strange that there is so much cross-judging when all cats should be judged according to the standard of points. It is an open secret that probably the best known breeder of Siamese, famed for being absolutely impassive, win or lose, at shows, had reason to be amazed, her cat being awarded two challenge certificates under two different judges, to have a third disparage the same cat in a show report, and say it was not worthy of a championship certificate. The trouble would appear to be that whilst the Siamese Cat Club picks its own judges for its own championship shows it has no control over the selection of judges by the other cat clubs for their shows and it would be a good thing if the other cat clubs got in touch with the Siamese Cat Club committee and submitted a list of names

and asked for recommendations from the Siamese Cat Club. One phrase of Elsie Kent's should be strongly taken up by the Siamese Cat Club and that is the suggestion "Approved by the Siamese Cat Club" and that could apply not only to stud cats, queens, kittens, but perhaps also to judges of other club's shows although it would be presumptuous to make this suggestion unless the other

clubs thought this would be an advantage.

One final word on the subject of judging. Your columnist has often heard it said that the selection of judges for all the cat club's shows is not always based on a merit principle, but more on the basis of "kissing goes by favour." These columns are not going to express an opinion on that, but if such proved to be the case then of course it is wrong.



Six-weeks-old Siamese Kits
Owner and Breeder, Miss J. Tomblin, Glasgow

THE TAI-LU STORY—

from page 7

studio-manager Keneth Buckley her husband, are devoted to Tai-Lu and she to them. When Sylvia announces her programme Tai-Lu knows that she is in for a lot of spoiling that day, and once Sylvia starts making a fuss of her it is very difficult to persuade Tai-Lu that it is time to go home.

Some months ago a certain gentleman hearing that Tai-Lu was rehearsing her programme strode into the studio. After a great deal of hugging and stroking he introduced himself. It was Gilbert Harding.

Since then we have come to know him very well indeed, and he has been kind enough to write a charming foreword to Tai-Lu's new book—"Tai-Lu Flies Abroad."

Gilbert Harding is devoted to cats of all sorts, but he has, I think, a special place in his heart for Siamese. In October when Tai-Lu presented us with a family of five, Gilbert was the first person to telephone congratulations and reserve one of her young sons for himself. A "Welcoming" party will be given to receive the newest member of the Harding family on Christmas Eve. I believe he is to be called "Tai-Ching." Meanwhile Tai-Lu is sitting by my side as I write—watching me with those lustrous eyes of hers,

which are beginning to indicate that it is nearly time for supper!

Afterwards I shall bring in her five babies from the nursery, so that they may spend the evening basking in our admiration and the warmth of the crackling log fire. And the Princess Tai-Lu? She will watch them for a little, and play with them, and then curling up with them in her basket will doze off, as she always does, to dream, and perhaps live the adventures it is our privilege to write for her.

RESOURCEFUL COURAGE—

from page 17

match being struck, and when I have occasionally had a coal fire he wouldn't come near it, so I gave them up. He ran to the next room, *not from fear I was cross* (as I had in a puzzled way thought, for he has never heard a cross word since he came), *he ran because he knew I would follow and it was the only way to get me there so that I would see what he was trying to tell me.*

It is to me a lovely and very wonderful thing, that Mortimer, once the despised, ill-treated, derelict stray of the streets, who has done such great things to help cats who still suffer as he used to do, has not only saved so many *of them*, but has now saved the friend whom he chose to help him in his own great hour of need.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Lewisham, S.E.13.

Dear Editor,

I must apologise for not thanking you for forwarding letters which you had received from readers following your reproducing my letter to you regarding snuffles.

I have just written to the American lady telling her that the drug she mentioned does not appear to be obtainable in this country, and giving her news of my pussies in general. I had already been in touch with the lady at Castle Donington and had hoped to give her news that we had been as successful as she had been with she treatment she recommended: we were, however, unable to get the type of sterile water she mentioned, and it is possible that the c.c. we did get was not so effective as the pussies still have the complaint, and now that we can get the right c.c., we hear that a clamp-down has been made in respect of streptomycin although Brian Vesey Fitzgerald, to whom I also wrote, says we should use this treatment. We are trying to get the drug and water through our vet. and Boots' and hope to be more successful.

With best wishes for the magazine.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) J. Raines.

Holyoke Kitten Club,

Holyoke, Mass., U.S.A.

Dear Editor,

On May 2nd, I sent a cheque to Brentano's, Booksellers, 586 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N.Y., for \$1.65, and asked them to send me *Tai-Lu Talking*. As yet, I have not received the book, and they say that they do not know where to get it. I would appreciate it if you would let them know where to buy it. Also, kindly give me the address.

Yours truly,

(Mrs.) Isabelle C. Hamilton,

Secretary and Treasurer.

Eastern Beach,

Auckland,

New Zealand.

Dear Editor,

I sailed away from England with my husband and son sixteen months ago, having to leave my beloved Siamese cats in the care of friends. After experiencing the joys and sorrows of breeding for four years, I have missed my pets more than I can say.

As my husband and I are both at business, it is not possible at present to keep pets, but as soon as I have the time to devote myself to them, at least two Siamese will grace our home.

TO THE EDITOR

Douglas, I.O.M.

Dear Editor,

I do hope you are still improving in health.

This year has been most anxious for me. My dear 10-year-old cat, Donnie and my little Manx kitten Blackie have both had distemper. The kitten seems all right, but Donnie is still frail.

I was in a nursing home in February when your letter, so kindly sent with the returned photos, came to me.

In your June number you printed some beautiful verses sent by Elsie Ely, New York, when she read of the loss of my dear pets, Brownie, little Tortie and Pal.

I was not well at the time, but found great comfort in the beautiful words, and have kept the magazine by me ever since. I am now writing a letter of thanks and would be so grateful if you could forward on the letter.

Kindest wishes for you and your beautiful magazine.

Yours very sincerely,

Constance W. Brown.

A strange coincidence happened soon after our arrival in this country. We were traveling from Wellington to Auckland (425 miles) by luxury coach, and got into conversation with someone sitting next to my son. He turned out to be none other than Mr. S. C. Moron, on his way to judge Siamese at the Auckland Cat Show. I had read about him on several occasions in "Cats and Kittens," and he had no doubt seen photographs of my cats in the magazine. He was the owner of the late Killdown Apollo, imported from England. I went along to the Cat Show, and was lucky enough to be asked to assist with the Siamese.

My "Cats and Kittens Magazine" subscription ran out last December (my sister had been forwarding the magazines to me). I have missed reading it very much, and wonder if it would be possible for you to send me the numbers from January?

Mrs. Kent's Seal Sleeve C'est Bon is now in Auckland, so I hope one day to have some kittens from that Cattery.

With best wishes.

Yours sincerely,

I. M. Donovan.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

London, S.E.19.

Dear Editor,

I would be very grateful of your advice regarding my cat, a beautiful neutered dark tortoiseshell, aged about 5½ years.

Apart from the very early months of her life, she lived with me for about two years in country surroundings, rarely seeing other cats and not even many people, and having the run of a large garden and fields for hunting. Owing to circumstances over which I had no control, and much against my will, I was then forced to move to London. The cat was very frightened by the move and the new surroundings, and she now has no garden at all, just a small back yard with sufficient earth for her toilet. Whenever she goes out she is pestered by other cats, and often does no more than put her nose outside the door. She is also worried by there being other people in the house. The only exercise she gets is by running around indoors. She is perfectly happy with me, though the slightest noise startles her. Since her move to London she has been far more nervous than any other cat I've known, and her language is shocking!

Over two years ago she developed a slight patch of mange, though unfortunately I did not realise what it was. I thought

she had had some fur pulled out by another cat, as it was just above her tail. As it didn't improve (although it did not increase either at that time) I called in a local vet., who told me what the trouble was and gave me some lotion to put on. That was about eighteen months ago, or more, and since then I have spent a young fortune on treatment, including several different kinds of lotion, vitamin injections, medicinal baths, penicillin injections, and attempts to make the cat take penicillin crystals on her food, which she will not do. After every change of treatment she improves for a very short time, and then this wretched mange spreads or else a fresh patch appears somewhere on her body. At the moment, she is in a worse condition than ever, with extensive mange patches round her tail, right up her back, up her stomach and down the insides of her back legs, and several other odd patches on her body. She is also eating very little, and for the first time she appears to be itching badly.

I believe the vet. is an extremely able man, and he and his qualified assistant have been most attentive, and I believe they have done their utmost to cure the cat. They have experimented with her

TO THE EDITOR

diet, first keeping her to a meat diet, and then for a short time when she was in their care while I was on holiday they switched to an all-fish diet to see if that affected the complaint, but it made no difference, and on their advice I have returned to her usual diet of horsemeat and rabbit. She drinks a fair amount of milk, preferably the cream off the top of the bottle, though there are days when she drinks nothing but the gravy with her meat.

Will you be so kind as to tell me what is the usual course of this complaint. Does it usually last as long as two years or more? And should it not have responded to the treatment that has been given? Also, do you think the cat's nervous condition and her lack of fresh air and outdoor life contribute to her present state?

I would like to mention that the cat's appearance is not what I have always understood to be the appearance of mange. The fur comes off, but the exposed skin is dry and there has never been any eruption. Once or twice the skin has gone rather red in a few small patches, but quite rarely. Is this consistent with the usual appearance of mange?

I may say that about three months ago I tried to get a second opinion on the case, and

sent for a vet. who practises a few miles away, but who when hearing that my cat was already in the hands of another vet., refused even to look at her. I explained that I wanted a second opinion, but was still refused. Surely this is taking professional etiquette too far? Supposing I had been dissatisfied with my regular vet. (which I was not, although I wanted a second opinion), by these rules I should never have the opportunity of getting other advice once I said that the cat was already receiving treatment.

This letter is not necessarily for publication, although I have no objection to your printing it if you think it of interest to your readers. I would be very grateful, however, if you would let me have a reply by post at the earliest possible moment. I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your use.

Yours faithfully,

B.M.

Dear B.M.,

Mange is extremely difficult to cure and I can only suggest that you give your cat a course of baths with sulphurated potash.

This you will buy from your chemists taking an old cocoa tin for the purpose as it is very evil smelling. A piece as big as

LETTERS AND PICTURES

a walnut should be dissolved in hot water and then made into a bathing lotion with green soft soap. Put vaseline round the cat's eyes as a protection against getting any of the bathing liquid in the eyes. Thoroughly bath the cat and do not rinse, dab dry with an old towel, and have a box with a loose netting front into which the cat can be placed; this to be put before a gas or electric fire until the cat is dry.

This you should do every third day for a fortnight and it should effect a cure.

Yours sincerely,

Editor.

Thornton Heath,
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

We would be very grateful if you could give us advice on our tortoiseshell cat who is just over two years old. She seems very well. Her food consists of meat and fish, she will not eat anything else mixed with her food at all as our other cats do, who are very fond of cereals and Kit-e-Kat, also Whiskas, which she will not touch. Her coat appears to be in very good condition, but she has suddenly started to have what appears to be very bad dandruff or something of the sort, and in spite of the fact that we brush and comb her regularly it always

comes back. It is difficult to remove as it is not only on the surface of her coat, but also underneath.

We enjoy reading your magazine which we have had for many years and hope it will continue for a long time to come.

Yours faithfully,

Sally McComas.

Dear Mrs. McComas,

After reading your letter I should say that your tortoiseshell cat is suffering from a vitamin deficiency causing the condition of her coat to be bad.

This is a clear case where the well-known Kit-Zyme tablets would do a great deal of good as they contain all the essential vitamins necessary for a cat. By their very nature, being carnivorous, cats would not eat, if left to choose for themselves, these in the form of food, vegetables and so on, and which, therefore, can be advantageously replaced by the vitamins in the Kit-Zyme tablets.

Editor.

London, S.W.10.

Dear Editor,

As the owner of two Manx cats, one a real "rumpy" with no tail at all, the other a "stumpy" with a natural tail of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches; I was very interested in your recent article on the breed.

TO THE EDITOR

My two, Bozzie, aged 3, and General Pasquale Pauli (Pookie for short), aged one year, are black, with the typical long hind legs and muscular build. Their coats in summer are close and satiny and in winter like black sealskin. They are, in fact, in the words of Robert Graves' delightful poem "Cat-Goddesses"—

"... black as coal
Save for a new moon blazing on
each breast,
With coral tongues and beryl eyes
like lamps,
Long-legged, pacing three by
three in nines..."

except that they are males!

In character the Manx are much like the Siamese: highly intelligent and companionable, attaching themselves with passionate devotion to their owners and hating to be left alone. They take readily to new surroundings, so long as their owners go too, and to travelling by car, equipped with harness and lead. Like many cats, Bozzie and Pookie love to come for a walk. Perhaps I should say, rather, in their case, that they come for a *run*, for they race ahead at a gallop, charging each other and making feints at biting, just like a couple of overgrown puppies. In so many ways, the Manx are more dog than cat. Both mine are self-taught retrievers and when younger had an inexhaustible

enthusiasm for chasing a paper ball which they would bring back in their mouths and drop at my feet again and again.

Pookie, the pure Manx, was the wildest creature until about eight months old, when he began to sober down slightly. He used to tear up and down stairs, somersaulting the last few steps, and slither round corners at 40 miles an hour on the polished floors, scattering the rugs in all directions. Bozzie, who was a complete contrast, being gentle and rather timid, he tormented unmercifully. When tired out with his crazy pranks, there would be a temporary lull while Pookie washed Bozzie's face (an attention not greatly appreciated, for Bozzie hated him at first), gnawed the furniture, or climbed to my shoulder to sleep briefly with his head pressed under my chin. His wild kangaroo-like leaps got him into all sorts of trouble. He fell out of windows, into a bath of scalding water, on to a stone parapet, knocking out—alas! one of the lower incisors. He has little sense of self-preservation, and when chased by dogs—as he frequently is, as he looks so like a black rabbit—he does not jump up the nearest wall or tree but, hind legs flying, streaks for home along the road, the dog in hot pursuit. Safe home, Pookie sits panting

LETTERS AND PICTURES

with his tongue hanging out, a thing I've never known another cat do. One way and another, he is a source of some anxiety in London, but irresistible.

As Pookie outgrew the clawing and biting stage (and *what* claws a Manx has!), Bozzie came to accept him and they are now good friends, rolling on the grass locked in mock battle, or sleeping entwined in a tangle of arms and legs. However, remembering the look of bitter hurt on Bozzie's face for many months after Pookie's arrival, I would never again introduce a kitten into a household where an older cat has long been in sole possession. Normally the most affectionate and vocal of cats, Bozzie became silent and aloof and almost ill with jealousy. Even now, he is a different cat when Pookie is not around. Bozzie's voice, though less penetrating than that of the Siamese, is louder than an ordinary cat's, with a remarkable range of "conversation." Pookie's voice, if you can call it that, consists of a series of excited squeaks. He has never yet made any sound remotely like a miaow! The cats have their own trap door so that they can come and go as they please. You can always tell when Pookie has come in by the loud "Qweep! Qweep!" with which he announces his arrival.

I enclose photographs of them which I hope you may like to use in the magazine. Bozzie was given to me as a kitten and I do not know his origin. Pookie came direct from the Isle of Man, at eight weeks. He is considered by the breeder, Mr. Cave, of Douglas, I.O.M., to be a "real beauty." (Of course, I couldn't agree with him more.) As I live in London, both Bozzie and Pookie have been neutered, a decision taken reluctantly in an effort to discourage them from roaming. Some day, however, when I live in the country again, I hope to get a pair to help save this charming and companionable breed from extinction.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) D. R. Ainslie.

(The photographs of Pookie and Bozzie appear on pages 18 and 19)

Bristol 3.

Dear Editor,

Some months ago you were kind enough to publish a few words about my ginger cat "Charlie" in your magazine, together with a snapshot of him.

Since then this modest soul has posed for a photographer and is very anxious that this photo of a "bigger and better cat" should appear in "Cats and Kittens"! I shall be most pleased if you can make room once again.

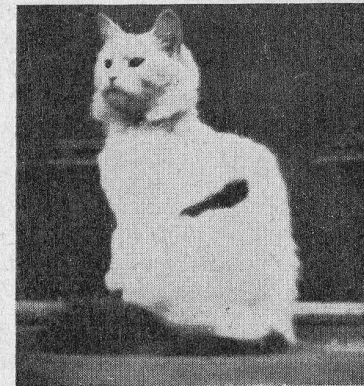
Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Elizabeth Wilkins.

TO THE EDITOR



Charlie



Bonnie

Ossett, Yorkshire.

Dear Editor,

I have only had about four copies of your delightful magazine, but each month I look forward to its arrival.

I am enclosing a photo of our three-year-old black and white cat, her name is Bonnie. She is very intelligent and is a lovable mother. Her fifth litter of kittens are due on December 7th.

Bonnie looks very proud and haughty on the photo, but really she is ever so sweet.

Her mother is a tortoiseshell whom we still have; her name is Kitty and she is fifteen years old soon. Bonnie's father was all white.

I shall look forward to seeing Bonnie in your magazine; I hope you will find room for her some time.

Yours sincerely,

Pauline Halliday.

London, S.E.6

Dear Editor,

It is just about a year ago that I wrote and told you about Muffet the white and black lady with odd eyes, and sent you a snap of her and one of her first family, two boys. They appeared in the December number of "Cats and Kittens" magazine. She had her second family on the 19th November last, three kittens. We found homes for two and kept the third being near Christmas. I called them Holly, Mistletoe and Bon-Bon. Well they all turned out to be girls, but the two people who had Mistletoe and Bon-Bon had them spayed and we had Holly done. You can see by the snap what a fine cat she is; this snap was taken last July.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

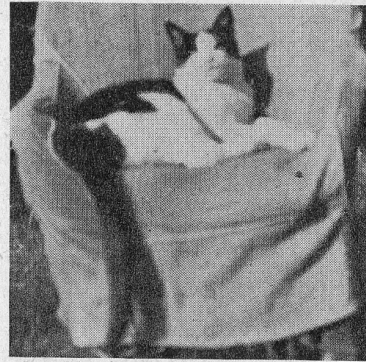


Timmie and Mother 'Snowball'

The other snap is of a dear little tabby and white kitten with her mother, belonging to a very old friend of mine, who lives on a farm near Hastings. They called the kitten Timothy thinking it was a boy, still, Timmy does for either and mother's name is Snowball. I send some of the magazines to my friend and she would be very pleased to see Timmy's photo in print, and so would Holly.

What a lovely picture on the cover of the October number. It looks as if one kitten has just told the other a funny joke.

How interesting the Mortimer stories are; I missed the first one though as it was a few months before I started taking in "Cats and Kittens." I've



"Holly"

been taking it now since August, 1948.

I was very sorry to hear of your illness in the summer and do hope you have fully recovered by now.

Wishing you all the best, also the delightful magazine.

Yours sincerely,

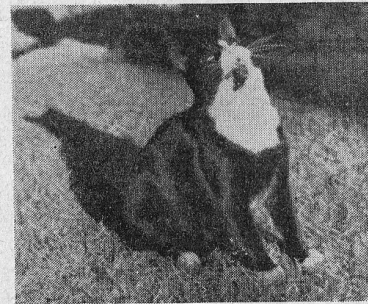
May Davies.

Upper Norwood, S.E.19

Dear Editor,

You might like to insert a snapshot of Mr. Hopeful, the stray cat of my story which you published in the November issue of "Cats and Kittens." I've

TO THE EDITOR

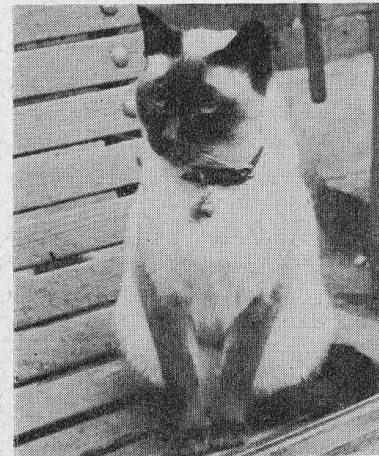


Mr. Hopeful

He is now called Buster. Like most cats that have known hard times, he appreciates his good home. Judging from his looks, it must be a very comfortable one indeed!

Yours sincerely,

M. K. O'Byrne.

Another photo. of Mrs. Gundle's
Phu Yen

Sidcup, Kent.

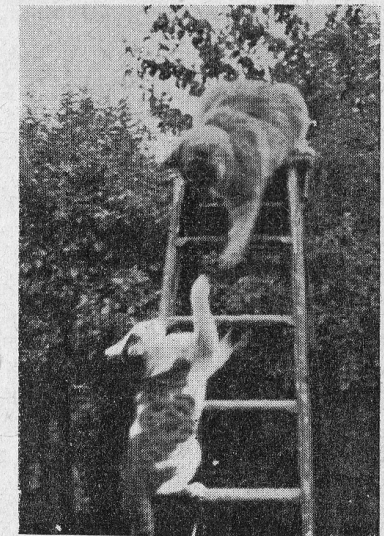
Dear Editor,

I enclose a snap of our kitten Maximilian and his friend from next door. I have often thought of sending you a snap of our other cats, but thought the enclosed was really one of the best snaps taken.

Every best wish for your interesting magazine.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Anne B. Carter.

Maximilian and his friend from
next door

Fountain Hospital,
London, S.W.17

Dear Editor,

A Home for Toby ?

Toby is a 6-month old pedigree seal-pointed Siamese kitten. Unfortunately he is blind as he had an infection of the eyes before they opened, so that now he can only tell light from dark. He is a gentle, intelligent and very brave little cat who trots around all over the house and garden. He has his own system of landmarks, such as an electric plug or a change from carpets to floorboards.

I am afraid he is a fat little podge as he likes his food and we cannot be hard-hearted with him: also of course he finds it difficult to take as

much exercise as a sighted kitten, though he will play for an hour or so with a screwed-up bit of paper, preferably cellophane or grease-proof, as these make crackly noises. He climbs like any other kitten, but he has the sense to go down tail-first.

Altogether he has overcome his big handicap very well and would make a good companion for a semi-invalid or someone who is at home most of the day. He "talks" a lot like all Siamese and purrs by the hour. He has had no experience of stairs, but I am sure he would soon master this problem if he gave his mind to it.

Has someone a home for Toby?

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) D. E. Hilliard.

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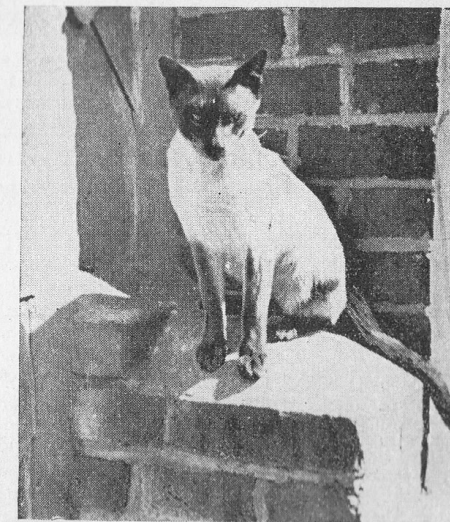
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