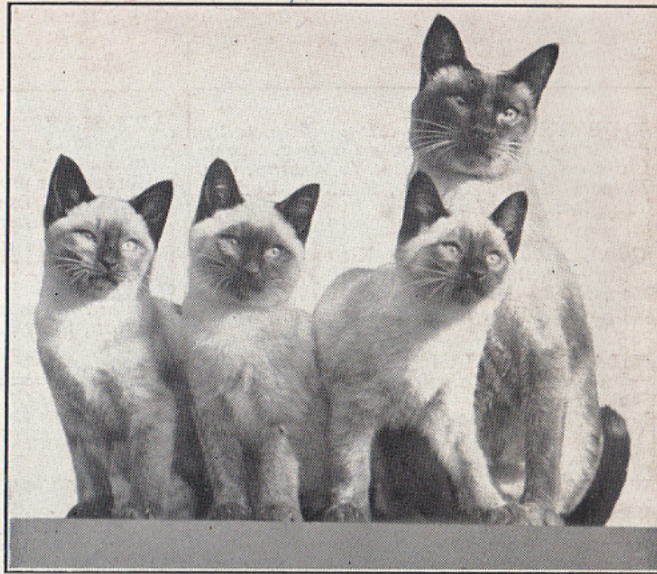


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Stellar with  
her family

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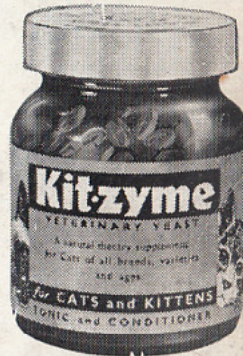
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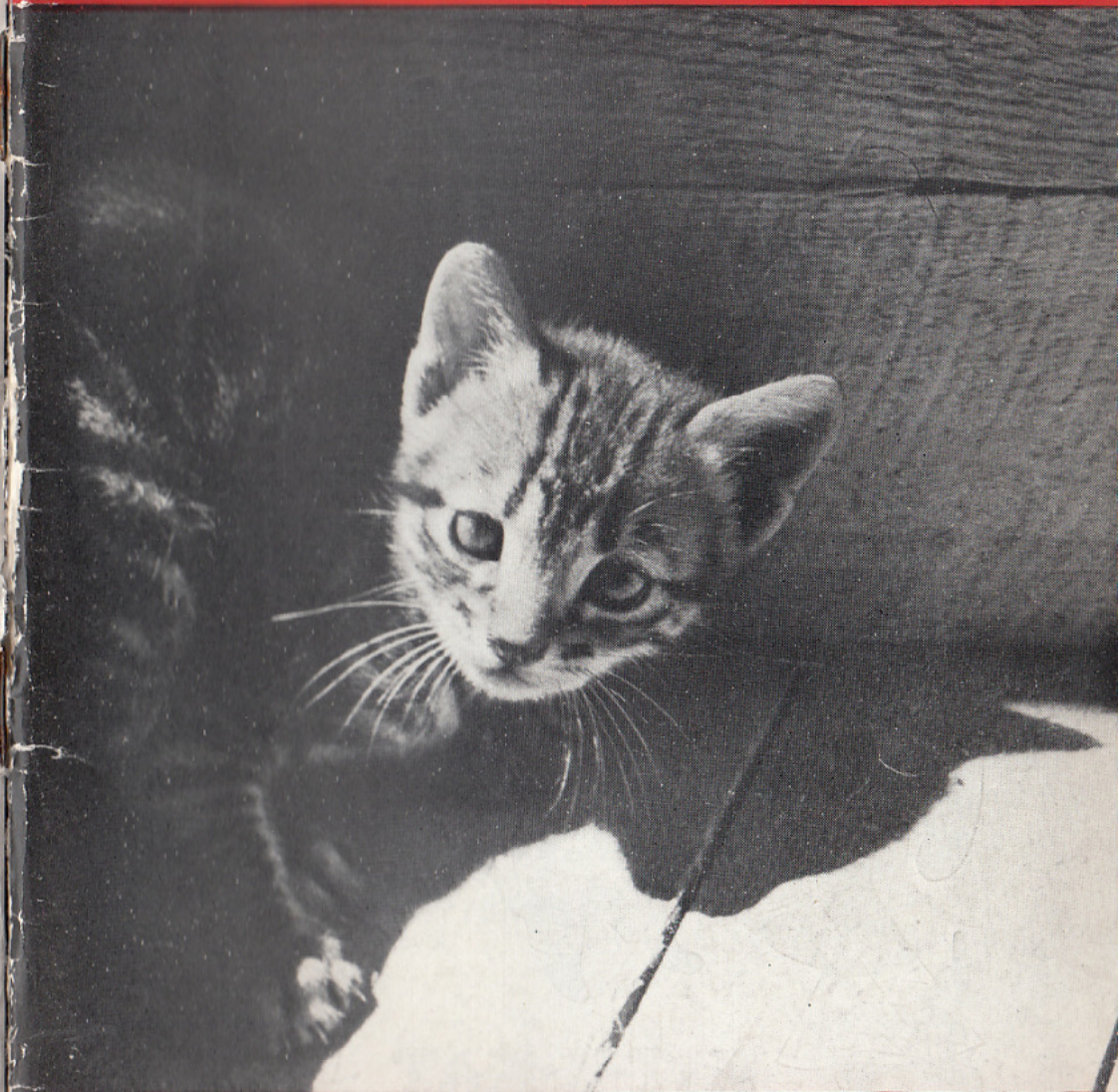
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# CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

JULY  
1954

MONTHLY



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# CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR  EVERY CAT-LOVER

Established

1936

INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

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General Offices : 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

JULY, 1954

## CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

I WONDER how many people realise that veterinary surgeons and cat breeders have much to learn from each other? Recently, we received a query from a British colony many thousand miles away, and hastened to send by air mail, advice we knew to be first rate, and mentioning the use of treatments we had used and proved, in our own cattery.

Comes the sequel—"it was so disappointing, that our vet would not give me the prescription, he flatly stated they were of no use." So there was an example of a vet who could have learnt from a breeder.

Vets more frequently come in contact with large animals, and there is no doubt that the breeder of cats can impart much knowledge of these small creatures to the vet, but, it's the vet who can put this knowledge into practice, and prescribe the suitable drugs, which the breeder could not obtain otherwise. It all adds up to team work, and it doesn't take long to find a professional man who values his clients' knowledge and co-operates to the benefit of the cat patients.

Those who show cats, those who visit cat shows, and those who run the shows are already

Our cover photograph, a delightful study in light and shade, is by Baldassare F. Borg, of Valetta, Malta.

thinking about the approach of the new show season, so we can shortly expect our office to receive the usual complaints about the shows. They all boil down to the fact that show managers just will not advertise their shows, at the right time, and in the right places. Slides on cinema screens are no use, for one example of wasted advertising money. What is of use is a series of advertisements reaching not only the public who wish to see cats, these needing to be in magazines reaching the general public, not breeders, and the national newspapers. Small advertisements in the national press are wonderful, and not too dear, but the odd advertisement is a waste of time and money—there should be several, following on.

For those wishing to exhibit, or those who, with a bit of encouragement, might be tempted to become novice exhibitors another advertising campaign is necessary but, in plenty of time beforehand so as to give would-be exhibitors all the time in the world to make up their minds, and to apply for schedules, fill them up, and so on.

This is a form of advertising which those running shows neglect completely, and no prompting seems to be of avail. However, one never can tell, and it may not be an idle hope that this season we really will

print advertisements of every show. What about it, show managers?

At a recent annual meeting of a club which I attended, I was given much proof of the argument in favour of having elections for officials by postal ballot, instead of taking a count of those voting at the A.G.M. The club in question has over two hundred members, but only about thirty attended the meeting. This works out at roughly eighty-five out of a hundred not being present. Yet the remaining fifteen out of a hundred decide who runs the club. Nor is that all, for of those attending the meeting, two out of every three are rank and file members, and are prepared to follow any lead given them from any member well known to them as a "high up" in the fancy. Which is precisely what happened at the meeting I have mentioned.

For some curious reason, the Siamese Cat Club changed its voting procedure, which was by postal ballot, to the method of selection at the A.G.M.—a move which all thinking members deplored, and which is only saved from being thoroughly undemocratic by reason of the fact that those unable to attend the A.G.M. are allowed to write in for a proxy ballot paper. The only snag is the cumbersome method, which

*Please turn to page 31*

## MY AFRICAN CAT

By T. MALONEY

AT ONE TIME, when I was posted to an up-country station in West Africa, a friend of mine presented me with a lovely tortoiseshell cat.

I am very fond of cats and have always had one in the house, wherever I would be. The memory of this one, however, stands out prominently as having made a particular impression on me which I have never forgotten.

He had a long bushy tail, staring wide open eyes which seemed to look at one as if they could read your very thoughts. He never purred but would take any fondling or stroking as a matter of course. Now and again, he would return the affection bestowed upon him, by brushing backwards and forwards against my legs when I was reading or sitting at table, and follow me about from room to room.

I had just brought back from my previous leave in England, a dozen sitting eggs of Rhode Island Reds, which I turned over very carefully every day in my cabin on the return voyage, as I was instructed to do. On my arrival at my station I placed them under a broody hen, kindly lent to me by an agricultural officer. I was very

pleased when I saw half-a-dozen little chicks pop their heads out of the shells, but I was much more anxious for their safety.

The little chicks up-country suffer severely from the deprivations of the hawks. These birds of prey would suddenly swoop out of the sky and carry off one of them, despite the loud and excited clucking of their attendant hen.

Funnily enough, the native steward boys would dip them in washing blue, as they held that the hawks could not see them so easily from above. This precaution, whatever its merit, was of no use if the raider was perched on a nearby roof.

Thanks to the cat, however, none of my chicks suffered this fate. Pussy seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in sitting down in the compound whilst the little chicks ran about in the limited space allotted to them. Whether he did this from a protective instinct, or a hunting one, in that he would pounce on the hawk if he ventured too near, I do not know, but it served my purpose.

About half way through this tour, I was ordered to another station some hundreds of miles



away. The boy steward packed all my belongings, and I gave him specific instruction that he was not on any account to forget the "puss," as he called him.

We stopped at a junction a considerable distance up the line, and as I tallied the luggage for transfer to another train, I missed the cat. I called the boy and soundly berated him for disobeying my orders.

For answer, he indignantly pointed upwards, and there, safely locked in an old parrot cage and hanging from a station rafter, was our friend, wide-eyed as usual; but with a look, I could swear, of the most intense surprise at the situation he found himself in.

It was so amusing that I burst into laughter at the sight, and have often regretted that I had packed my camera in one of the cases, and was therefore unable to record the scene.

My new station was on the fringe of the desert, and after a few weeks we all, including pussy, had practically settled down to our new environment, when suddenly, he disappeared.

We had definitely given him up for lost, when one morning, a week later, I was passing along a lush track at the back of the house, which I sometimes used on inspection of some outlying village districts, when I saw poor "puss" lying under a shrub. He was like a skeleton,

and in a deplorable condition, with bloodshot eyes and frothing at the mouth. I called the steward boy who was within hailing distance.

He looked at him keenly. "Snake bite him, Master. We able to do nothing. He go fight it himself. When he get better small, we go feed him."

It was as he had said. Pussy slowly recovered and I was very pleased, satisfied that all was well. Not so the steward and the other boys. They seemed to be always searching for something round about. If it's that snake, I thought, he's gone far into the lush by now.

A few mornings later, I was aroused by fearful yells. I jumped quickly out of bed, wondering what on earth had happened. On looking out of the window I saw my boys and other boys as well, around an old palm tree at the bottom of the garden, chopping the heads of a large snake and a number of young ones, with machetes, as they vainly tried to slither away.

To my horror, I saw that they were black mambas, a deadly type of reptile whose bite is fatal, unless you get immediate and skilled attention. Even then it means a long convalescence to get over the reaction of the antiserum.

The roots of these palm trees start to pull out of the ground when they get old, and the

consequent hollows in the sand make a fine hiding or breeding place for snakes.

The correct diagnosis of the cat's condition had been sufficient warning for the boys to go on a snake hunt; which means careful and consistent watching for days before they can discover the hide-out of a brood.

I shuddered to think of the risks I would have run if meeting one of them coiled up in one of the gutters which lay between my bungalow and the nest, which I often visited.

Two years later I was on my last tour in Northern Nigeria, and as it used to be rather cold at night, pussy would curl himself up on a cushion in my bedroom after dark, and go to sleep.

I had only a few days to go before I would finally leave the Colony on pension, and all my belongings were packed in the hallway, when early in the morning I was awakened by pussy jumping on my bed. I looked at him rather drowsily and was about to close my eyes again when the stillness of the night was broken by the soft scraping of a key in the lock of the bedroom door.

I got up quietly, and moved stealthily to the door, picking up a golf stick on my way but carefully as I moved, I was heard. On opening the door I saw nothing. Presently the

sound of scampering feet and hurried whispers came to my ears, as I walked through the bungalow.

The kitchen was in shambles and the ice chest had been raided. A row of empty beer bottles, bones and bread crumbs was all that remained of its contents.

It was fortunate for me that the thieves had decided to have a meal before sending one of their number on a smash and grab raid for valuables such as rings or watches which they often get away with in bedrooms, whilst the main gang removes the luggage.

A friend of mine laughed heartily at the episode when I told him next morning, but when the following night he was relieved of his gold watch at his bedside he didn't seem so very amused.

In fact he saved me the trouble of taking "pussy" to Lagos in order to find a home for him, as he immediately volunteered to take care of him.

He still has the cat, he told me in a recent letter, and it is in excellent health; and although there have been sporadic robberies in the neighbourhood since I left, he has not been raided again. Perhaps, he added facetiously, the gang know that he is too well watched!



## SO MANY TYPES OF DOGS— SO FEW TYPES OF CATS

By S.W.F.

THE NATURAL HISTORY Museum at South Kensington, London, provides much of interest to all of us who are more than just cat lovers.

Unlike the dog section which abounds in exhibits in keeping with the wide variety of breeds, the cat section contains far fewer exhibits, but none the less they are most interesting.

Many of these have been in the museum for many many years, and are not now truly representative of the breeds they represent. "Silver Lambkin," first of the chinchillas, was born in 1889 and died in 1906. At 17 years old he obviously could not hope to look like the chinchillas we see in the show pens to-day, usually two or three years old.

There is a blue Persian—"Forget-me-not"—which again compels interesting comparison with those of to-day.

The Siamese exhibit was six years old, and naturally is much darker than the beautifully coloured ones we see in

the showpens to-day, which are palest of course at twelve to eighteen months, being adult at ten months. In any case, haven't there been some changes in the Siamese breed since that exhibit came to the museum?

The wild cat of Scotland, from Invernessshire, appears to be a typical tabby, but with absolutely no white on its coat.

No study of cats can be complete without mention of the other members of that family—the lion, tiger, and leopard. The lion being self-coloured, the tiger striped, and the leopard spotted.

Smaller "wild" cats are fairly numerous, the Geoffroy cat, a beautiful silver colour with spots; the Kaffir cat, a little like our own Abyssinian; the Pampas cat, fawn-grey in colour, barred on legs and chest; the marbled cat, with spots; the Colocolo, a reddish-grey tabby; and the leopard cat (*F. Bengalensis*).

Then the beautiful caracol and the lynx and the ocelot!—shades of fur coat wearers!

## SIX MILLION CATS

By C. B. MORRISSEY

THERE are, according to Dr. Colin Matheson of the National Museum of Wales, six million cats in Britain and over a million of these are strays.

The cat in ancient Egypt was venerated as a sacred animal and this veneration applied also in Greece and was exemplified in the cat-headed goddess Maftet.

It would appear that before the 14th century cats were little known in Britain, though in Italy there were tame cats 2,000 years ago.

Linnaeus, however, says that *felis catus* was introduced to Great Britain about 500 B.C. and he seems to have confused this with *felis sylvestris*, which has lived in Britain in a wild and untamable state for many hundreds of years. These wild cats of Britain have had a tough time and up to 1914 it appeared they had been driven to their last strongholds in the wilds of western Inverness, the Loch Awe and the Loch Maree regions.

It was believed that they were extinct, but the first world war, with its absence of trappers, quickly changed the

situation. According to H. Mortimer Batten in his interesting and instructive book *British Wild Animals*, there are to-day in Scotland more wild cats than there were a hundred years ago.

Few animals of Great Britain are as courageous as the wild cat, and these high-spirited animals do not take kindly to captivity. They never become tame and people who have come too close to them have had cause to regret it.

Quite often, domestic cats run wild and it is quite possible that some interbreeding may have occurred. The true wild cat is, however, quite a distinct species.

Although cats have been domesticated for so long a time they have never accepted tamely human domination. In fact it is precisely the proud and independent spirit of the cat, whether it is a prize Persian or a stray tabby, that has attracted people to them.

The dog is widely regarded as the more intelligent animal, but experiments by an American scientist, Dr. D. K. Adams, seem to indicate the cat is far superior in mental prowess.



Dr. Adams fastened a piece of liver to a string and hung it from one of the wires forming the roof of a small cage. He then put a hungry cat outside the cage so that it would see the liver. The cat walked round the cage but made no attempt to put a paw through the bars as the liver was out of reach.

After two and a half minutes it climbed on top of the cage, reached down with its paw and clawed up the string.

In another experiment he placed a box about twenty inches away from a piece of liver, hanging about a yard from the ground, just out of the animal's reach. The box had two cords attached to it and the cat had been trained to pull it along. After several attempts to reach the prize by climbing on the box, the wily cat pulled the box under the meat and secured it.

Though only one of three cats achieved this, the experiment certainly showed the animal to have some powers of reasoning.

Similar experiments with dogs suggested that although they could be trained to do this, they were unable to think it out for themselves.

Cats, however, appear to have little sense of direction and although we occasionally hear of them finding their way

home from considerable distances, the large number of strays seem to prove such cases to be the exception rather than the rule, or perhaps they prefer the wide open spaces—for the call of the wild is at times irresistible.

The dog, however, tamely accepting human domination, prefers companionship. In any case, the dog with his highly developed sense of smell can almost always find his way home.

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When Yanos matured he was dubbed ‘Tarzan.’ Everyone remarked on his huge feet and frame and whenever I was asked the reason I proudly said ‘Kit-zyme’!

The first litter Yanos sired were tough little customers as you can see from the photo of Magyar Eugene, one of his sons.



Magyar Yanos and his son Magyar Eugene  
with Miss Linda Charles

Another son, Magyar Salamon Sash, has been sold to Canada and I have been asked by his new owner how Yanos the sire got his lovely physique because he wants to rear the kitten in the same way. I have written and told him, plenty of raw meat and, most important of all, a daily dose of Kit-zyme.”

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# A Look at the Long Haired Cats made Champions during 1953-1954

By DORRIE BRICE-WEBB

**B**OURNSIDE BLACK TURVY, bred by his owner, Mrs. Aitken, and gaining his full title of Champion at Croydon Championship Show, 1953. A lovely cat of good type and eye colour, dense black coat and a credit to his owner. There are all too few good Blacks about to-day and Turvy should be an asset to Black breeders.

**BLUECROFT BUTTERSCOTCH.** Beautiful Cream female bred by Mrs. Udall, owner Mrs. D. Nash. Gained her full title of Champion at Croydon Ch. Show 1953. Butterscotch carries a pale unmarked coat and is a cat of lovely type.

**DALMOND DAMARETTE.** Exquisite blue-eyed White bred by her owner, Mrs. Dallison, and gaining her full title of Champion at Croydon Ch. Show 1953. This female excels in purity of colour, has lovely deep blue eyes and is well worthy of her title.

**DORSTAN DOMINIQUE.** Silver Tabby female, breeders and owners, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney. Gained her full title of Champion at Lancashire and N.W. Cat Club Show, 1954.

**FOXBURROW FRIVOLOUS.** Beautiful Blue male, bred by Mr. P. M. Soderberg, owner Mrs. Joan Thompson. Gained his full title of Champion at Lancashire and N.W.C.C.C., 1954. I am able to write fully on this lovely cat as I awarded him one of his Championship Certificates at the Notts and Derby Ch. Show, 1954. Here is a male full of quality; he has a wonderful width between the tiniest of well placed ears, lovely short nose and very good eye colour, good cobby body, short full brush and carries a lovely pale blue coat.

**FOXBURROW FAERY.** Exquisite Blue female and half-sister to Foxburrow Frivolous. Bred by Mr. P. M. Soderberg, owner Mr. G. Dugdale. Gained her full title of Champion at the Lancashire and N.W.C.C.C., 1954. This lovely female also won a championship under me at the Notts and Derby Ch. Show, 1954. Faery is a beautiful queen of lovely type and very hard to fault. She has lovely neat ears, good eye colour and carries a lovely coat of true lavender blue.

**HOPE OF ROCKVILLA.** Red Tabby female of lovely type and colouring. Bred by Miss M. S. Paton, owner Mr. B. A. Stirling-Webb. Gained her full title of Champion at the G.C.C.F. Coronation Show, 1953. I have greatly admired this exhibit each time I have seen her.

**JESSICA O' THE NOR'EAST.** Tortoiseshell female, bred by Mrs. Gilbert and owned by Mrs. G. Budd. Gained her full title of Champion at the Notts and Derby Ch. Show, 1954. Beautiful, rich, well-broken colouring on body and face, good type, a very attractive cat.

**KALA MOONMIST.** Smoke female. Breeder and owner, Miss D. M. Collins. Gained her full title of Champion at the G.C.C.F. Coronation Show 1953.

**KALA TAMARA.** Smoke female. Breeder and owner, Miss D. M. Collins. Gained her full title of Champion at the National Cat Club, 1953. Miss Collins has bred some lovely Smokes and although I haven't had the pleasure of seeing these two cats I am sure they must be of excellent quality.

**LAUREL OF ALLINGTON.** Chinchilla male. Breeder and owner, Miss E. Langston. Gained his full title of Champion at Southsea C.C., 1953.

**MUSIDORA OF ALLINGTON.** Chinchilla female. Breeder and owner, Miss E. Langston. Gained her full title of Champion at Sandy Club Show, 1953.

**MARK OF ALLINGTON.** Chinchilla male. Breeder and owner Miss E. Langston. Gained his full title of Champion at Notts and Derby Ch. Show, 1954. What a wonderful achievement to breed three such lovely Chinchilla Champions in one season. All three excel in pure sparkling coats, emerald green eyes and are of outstanding type, and have been shown through the season as only Miss Langston knows how to show a Chinchilla.

**NIDDERDALE ALICE.** Owned and bred by Mrs. Budd. Lovely Blue-cream by Oxleys Smasher. Gained her full title of Champion at the Midland Counties Championship Show, 1953.

**SARISBURY SACHARISSA.** Black female. Owner Mrs. K. Carbert, breeder Mrs. E. C. Warren. Gained her full title of Champion at the Midland Counties C.C., 1953. This queen is a very good dense black, has a lovely head and is of very good type, and has exceptionally good copper eyes.

**SARISBURY SHEBA.** Black female. Owner and breeder, Mrs. E. C. Warren. Gained her full title of Champion at the Notts and Derby C.C., 1954. Sacharissa and Sheba are both



a credit to their breeder, Mrs. Warren, and well worthy champions.

**SHEEPFOLD PAINTED LADY.** Tortoiseshell and White female. Owned and bred by Mr. L. Owen-Jones. Gained her full title of Champion at the National Cat Club, 1953. This queen is beautifully patched and her colouring is very bright—her patches look as if they had been painted on and her name is very appropriate. A good specimen of this very lovely breed.

**TWILIGHT JOHN.** Cream male. Owned and bred by Miss Henton. Gained his full title of Champion at the National Cat Club, 1953. Lovely pale cream of very good type and a worthy champion.

Now for a few cats that caught my eye during the show season which gained two challenge certificates and failed to get that elusive third:

Firstly Mrs. Carbert's lovely **ANLABY JENNIFER**, a lovely pale blue queen of very good type and glorious wide-awake eyes. Another lovely cat is **SHARBRI ADELA**, owned by Mrs. A. M. Richards. Adela is a very good Blue-cream and I am sure should soon gain her final certificate. Another very good cat is the Cream male, **REDWALL'S BATH OLIVER**—a fine big cat with a very good

pale unmarked coat, good head type and eye colour.

Another cat I would like to see a champion which just missed the boat this season is Mrs. Bastow's very good Blue female **UPLANDS BLUE JASMIN**.

To conclude, I would like to mention Mrs. Beedell's **MAGYAR YANOS**, a Blue of exceptional build, lovely head, neat ears, lovely eye colour and very good type. I am sure he will pull it off during 1954-1955.

So the best of good luck to all owners of cats who just didn't make the grade!

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## THE POPULAR SIAMESE

By L.F.

NEVER, in all history, has there been such a popular cat as the Siamese. Considering the first pair were imported from Bangkok to Britain in 1884, and were first exhibited in England at the Crystal Palace in 1885, it seems astounding that upwards of five thousand kittens are now being registered each year. This fact is all the more amazing as there are certainly many more kittens which are never registered by their breeders or owners.

Why they have attained such popularity is not easy to explain. In my own case, my husband and I were very keen on Manx cats when we first married and we had one or more of this very nice breed up to 1935. We were then living in the country, and were fortunate enough to have several hundred acres of moorland behind us. After being there for about eighteen months, our tabby manx disappeared, and although we spent many days and weeks searching for him, we never found a trace, and we had a sad time without a cat.

Then, on a lovely summer afternoon, my husband brought a mysterious box home in his car. I was very curious, but

could not be told what it contained. I had to wait until we got into the house, and when the box was opened, there was a dear little Siamese kitten, with the most amazingly blue eyes. It would be impossible to explain how delighted I was, for I had always wanted one, but they were so expensive. A friend from Rumania was staying with us at the time, so we gave her the honour of choosing the kitten's name and she called her Pip-ou.

Very shortly afterwards, we had arranged to go on our holidays, and a very dear friend consented to keep the little Pip-ou with her until our return. She said afterwards that she had been rather worried about her, as she didn't seem very strong, but she fed her on Benger's food, and treated her like a baby, and we had no further trouble with her. She was allowed complete freedom, and our large garden, with the moorland, bracken and trees, must have been a complete cat's paradise. Inevitably, she eventually found a mate, but she didn't prove a very efficient mother and her kits all died.

Every morning, as soon as our morning tea came, she

would dash up to the bedroom and straight down the bed under the clothes, where she would remain very happily until we got up. She always observed this ritual unless she was occupied with maternal duties, and if I was ill and had to stay in bed, she was a perfect companion. She loved to catch mice and shrews in the garden, also lizards around the swimming pool and once she caught a baby rabbit, which I was able to rescue with only a bit of torn skin. When it was a little less frightened, I took it to our lovely little glade, which joined up with the moor, and let it go free to find its mother.

Pip-ou's second family was more fortunate. We made her a bed in the tool shed so that she would not be disturbed, and here she had her litter, two tabbie females and two black and white males. We used to go in to look at the bright-eyed little creatures and to praise the clever little mother. But one day, we arrived home to find the kittens gone. We were greatly puzzled, and thought someone must have stolen them but could hardly imagine why, as they looked just like any other ordinary kittens and not a bit Siamesey. Pip-ou came in to feed, and then disappeared for long periods, and we realised she had her kittens hidden somewhere. We tried following her, but she seemed to know,

and at last we decided to keep her in for some time, and see if she would go straight to her kittens. She was too anxious about them to bother much about us, and we followed her to the glade and there, in a shelving hole in the bank, covered with bracken, she had taken her babies. They came out and spat like little wild things at us. We took them and their mother back to the tool shed, and there she reared them very successfully. We found homes for three and we kept one black and white tom, who we called Putzi.

About this time, a friend, who owned a neutered Siamese tom, was rather unsettled, and asked if we would have him, as we already had a Siamese and this we consented to do. He was a fine cat, very affectionate and gentle, and we were very proud of the fact that he wore a collar and walked quite well on a lead. Pip-ou thought very little of his advent, and at times, they would have a good fight. When I think about it now, I come to the conclusion she must have been in season at these times. Then again they enjoyed a tin of salmon off the same plate for their evening meal. I never saw them cuddled up together as some cats who live in the same house do. Maybe this was because he was neutered. However, after his advent, Pip-ou never had



any more kittens. It did seem that, even though he was a neuter, she was content.

Then one day, he didn't come when we called him. I got alarmed, and we searched until dark without success. We spent a very unhappy night, for he had always come at our call before. Next day, I came across him quite unexpectedly, lying on his side, under some silver birch trees, looking as though he was asleep, but quite dead. His heart must suddenly have stopped, for he never ailed anything. We buried him in the grassy glade, lined with oaks and silver birch, a lovely spot to rest in for ever.

At the beginning of 1940, we moved to a flat we had in Derby, taking Pip-ou and Putzi with us. We kept Pip-ou in the house for two weeks and then let her go into our small garden. Alas—that was the last we ever saw of her. She disappeared, and we never heard of her again. We were very sad about it, for we were very attached to our beautiful little cat, whose coat had always remained so lovely and pale, and whose eyes were always like two beautiful jewels. Her son Putzi was a dear boy, with the Siamese shape and voice, and he was our only cat for about two years.

Then we went to live further out in a more rural spot and an

employee, who had grown very fond of him, asked to keep Putzi. Our cottage was next to a farm, where they had a number of cats, who lived in the barns and caught vermin. They often had lovely kittens which only appeared when they were quite big, as they were born in the barns. I was always interested and fascinated by them. But once you have had a Siamese, you always long for another. I began to feel I must have one again and I bought a male kitten who unfortunately got enteritis and died.

I was heartbroken about it, and being inexperienced in those days, I quite foolishly bought another, which suffered the same fate. After a lapse of time, I really was able to keep one and that was the start of my cattery. She had an exceptionally long tail, and was bred by Mrs. Towe. I called her Songara as I had not then registered my prefix Chinki, although I used it for all subsequent stock. That was years ago, and I have owned and bred many Siamese since then.

For me, their fascination increases. Each one is individual in character, all are only too eager to show you a great deal of affection. The startling beauty of the seal-point, cream coat, seal brown points, and blue eyes, is a joy to behold.

Please turn to page 33

# WHO SAID TIBS?



'YOU should have heard the purrs of welcome when I was introduced!' said Tibby, the Tibs Reporter. 'The mere mention of the name Tibs made every puss in Mrs. Barker's cattery, sit up and take notice. No need to ask her if they were all brought up on Tibs!'

WELL-KNOWN stud champion Sylvadene Solomon, shown above, gained his previous award at the Midland Counties Cat Club Show—October, 1952. Mrs. Barker's Chinchillas have won numerous prizes on a Tibs upbringing. She herself says—'I make it a rule

never to be without Tibs, and now they are in tablet form I like them better than ever. They do help to keep that healthy bloom and clear eye on my cats that tell me they are in tip-top condition.'

10d. and 2/-



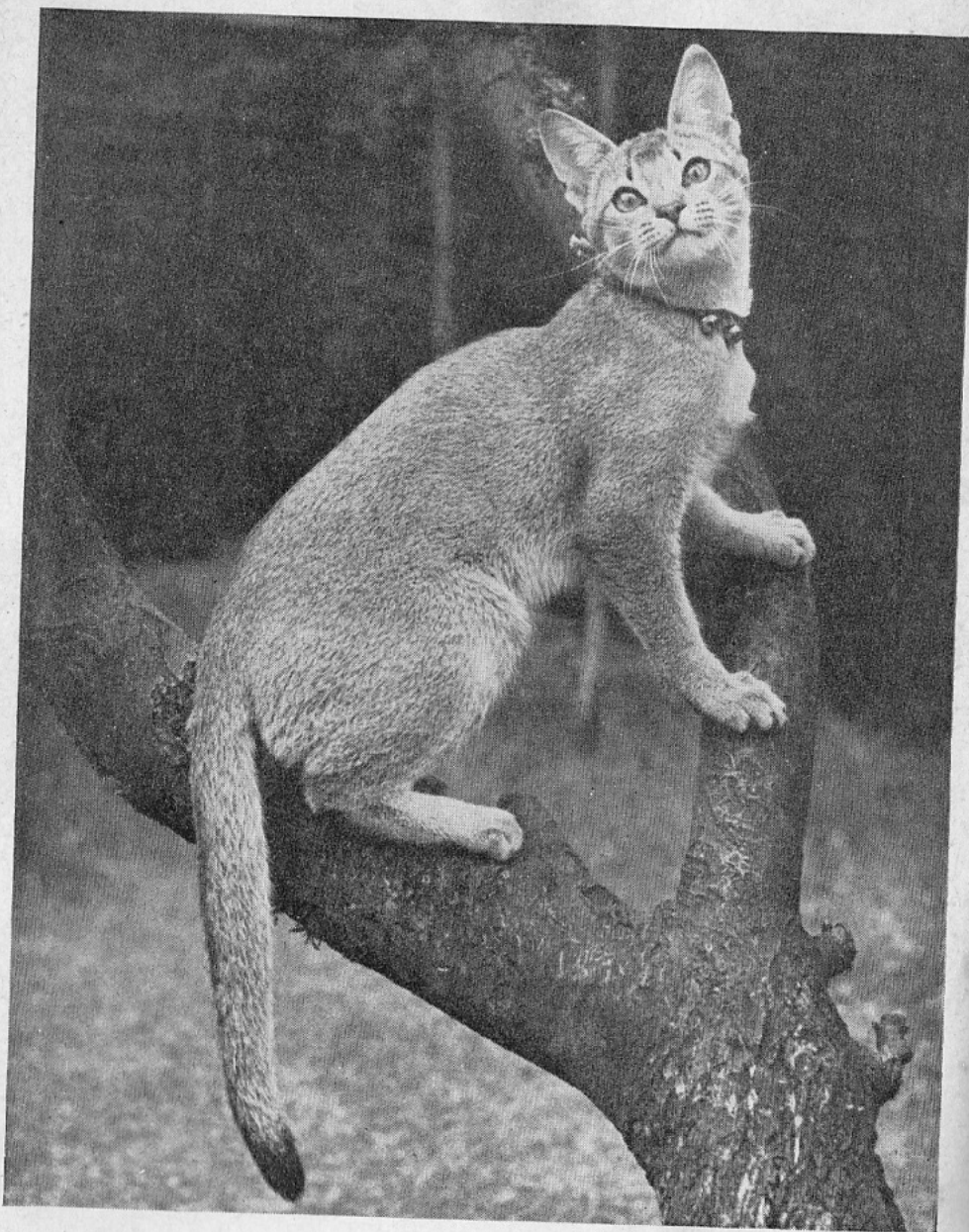
Famous breeders say:

# TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

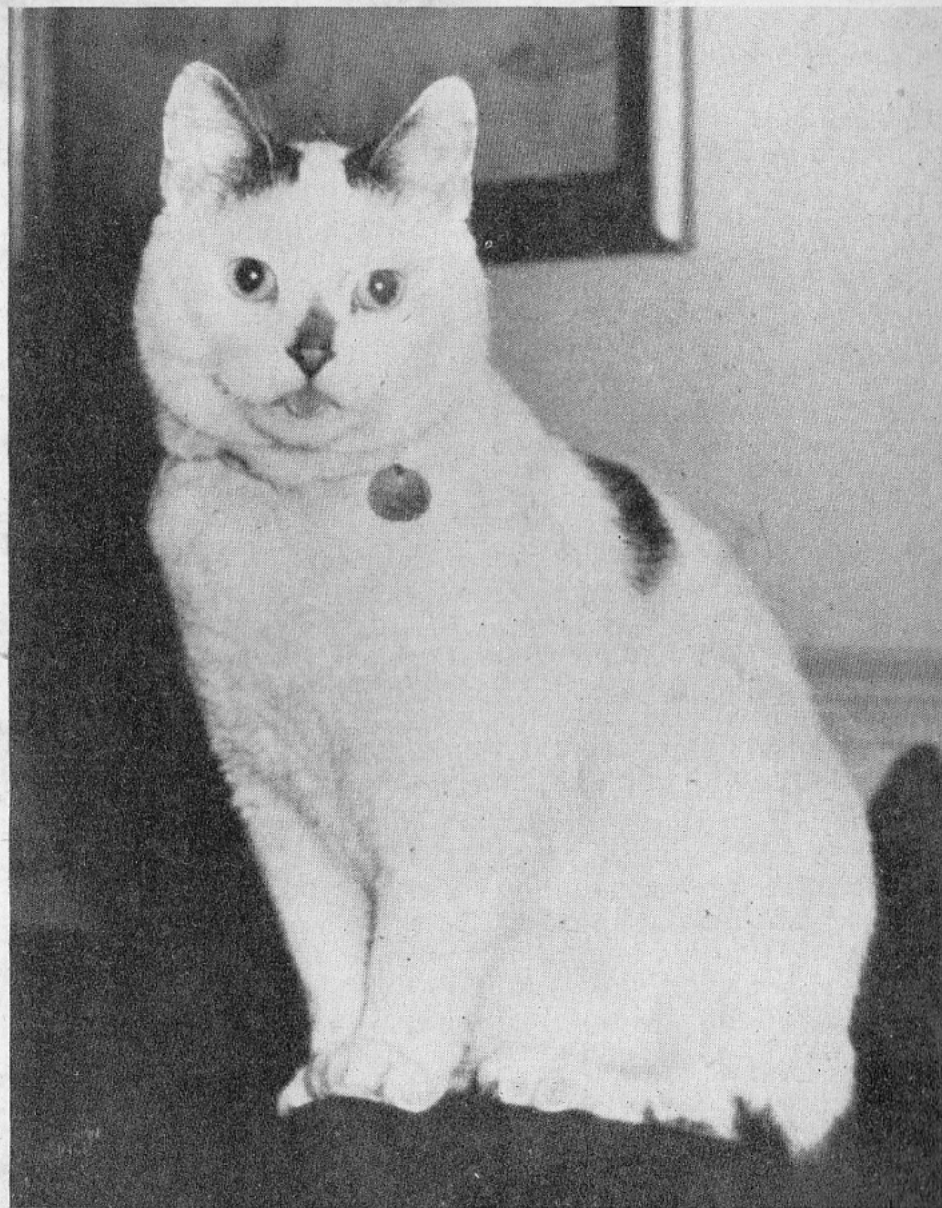


Champion Chinchilla Sylvadene Solomon, owned and bred by Mrs. J. F. Barker, Sylvan House, 49, Church Street, ILKESTON, Derbyshire.





Adran Lonella—Dam, Ch. Kreeard Sheba, Sire, Bruerne Achilles  
—a well-known Abyssinian prizewinner. Photo by V. E. Major,  
owner-breeder.



Personality Plus! But no pedigree!  
Mortimer, Britain's best-known cat.  
Photo by the owner, Adele Rudd.



## BOOKS RECEIVED

**Complete Book of Cat Care**, by Leon Whitney. *Victor Gollancz Ltd.*—18/-. With a foreword by Sir Compton Mackenzie, this carefully compiled book of more than two hundred and sixty pages is undoubtedly the most instructive and valuable since our own *Diseases of the Cat*, by Hamilton Kirk. Leon Whitney is an American veterinary surgeon, and obviously a cat lover, too.

Where Hamilton Kirk's standard work is more especially written for the expert, this author writes with authority, but in such a way that all can understand. In sickness and health, there is not a page that is not crammed with information and, more than that, so up-to-date and useful.

What I found most interesting was the descriptions of the ills our cats are heir to, and their possible cure. All this has been done before, I know, but never so completely or with such detail, and with mention of the very latest medicines and treatments. If you keep cats, or want a present for a friend who does, you can't go wrong here.

.....

**Tai-Lu's Birthday Party.**—I've always been fascinated by colour, and as someone who is supposed to know something

about Siamese cats, I've always deplored the fact that what I think is the wonderful colour scheme of these creatures is not often enough reproduced.

Strange indeed that a book written and illustrated for children should bring forth my delight so much; as I am not in either state of childhood, first or second!

I've seen hundreds of drawings of cats, and thousands of photographs, and with few exceptions, there are few artists indeed capable of reproducing "real cats," and if in colour, in real colours. Janet and Anne Grahame-Johnstone, the illustrators, are my shining, notable exceptions!

The authors, Shelagh Fraser and our good friend Billy Thatcher, already enchant the children on the B.B.C. Television and Radio programmes with Princess Tai-Lu's adventures, and "Tai-Lu's Birthday Party," a Twirly Book, is bound to keep them (and may be their elders) amused for a long time.

I must pay a tribute all round, having mentioned the illustrators and authors. I must also praise Publicity Products Limited, the publishers, for a most ingenious book, containing pages of illustrations in colour alongside the text of the



MEET THE BREEDERS

## BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB

HAVING just spent a delightful evening with the editor of *Cats and Kittens* and his wife, and noting what lovely condition I found their Siamese cats' and kittens' coats to be in has prompted me to write my notes this month on the care of coats.

These notes are for everyone owning a cat, be it pedigree or

a little household pet. The first rule to remember is condition of the animal itself. The coat depends largely on your pet's physical condition—an animal in good health means an animal with a healthy coat. This means a coat that is soft and fine to the touch and glistening. If your pet's coat is harsh and dull looking, a general tonic is indicated.

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### BOOKS RECEIVED—Cont.

story, and also the Twirly, a diorama which actually provides moving pictures of the principal characters, merely by slowly twirling or revolving a disc which is part of the front cover.

It would be unfair not to complete the review without mention of the admirable binding and printing, the work of Purnell and Sons Ltd., of Somerset and London.

Don't miss this, if you don't know a child, then imagine you are one yourself to get this little book. The price, amazingly low, 2s. I don't know how they do it!—END

All cats moult in the Spring, long or short hair, and need that daily grooming to remove all dead fur. The short-haired cat is much the easier to groom as he will not get matted up like his long-haired brother, but even so he is to be brushed and combed every day, otherwise he is going to take all loose fur into his intestines and set up irritation. It is amazing if you groom your cat regularly, how he will get accustomed to his beauty treatment; *he* will not only feel better, but *you* will not have the constant worry of having his fur all over the place.

As the long-haired variety is the problem child, I will deal with them from kittenhood onwards.



My own pedigree kittens start being groomed from a month old, just a gentle brushing two or three times a week will get them accustomed to this most necessary habit. When a long-haired cat or kitten is in full coat—that is, generally between October and January—do not comb too drastically or you will take all the lovely undercoat out. This undercoat is the foundation of the top hair which helps to fluff out and make the long-hair's coat a cloud of glory. Brushing is the secret of a good coat, always bearing in mind to brush the coat the wrong way, that is to say from the tail up towards the head. In this way you get the air down to the roots of the fur and it stimulates the skin and keeps it healthy. Always remember to groom under the cat's tail, also the long hair on the hind legs. A good tempered animal will lie on your lap and let you groom under his arms and on his tummy. Most of my own cats love this and will purr with sheer delight—especially my two stud cats.

I use a nylon hair brush as I find this separates every hair. I have three steel combs, one for long hair, a finer one for shorter hair, and a very fine one for the frill and face furnishings. Spratts sell all these grades of combs and will be

only too willing to send you what you require.

All light coated cats need a powder bath once a week—a good talcum powder is ideal for this. A male cat's tail is apt to get very greasy and this thick brown grease is very difficult to remove with ordinary talcum powder. A sprinkling of boracic powder rubbed well into the tail will, as a rule, remove the grease if it isn't too bad; but if this doesn't do the trick, a shampoo made with Lux will definitely remove all trace of grease.

If your cat's coat has become matted and you cannot remove the knots, don't try to tear them out with a comb. First, with finger and thumb, try dissecting the knots until you have broken them up, then you can comb them out with less discomfort to your pet.

### CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

*Largest circulation in  
Europe. Tell your  
friends to take it*

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

I HAVE said the same thing so many times, but once again—if you have any infection, don't write to anyone who also has cats. If you want to tell them, phone; but if that's not possible, wait until all's clear before writing. Germs can be transmitted on letters. I am always worried when I receive one, and on getting part way through it, the writer announces she has cat 'flu or enteritis amongst her cats. I burn the letter and envelope and wash my hands thoroughly and hope nothing will happen. Do please have more thought for others and refrain from writing if you have infection.

Mrs. Sarah Ovington phoned me in great distress to say her Siamese seal point queen, Cassie, had disappeared and, in spite of every kind of enquiry and a thorough search, could not be found. Of course, I was very sorry, and asked to be kept informed in case she returned. As the days passed, I felt very worried, and then I was delighted to receive the following letter:

"Cassie came back at mid-day to-day, exactly a week after her disappearance. We heard a frantic miouing, and ran out to find her trying desperately to climb up the wire

netting round our compound. She was starving and very weak. It was difficult to believe that this featherweight scrap of fur and bone was our solid, robust Cassie, who had fully merited her nickname 'Fatty.' She was perfectly clean, her collar had no scratches on it, and her pads were soft and unworn. I am sure she had not walked far, and that she had not been 'sleeping rough.' When we fed her, she nearly choked, she was so ravenous. Dozens of people had searched the immediate neighbourhood. The police had ruled out the possibility of her being shot, snared, poisoned or run over. The local man has a pretty good idea of what is happening in those directions. The schoolmistress had told the children to watch for such a cat. Neighbours had searched. Small boys had looked up every tree. Farmers had looked in unused lofts and sheds, but nobody caught a glimpse of her.

We can only guess that she was picked up that Sunday evening and taken away in a car. Even I could not have picked her up and carried her along a road, because she goes mad with fright if a car passes. Possibly she wouldn't settle down, refused food, and yowled



all day and night. On his first free day—another Sunday you notice, whoever picked her up, perhaps decided to drive her back, and set her free where he found her. We shall never know the truth but, had she been shut in a farm building, one would expect to find a little dust on her fur; and had she been consorting with a tom, surely they could have caught a mouse or two, or found something for her to eat. And wouldn't you expect to find a few scratches or tooth marks on her collar at least? She was actually starving! Wouldn't hunger have driven her back before, had she been able to get home? At the moment, she needs all the good food she can get to build herself up to normal. There is nothing under her fur but sharp bones."

Mrs. Edith M. Wright, who lives near Skegness, writes to say she has bought a male Burmese kitten from Mrs. Margaret Barker-Smith, as a future stud. He is sired by imported Casa Gasos da Foong, and his dam is Chinki Yong Kassa. Mrs. Wright wanted a female also, and I was able to put her in touch with Miss King of Bognor Regis, from whom she has bought a female. I do hope this pair will eventually breed some really nice kittens.

Mrs. Elizabeth Miller has reluctantly decided she must part with her Burmese stud. She

tells me her road is becoming increasingly dangerous and she has had two cats run over in six months and cannot bear another tragedy. So there is a chance for someone who would like an adult male who is a proved sire. Price is not so important as the right home.

Miss Christine Veldhuis sends some very good photos of cats from Holland. In the May issue, I mentioned about a queen who had a very prolonged call in spite of matings. Miss Veldhuis writes:

"I don't know which mysterious factor is at work, but we seem to have the same sort of trouble over here, both in cats and dogs, and probably in other domestic animals. Several breeders had their queens mated to proved sires but no kittens were born, to their disappointment. Remarkable in that so-called false pregnancy was noticed several times in these special cases, and it also happened that queens went on calling and even got worse after being mated.

I discussed it with the vet, a specialist in dogs and cats, and was told that during the last two years, and especially this year, he had been consulted frequently by many breeders about their problems, and he couldn't give better advice than hormonal treatment with fertilising effect.

My own queen started calling some weeks after the birth of her litter of five males, and kept on for more than three months. She got quite hysterical at last, refusing nearly everything to eat, and spraying all over the place. She was yelling like mad, and flying up against the walls and into the curtains. She could not have been mated so soon after her litter, and she also was in dreadful condition with eating so little. And so we had her treated with hormonal injections, which worked wonderfully and she is as affectionate as before and even sweeter than she ever has been. The vet assured me that the injections (I was not at all keen on their use) would do no harm at all and would have no bad influence on her fertility, though I have not been able to try it out yet, and have not yet had her mated. She has been calling several times since but quite in a normal way—as far as you can think a Siamese normal when she is calling! So the vet's opinion is that all this is due to a hormonal unbalance, though no one can tell you which factor is disturbing the natural balance."

Miss King, who breeds Siamese and Burmese, writes to tell me of an experience which she describes as unique! She says:

"I will give you the dates. I see in my 1953 note book, I

made a note, 'Dec. 11th, 1953. Yong and Siamese male!' I took her out, and she has been in my room ever since and not uncontrolled. On February 24th, Yong (Burmese) produced one very large Siamese kitten. I've never seen such a large one. It was dead and I should think it was a breech as its tongue was drawn up, as if it was choked. No more came. In the morning, I could see she had not got them all, but I left her alone, and she seemed all right. There was nothing more, days and days went on and she seemed to be getting bigger, and I getting more and more worried. I saw no movement, and then, on May 4th, I saw a little flutter. I thought 'kittens'! On May 9th, what do you think she produced?—three lovely Burmese kits, one female and two males, and in less than four hours, they were yapping and fighting for their rights. Yong had them quickly and easily. They were small, but growing nicely.

Here is the puzzle. Can a cat have two distinct conceptions? Definitely, yes! And she must have been mated to my Burmese before I brought her out of the cat house on December 11th. This makes twenty-one weeks and it really puzzles me. I knew there were more when the Siamese was born and was too big for normal. I was, until I saw the flutter, going to call in



the vet to look at her, as I was dubious if it was a growth or cyst. Isn't it extraordinary? She has not been away from my room and the cat house is detached, and they never come in. Have you ever met anything like it before? She is perfectly well and fit. I rang my vet this morning to say I had a double conception. He is most interested, and is coming in—I don't know when, as he lives some distance off. I can tell you, I had the shock of my life when I saw Burmese. A good thing it wasn't her son. It seems all things are possible, but very unlikely. Perhaps Mr. France could ask for readers' experiences and opinions."

Later, Miss King wrote again. "Thought you would like to hear more about the wonderful event. The kits, two males and one female, are definitely more intelligent. At two weeks and four days, they are playing and biting each other, walking after each other in the drawer, pawing faces, and licking. Today, when I went to them and lifted the curtain, two came to me and climbed up the blanket. I do as you say—keep them well covered. Their eyes are very well open and they look so sweet, but their brains seem more like three-and-a-half to four weeks. Their activity astonishes me. I ask myself, why did the Siamese come first, as she must have previously

mated to the Burmese. I presume, because of its size, and my vet says it is called 'rape,' like dogs. He says it is most unusual for cats to have two conceptions by two different cats at different times, but it is possible. I say now, it is a good thing it died. My professional experience helps me a lot, and if it had sucked, it would no doubt have brought on the others by the interine contractions. I am so hoping to find out something more about this, as someone may have had a similar experience."

This all seems amazing to me. If Miss King removed her queen from contact with the Siamese stud on December 11th, she could have kitted at the earliest on February 12th. To have the Siamese kitten on February 24th means she must have gone twelve days over. I have bred many kittens, and queens do go over, but I never had one go that length of time before kitting. For a queen, who has not been in contact with a stud, to *then* produce a pure bred litter approximately ten weeks from the date she produced a kitten seems beyond the realms of possibility. I am not surprised the young vet Miss King mentioned the facts to, said "Quite impossible. I don't believe it!" Well, what do our reader breeders think?

## Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Plymouth.

Dear Editor,

Thank you ever so much for the lovely reproduction of the picture of my little queen, Tess of Thame. It is with regret though that I must tell you that the lovely young Tess has had to be spayed. I think this is why I am writing so long after the receipt of your magazine. She called in the New Year but we did not send her for mating as at the time her mate, the late Ch. Flambeau of Allington was not well and soon she was off again, to be held back for Ch. Laurel of Allington. We were awaiting her calling signs and all was set for her to go. Without warning we noticed a discharge, sent for the vet immediately, and he diagnosed ulcerated uterus. She was operated on almost at once and was gravely ill for a few days. Luckily she has made a good recovery and is as fit as a fiddle again. She was a lovely queen and will be a loss to the fancy. We will show her as a neuter and work her tickets that way if she is good enough to earn them. It will be worth the anxiety we had all the time she was away from home.

In a further article in the May magazine you mention "Intramammary Streptomycin" for snuffles. I have one

queen here who has had snuffles since being sent to stud and have no cure yet for it. I assume your product is only obtainable through a vet, but is there any chance of your obtaining any and forwarding to this remote part of the globe? We get a very lethal form of 'flu here and isolation is powerless against it and the whole district becomes literally seething with it. I suppose it is the very humid atmosphere, as even we humans are for ever wrapt with colds and chills.

Your wife's article on her queen Chinki Junita is nothing compared to one of mine. The big difference is that mine is a long hair, and never had kits. She was first mated back to her father. All the usual signs came in turn until the seventh week, when she had a false pregnancy. She was sent to a reputable stud and all the steps occurred again. Kits, no!! but plenty of howling after seven weeks. This year she has been mated to blue. I was able to see them pair up but had to come away before the mating. As I write she should be nursing her first litter. We had the vet for her yesterday as she started calling again. He judges there are no kits and the best thing to do is to have her spayed as



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

she will never breed, and probably absorbs them. He has given medicine to clear anything out, but if she does pass anything it will be only shriveled-up kits. Nothing has happened yet.

What a wonderful hobby this cat breeding is. In three years with three queens, we have had two kits!!!

Yours sincerely,  
W. Kingdom.

Dear Mrs. Kingdom,

You should not have the least difficulty in obtaining Intramammary Streptomycin. You can explain to your vet that this is packed in small tubes for mastitis in cows, but that it is wonderful for snuffles in cats.

A little squeeze up each nostril being the way of administration, this twice a day for six days. If you cannot get it from him I will see if I can get you a tube at this end and send it on to you.

Editor.

Cornwall.

Dear Editor,

May I pass on to other readers the wonderful healing nature of certain herbs. We

have a great deal to do with animals, in and around our village, especially during the winter months when those awful gin traps are about.

The herbs I am speaking of are Self-Heal, Comfrey, Yarrow and Bugle; mix them in equal parts and put a handful in a pint and a half of boiling water, simmer for 30 minutes, then strain into a jug and let it get cool. Then hold the cat's trapped paw in it for as long as the cat will allow it. However badly the paw is hurt, the comfrey will instantly take the pain away, and the other herbs will complete the healing. The paw should be thus bathed three or four times a day.

Noddy, whose photo I enclose, has been caught four times—twice very badly indeed—but he has been completely healed each time.

Yours sincerely,  
M. Ladd.

Leicester.

Dear Editor,

I have read your attractive magazine for some time now and have been persuaded by your interesting articles to purchase a Siamese kitten.

## TO THE EDITOR



My Lord Tom Noddy

I should appreciate your expert advice on him. I have had "Boro" now for six months and find that he is unable to be "doctored" as his testicles have not developed normally. My vet advises an operation that would correct this fault but as he is very wild and nervous of strangers at times, do you think that this would prove satisfactory? We hate to upset him. We have grown so fond of him, as he is very lovable and attractive with us. I understand that it is impossible to keep a fully grown male cat in the home as a pet unless he is "doctored." Also could you please advise me how to stop him sucking the end

of his tail before he goes to sleep in the daytime?

He has a quiet and comfortable home and is fed on a good mixed diet. I should be very pleased if you could help me with him.

Yours sincerely,  
Barbara Bradbury.

Dear Mrs. Bradbury,

It is quite unusual to find a Siamese male that can't be neutered for the reason stated without a slightly more complicated operation.

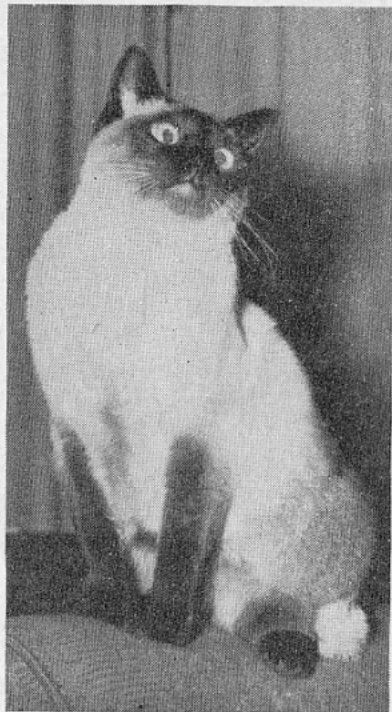
I unhesitatingly recommend you to have this done, however, as it is quite impossible to keep an entire male as a domestic pet, as you would soon find out.

I can't help but think that the tail sucking you mention is due to a vitamin deficiency and I advise you to give him a course of six Kit-zyme tablets a day. I think you will find he will take these readily.

Editor.



## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Sally

Retford.

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing some photos of my little Siamese cat Sally, and I should be very pleased and proud if you could publish any one of them in your magazine. Sally is a great character, as all Siamese cats are. She is now six years old and always travels with us when we go on holiday as we couldn't think of leaving her behind. She is going to Devonshire with us in July.

Yours sincerely,  
Rose E. Hermes.

Bickley, Kent.

Dear Editor,

I would be very grateful for your advice regarding the diet of my year-old S.P. Siamese neuter, Timothy, who is the son of Ch. Clonlost Yo Yo and Shula Belle.

Up till now, I have been following the instructions of his breeder and feeding him on horse meat and rabbit, both mixed with cornflakes for roughage. He drinks water and sometimes a little warm milk but will not touch fish or tinned cats' food.

As he has a large appetite he demands several meals during the day and his weekly food bill works out at about 6s. 6d. Can you suggest a more economical way of feeding him or is his appetite likely to decrease as he grows older? I would also like to know how many meals a day he ought to have and whether several small helpings are better than one large one.

Yours sincerely,  
(Miss) P. Kemp.

## TO THE EDITOR

Dear Miss Kemp,

Regarding the diet of your Siamese, I suggest that your cat should have two meals a day; one first thing in the morning at about the time of your own breakfast, and one fairly late in the evening, say between six and eight o'clock. I should cut out almost everything in which you use milk, and give her for the morning meal rabbit, first removing the bones, and breaking up into a dish half a Weetabix, which is mixed with the rabbit, and pour over a little gravy from

the rabbit, which should be heated. For an evening meal you could roast some pet's meat and cut into small cubes. Variety is essential and after a week of this diet you could give lightly boiled fish for breakfast, but always use white fish like cod or boiled haddock, fresh, broken up and with practically none of the water at all. Cats dislike fish which is wet and prefer to eat it dry. For the evening meal give rabbit.

Yours sincerely,  
Editor.

CANDID COMMENTS *from page 2*

makes all too few think that the difficulty of voting this way is worth all the trouble.

The solution is that the Governing Council should advise all the clubs that all members should be allowed the equal opportunity of voting, whether they can personally attend A.G.M.'s or not, and the only way is by postal vote.

Mention of the approach of the show season also brings to mind the vexed question of judges. To my mind, all too few of these judge at all too

many shows. There are plenty of judges on the lists—some critics say too many—but somehow one sees the same names time and time again. Don't bring out the old quote about popular judges, it just won't do. There are very few indeed unpopular judges, the exhibitors want to know how their cats are selected by different judges, and so do the public, to whom the show managers have a great duty. I say, ring the changes, and for goodness sake get away from the old school tie complex.



## KITTENS' PLAYPEN

By NOELLA GOWING

TWICE a year we are confronted with the problem of how best to prevent the latest instalment of kittens from being trodden underfoot. The problem would not arise at all were Tiger content to keep her babies in the boxroom until they are safely mobile, but she has different ideas on their upbringing.

As soon as the kittens' eyes are open Tiger announces that she is bored with the boxroom and that it is time to introduce the new family to society. Left to her own devices she would cart them laboriously downstairs in her mouth, knocking each in turn on each step in turn. To forestall this we pack them carefully into a well-padded cat-basket and bring them down, at first only for a short time in the twilight. This stage is brief. Before the kittens are three weeks old Tiger starts the hardening process, settling her offspring behind the wireless or under the piano, thus exposing them either to falling or to being crushed.

At this point the most satisfactory solution for all concerned is the largest old-fashioned clothes-basket available, with a fold or two of woolly material at the bottom—too much padding makes Tiger reject it for something more Spartan. There is room within the basket for them all to sleep and turn over in comfort. When Tiger goes about her errands, the kittens have space to practise walking and wrestling, without the risk of losing each other. The sides, sloping upwards and outwards, provide a further tantalising form of exercise which strengthens their hind legs. This is especially useful as kittens often appear to try to drag themselves along on their front legs only when they first learn to walk.

As soon as they are able to run about easily within the basket, we increase their exercise by putting them out on the floor for a few minutes each day under observation. We thus have the pleasure of watching their efforts and can



The Kittens

also guard them against their big brother, who leaves the basket strictly alone but regards kittens on the floor as fair game. The kittens meanwhile have their first encounters with hard surfaces and the immense spaces of the indoor

world. We lift them very slowly from basket to floor to show them the way, and their attempts to climb in and out are still further encouraged if one kitten is left inside the basket and they can see each other moving through the wickerwork.

Since the slope of the basket offers a sheer, cut-away drop from the top looking outwards, they always learn to climb back in, before they have managed to get out by their own efforts. By the time that is achieved they are really sure on their own feet and can get out of the way of ours. But the basket still serves them as a place to sleep, instead of dozing off dangerously in the middle of the doorway, and when they are first taken into the garden, the basket comes too as a familiar base for their wider explorations.

---

### THE POPULAR SIAMESE *from page 16*

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## CAT SHOWS

1954

- 7 Sept. **Herts. and Middlesex Cat Club**: Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1. Show opens 1 p.m.
- 11 Sept. **Southport and Ormskirk Agricultural Society (Exemption)**: Victoria Park, Southport. Showground opens at 9 a.m.: cat section open after judging.
- 22 Sept. **South Western Counties Cat Club**: Produce Market, Taunton, Somerset. Show opens 2 p.m.
- 6 Oct. **Blue Persian Cat Society**: Y.W.C.A., Queen Mary Hall, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1 (two minutes' walk from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station).
- 8 Oct. **Siamese Cat Club**: Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1. Show opens 12 noon.
- 16 Oct. **Edinburgh and East of Scotland Cat Club**: Music Hall, Edinburgh. Show opens 1.30 p.m.
- 23 Oct. **Midland Counties Cat Club**.
- 30 Oct. **Scottish Cat Club**: MacLellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. show opens 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.
- 10 Nov. **Groydon Cat Club**: Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1. Show opens 1 p.m.
- 27 Nov. **Yorkshire County Cat Club**: Corn Exchange, The Calls, Leeds. Show opens 1 p.m.
- 8 Dec. **National Cat Club**: Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster. Show open 1 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.
- 1955
- 8 Jan. **Notts. and Derbyshire Cat Club**: Victoria Baths Hall, Nottingham.
- 22 Jan. **Lancashire and North Western Counties Cat Club**: Territorial Association Drill Hall, Stretford Road. All Saints', Manchester. Show opens 1.30 p.m.
- 3 Feb. **Southern Counties Cat Club**: Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.
- 19 Feb. **East Anglian Cat Club**: Ipswich.



## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Prepaid Advertisements under this heading are inserted at the rate of 1/6 per line per insertion (minimum 4/6) with discounts of six insertions for the price of five and twelve insertions for the price of ten. Additional charge for use of Box No. is 1/-. Instructions and remittance should be sent not later than the 12th of the month preceding the month of issue to:-

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