

Cats do love  
their  
**Kit-zyme..**



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

**Kit-zyme**

VITAMIN-RICH  
YEAST



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

50 (7½ gr.) Tablets 1/6, 250 for 4/-, 750 for 8/-

From Chemists, Corn Chandlers and Pet Shops

Literature free on request

If any difficulty in obtaining, write to: |

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



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

# CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

SEPTEMBER

1954

MONTHLY



Now then kittens! In the queue!  
Kit-E-Kat's the food for you!



Yes! Cats and kittens really need the complete nourishment that Kit-E-Kat provides. There are several meals of this ready-to-serve food in every tin—packed full of the fish and meat that all cats love, and only 9d.

THE COMPLETE AND NOURISHING CAT FOOD

**KIT-E-KAT**

cooked and ready to serve

CHOCK-FULL OF  
FISH AND MEAT

CATS AND  KITTENS  
THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER

Established

1936

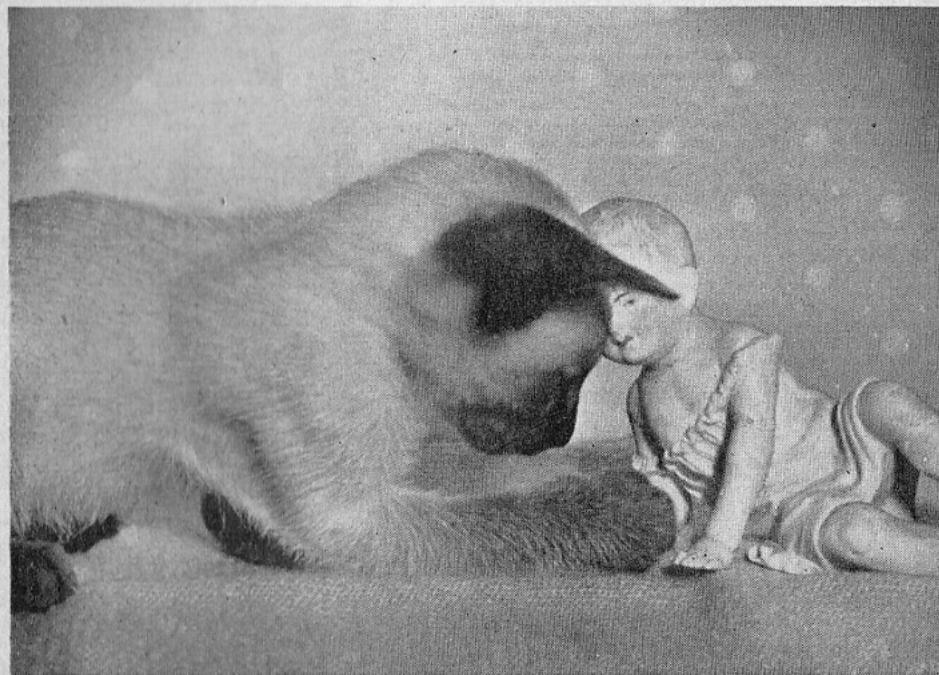
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor: SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices: 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

SEPTEMBER, 1954



Chinki Sherry, at eight weeks, bred by Mrs. L. France, owned by Mrs. D. Lowe

Cover photograph by Michael Tullis

## CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

I MAKE no excuses for returning to my major subject of last month. The Siamese Cat Club's News Sheet. "Cats and Kittens" reaches you because we hope that you find that it provides you with the kind of material about cats that you want, and that it is of interest because the material it contains is the kind of material you like to read. We who compile this little magazine should be failing in our duties to our readers if it were not so. Sometimes we err and if we do we are usually told and try to correct it. I should imagine that all that publish in the same field, even if they are rivals, nevertheless take a friendly interest in the other peoples' publications and this holds good for the Siamese News Sheet.

The largest Cat Club in the world, having approximately eight hundred members, should be able to keep these members linked together by means of a news sheet, and this has been the case for many years, but at its last Annual General Meeting the members said plainly in what form they wanted the News Sheet to continue and how it should be run, and I regret to say that

it is the opinion of many that the new Siamese Cat Club's News Sheet is not being produced to the pattern that was intended.

I hear there is a good deal of turbulence about it and I should not be surprised that if by the time these lines appear in print there has not been a real show of fireworks. The only comment I wish to make here is a useful one, that is: the wishes of the majority must be carried out although the rights of the minority must be respected.

By now most of you will have finished with your annual holiday for this year and I wonder how your cats have fared whilst you have been away. If I were asked to express an opinion what was the best thing to do, I should say every time the answer would be to leave the cat in the kitchen of the house and ask a neighbour to go in, give it its food and so on. The very good cat boarding establishments are hard to find; we know of one or two, but there just aren't enough to cater for the needs at holiday times, and at many of the other places that can't be recommended the risk of infection is terribly

## LONG-LIVED CATS

By WILLIAM PIGGOTT

"IT has been the providence of Nature to give this creature (the cat) nine lives instead of one," wrote Pilpay, a Brahmin philosopher who is supposed to have lived several hundred years before Christ, and there are numerous cases on record of cats that have survived perils to which any less intelligent creature would have succumbed.

So far as long life is concerned, cats vary as much as human beings, and it is impossible to forecast how long any one of them is likely to live. Some wear better than others and live to a ripe old age, though the average expectation of life for them is 14 years—equal to about 65 years in a human being.

There have been cats, however, who have managed to live for as long as 20 years or over, and more remarkable still, to have retained their faculties.

---

### CANDID COMMENTS—Cont.

great, and there must be many cat lovers who return home to find that their pets have become sick and even perhaps died. What is your experience?

One, named "Jim," reported from Birmingham several years ago, was 22 years old at the time and could not only see and hear well, but had good teeth. Another, named "Michael," who lived in Yorkshire, was quite healthy and active in his 23rd year.

In 1933, a Bournemouth tabby named "Sarah" died in a local home for animals where she had lived for 19 years, after having been found in the garden of a resident, who sent her to the home and paid for her maintenance. She was said to have cost her benefactress some £150.

Unless cats have been born and remained with one owner throughout their lives, it is very difficult to establish their age, and claims have been made, but not substantiated, of cats having reached the age of 30 years! But there is one well-authenticated case of a cat having reached the age of 25. His name was "John Willie," and he died at Wellow, Somerset, in 1926. He is believed to have been the oldest cat in Great Britain and, on account of his advanced age, was constantly being photographed by visitors a few years before his death.



## Saint Francis works us overtime

By D. M. MORRIS

I ALWAYS suspect that one of our great aunts on her way into Paradise slipped St. Francis our address with the comforting words: "They are so good with animals!"

As a family it is strange how many stray dogs and cats we acquire, and how many fall ill *right* on our door step, or hold up a lame paw when we are out for a walk. Of course it runs in the family—what is one to expect with a grandmother who kept a tame seagull, and a mother who admits she brought up a young kid goat on a bottle, which became one of the family, running upstairs with her to help make the beds!

Although they have caused us endless trouble and expense, we would not have missed one of our waifs. They have brought us great amusement and many good friends.

We were sitting in a 'bus one warm Spring day in Malta, when a tiny shivering ball of white fluff came through the open window on the palm of a large sunburnt hand. "Him very good dog!" explained the owner of the hand. "Him one and sixpence!"

Now to this day, we have no idea which of us pushed one

and sixpence through the window, but we arrived at our flat with the dog—

"Probably one stolen from a litter," said the Maltese policeman when we went for a licence. She (for the Maltese had got his grammar intentionally or unintentionally mixed) turned out to be one of the most intelligent dogs we ever owned. She grew no larger than a peke, had sharp feathered ears, a silky white coat, excellent road sense and was a glorious clown! Surviving six months in quarantine, she took the London blitz in her stride (living up to her birthplace, the George Cross Island) and died at a great age, respected by all the other animals in the house.

The war brought many animals to us. Hardly a leave passed without my Wren sister announcing that she would be bringing yet another motherless kitten home with her. For Bobo the Base cat (in more senses than one) would run off and abandon her kittens when they were a day or so old.

The kittens travelled to London wrapped in blankets and were fed during the night journey by a relay of sailors and Wrens in the carriage, who

squabbled as to who should have the next turn feeding the "baby" with a fountain pen filler! Most of these kittens unhappily turned out to be wild and unruly—whether it was the effect of cow's milk or inherited from their parents, we never could decide.

Bunny was a cream persian cat we found half conscious in the gutter near our house during the bitter January of 1947. "I always think St. Francis guides animals to people who will care for them" the Vet said when we called him in to see Bunny. It was cat 'flu and pneumonia, and he had to be isolated in an attic room at the top of the house. The floor was covered with newspapers and sand trays, and everywhere 'smelt' of friars balsam, steam kettle and small fish meals! In the midst of it all lay Bunny purring contentedly, despite his half dead appearance, luxuriating in a box containing two hot water bottles—Bunny obviously was used to better things than the gutter!

When he was well, Bunny showed his gratitude by fighting our own cat and flirting with Dusty, the latest fluffy kitten to arrive from the Naval Base. The amorous and handsome Bunny had to be found a home—quickly! We discovered that his owner had met with an accident and was in

hospital. She was only too glad for Bunny to start a new life with kind friends of ours.

It was another charming persian cat that led us into an intrigue with an elderly gentleman. She belonged to a cheerful happy-go-lucky couple with a house that was always full of various sized youngsters and babies. One day the elderly gentleman found the cat in a collapsed condition near our gate. He was distracted. "If I take her home," he said, "they will never have the time to give her all the attention she needs—half the children have mumps!" Of course we took her in!

The Vet gave her M. and B tablets and in four days she was on her feet again, so full of energy that she had climbed out of the open window of the attic where we had isolated her, and with extreme daring pranced along the guttering! She was probably attracted by the voices of the older children of the family she belonged to, for they were playing in a nearby garden.

"We shall be found out!" cried my mother in a horror-stricken voice, and ran for the clothes-line. For the first time in her life she made a lasso, with the eye of an expert she spun it. The loop went neatly round the cat's diaphragm, gently she

*Please turn to page 22*



## VENETIAN CATS

BY DOROTHY HEYWOOD

CROSSING one of the many bridges which span the side canals of Venice, I heard the bleak, insistent cry of a cat in distress. Several barges lay in the oily water below the bridge, and, from a precarious perch on the gunwale of the nearest one, a sleek, grey cat gazed up at me with pink mouth agape and imploring eyes. As I was nervously assessing the distance from bridge to barge, two Italian boys came chattering down the alleyway. To my relief they at once noticed the cat's plight, and the older one, with a quick word to his companion, threw his legs over the parapet, dropped lightly on to the barge below and crept forward with coaxing hand outstretched. The cat retreated on to the next barge, then as the boy advanced it skipped on to the one beyond and, with a flip of its tail, disappeared into the open doorway of a warehouse. The youth rejoined his laughing companion, and they swung away down the alley, arm in arm, leaving me to ponder on the ways of cats all the world over. For had I not just witnessed the Venetian version of that entertaining game in which humans are lured on to almost inaccessible

ledges or to the top of the highest tree in the orchard?

Venice is a city of many cats, and this seems surprising when one remembers their instinctive dislike of water. They are to be seen stalking silently along the narrow ways, languidly outstretched on the marble steps of palaces or frisking round the feet of children in the sunny squares. The Venetians are devoted to them, and the cats treat them in return with their usual independent affection. But for the tourists who throng their city they appear to have nothing but disdain.

I saw an example of this when I was lunching one day in a busy restaurant. The room was full; not only crowded with customers and waiters, but also with the strange assortment of street vendors who drift in and out of the trattorias of Venice. At the next table to mine, against the wall, a man and his wife were sitting; a large couple bedecked with the tourist's full regalia of cameras, guide books and dark glasses. They were tackling their food with enthusiasm, sitting squarely up to the table with legs planted well apart, quite unaware that they

*Please turn to page 8*



MEET THE BREEDERS

## BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB

*Breeder and International Judge*

IN July's issue of "Cats and Kittens" I stated that Mrs. Dallison's Dalmond Damarette was a blue eyed white. This was a clerical error and should have read golden eyed white. My sincere apologies to Damarette and her owner.

Since writing my last notes my little Westbridge Emilie has had to have a Caesarean operation. She would have had six kittens, but one was blocking the passage and despite injections she failed to pass it. My vet did everything possible to deliver the kittens in the normal way, but Emilie was exhausted and an operation was the only thing to save her. The kittens were all dead, but my little cat is now quite fit and well again, and I hope she will be able to have a litter of kittens next season. They were by my new stud Pennhome Pierre who is proving himself a very good sire. Several breeders' queens are nursing lovely litters by him. He has sired litters of 6, 5, 4 and 3. I have not allowed him many queens as I am hoping to show him this coming season.

I believe it has been a tragic year for blue kittens. Mrs. Bastow's Westbridge Fay had two dead kittens. Fortunately an operation was not needed, but I believe poor little Fay had a pretty rough time.

My Mayblossom of Pensford had three really lovely kittens by Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous, all big, strong and fat, two Cream males and a Blue-Cream. Something went wrong with Mayblossom's milk and I lost a Cream and the Blue-Cream. If it had not been for the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins of Coventry who motored over with their Blue queen who had just had a kitten which had died, I would have lost the remaining kitten. Durk's Blue Angel, Mrs. Jenkins's queen, has been an angel indeed and has reared the remaining Cream kitten beautifully. He is now five weeks old and is fat and very lively. Angel just adores him and will not move far away!

The Kensington Kitten and Neuter Cat Club held their show on July 30th at the New



Horticultural Hall, Victoria. There were 1,460 entries, the largest ever, I should imagine. Best kitten in show was Mrs. Brunton's lovely Blue female April Violet of Dunesk by Ch. Baralan Boy Blue, out of Ch. Southway Josephine. Best Cream kitten was Mrs. Thompson's lovely Sunrise of Pensford by Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous out of Anchor Felicity. This kitten excelled in purity of colour, quite unmarked, which is so hard to obtain in Creams. He is a lovely type and has glorious wide open eyes. This was the first of Frivolous's kittens to be exhibited, and as he won 7 firsts and a second out of the 8 classes he was entered in it was a great achievement. There were 26 Creams entered and 21 Blues.

There were some lovely neuters exhibited, and one which caught my eye was a glorious Chinchilla, Arctic Snow. A really lovely cat and a great pity to have had him neutered.

### VENETIAN CATS—

(Cont. from page 6).

were in the direct route from kitchen to outer doorway. Three time in half an hour the trattoria cat passed under the bridges formed by their straddled legs, first carrying a fish's head, then the carcass of a chicken, and finally dragging a large pork chop. When, on the return journey, I tried to engage her in conversation she gave me a look of scorn, slid gracefully between the tourists' legs and disappeared.

Venetian cats are very small and slender. Though some are richly dark, variegated in colouring, others have a delicate pale beauty; white or grey with oriental eyes of clear amber or jade. They have a distinguished, patrician air, and one is reminded that they are descended from the pampered pets of the palaces at the time when Venice was at the height of her glory, and that, originally brought from the East, they and their forebears have lived in this beautiful city for over a thousand years.

## THE GREAT CAT OF SIAGNE

*An old story of Provence*

By J. R. FARRINGTON

FROM its source in the heights of the Maritime Alps the Siagne torrent runs through rocky gorges and little known country to tumble, either tempestuously or gently, according to season, into the Mediterranean at La Napoule, near Cannes on the French Riviera.

In the middle reaches of the torrent, around the ancient village of Tanneron, grandparents may still recount to incredulous children the story of the great cat of the Siagne.

Story has it that, many years ago, there lived in the region a mysterious white cat of enormous size. Even then no one knew its age, for the story of the cat has passed from generation to generation.

Merely to see the animal brought good luck to those fortunate enough to encounter it. Choice gifts of trout from the pools and game from the wild bush country were left by the cat at the doors of the poorest peasants.

The cat had the power of appearing in widely separated places at almost the same time, thus showing possession of almost supernatural speed. It

could also vanish at will in open country. It was apparently invulnerable, for a wild boar hunter once fired at it from close range. The bullet rebounded, seriously wounding the attacker.

The animal was known to be inordinately fond of freshly baked bread and few sportsmen went afield without a generous slice in their haversacks, since as a reward for their forethought it allowed a few hairs to be plucked from its coat. These had the miraculous power of granting to the possessor the fulfilment of his dearest wish.

The great cat has not been seen in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. But the paths he used to frequent have long disappeared, for the younger generation of humans now seek their living in the prosperous coastal area and the country beside the Siagne is almost deserted.

Perhaps after all the great cat is only a legend. But were I to visit that wild and not easily accessible country I might include in my lunch basket an extra slice of the finest white bread.



## MIKE AND POUNCE

From T. W. SMALL, Beaumont (California)

ONE morning last spring Mike, the bob tailed shepherd, became a sinner. He brought home a new-born kitten in his mouth and deposited it gently by my right foot. We haven't been able to win for losing since.

For three months we have tried to outwit the cat which named itself Pounce. Try as we will we cannot take a private, peaceful walk.

The other morning after a careful look up and down the street and out the back window we figured here was a chance to take a walk, watch the sun rise without having the cat along to ruin our dispositions. So ever so quietly we set out.

Past Moore's Jewellery, the Friendly Aid Society, Jordan's Pastime, Al's Bakery (Boy, oh boy, but those fresh doughnuts made us hungry), then it happened. As we passed the corner of the bakery where there is a shrub Mike was attacked from the rear and up the next tree went Pounce. The little devil had been laying in wait for us! Passing the tree Mike was again attacked and across Egan Avenue went Pounce up another tree.



The Author, retired U.S. Navy Officer with Mike and Pounce

Mike sat down and looked up at me. I looked at Mike. Yes, undeniably we were in for it again this morning.

Philosophically Mike did his full duty by walking obligingly past the next tree. So it happened again and again until Pounce collapsed at my feet. A signal that I was to carry one cat for the remainder of the walk.

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

BY LILIAN FRANCE

WHAT a disappointing summer it has been for us all, especially the cats and kittens. No sooner do they get out, than down comes the rain, and they have to be whisked in again. Their wired runs get too wet most of the time, and the only consolation is a shelf and open window. It is to be hoped the excessive damp will not affect the health of the kittens during the winter. They should be storing up sunshine now—but it is a very rare commodity. However, they seem to have done as well as ever, and enjoy to the full what time they have been able to spend out of doors.

I did not manage to get to the Kensington Kitten Show, but it must have been most enjoyable and lovely to see such a varied array of kittens. I hear there was a splendid class of thirteen Burmese kittens. I was very delighted that two females bred by me, Chinki Golden Goddess and Golden Gay, were 1st and 2nd in their open class, and one of Mrs. Massey's, 3rd. Mr. & Mrs. Watson showed Ch. Lao's Cheli Wat with her litter of five. They were 1st in the litter class, and caused great interest.

Ch. Chinki Yong Jetta, owned by Mrs. Matthewson,

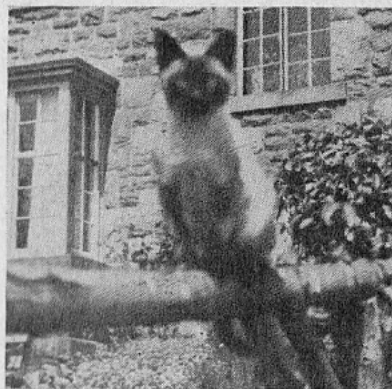
has one female kitten by Ch. Casa Gatos Darkee! I hear Jetta is very happy, and extremely proud of her one babe, which is very promising.

The following is from Mr. Norman Winder. Now for news of my family. Serah, my tortie and white, has had seven kits, but none fit to show. My male cat will only mate her, and completely ignores all the others. How would you account for this? He is a fine, strapping young male, but he will have nothing to do with any cat except Serah, although they howl and make the most endearing advances. He has sired Serah's litter of seven, but none of my other cats are in kitten, although I have allowed them to run with him when they are in season. I have an outstanding Cream kitten which I found lost in Dewsbury Park. She is a perfect gem, with the most gorgeous copper eyes. No-one has claimed her, although I made it known I had found her, so I am thinking of registering her, as it is a pity this little cat should not be shown when there is such a shortage of her kind.

A phone call from Scotland and it was arranged that my

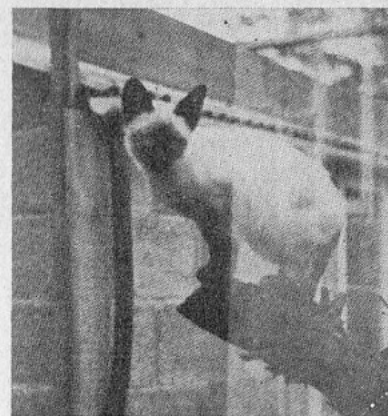


Chinki Anitra, a seal point Siamese kitten, should go to be a companion for Mrs. Davidson's Sparkler, whose photo appears with this article. I was delighted to receive the following letter, to tell me how she had settled, having previously received a wire telling of her safe arrival and the prompt return of my basket. I simply cannot tell you how delighted I am with Anitra. She is the daintiest little thing and so friendly. She was purring within two seconds of stepping out of her basket, and has hardly stopped since. The long journey seems to have had no ill effects at all. She was very fresh and after the first fussing was over, she had a few sips of water, and set off to explore the house with me. I have found my previous cats wanted to do this before settling down. I am afraid she had a very poor reception from Sparkler. To say he was furious would be putting it mildly. He nearly choked with rage, but she completely ignored him, as a polite young lady would do. There were more rumbles when they met again to-day. Then he suddenly changed his tune, ran over and kissed her, and they had a long conversation together. I am rather ashamed of him when I see them together. She is so beautifully trim and graceful, and I am sorry to say he is more like a



Sparkler

fat cuddly teddy bear, as he has had lots of tasty bits between meals, which he ought not to have had. He dearly loves ice-cream and my children break off the tips of their cones to make him miniature ones. The only thing he refuses to have is liver in any form. Anitra seems to be very happy here. I was afraid she would feel a bit lost for a time, but she is a contented little soul and does not seem to mind at all. She climbed into Sparkler's basket beside him to-day. He was asleep, and had a terrific fright. He shot out as though a red hot coal had fallen in—gave her an uncertain look, then threw himself down on the floor to sleep while she settled down on his cushion. The housework has been completely forgotten this week-end. I have thought of nothing but cats. I even forgot to make a



Mr. Watson's Milori Huang Thai

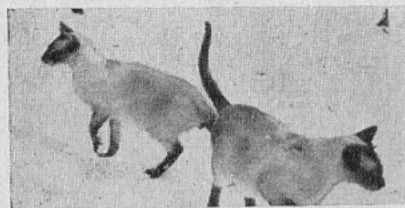
sweet for lunch! We are looking forward to the Edinburgh cat show in October. We have never been to one before and indeed have seen very few Siamese as they are rare in this part of the country. The majority of people have never seen one at all. It will be most interesting to see all the other cats, but I do not intend showing mine as I feel they are safer at home.

From Miss Brayne Baker at Minehead comes news of Simpkin, her pet Siamese. At the moment, we are being bothered by an enormous ginger tom cat, who torments Simpkin. He even comes into our kitchen and tries to murder Simpkin. He is turned out at night, feeds on the rabbits in the woods, and has gone almost wild. I have begged the owners to have him neutered, but they say he is too old. Surely this

out all night system is bad and cruel in rough weather; and a tom can't be much fun as a pet. Do toms dislike neuters?

We had a nerve-wracking experience a couple of weeks ago. A friend rang me up to say a Siamese cat was marooned up a very tall pine tree on the side of the hill above the harbour, and was it mine? So I downed tools and tore down to the friend who took me down the steep zig-zag path to the tree which was perched on a steep bank. There high up on a branch on this very tall slender tree was the Siamese, looking and sounding like my Simpkin. He answered me pitifully, but he could not move downwards. I decided to call the Fire Service. They gallantly agreed to come. They have special tackle for animals. We had to wait over an hour as of course the fire alarm could not be called and it took time to get volunteers. Meanwhile, I was becoming more and more anxious. The poor terrified cat was moving even higher up the increasingly slender top branches, and it was apparent it was going to be a dangerous job to rescue the cat, if indeed it could be done at all. Then the owner of a Siamese, half sister to mine, a Mr. Slade from Quay Side appeared, saying their cat was missing and we decided it was his Chinta and not Simpkin. He agreed with





Milori Linko and his Dam, Lila

me he couldn't get her. There were no lower branches on the tree to get a foothold. He took over, and waited for the Fire Service, whilst I dashed home to find my rascal sitting in the kitchen, washing himself!

The men had a very difficult and risky job I was told. The ladders were 20 feet too short and Chinta, of course, became more terrified and climbed further up, and at one time was swinging in the air with her fore paws clinging on to the branch. Mr. Slade rightly said the men must not take any more risks and decided the only thing to do was to saw off the branch. This was done with difficulty and a tarpaulin sheet was held out to try to catch Chinta. She came the 50 feet drop most of the way on the branch, but just missed the sheet. She tore away and did not return home for an hour. She was stiff, but there were no broken bones and she appears to be quite well now.

The firemen were most awfully good about it all and took considerable risks. One



Mrs. Watson's Lila

man had his head cut by a branch, but mercifully regained his balance.

## DIANIMOL PRODUCTS FOR CATS

### TABLETS

Recommended for Enteric Diarrhoea, Fits, Gastritis, Rheumatism, Worms, etc., etc.

### DUSTING POWDER or OINTMENT

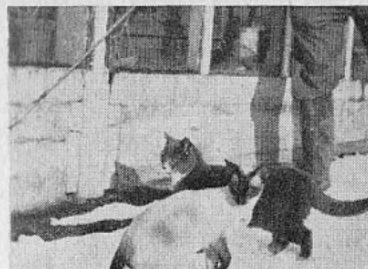
Burns, Scalds, Canker, Eczema, all outward applications.

TABLETS . . . . . 100 @ 2/4  
DUSTING POWDER 4oz. @ 1/9  
OINTMENT . . . . . 2oz. @ 1/9  
WORM CAPSULES 12 @ 1/9

All post free

POWERFULLY ANTISEPTIC BUT  
HARMLESS TO THE ANIMAL

**DIMOL (Veterinary) LTD.**  
34/40 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.



Milori Linko and Mustapha

Mrs. Watson's Milori Linko is a young stud, sired by my Chinki Ranya. He has won numerous prizes, and already has one challenge certificate. I



Sablesilk Mitzi

expect him to do well at this season's shows. Lila is his dam, and I regard her as very good for type. The photographs on pages 14 and 15 show Linko, Lila, and a non-pedigree pet, Mustapha. Mrs. Watson also owns the Burmese, Sablesilk Mitzi. Mrs. Margaret Smith of Leicester bred this and Sablesilk Bimbo, whose photos also appear.

**Don't let your pet  
Suffer!**



Keep ZEMOL handy  
— just in case!

This amazingly effective remedy will be found a most reliable healing agent for cases of:—

ECZEMA, MINOR WOUNDS  
CUTS, BURNS, Etc.

# ZEMOL

"Chlorophyll PLUS"

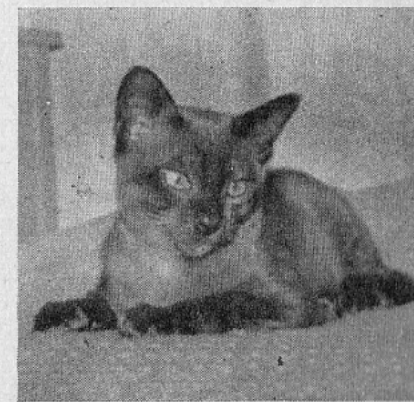
**VETERINARY OINTMENT**

by the makers of KIT-ZYME



Small size . . . . 2/2  
Large size . . . . 6/6  
(4 times the quantity)  
From Chemists & Pet Stores

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



Sablesilk Bimbo  
Burmese Owner-Breeder  
Mrs. Margaret Smith, Leicester



## THE TRAVELLER

By M. FITZGERALD

A FRIEND of ours who lives in Co. Kildare brought a very young kitten as a present to her sister, whose home is in Northern Ireland, 150 miles away.

The journey was made by train, which entailed two changes; the baby kitten travelled in a basket with a closed lid, but which, of course, allowed for adequate ventilation.

The kitten settled down, and appeared to be an ordinary specimen, except in his passion for slices of very hard dry toast!

And then it happened! The family, thinking that an only kitten, like an only child, might develop selfish traits, introduced another into the family. This was not a success, and the newcomer bullied the first one so successfully that he suddenly disappeared. No amount of searching or advertising resulted in his return.

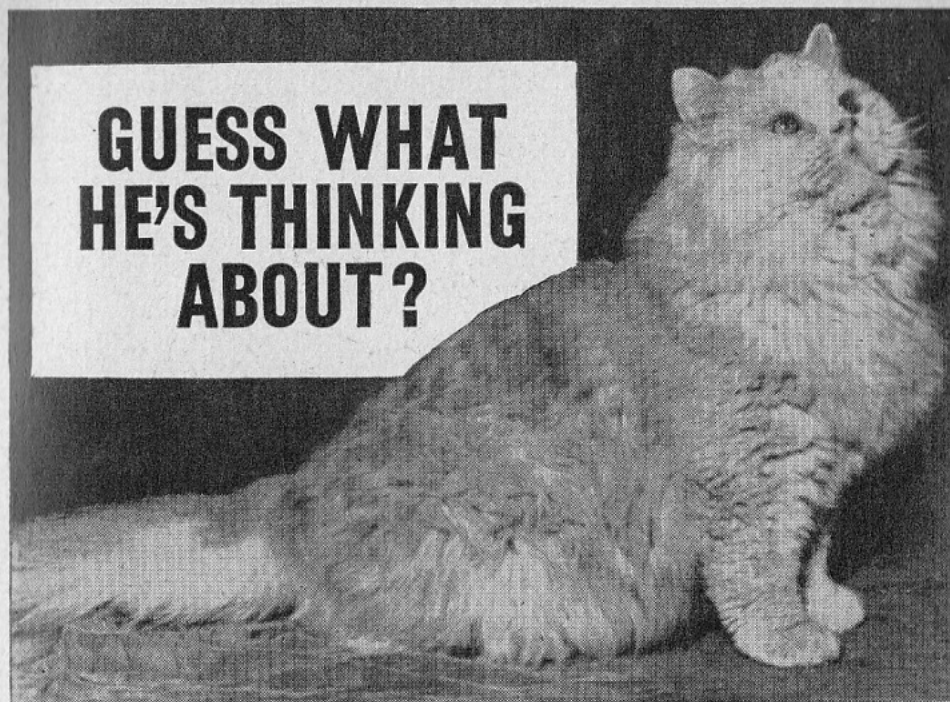
Three weeks later, his original owner who lives in the depths of the country, was astounded to see what she believed to be the ghost of her former kitten, stagger in on the front gate. He was skin and bone, and mewing plaintively; his paws were bleeding and very sore.

To make sure, she placed a saucer of fish before him, and a slice of hard dry toast—a left-over from breakfast. The kitten attacked this and devoured it with relish, before even turning to the fish. There was no doubt about it—it *was* the lost kitten! He slept for days on end, grew fat and well, and was the wonder-cat of the neighbourhood. Reporters from newspapers interviewed him, and his photographs—just a little ordinary tabby—were published, but till this day it remains a mystery—How did he find his way back to his original home, covering hundreds of miles of fields, bogs and hills, and the vast plains of the grazing County of Kildare?

No one will ever know!

### CATS & KITTENS MAGAZINE

Largest circulation in  
Europe. Tell your  
friends to take it



**GUESS WHAT  
HE'S THINKING  
ABOUT?**



'I KNOW, because I asked him,' said Tibs Reporter Tibby. 'He said he was thinking of the lovely liver flavour of Tibs and wishing like anything that it was Tibs time.'

Tibby saw this beautiful Cream Persian when he went to Birmingham, to the cattery of Mrs. L. Dyer at 37, Oakfield Road, Selly Park.

Mrs. Dyer specialises in Persians, blues and creams. Her cats have taken champion honours at such meetings as the National Cat

Club, Midland Counties, and the Notts & Derby Cat Club.

Mrs. Dyer is quite definite that Tibs are an absolute necessity and have been a great help in maintaining the excellent condition of her Cream Persian stud cat, Ch. Tollerton Talisman.

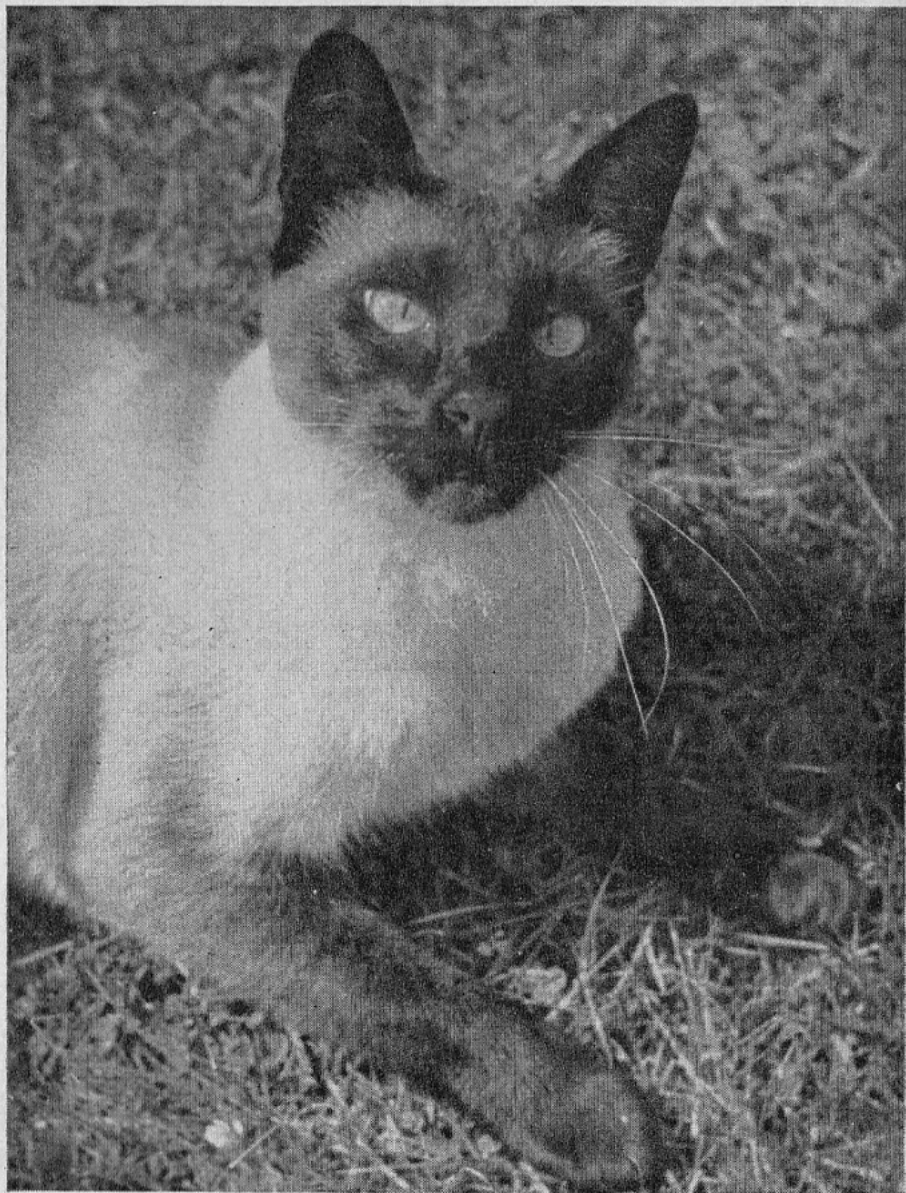


10d. and 2/-

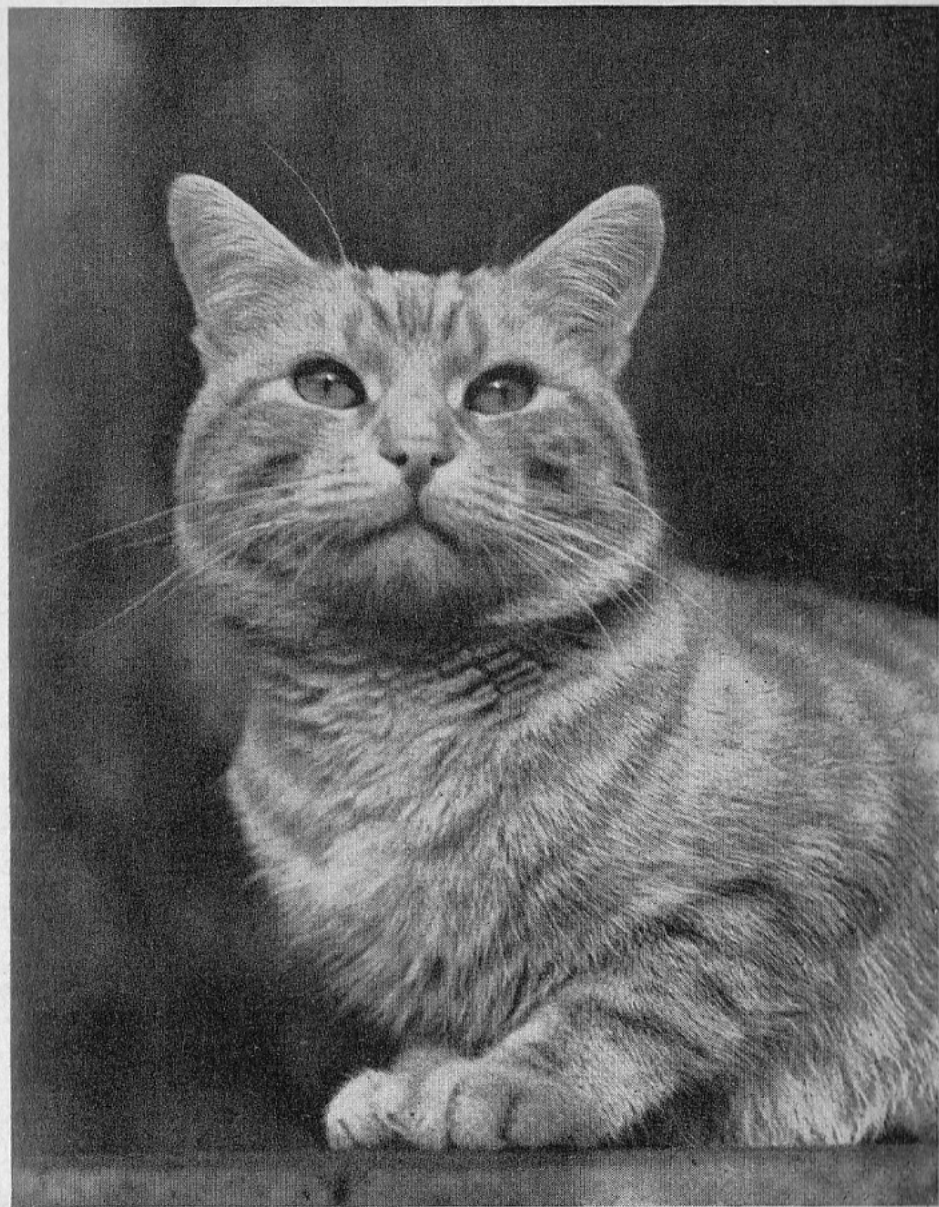
Famous  
breeders  
say:

**TIBS** KEEP CATS KITTENISH





Chinki Most High  
Owner—Mrs. Joan Ollet, Cardiff  
Photograph by Mr. Ollet



Serenity !  
Photograph by G. A. Hoing, High Wycombe



## Observations and Suggestions

By IVOR RALEIGH

LET us remember that the Cat Fancy is primarily intended as an instrument whereby the breeding of thoroughbred cats is encouraged by open exhibitions and by the exchange of ideas. The fact that jealousy, jockeying for position, spite and backbiting enter into the scheme of things is a regrettable but unavoidable consequence of the imperfections of human nature and we must therefore realise that these "dark sisters" will always be with us. While man cannot attain perfection, he can, in certain cases, achieve a philosophical insight into perfection and for this reason, it is essential for the Cat Fancy and the individuals who comprise it to have a means of free expression.

The Fancy is served by an Official Organ and by monthly magazines. The magazines provide matter of general interest together with photographs of cats, breeder's advertisements and well chosen articles on the care and management of cats and on social activities within the Fancy.

The Official Organ also fulfills most of these functions, and in addition, prints show results and registrations. Over and

above all this, it is the function of the Official Organ to print criticism, controversial or otherwise and, it would be indeed a black day for the Fancy should its Official Organ suppress opinion even if such opinion were distasteful to certain influential individuals. We must remember that Fascism, Communism and the Nazi regime all started their grim, plague-stricken strides by the suppression of public opinion through the censorship of the Free Press.

A great deal of nonsense is spoken about judging. We are blest in this country with possibly the world's highest standard of judging which could still be greatly improved if for once, a little intelligence were to be applied to the problem. Let us just consider the facts. To begin with, catalogues are not made available at shows until public admission after the supposed completion of judging. The inference is that if catalogues were issued at the start, judges would cheat by looking up the owners in their respective classes. This implication is infamous. If Show Managers are allowed to exhibit after seeing entries why should one imagine judges to

be less honest. In any case, judges could be forbidden to look at catalogues. At every single show there are a number of cases in which cats have been left out of classes in which they had been entered by their owners and if catalogues were available in the morning, owners could have these omissions rectified prior to judging and thus prevent a lot of justified dissatisfaction. In any case, judging is hardly ever completed until about 4 p.m.; long after catalogues become available.

This brings me to the next point. I have heard it said that there are too many judges. This is sheer nonsense. The trouble is not that there are too many judges, but that too few are invited to judge. Were this not so, judging could be over by noon and neither judges nor the public would get in each others' way as they did at the Kensington Kitten and Neuter show and as they do at every other London show. This is just another example of the fact that the exhibitor is always the last person to be considered. We want far more short hair judges and we want them now. At the Herts & Middlesex Club show, for instance, each judge has on the average thirteen classes. It will be interesting to see at what time the judging ends.

A popular fallacy rampant in the Fancy is that certain judges attract entries. Rubbish! no judge attracts entries. It is far more accurate to say that there are judges who repel entries. In this category are those judges who place undue stress upon one particular quality such as paleness of coat, eye colour or exaggerated type. It is possible to win under these judges by exhibiting a fairly ordinary cat who just happens to excel in the one particular quality the judge is known to admire. The exhibitor is entitled to have his or her cats judged in accordance with the standard of points laid down for the particular breed and the judges who boast that they have their own standards of points—and they usually do boast about it—should be told firmly and politely that they are breaking a fundamental rule. The other type of judge who repels entries is the judge who is known to be influenced by personal likes and dislikes. This type of judge is, fortunately, extremely rare and can then only cause discontent in open adult classes. To say that judges cannot recognise cats is nonsense. I undertake to pick out at least four male adult Siamese out of any class in which they happen to be shown and the same is true of any experienced judge or breeder.

*Please turn to page 32*



**ST. FRANCIS WORKS US OVERTIME**—*Cont. from page 5*

was dragged back into the room. St. Francis *must* have helped!

That evening the cat was restored to her rightful owners, who were overjoyed at seeing her, admitting that she had been missing for a day or two.

"Been on the tiles probably," they said. She certainly had!

Our worst menagerie was the winter we picked up Binkie. Our retriever saw him sitting cold and forlorn under a wall, and refused to leave him. We went back to find Binkie holding up a shockingly swollen paw! It was dark, he wore no collar, so we carried him to a taxi rank. The driver would not take any fare and took us to the Vet. Penicillin after a few weeks brought the paw back to its normal size. Binkie took up his abode on a camp bed in a dry outhouse. The police were informed, we even put a "found" notice in the local paper, but nobody came to claim Binkie.

In the kitchen crouching in her favourite spot behind the range was "little Millie," our latest stray cat. She was one of a litter which had survived drowning and staggered into the road. "Little Millie" was just like a miserable waif in a Victorian melodrama, she even had a cough! She was grateful

for every mouthful of food and every stroke of her skinny orange coat.

The retriever had grown rather bored by the attention given to his prodigy. The pekes, Pansy and Chunky were openly jealous. Binkie did not respect our old cat, and life had become one long series of shutting dogs and cats behind doors.

One afternoon my mother had gone to the door to find a friend standing there with a well-fed black cat in her arms, which she said was a hungry stray. "Put it back exactly where you found it," said my mother somewhat sternly, remembering the words of an R.S.P.C.A. Inspector. "Every cat will try that dodge on some one soft enough to give it a saucer of milk. "Mieow, I'm a stray," it will tell you, and before you know where you are, you have enticed it from its home. You must give it at least three or four days to prove it's a stray—it isn't ill and it looks very well fed to me. Please take it back."

Just then I saw four hens sail over our garden hedge and begin pecking up our new seed bed. I rushed down the garden and chased them off. At that moment Binkie, now very frisky, broke out of the yard and cornered our ancient cat. The pekes, seeing Binkie, hurled

*Please turn to page 33*

**FREE**—six picture cards of lovely "Red Heart" cats in exchange for 6 Red Heart labels. Send labels with your name and address, in **BLOCK** letters please.



**SIAMESE CATS**—  
from a photo by Ylla from the Red Heart series.

*Though experts say we shouldn't squint, many of us DO! But we can still recognise a good thing when we see it.*

*The very name Red Heart sets us purring. Feed Red Heart (no trouble, no preparation) and you feed your cat the finest food there is . . . containing all a cat needs for health, vitality and a glossy coat. Fresh fish with liver and cod liver oil.*



## RED HEART Cat Food

If you are a **DOG** owner ask for  
"RED HEART" Dog Food

JOHN MORRELL & CO., LTD., LIVERPOOL 1



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

Shipley, Yorkshire.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you would be interested in printing this photo of my stud Blue long hair Kirkgate Miracle. I have meant to send it ever since last November when it was taken after he had been best in show all breeds, best long hair, etc., at our Yorks. County Clubs Show in Leeds. He was then only 6 months old, and was owned by my good friend Mrs. Smith of the Beamsley Persians. Miracle is now a year old and very much bigger now than when this picture was taken. He is the palest possible blue, and I am now happy to say he has just come back to myself—his breeder, as Mrs. Smith lives in a very remote spot over our Yorkshire moors, she could never get to station for queens or any one get to her without difficulty, so as he is now calling for queens I have him back. Miracle is by Ch. Theipvale Wanderer, his mother was by Mrs. Brice-Webb's Oxleys Smasher. I should be so proud to see him in "Cats and Kittens" magazine which I always read every word.

Through reading your wife's notes every month I have become most interested in Siamese and am about to acquire my first Siamese queen from a dear friend of mine in

Suffolk, she is a show queen, very nice, I believe Blue Pointed. She is in kitten, so I do wonder how I shall like my first Siamese after Persians.

With every good wish to "Cats and Kittens" magazine.

Sincerely yours,  
Grace Haggerty.



Bournside Ian Dho nan Cath is the joy of the Misses H. and A. Isambard-Owen

Pwllheli, North Wales.

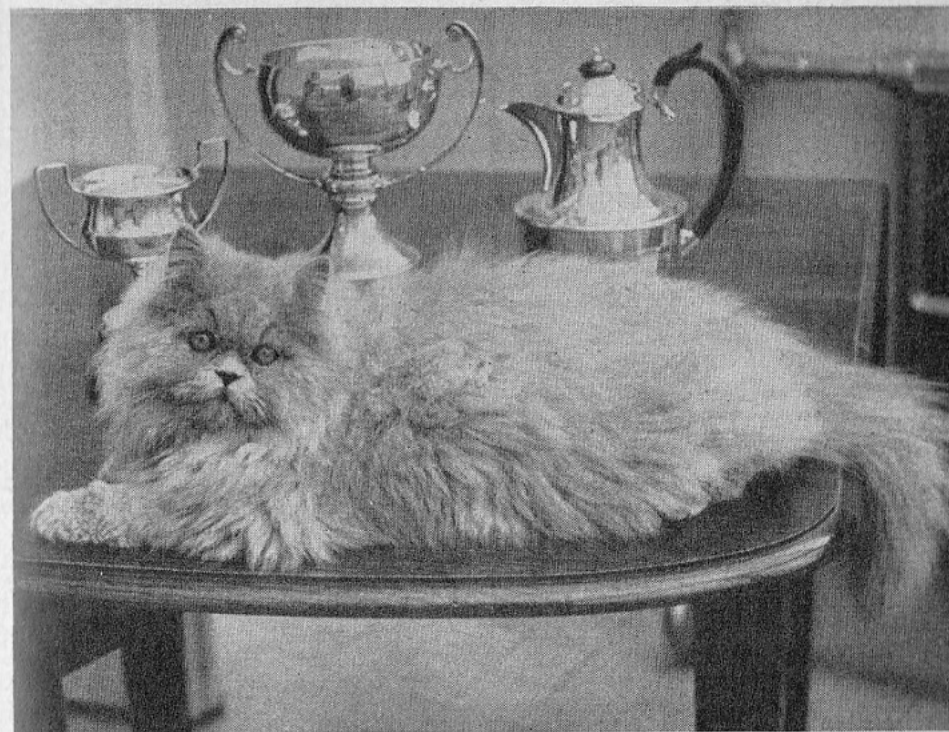
Dear Editor,

If this photo of Bournside Ian Dho nan Cath is not suitable for publication, I would be very glad to have it back. He is very sweet and is always known as Ian-Pet. We have not yet been able to show him as he was very ill with 'flu in January, and though now recovered he had various troubles as a result of it.

With best wishes to "Cats and Kittens."

Yours truly,  
A. Isambard-Owen.

## TO THE EDITOR



Kirkgate Miracle

Beaumont, California.

Via Air Mail.

Dear Editor,

Thanks for the promptness in forwarding the additional binders for your magazine. My Cat section of the library looks much better with seven years of bound "Cats and Kittens," and is a valuable reference collection . . . Enclosing a mimeograph note on our National Cat Week of November 1-7, 1954. Prospects are grand for the success of this

year. As a matter of general cat interest, thought you might like to devote a paragraph to this in one of your issues. Howard and Blanche Warren, our mutual friends, are among the members of our National Council, as well as many of the nation's leading cat lovers, such as Dr. Ida M. Mellen, Ray Smith of Cats Magazine, Richard Attridge, editorial writer of the Saturday Evening Post; Dr. Leon Whitney whose veterinary books are so well



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

known; the greatest of all Californian cat leaders, Mrs. Alice M. Clark; Mrs. Silence Buck Bellows of the Christian Science Monitor; Henrietta Hitchcock of New York World-Telegram & Sun; Walter Chandoha; Lynn Hamilton, editor of "Sophisti-Cats," without any exception the greatest anthology of cat poetry in the English language; Miss Hettie Gray Baker and other prominent *working* cat lovers. We are happy to have a special portrait by Walter Chandoha for our NCW seal this year. If you would like a print for "Cats and Kittens," we will be happy to send you one—it is two darling kittens... By the way, did you see Dr. Leon Whitney's "The Complete Book of Cat Care"? It is dedicated to Dr. Mellen and has quite an array of pictures of Blanche Warren's Abyssinian, Russian Blue and Burmese cats of Casa Gatos. Howard and Blanche are devoted friends of you folks—they live just an hour's auto ride up one of California's most delightful mountain roads from Beaumont, which is a little town overlooking San Gorgonio Pass between Southern California's two greatest peaks and just ten minutes' ride from the Colorado Desert and 30 miles from Palm Springs... I never

did get the opportunity to write further to Ian Harmon—so many details! But there seems no question he is incorrect as to the relation of pacinian bodies and the balancing of cats. I like his journalistic style and not likely that many folks ever noticed this undoubted slip... I'm highly impressed with the way Rollin A. Cable is taking over the reins as national secretary-treasurer of National Cat Week; prominent in the Cat Fancy, a successful business man and standing high in Pittsburgh circles and a close friend of Ray Smith. I felt I was very fortunate in finding him when Miss Cypher died last spring... I am finding much satisfaction in my membership in the National Audubon Society of New York. Their over-all conservation activities are splendid and their reprints from magazine on predation are the best I have encountered. The California Audubon groups have opposed the idiotic efforts in this State to pass the "marauding cats" legislation... The Animal Birth Control is steadily advancing in the few centers where it is being given a chance—slow work! but the first step in America for a *permanent* solution to the millions of unwanted, surplus cats. I feel it is easily the most

## TO THE EDITOR

important problem in the realm of Cat Lovers before the world today. Thanks for your un-failing friendship,

With love and joy,  
Guy Bogart.

New York. July 28, 1954.  
Dear Editor,

Thank you so much for the June issue of "Cats and Kittens," which the faithful Postman just brought to me. It's a lovely issue and I'm so pleased to have it for its own sake and for the sake of having my files complete.

Your little magazine gives me much pleasure and I look forward to its arrival every month. When I've read it from cover to cover, I pass it along to a cat-lover friend who also reads it all and then reluctantly gives it back to me. You and your staff are doing a magnificent job—long may you prosper.

Incidentally, July came in on time and in perfect condition.

Cordially,  
Helen G. Anthony.

Bourne End, Bucks.  
Dear Editor,

A friend gave me your address, suggesting that perhaps you might be able to help me. My mother died in the Spring, leaving five lovely cats which have been cared for in

her home ever since. Now my father is obliged to sell the house and is loathe to have them all put to sleep, as they are so sweet and fit. We wondered if it would be possible to put an advertisement in your magazine to find homes—we have drawn a complete blank locally. They are all fully grown, all girls, but all neutered, and they have all been rescued and taken to my mother from sacks in ditches, etc., and she took them all in. There is a beautiful ginger and white (middle aged), one small pretty young tabby, and three black and white.

I should explain that I am unable to take the cats myself as I have a young Siamese, who will not tolerate intruders and would make their lives a misery.

We should be so grateful if you could help at all. Perhaps we might have particulars of subscriptions for advertising, etc.

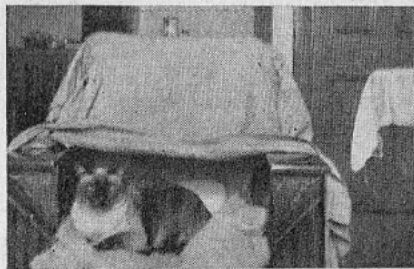
Yours sincerely,  
Patience Temple.

Edinburgh.  
Dear Editor,

I wonder if I may trouble you for for some advice about my Siamese? She is seventeen years old, was neutered as a kitten, and, as we live in a flat, has spent nearly all her days



## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Sarah Jane in her "sleeping tent"

indoors. For the first ten years she was so timid that nothing would induce her to go out; then one day in summer she suddenly had a notion to explore the stairs and hallways. After a little time she was emboldened to have a little walk in the back-yard. Ever since that year, she has demanded loudly to be taken out to eat grass and walk around this yard whenever the weather is warm. Her cries are so imperative that we just have to obey. Now, quite suddenly she has started bellowing in the same fashion during the night, so that for the past week none of us has had a decent night's sleep. She has, in the past, occasionally howled in the night if she was cold, or felt hungry, but not a continuous nightly performance like this. She sleeps in the living room in an armchair, with two small blankets, a hot water bottle, and a cotton cover draped over all to form a "tent," and no

other sleeping place will do. We have always shut the door as, if left to wander around the house, she would tear carpets and upholstery to shreds!

She is a very dear pet, even if she does bully us, and we would very much like to know what is causing these nocturnal wailings. I have not asked the Vet. as I have never yet heard of one in this city who really seems to know much about cats. They just don't seem awfully interested in them.

I should be so grateful if you can give me any advice.

Yours sincerely,

Elsie Stephen.

Dear Mrs. Stephen,

Thank you for your letter.

Regarding your Siamese I wonder if the spaying was completely successful? At the age of seventeen she should be past "calling," but the nocturnal noises she makes makes me wonder? If a vet can be consulted at all it would be advisable.

Editor.

Bristol, 3.

Dear Editor,

I am writing to ask your advice about my four-years-old ginger neuter cat. We have had him since a kitten and he has always been a "killer," bringing home all sorts of wild birds,

## TO THE EDITOR

insects, gold-fish from a pond nearby and even frogs! Just lately some neighbours have acquired tame pigeons and I am sorry to say that this afternoon one of these was added to his list of "kills."

My father is very distressed over this, not only from the point of cruelty to the poor birds, but also because he feels some ill may befall the cat if he is caught. He has spoken of getting rid of "Charlie" if things get too bad and unpleasant with people, but as he is a most beautiful animal we want that only as a very last resort. (Incidentally his photo has appeared twice in your magazine, the last occasion being January this year). We have discussed things from all angles and wondered if the wearing of a collar with bell attached would help to warn the birds he is near. He has never worn a collar before and I don't know if he will take to the idea very well, but something must be done. I have read that an elastic collar is best, as should the cat get hooked up in bushes the collar will give. What is your opinion please? Should you favour this type of collar could you supply me with an address where I might purchase one, if possible *with* bell. I could make him a collar myself, but

the bells seem rather hard to come by.

I am so looking forward to your kind reply and any help you might be able to give me.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Elizabeth Wilkins.

Dear Miss Wilkins,

In my secretary's absence I am replying to yours by return post myself.

I can imagine your distress at the episode of the pigeon, and I think a collar with a rather large bell is a probable cure.

Naturally your cat will be rather upset at having to wear the collar at first, but only for a very short time.

I'm afraid you must seek out a pet shop in Bristol for the collar and bell, as I only know suppliers of elastic ones, which would not do in this case.

Editor.

Swansea, Glamorgan.

Dear Editor,

I have been taking your delightful magazine for some time now, and notice that you are very helpful about giving advice to cat-lovers. My husband and I have a very tiny kitten, and I would like to train him to wear a collar. I believe there is a type of collar on the market which will come undone if the kitten gets caught



## LETTERS AND PICTURES

up, and I wonder whether you could send me any particulars of this.

I have never made a cat wear one before, but only last weekend our beautiful big cat was run over in the road outside our flat. We are both out at business all day, and later on I suppose the new kitten will have to be allowed to go in and out—and it has occurred to me that if he has a collar with my name on it, it will be a slight insurance against his getting lost, or in case of an accident he could be identified and rushed to the vet. At present I hate the thought of letting him roam, but I suppose it would be cruel to keep a cat confined in a top-floor flat when he is older. He is much too young to go out alone yet, in any case—but if he has a collar and tiny lead I can take him to a nearby open space for an airing in the evenings and let him play in the grass.

We really live in a rather unsuitable place for keeping a cat, as although our road is one of the quieter ones in town, quite a lot of cars use it. Borovitch, the first one, came to us as a stray kitten last October, and he had grown into a real beauty and so intelligent—it was heartbreaking to lose him. Nero, our new baby, was waiting to be put to sleep at the

P.D.S.A. when I found him, and although he has only been with us a week he is developing into a thoroughly lovable little personality. I want to do all that is possible to safeguard him. He is about seven weeks old—can you tell me how soon he should have his inoculation against enteritis? We have a very good vet who will do this, but I'm not sure how soon to take him, and do not want to take him out into the world again for a couple of weeks, as he was so terrified when he came to us, and he is only just beginning to feel confidence in humans.

It you can tell me where to obtain the special type of collar I shall be very grateful—I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your reply. We have found your magazine very helpful in the past, and I do like the way you cater for all types of cat-lover. Little Nero has no pedigree, and is just a black kitten of uncertain parentage, but we want to give him the best attention—any advice you can give me about his upbringing will be greatly appreciated.

In conclusion, very best wishes for the future success of "Cats and Kittens."

Yours sincerely,

Audrey Van Ash.

## TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mrs. Van Ash,

Thank you for your letter and the good wishes for our magazine. We are sorry to learn of the tragic loss of your cat, and certainly think it an excellent idea to train him to a collar and lead. This certainly can be done successfully.

The type of collar and lead you require can be obtained from Messrs. Collier & Collier of Manor House, Lytchett Matravers, Poole, Dorset, and if you ask them they will send you a catalogue.

The inoculation against gastro enteritis can be done at about ten weeks old, and it is necessary for the vet to call twice to do this as the cat has a second injection ten days after the first one.

Editor.

Newark,

Notts.

Dear Editor,

Would you please be good enough to inform me that if I had a female cat spayed would it still continue to have "followers"?

At what age is this operation done and can you give me any idea of the cost?

Is inoculation against gastro enteritis a long and expensive job?

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) M. Norman.

Dear Mrs. Norman,

Thank you for your letter. If you decide to have your female cat spayed, she will no longer "call" and so will not have any more "followers." The best age to have this done is at about eight to ten months, but it is successfully done after that age. Usually the charge is 25/- to 30/-.

To have a cat inoculated against gastro enteritis costs about 25/-. It is necessary for the vet to call twice as the cat has a second injection ten days after the first. Editor.

New York

July 8th, 1954.

Dear Editor,

I think it's six years since I first subscribed to "Cats and Kittens" and I've always been surprised and delighted with the regularity and promptness with which it arrives. Never in all that time have I missed an issue.

But there always has to be a first time. This morning I found the enclosed on my desk. Verily, it must have been a rough crossing! I'm quite used



### LETTERS AND PICTURES TO THE EDITOR

to receiving domestic mail—especially anything below first class—in deplorable condition. Our Post Office department does not handle such things gently. But to have “Cats and Kittens” treated so badly is just too much. Of course the thing that breaks my heart is that the dear little magazine fell by the wayside.

Best wishes to you and your fine staff.

Cordially,  
Helen G. Anthony.

### OBSERVATIONS AND SUGGESTIONS—Cont. from page 21

Similarly, there are several well-known neuters whom every judge of the breed knows.

In short, exhibitors do not mind a bit under whom they show providing they have no reason to doubt the fairness of the judge in question. For this reason, a rota system could easily be worked out and this, coupled with an increased judging panel at each show, would be of great benefit to exhibitors, judges, stewards and public alike.

### ST. FRANCIS WORKS US OVERTIME—Cont. from page 22

themselves at the kitchen window with the fury of wild bulls, yelling shocking Chinese insults! Not to be outdone by two pekinese, the retriever joined in the bedlam too. “Little Millie,” who had almost climbed into the range for warmth, was suddenly overcome, and was sick on the floor!

I left the chickens and ran to rescue the cat. “Really St. Francis,” I cried, “this is *too* much. Please find a home for *one* of them!”

That evening along came a man whose old dog had just died. He had heard we wanted a good home for a stray. Binkie took to him at once. We sent the man to the police station to fill in the necessary forms, and brought Binkie in to have a bath. St. Francis *must* have heard!

After that life became a little more peaceful. We had the anxiety of Spring with our usual quota of baby blackbirds hanging in a shopping basket from the bough of the apple tree. Then there was a dopey baby thrush which caused us more trouble than all the other birds put together. Daily it had to be rescued from the ancient cat (who is practically

toothless anyway). It was retrieved half a dozen times from the retriever, and was brought triumphantly up the garden by Pansy the peke. How we breathed when it became airborne at last!

I also lost my priceless bottle of Paris perfume by hurling it out of my bedroom window at dawn, to scare a marauding tomcat after a family of blue-tits. But that just comes of encouraging birds in the garden.

The menagerie is smaller now. “Little Millie” went into a decline. The ancient cat who survived being flattened by a flying bomb in his youth, has grown very grey and sleeps his life away in chosen spots among the flowers on the conservatory shelf. He won’t last much longer, but I doubt if we shall have to buy another kitten. St. Francis knows our address—already “the Cadger,” a thin tabby, sits on the shed roof blinking at me with emerald green eyes. I know he’s been there over five days—I also know that my mother slips him an occasional saucer of milk!

St. Francis has probably put him on our waiting list!

## Who owns a Siamese Cat?

(Should we say “Who is owned by a Siamese?”)

A Copy of

## “SIAMESE CATS”

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

IS A MUST!

**10s. 6d.** at your booksellers, or post free

from

Cats and Kittens, 29a, Queen Street, Derby



THE CROYDON CAT CLUB  
**CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW**

Royal Horticultural Society's (Old) Hall  
 Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W. 1

on WEDNESDAY, 10th NOVEMBER, 1954

16 Judges Officiating  
 Generous Classification for ALL Breeds  
 Open to the Public from 1 p.m. to 6 p.m.  
**ADMISSION 3/-**

Write for Schedules and Particulars to: The Show Manager  
 Mr. A. A. TOWE, 6, Palmerston Road, Wimbledon, S.W. 19

Numerous Cups and Specials: Closing Date: October 11th

## DANEHURST CATTERY

BLUE PERSIANS  
 CHINCHILLAS  
 CREAMS

Kittens sold only to good homes

CATS AT STUD— See separate  
 announcement

Also STUD REGISTER (G.C.C.)

★

**GORDON B. ALLT**  
 F.Z.S.

WAVERLEY ABBEY  
 FARNHAM, SURREY

Phone: Runfold 248

READ . . . .

## THE CAT FANCY

The only Monthly having full information  
 on everything Fanciers want to know.

Club and Judges' Show Reports, also items  
 of interest for and from the Breeders.

Foreign notes and news and Show Reports.  
 News of interest for all Fanciers at home  
 and overseas. Club Notices, book reviews  
 and Fanciers' Diary. Your Stud Adver-  
 tisement displayed, also small advertise-  
 ments at reasonable rates.

Obtainable only from:

THE EDITOR (Kit Wilson)  
 THE LOFT, 18, SOUTH END  
 KENSINGTON, W.8

10/- per annum (post free)

This paper goes regularly to subscribers in  
 France, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland,  
 South Africa, Australia, and U.S.A.

We can now supply our  
 readers with

## A BINDER

for their copies of

## OUR MAGAZINE

Each holds any number of  
 copies, from a single one to  
 twenty-four. The title is  
 printed in gold on the cover.

Price **14s. 3d.** Price  
 U.S.A. \$2.00

Post Free from:—Cats and  
 Kittens Magazine, 29A Queen  
 Street, Derby.



## CHINKI RANYA

OUTSTANDING MALE  
 Sire of Ch. Pristine Bandoola

### 99 AWARDS

Best Kitten in Show, Sandy, 1951  
 1st & Champion, National Show 1952  
 Now at Stud £3 3s. 0d. inclusive

**MRS. FRANCE**  
 353, NOTTINGHAM ROAD  
 DERBY

Telephone - Derby 48673

## 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.
- 26 Oct. **Midland Counties Cat Club:** Baths Hall, Wolverhampton.
- 30 Oct. **Scottish Cat Club:** MacLellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow. show opens 1 p.m. to 5 p.m.
- 10 Nov. **Croydon 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 perline perinsertion (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:—

“CATS AND KITTENS” MAGAZINE, 29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

All advertisements should be on a separate sheet of paper and written in block letters or typewritten please.

### AT STUD

**SCO-RUSTON RAVISANT**, fee £2/2/0 and carriage. (Blue Persian), Sire, Int. Ch. Southway Nicholas, dam, Sco-Ruston Kalisa. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. Phone: Runfold 248. Registered queens only.

**MOLESEY ALI BABA**, fee 2 gns. and carriage. Cream Persian, Sire, Tweedledum of Dunesk, Dam, Molesey Mischief. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. Phone: Runfold 248. Registered queens only.

**CH. REDWALLS JACK FROST**. Prize Winner every time shown: 1948, 1949, 1950. Born 7th May, 1948. G.C.C. Registration No. 41684. Stud Fee £2/2/0 and return carriage of queen. Registered queens only accepted. Owner: Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. Phone: Runfold 248.

**DANEHURST GORDIE**, fee 2 gns. (Blue Persian). Sire, Sco Ruston Ravisant, dam, Hendon Lady Griselda. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. Phone: Runfold 248. Registered queens only.

**STARKEY NUGGET**, fee £2 2s. 0d. and carriage. (Cream Persian) Sire Malmary Tafeteace, Dam Fairham Gillian. Gordon B. Allt, F.Z.S., Waverley Abbey, Farnham, Surrey. Phone: Runfold 248. Registered queens only.

**SUKIANGA PEPE LEMOKO**, Sire Ch. Clonlost Yo Yo, dam Mullington Magic. 1st and Ch. Sandy 1953, over 40 other awards. Including special for gentlest stud cat. Fee 2½ guineas and carriage. I. Raleigh, 112, Tamworth Lane, Mitcham, Surrey. Phone: MIT 2323.

“**DERRY OF DUNESK**,” sire Ch. Dylan of Allington, dam Ch. Southway Josephine. Fee 3 gns. incl. L. Owen-Jones, Jacob's Well, Guildford (Tel. 373111). Queens met.

**PENNHOMME PIERRE**, lovely young son of Oxley's Smasher, proved sire of kittens full of quality. Doris Brice-Webb, “Ronada,” 249, Chilwell Lane, Bramcote, Notts. Phone: Beeston 55466.

### BREEDERS' CARDS

**MRS. BRICE-WEBB**, 249, Chilwell Lane, Bramcote, Notts. Tel.: Beeston 55466. “RONADA” BLUE PERSIANS.

**MRS. FRANCE**, White Lodge, 353, Nottingham Road, Derby. Tel. Derby 48673. Burmese, Siamese Studs and kittens.

**BLUE PERSIANS**.—Mrs. Prince, 141, Normanton Lane, Littleover, Derby. Tel.: Becketwell 49748.

**MRS. SMITH**, Blubberhouses, Yorkshire. Tel. 242. Beamsley Persians, Blues, Creams and Blue-creams.

**MRS. STEPHENSON**, 9, Earls Road, Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 21360. “Ashdown” Blue, Cream and Blue-cream Persians,

**I. STATMAN**, 4, Anson Road, Cricklewood, Gladstone 2056. Anson Blue Persian Kittens.

**MRS. DAVISON**, 1, St. James' Mansions, Northdown Road, Margate, Kent. Thanet 21561. Bintang Seal and Blue Point Siamese.

**BURMESE AND SIAMESE**. Mrs. M. Smith, 19, Wimborne Road, Leicester. Tel. 77447. Kittens usually for sale.

### FOR SALE

**LOVELY S.P. SIAMESE KITTENS** by **CHAMPION CLONLOST YO-YO**. From 5 gns. Richard Warner. Little Foxes, Bayleys Hill, Sevensoaks, Kent. Phone 4516.

**ABYSSINIAN KITTENS**. Prize winners at Kensington Show. Inoculated. Foxwell, Selborne, Gastard, Corsham, Wilts.

**REGISTERED S.P. SIAMESE FEMALE**, born March 4th. Inoculated. Same breeding as Chinki Ranya. 6 guineas. Mrs. L. France, White Lodge, 353, Nottingham Road, Derby. Tel. 48673.

### FOR SALE

**BEAMSLEY PERSIAN KITTENS**, show or pets, from 5 guineas. See Breeders' Cards. M. Smith.

**PEDIGREE SEAL POINTED SIAMESE KITTENS**, 7 weeks old, house trained. Males 3 gns., Females 2 gns. Box No. SY34

**MRS. BRICE-WEBB** will shortly have some lovely Blue, Cream and Blue-Cream Persian Kittens. Ideal for breeding, show or pets. Doris Brice-Webb, “Ronada,” 249, Chilwell Lane, Bramcote, Notts. Phone: Beeston 55466.

### WANTED

**FIVE DEAR CATS**, various colours (all female neutered) need good quiet homes, having lost their mistress. Apply Temple, Gayreach, Bourne End, Bucks.

### MISCELLANEOUS

“**LORDS OF THE HOUSETOPS**” (13 Cat Tales) by Carl van Vechten, New York, 1921. Fine condition. Price 25/-. Box No. 138.

**MATCHING SETS OF HARNESS**. Identity Collar. Lead. Washable Cushions. Quilts. Clawboards. Baskets. Collier, Manor House, Lytchett, Matravers, Dorset.

### BOARDING

At **LOW KNAP** Siamese cats are boarded in ideal conditions and cared for by Dr. and Mrs. Francis who love and understand them. Prospectus and photographs on application. **HALSTOCK**, nr. Yeovil.

### HAVE WE HAD YOUR SUBSCRIPTION?

Orders may be placed with your Newsagent or Bookseller, or direct with the Publishers—

CATS AND KITTENS,  
29a, QUEEN STREET, DERBY.

Rates—16/- (post free) per annum  
8/- (post free) for six issues

### ORDER FORM:—

Please send the next ..... issues of “Cats and Kittens,” for which I enclose

remittance for .....

Name.....

Address.....

## FASCINATING BURMESE

Two male, one female kits for sale. Three months old. Lovely and with the most charming dispositions

Ten guineas each

Lillian Squire, Washwell House  
Painswick, Glos.  
Telephone Painswick 3204