

Miss O. Wilde of 36 Danes Court, Wembley Park, Middlesex, writes:—

"I should be grateful if you would kindly send me a copy of your booklet 'Prevention is better than Cure.' My cat Clot has a real passion for Kit-zyme and would eat a whole bottle if I allowed him. He is half Siamese and rather delicate—when he was a kitten he was forever being ill. Twice he nearly died with enteritis and before he was one year old he had had forty



Clot

operations for abscesses. But ever since he has taken Kit-zyme Clot has been a picture of health. He is now six and looks no more than two.

I am quite sure that if it were not for Kit-zyme he would not be alive to-day.

I should like to add that Clot simply loves Kenadox! He enjoys it just as much as his Kit-zyme."

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CATS

AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

DECEMBER

1955

MONTHLY



Christmas tree!
 Christmas Spree!
 Each present
 is a winner.
 For Mummy-Cat
 and Kitten-Cats
 There's Kit-E-Kat
 for dinner!



KIT-E-KAT

FRESH FISH AND MEAT—COOKED AND READY TO EAT



CATS AND KITTENS

THE MAGAZINE FOR EVERY CAT-LOVER



Established

1936

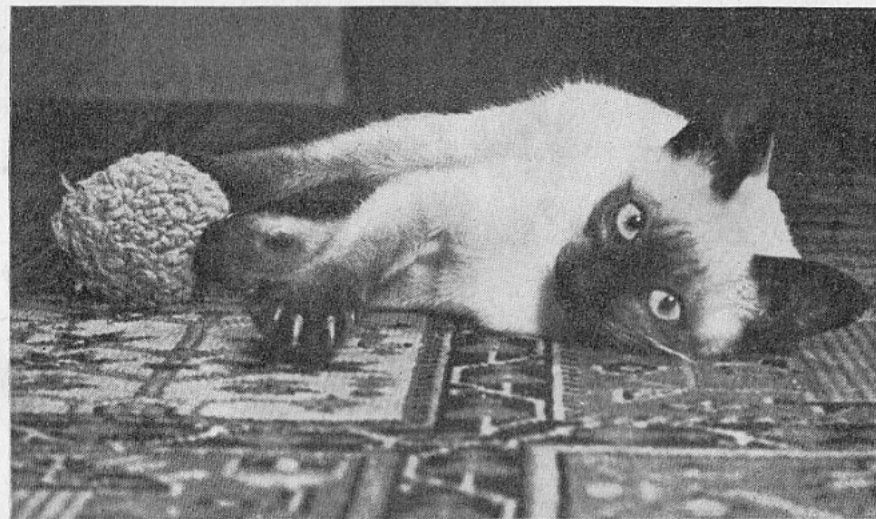
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices: 25, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

DECEMBER, 1955



Chinki Cheetah. Owned by Mr. B. Ellmann

Our Cover Photograph, designed and photographed by V. E. Major, shows a lovely Self-Red Abyssinian Kitten, Adrah Saarba. Owner, Mrs. D. Winsor

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

ENCLOSED in a letter from our good friend Kathleen Yorke was a copy of her report on the recent international cat show held late in October in Paris. She was judging, as was Miss Langston and Mr. Soderberg; other judges came from Sweden and other places in Europe, including Belgium and Italy.

The show was held at the Hotel Continental, and was a wonderful spectacle, with new pens and marvellous lighting. Most of the winners were born in France from stock imported from England.

Madame Ravel, who was the show manager, had brought together cats from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Germany, and one English exhibit and several American exhibitors.

Miss Yorke judged Champion of Champions, male and female; the Champion long hair exhibits except the Blue Persians; the Champion short haired cats, except the Abyssinians; White long hair, blue eyed, Blue Creams, Brown tabbies. So that one can imagine she had much to do as in addition to this there were other side classes.

The best long haired cat in the show was a lovely Blue

male owned by Madame Walther, bred by Madame Mariani, from Gallant Homme out of Harpur Periwinkle. The best long haired kitten was a gem, white, golden eyed, with the most perfect expression possible, eyes already turned copper, coat like the purest driven snow, soft and long, and with a type one dreams of for their kittens. Edouchka de Padirac is bred by Madame Letertre from Alex des Prince out of Wildviolet of Dunesk. Violet has produced some of the very loveliest of whites that I have ever seen in any country and I have judged in many and during many years in England, on the Continent, and in America, I have yet to find any to equal these.

Best shorthair in show was Doneraile Leo, his open class win made him a Champion, bred by Mrs. K. R. Williams, sired by Donerail Dara, out of Doneraile Deb Too, she is owned by Frau Eytzinger of Germany who was delighted with Leo's win, Mr. Soderberg was the Siamese judge. Best shorthair kitten was a daughter of Leo's out of Doneraile Danette, owned by H. Muller of Germany, he was so very pleased at this win, and the winning female Siamese was also

belonging to Germany, H. Schwigart, second female was also his, Doneraile Danette sired by Ch. Bluehayes Foxy. I had judged Leo earlier this year in Brussels, he had been on the journey for 36 hours and also held up for some long time at the Customs, so was not looking his best, although lovely, on that occasion I had placed him second. He is such a graceful cat of lovely type and eye colour."

I have only attended one show this year and having a preference for short haired cats myself have always been inter-

ested in the Abyssinians, Russian Blues, British Blues, Burmese and more particularly Siamese, which are my special favourites out of all cats which I like.

I must say that the Silver Tabby is a most beautiful creature, with pure silver background, dense black markings in whorls and butterflies, and a long ring tail, of silver and black rings. Truly a beautiful friendly cat and I should not be surprised to find a great deal more interest in this variety before very long.

MR. TABBS CAME FOR CHRISTMAS

By KATHERINE WACKETT

BEFORE the second world war, we lived in a nice old rambling house, and here we had plenty of room for my cats and dogs.

These consisted of Persians and Siamese, not forgetting Blackie, a smooth coat.

Who, sad to relate, was one of those little mistakes, sometimes found in the best of cat families, but for all that, he was what my vet called one of the gang, and a much loved puss.

But this story is really about Mr. Tabbs, the petted and loved cat of an old friend of ours.

As each Christmas came round, Mr. Tabbs turned up to spend it with us—but this particular Christmas we thought he was not coming, and I'm afraid a sigh of relief went up!

When suddenly the telephone rang, and Mr. Tabbs' mistress said, "My dear, we did not intend to go away this year, but they insist on us going; but you know they have dogs, and puss hates them!"

(This was always a joke with us.) I had six Alsatians and two West Highland puppies at the time.

"But I do hope I may bring him over, as he is always so happy with you."

I wonder what Mr. Tabbs thought about my dog pack and the cat gang—catty thoughts, I know!

As much as I loved him, he was a head-ache, because I'm sure he was never really happy away from home. Though he had every comfort; and even the choice cut off the Christmas bird, and everything we did to make him happy and feel one of us but Tabbs never really settled I'm sure.

Now for a change this Christmas, it was cold and frosty so I put a fire up in a spare bedroom for him, until he got use to us again.

I carried him upstairs trying to make him feel at home, but just in the middle of the stairs, my Siamese spotted him and sang her National Anthem, and that did it!

Mr. Tabbs had gone with the wind, and up the chimney in another spare room like a shot.

My heart was in my mouth, as I thought of what a Christmas we were going to have, if I lost him.

On going outside there he was, perched on the chimney, deaf to all my frantic calling.

The village children, who always took a lot of interest in my cats, and dogs, kept coming like a chain gang saying,

"Please there is a strange pussy on your roof."

Oh dear, didn't I know it, and for once wished the children further, and hoped our friends coming to stay would help. But as night started to fall, we all got desperate for he was still up there in the intense cold.

The children remarking "Mr. Tabbs is wanting to see Santa Claus," this crack may have been funny, but not to me at the time.

So now we took it in turns to creep up to the bed-room to see if any of the food had been eaten, but not a morsel had gone, and no sign of puss either.

A nice old village man seeing Tabbs up there came with advice saying. "It baint no good, thinking he will come down with moon out, so you had better bide quiet till morning."

Well our Christmas Eve was a nightmare as we watched the clock tick on towards midnight, and I knew full well it was impossible for me to bide quiet till morning, if my little guest was sitting around the chimney pots!

So upstairs I went again, and just as I arrived so did Mr. Tabbs from his seat above. I don't know which one of us was the most startled, for the soot he brought down with him, made him look like Blackie, and he was so scared too.

But how delighted I was to see him. "Poor Mr. Tabbs," I said "You must have been cold up there."

But the look he gave me seemed to say, well that's why I came down.

But he was ready for the off again, so he finished the rest of Christmas Eve in our bed-room, I was not taking any more risks.

But after that experience on the chimney top, Tabbs seemed to settle in a bit better, perhaps he wished to know just how far London was off!

He would sit for hours looking out of the window, I'm sure he was waiting for his dear old mistress to come for him.

Then the day Mr. Tabbs was due to go home, I had another fright. As I had forgotten to tell the nice person who came to help me, that he was up in the spare room again, in case she left the doors open downstairs.

But before I could warn her, she came rushing down saying "Oh there's a strange Tabby cat upstairs!"

The strange cat was Mr. Tabbs, who followed her down like a flash, and made a dash for the kitchen.

Here my cats were having forty winks, when he rushed on to the mantel-shelf, sending everything flying.

The hissing and spitting that followed by my ladies, who had been disturbed could be heard in the garden, and this brought the dogs down in full cry; to see what was going on.

I caught him, as he made for the open door, praying my Siamese wouldn't think fit to sing again, seeing he was a strange male in the house!

But they were all too busy, sorting themselves out no doubt wondering who was going to get the blame, for the broken china, and the dogs' food, which had been overturned too in the mad rush.

Life was never dull, when he was round, poor Tabbs how he must have hated the word Christmas. But I always liked to think he had a little affection for me because towards the end of his stay, he would sit on my lap and I'm sure it was his way of saying thankyou.

But when the day came, for him to return, I felt I must tell his dear mistress, what a fright I had had, it was only fair to tell, and I still remember her saying with a sweet smile "Oh Mr. Tabbs loves you, and coming here, he couldn't come to any harm." This was indeed nice to hear, even if Mr. Tabbs thought otherwise about his stay.

But after so many Christmas holidays spent with me, this

Please turn to page 22

THE ISLE OF CATS

By GARFIELD EVANS

THE lovely island of Cyprus, set in the blue waters of the eastern Mediterranean, boasts a feature of its life that overleaps all the bitter strifes that at the moment rend it from top to bottom. This is the people's universal affection for their cats. The cat, mostly dressed in a soft, short-haired, dove-grey coat, independent and wiry in temperament and build, is the pride of every home.

The Cypriot cat has every right to its pride of place, for it has a story to tell that is, surely, unique among its fellow-creatures. In no other country can cats claim to have made themselves immortal by living a useful and courageous life in a monastery. And in Cyprus their name is enshrined in the famous old monastery of St. Nicholas of the Cats. The ancient ruins, standing on the shores of the Bay of Cats, are, true enough, no longer architecturally impressive. But in the Middle Ages their glory drew travellers from all over the world, and this glory was chiefly derived from the renowned cats that dwelt there.

Neighbours to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the monks of St. Nicholas of the Cats chose the site for their

monastery in the southernmost part of Cyprus because of its solitude. The reason for the quietness of this ideal spot for the monks' meditation was a sinister one. A vast number of poisonous snakes infested the whole district. The monks reckoned that if they built their monastery among so many snakes no one would want to visit them and they would be left in peace.

But it seems that they did not take into account the fact that the same snakes which would keep away unwanted intruders would also prove a great nuisance to the monks themselves. They therefore had to think of a plan that would keep the prayer cells and kitchens free from snakes and at the same time would keep away unwelcome visitors from their lonely retreat. The answer was cats!

Boatloads of cats were shipped from Palestine and given a free run of the monastery buildings. These brave creatures immediately appreciated their vocation and waged unceasing war on the snakes. In a short while their fame for courage became so widely known that people came from East and West of Suez, North and South of the Equator, to

see the cats. Thus the cats that had been brought in to help the monks enjoy peace and quiet from snakes and human intruders provided an irresistible attraction, thus defeating the end for which they had been originally imported.

Some wonderful descriptions have come down to us from eye-witnesses who visited St. Nicholas of the Cats five hundred years ago. Among the most charming of them is an account written late in the fifteenth century by Fra Francesco Suriano, a Venetian monk and travel-writer.

"I heard a marvellous thing," he writes, "from the city of Limassol. The soil produces so many snakes that men cannot till it, or walk thereon without hurt. And were it not for the remedy which God has set there, in a short time these would multiply so fast that the island would be depopulated."

From this we gather that the snakes of Cyprus were a menace to everybody's mode of life in the island, and this impression is confirmed by many writers of the period. It was this peculiar feature of the island and especially of the district around Limassol, where the ruins of St. Nicholas of the Cats now stand, that attracted the monks there in the first place. But let Fra Francesco go on with his story.

"At this place is a Greek monastery which rears an in-

finite number of cats that wage unceasing war on these snakes. One has lost a nose, another an ear; the skin of one is torn, another is lame. One is blind of one eye, another of both. And it is a strange thing that at the hour of their food, at the sound of a bell, all the cats gather together, and when they have eaten enough, at the sound of a bell, they leave together and go to fight the snakes."

Perhaps the cats did not defeat the monks' plans after all. For this amusing traveller concludes his account with the words: "On account of the cats the monastery has large revenues." So it is clear that these brave, sturdy animals were something of a showpiece and added enormously to the monastic coffers, thus enabling the brothers to spend more time on meditation and less on the hard struggle to produce the wherewithal for food and clothing.

That the modern Cyprus cat is in no wise behind his courageous ancestor is demonstrated today, for the writer has seen these plucky creatures attacking poisonous snakes in the country districts, and quite recently a Cypriot cat fought a wild fox which had attacked a farmer's chickens. The cat emerged from the struggle almost unscathed, while his opponent succumbed, having lost both eyes.

BUCHI CATS

By ROSSLYN ANDREWS

IT was named a Street of a Hundred Views, a street with theatres in the light of a full moon, and there in the roadway a group of cats with tails barely 2 inches in length.

This was not an example of modern art, it was a Japanese print, and proved to be a matter-of-fact illustration, for the Japanese do actually prefer short-tailed cats, and one wonders how they would receive a Manx cat strolling down this moonlit theatreland after dark.

Japanese cats even have special names. For instance, the spotted tortois are named "Mike," meaning three-coloured, and "Buchi" is a name for a spotted black and white, which reminds the Greeks also have a name for it, "Ailouros," or Tail Waver, a creature akin to Kipling's cat that walked on its wild own.

Motoring along the country roads in Britain, it is surprising the number of cats that vanish through the hedges, trailing their tails behind them, tails of all colours, for it seems a one-piece suit is all too rarely seen.

I have seen white cats with brown ringed tails, grey with ginger, and a black satin creature with a snow-white tailpiece; all of which goes to prove how careful our

breeders have to be to strike a good match and exhibit a Show Ring Aristocrat.

What will happen when the Myxamatosis Gang have removed the rabbit from the countryside and countless weasels and eagles and starving cats with gleaming eyes roam the hillsides.

The loan hiker will indeed fear to dilly dally lest he become, to put it mildly, a modern vulture-minded victim.

Japanese Art is also symbolic, as in the quaint story danced by the Kabuki Dancers, in which the lion parent kicks his cub over the cliff, and crouches anxiously to see if he will climb back. After a thorough testing of his ability, father lion and cub dance boisterously together.

In the eighteenth century the Japanese abandoned the traditional Eastern design, and tried to show a world in which we live and work, a Walt Whitman angle, in which a beautiful view is seen through scaffolding or some mechanical contrivance.

Art can be expressed in so many theatrical scenes, as by the French group who called themselves "les Fauves," or wild beasts, the leader being

Please turn to page 34



MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

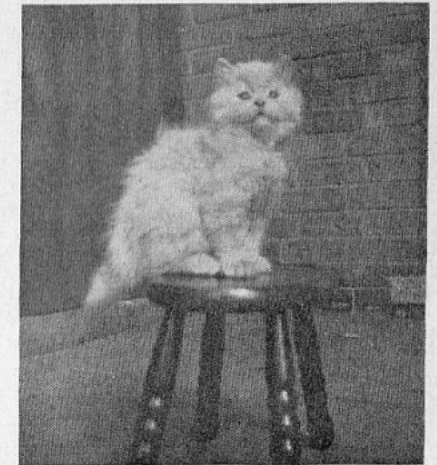
INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

OFF to Southsea on October 18th to judge Blue Persian kittens on the 19th. It was too dark and very windy to see much of Southsea when we arrived, and the day of the show it just poured with rain and the sea looked very grey and forbidding. But all was peace and tranquillity in the show hall; the exhibits as well as exhibitors looked warm and comfortable.

There were a few very nice Blue kittens, the best of these being Mrs. Joan Thompson's Octavian of Pensford, who went on later in the day to win Best L.H. Exhibit in Show; quite a remarkable feat for a kitten not six months old. He is a massive fellow and such a good all-round kitten, he should quickly gain his championship as an adult.

The best female was Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Enchanting, another very lovely kitten, full of quality. Both of these kittens were sired by Mrs. Thompson's Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous.

The first in the Blue Adult Males was Mrs. Crickmore's



Ronada Rendezvous

Thiepval Paragon, and the Best Female was Mrs. Brunton's April Violet of Dunesk. Paragon now becomes a full Champion.

I should have liked to have gone round and looked at some of the other cats and kittens which I did not have to judge, but we had to rush away as soon as the Best in Show judging was over to get our train back to Nottingham. It was a very happy show and, I am sure, enjoyed by everyone, thanks to Mrs. Cook-Radmore, who managed the show so well.

Please turn to page 33

YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

FROM Mr. Ellmann comes a delightful photo of his kitten Chinki Cheetah. His letter says: "He has settled down well and is a very lovable little fellow. He is most affectionate and has purred from the moment he entered the house. Thank you for letting me have such a companionable little pet."

Miss Christina Veldhuis sends the following most interesting letter:—

"As I have been ill with flu I have not yet been able to answer your letter.

"Enclosed I am sending you the required photographs of the Siamese kittens; at least, I hope these are the ones I sent you last time, as I can't quite remember.

"In the meantime I bred another litter of two, one male and one female, and lovely little creatures they are. As they were born only ten days before my litter of pug puppies was born, all are growing up happily together now.

"As to my opinion that the cat-mother and the dog-mother could better share their children equally, I put two puppies with the Siamese queen and her kittens immediately after they were born. The cat was delighted about her extra children



Pi-Tau Contessa in Maschera
Just born

and started cleaning and feeding them right away; only the kittens were a bit upset about the strange smell and, as small as they still were, they spat and hissed at the newcomers.

"So all seemed alright as the cats had settled down in the end, but Susie, the dam of the puppies, thought differently about these arrangements and demanded her children back. As she was very nervous (and in the meantime had shown to have plenty of milk herself) of course we gave in, and so the puppies went back to their own bed. But now the Siamese queen made quite a fuss about this and started calling and miaowing and running restlessly around to find her stolen children back.

"We solved the problem by putting all the happy mothers

with their children together in the same room, though into different baskets. Polichinelle, the Siamese queen, is giving helpful instructions regarding 'care of newborn babes' to Susie, who is a novice in these matters, this litter being her very first one.

"Though it means a lot of work, rearing two litters at one time (Remember, I have a very busy job next to that), it is such a tremendous joy to watch their progress and their being so happy with each other. So that easily makes up for all the trouble. Sometimes Polichinelle pays a visit to the dog-basket, and of course the kittens follow her there, and so the puppies are living on a mixed diet of cat's and dog's milk,



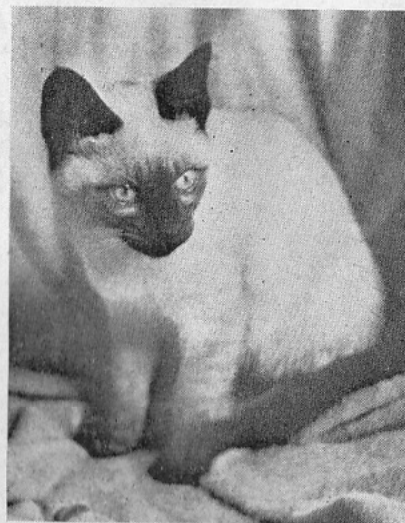
Siamese Suckling Puppies

and I must say they thrive extremely well on it.

"When the kittens are sleeping in the dogs' basket, and it happens that Susie (the dam) comes to feed her young, she doesn't make any difference in handling her own children or 'invaders,' and the latter also get their share of milk and motherly care and devotion.

"Written down on paper, all this looks very poor in comparison with the reality. You ought to see it yourself, and I am sure you couldn't get away any more of the striking picture this mixed animal company is making. Of course, I must also mention Tsjoe, our dear Chow dog, who is supervising it all and is very busy with washing this tremendous lot of tiny creatures, about whom he always is delighted.

"Tyro, the Siamese neuter, and half-brother to the kittens, needed some time to get accustomed to this rapid family increase, but now he is fascinated and even lets puppies



Pi-Tau Contessa in Maschera
at three months

and kittens play with his precious tail.

"And they certainly are not very careful, and poor Tyro sometimes looks like being bitten and torn to pieces.

"As you have some news again about the Veldhuis menagerie I will leave it at this and keep some 'copy' for the next occasion."

From Miss Lee-Meade comes news of the S.P. Siamese and Russian Blues in her Meadliam Cattery:—

"I thought you would be interested to know I now have two litters, and am expecting a third in ten days' time!

"My family of Siamese are all thriving well, two of each sex. They are now 5½ weeks old, so I feel they are past the danger stage from the streptococci germ from the queen. I followed the vet's advice and had five injections before mating and two midway through pregnancy, and one of a different kind two days before the kits were due, and another on the first day after; so I think it has all helped. So many people are having trouble this year that I feel the injections probably helped in other ways too! Although she had terrible labour and seemed almost unable to produce the last two. There were five, but unfortunately one died. She started in labour at 10 p.m. and the first kitten came at midnight,

the second at one o'clock, and the third soon after, but this one died. I can't remember the times of the last two, but it was 3.30 p.m. when I finally crawled into bed. The next day was the General Election, and I was at the Town Hall counting votes until 1.30 a.m., so you can imagine after two such nights I hardly know how to keep awake at the office.

"I have one male booked, and am now advertising the rest. Unfortunately the other male has a real S-bend kink, but beautiful eyes and strong personality.

"On Friday morning Aphrodite went into her box about 8.20 a.m., as I was about to leave, and by 8.40 had produced three kittens, two females and one male, all without any fuss. This is her first litter, and she sat looking round-eyed with fear and amazement beforehand. Although over a year old, she is still small and our 'baby,' so it seems funny to see her with three kits. She has no idea of washing and feeding, but hungry kittens seem to find a way to the meal table fortunately, and I've seen a few shy licks at odd moments, so presume she does the 'smalls' when no one is watching. The babies are very silent, like all true Blue Russians should be, and are already growing.

Please turn to page 23



"NEVER saw a cat in better condition",
said Tibby, the Tibs reporter.

"Wonderful appetite, too. Should have
seen her polish off her dinner with Tibs in it."



Tibby was very impressed with Ch. Dunloe Kera when he visited the cattery of Miss M. Rochford. Ch. Dunloe Kera is a Russian Blue who has won numerous awards and whose kittens are all prize winners. Miss Rochford, with her reputation as an outstanding breeder of Russian Blues to maintain, gives all her cats Tibs regularly.



Famous
breeders
say:

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

10d. and 2/-

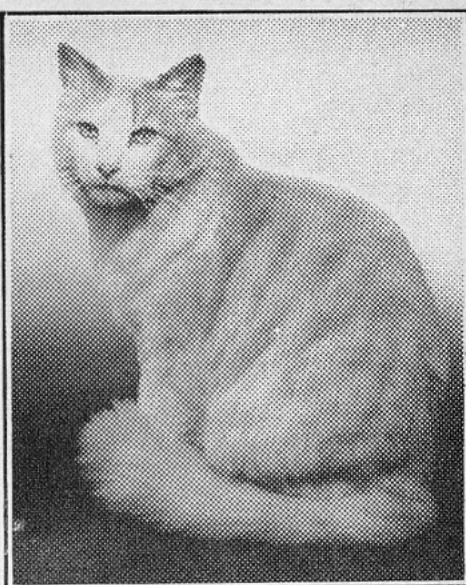
Mrs. E. S. Johnson, of 45, Morningside, Crosby, Liverpool, 23, writes :—

“ I thought you might be glad to hear of a successful experiment I have tried with Kit-zyme.

Last Spring my 8 year old neuter cat, Amber, had eczema very badly. He was eventually cured with an injection and arsenic tablets, but altogether I had him in a large cardboard collar for three months. The vet—and everyone who had experience with eczema—assured me the trouble would return each Spring, but Kit-zyme made such an improvement in the cat when he was run-down after the eczema that I decided to try prevention.

From February onwards I increased the dose to six tablets a day and was delighted to find no sign of the trouble returning this Spring. Although an old cat, Amber looks young and in perfect condition and several people have remarked that ‘ The eczema must have done him good’—but it is, of course, the Kit-zyme that has improved him so much.

I have also a female cat and a three-month-old kitten. All three will come running at the rattle of the jar and do their best to steal each other’s ration. I have recommended Kit-zyme to countless other cat owners.”



Amber

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

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

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PUSS IN BOOKS

By WILLIAM PIGGOTT

MANY writers, feeling the need for silent companionship, have found their ideal companion in the homely and restful cat, and have paid many a tribute to it in their works.

“A cat may look on a King,” wrote John Heywood in the 15th century, and he has been misquoted ever since. The author of many of our well-known proverbs and epigrams, it was Heywood who observed that “The cat would eat fish, but would not wet her feet,” and “It had need to be a wylie mouse that should breed in the cats eare.”

There are several references to cats in Shakespeare’s plays. In “The Merchant of Venice,” Shylock, when asked to explain why he prefers a pound of flesh to three thousand ducats, says that he can give no reason, like a man who goes sad at the sight of a cat. “The cat will mew and the dog will have his day,” is to be found in “Hamlet,” while in “Macbeth” there is a reference to “Letting ‘I dare not’ wait upon ‘I would,’ like the poor cat i’ the adage.”

“Hang sorrow! care’ll kill a cat,” wrote Shakespeare’s contemporary, Ben Jonson, while Dean Swift, a great cat lover, recognising a philosophic qual-

ity in cats, wrote: “When I play with my cat who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me?”

Dr. Samuel Johnson, unlike his biographer, James Boswell, was very fond of cats and kept a number of them. Hodge, his favourite, enjoyed oysters, and the good doctor would himself go and buy them, in case any servant asked to do so might dislike the animal for causing so much extra work.

Charles Dickens, another great animal lover, liked cats, and generally worked with one in his room. His favourite, Williamina, used often to sit on his table far into the night, and when she thought that her master had written enough, would put out her paw and extinguish the candles one by one. Krook, the eccentric and drunken rag, bottle, bone and general merchant in “Bleak House,” had a large grey cat called “Lady Jane,” and at her master’s bidding would tear tigerishly at a bundle of rags. Another cat mentioned in that work belonged to the Jellybys and had an incorrigible thirst for the morning milk, while the office of Mr. Vholes, the lawyer, was adorned by a cat. Mrs. Pipchin, in “Dombey and

Son," "had an old black cat who generally lay coiled upon the centre of the fender, purring egotistically and winking at the fire until the contracted pupils of his eyes were like two notes of admiration."

Sir Walter Scott, also a lover of animals, had a favourite cat called "Hinse of Hinsfeldt," which used to descend from the top of the library ladder and mount guard on a footstool, in his master's absence.

In Lord Lytton's "Eugene Aram" there is a cat called "Jacobina," belonging to Corporal Bunting, who is described as being "daughter, wife, friend" to the Corporal: she would even steal food for her master.

George Borrow kept a number of cats, one of which would respond to a whistle and follow him about. Even the dour Thomas Carlyle was fond of cats and used to feed his at meal-times on the dining-room carpet, much to his wife's annoyance.

Samuel Butler, author of "Erewhon," and Jeremy Bentham were said to be fonder of cats than of human beings; Butler used to feed any stray cat that he happened to find on his doorstep.

Readers of "Alice in Wonderland" may recall that, when Alice was seeking to escape from the Queen of Hearts, who

was bent on executing everybody within reach, "she noticed a curious appearance in the air: it puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it for a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself, 'It's the Cheshire Cat: now I shall have somebody to talk to.'" The Cat's head gradually materialised, but when the Whit Queen sentenced it to execution it conveniently faded away.

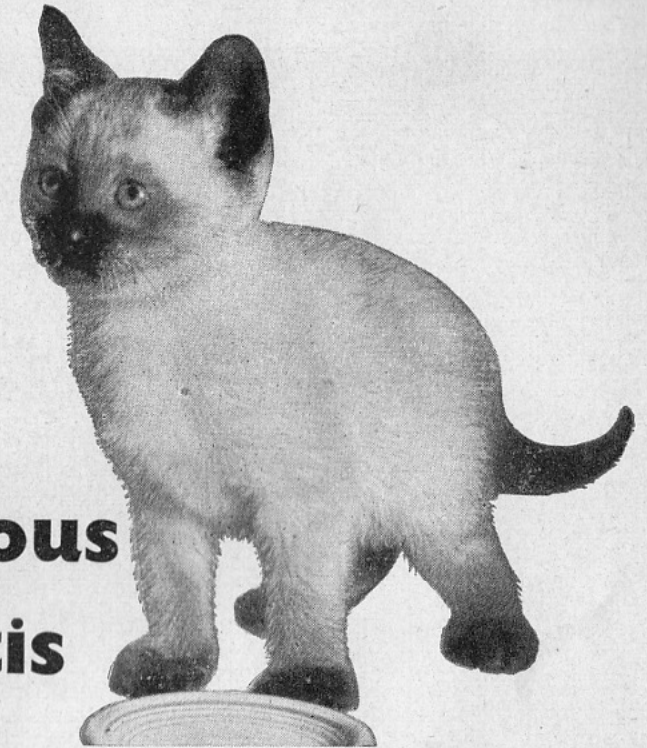
There are two Dick Whittingtons—one of romance and the other of history. The romantic Dick finds his way into nursery books and his famous cat, an indefatigable mouser, was bought for a very large sum by the King of Morocco, and thus rescued his master from dire poverty.

Many poets have loved cats and have kept them or said a good word for them. The German poet, Heinrich Heine, derived inspiration from the rhythmical purring of a large Angora cat that he used to nurse to sleep in the attic of his uncle's house.

Thomas Gray penned some well-known lines about his favourite cat, Selima, "demurest of the tabby kind," who met an untimely end by falling into a China vase full of goldfish. Robert Southey, who thought that no house was complete without a cat, de-

Please turn to page 29

Protect against **Feline Infectious Enteritis**



Feline Infectious Enteritis is a very infectious virus disease of cats, sudden in onset and usually fatal. It may be introduced into a cattery following exposure to infection at shows and spreads from cat to cat in a locality. All breeds are susceptible and in some, such as the Siamese, the mortality rate is very high.

To save your cat from this disease consult your veterinary surgeon. He will advise you regarding protection, now possible by the introduction of

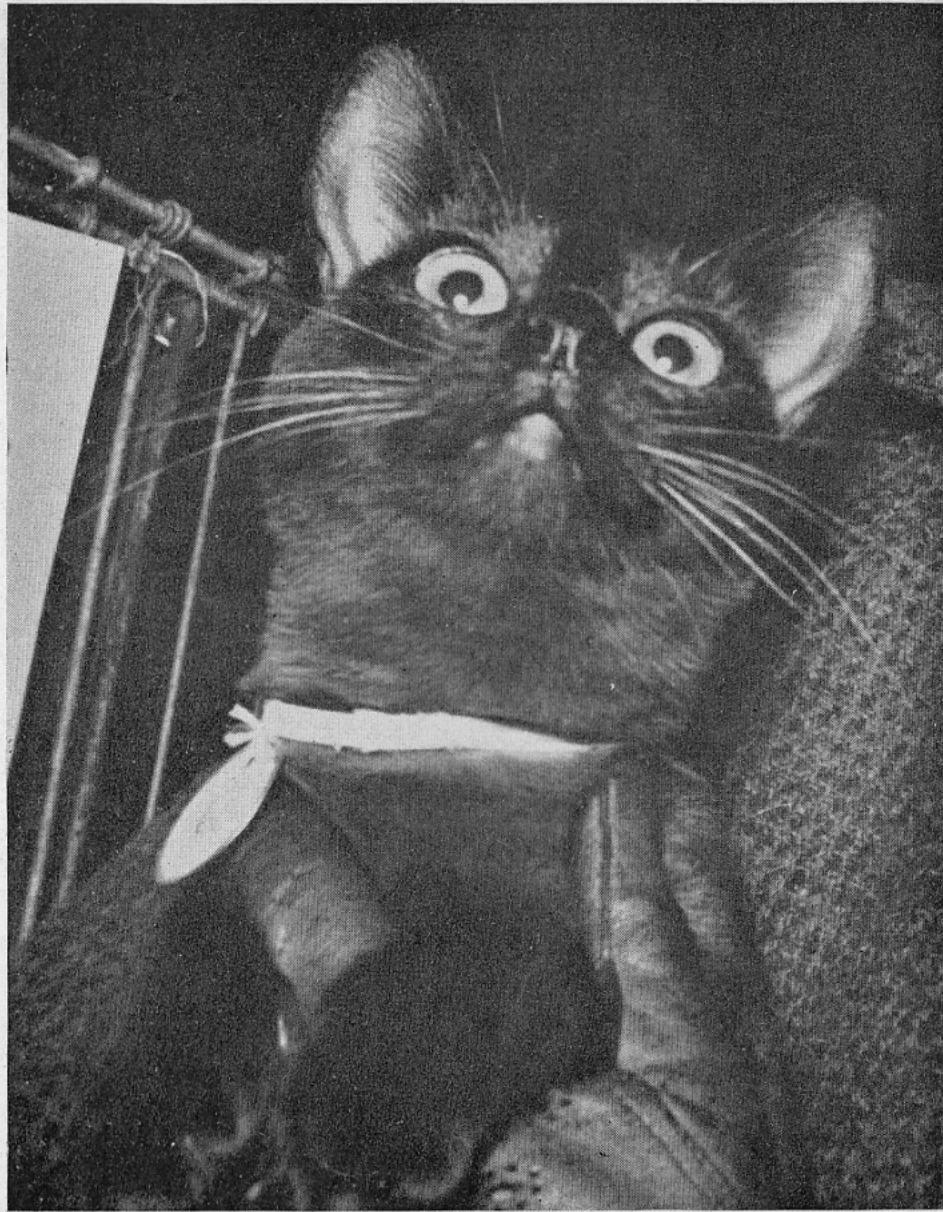
'WELLCOME' **FELINE INFECTIOUS**
ENTERITIS VACCINE

BRAND



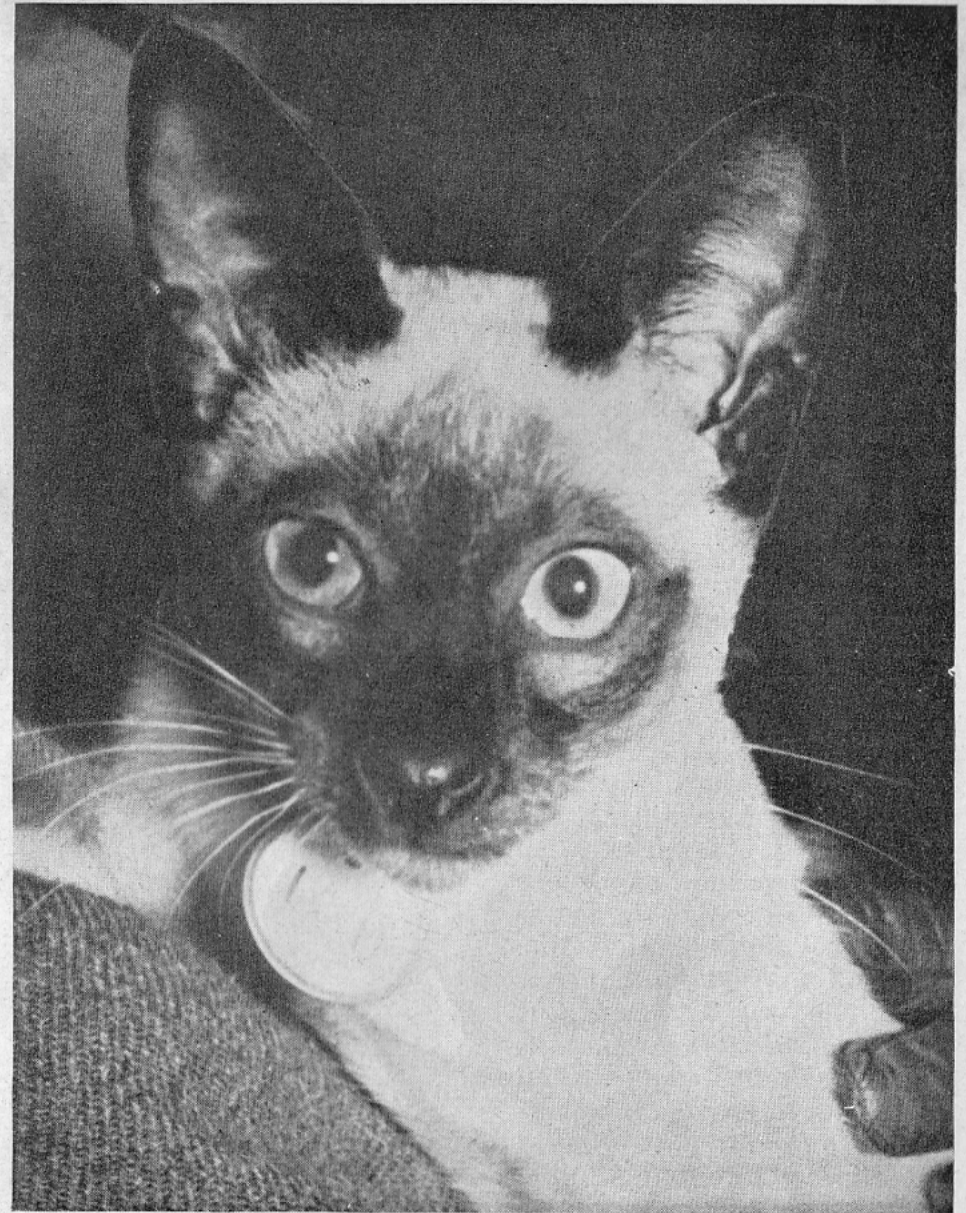
Prepared at The Wellcome Research Laboratories

A BURROUGHS · WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



Photograph, Mrs. M. Smith, Leicester

Mr. D. F. Latham's Burmese Female Kit, Sealcoat Bamboula



Photograph, Mrs. M. Smith, Leicester

Milari Banzi, owned by Mrs. V. Watson

PUFF

By MARCELLA KERIN

SHE is eight years old now. A beautiful brindle semi-Persian. Puff is a unique cat. That is rather a sweeping statement but we are convinced of the truth of this statement. She has a lovely silky coat, flecked with white, grey and copper on a dark grey-black background. Her tail is a proud waving plume and she has the typical short fat paws of the Persian. These paws must have claws but certainly we never see them. She has a flat black suede nose and wide low forehead and a pair of great glowing green eyes that can look black on occasion.

She is voiceless. True, she opens her mouth, disclosing a fine set of teeth with one gap where her mother hit her, displacing the one and only tooth Puff ever lost during the course of a long and blameless life. She had a good loud miaow when she was a kitten, but when she was a year old she got the dreaded cat flu, and though she recovered, apparently the germ had damaged her throat, for she is quite soundless. She makes all the motions, but nothing happens.

She is utterly unaggressive. Although her mother once actually gave her a mouse,



Puff

bringing it to Puff's very feet, our brave beauty backed away with saucer-like eyes and was obviously scared! On the other hand, she once chased a donkey from the garden.

Though she looks rather wild, she has a most angelic temper and has a most endearing habit of putting one paw round your neck when you pick her up. She will eat literally anything, edible or otherwise. She particularly loves fudge, caramel pudding, lemon meringue, newspapers, coal, *cold cream*, and, on one historic occasion, was quite tight on a saucer of gin and lime!!

She loves everyone but gives the appearance of feline aloofness special to cats with any Persian blood in them. She is quite accustomed to being admired, but only actively responds to her own family.

Puff begs most beautifully and for any length of time. She sits beside you on your chair and uses a velvet paw as hook, managing very unobtrusively to lift almost anything off your plate.

At eight years of age, it is hard to admit that she has never caught anything. This is absolutely true. She has no hunting instinct, although her mother was a first-class ratter. Her mother always hated and despised poor Puff on this account, and on one occasion displayed horrible cruelty to our gentle beauty. Basil, her mother, brought in a very dead mouse in her mouth, showed it to Puff as usual, and then dropped it in a jam jar and left it there! After some coaxing Puff was prevailed to have a *look* at a mouse, and of course she got so excited that she got her head firmly jammed in the mouth of the jar and nearly killed herself, bouncing the jar on the stone floor trying to release herself. This put her off mice for ever.

Some people say she is only half witted. This is generally said when she lies on her back with both front paws clasped over her nose, her back paws crossed over each other, and a soundless monologue going on. This act goes on for as long as fifteen minutes or even more. Or when she goes right up to

a wall, sits down with her nose pressing against the wall, and starts talking frantically. This too can go on for ages.

She has had many kittens, of which Patch is the most celebrated, but Puff loved them all, and never raised a paw to any of them. They gave her a dog's life, but she took it as always without a murmur. However, when two or three of them attacked her all at once she was not above sitting down on top of them with a thud and ignoring their indignant squawks for minutes at a time while she had a rest.

She has also never spent a night out. She rarely strays far from the garden and can always be called in, but even on the rare occasions when she is absent all the afternoon she never fails to trot home in the evening. I think she is afraid of the dark, but certainly few cats have never spent at least one night out.

She hates other animals in her garden and will chase them out immediately, but has to work up to a rage. When she does get into a rage, she looks very funny, as all her hair stands up and her eyes look like saucers, and she has a most convincing growl that she has to struggle not to let it turn into a purr.

The final proof, if we wanted any, of Puff's uniqueness came some years ago when we had to move house, and, most reluctantly, had to put both cats in a home for three months. Basil after the initial loneliness settled down, but Puff nearly broke her heart. She sat in the back of her cage and the attendant told us that she apparently never moved all day. She never faced outwards and she refused to eat. In alarm, I went to see her, and found her an unhappy bundle of limp fur. She didn't turn round until I spoke and said, "Puff, are you coming home?"

She nearly had a fit with excitement. Need I say that she was back with us that night? For three days she was an active nuisance. If one of us went to the door she hurried after us, terrified that she was going to lose us again, and we found ourselves actually explaining: "Honestly, Puff, I'm only going to get the paper. I'll be back . . ." She would take up her position at the window and watch intently until the missing member of her family turned in the gate, and then off to the front door to see them in safety!!

As I write this, she is sitting on the window ledge gazing out earnestly at a flower that is nodding against the glass. Her head is going up and down with

the motion of the flower, and she looks awfully sweet and awfully silly!!

Leading the life she has: no late nights, no fights, regular meals and plenty of attention, we hope earnestly that she will have many more years ahead of her.

Where we go, she goes, and I have a sneaking suspicion that the reverse also is true. She's nearly always doing something funny and, having no sense of humour, she is even more amusing.

I could write a book about Puff, for she is indeed a most unique character, but will end this short account of our lovely cat by stating with firm conviction that there has *never* been a cat like Puff!!

MR. TABBS CAME FOR CHRISTMAS—*from page 5*

was to be the last; as the war came, and the bombs, and we all went our separate ways.

And, too the old home was peopled with strange folk, who had no time for our little pals, who had padded up and down the garden, and around the house.

But I hope they, and Mr. Tabbs visit there in spirit at Christmas, for we so often recall the scare we had with our little guest each holiday.

YOUR CATS AND MINE—

from page 12

"Strange as it may sound, although only born yesterday morning, to-night when they crawled across the bedding to their mother they were actually using their hind legs, not the usual 'stomach flounder' of new kits but actually putting their hind legs down correctly, but of course they fall over every time. It's very clever, but I rather fancy they will be out and about a little *too* soon! My other queen has not long to go—just where to put her I haven't decided. The Siamese are in what is normally the Distaff sleeping pen, Aphrodite is in the Maternity Box—well wired in, as she doesn't realise she should stay in with her offspring. I expect we shall find a corner somewhere, though I rather suspect my bed has been earmarked by Madam. After all, it's nice and soft and it is rather an event becoming a mother a few days after becoming a grandmother. Fortunately I have a week's holiday then, so will be able to organise things.

"I simply loved the little Burmese on the News Letter, didn't you? It is interesting to get news of the breed, and I do hope the News Letter will continue and be a success. It grieves me very much that I am unable to have a Burmese yet—my landlords would have

a fit at six cats! And my neighbours would complain of four calling queens!!

"(Later) Since writing the foregoing, nearly two weeks have passed and Blue Cap has produced three kits. Now each R.B. has one male and two females. The Siamese, with two of each, rather shows off at times!

"Unfortunately the little Siamese have developed a skin trouble round the neck due to lack of Vitamin C, which they now have to take for two weeks. As they are about eight weeks old, it seems I shall have them on my hands some while. They are not at all sick, just *full* of life and energy and good eaters.

"Aphrodite's kits at two weeks are climbing in and out of their bed—their eyes were opened early without any trouble and they are fine big kits. Their mother feeds them at night—but spends the day with the Siamese in the pen outside. 'Grandma' is in with her own kits, and every now and again pops out to her grandchildren, gives them a feed and a wash, and then back to her own! At first I wasn't very keen, but she seems about able to cope with six kits and her own have most of her company, and all night too, so I do not think it matters. The young mother certainly has very little milk, and it would mean helping her out, as the

Siamese refuses to assist, despite her good supply, and her kits are self-supporting now. Anyway, Granny has it all sorted out *and* a system! My friend has just left me and I have been advertising my room. It is amazing how people hate the idea of cats. I really wonder if I should advertise it in *Cats and Kittens*; it seems improbable I shall let it before the next issue.

"I am afraid I haven't had time to write my last article or to interview the next cat. The weather has been so hot, and with this large family and my job, time for concentration is limited.

"I forgot to say that one of Blue Cap's females has double-jointed hind legs and she was born with them out behind and the pads held upwards and claws deeply clutched. I thought she would have to be destroyed, but the vet says she is double-jointed, but they must not be allowed to 'set' that way. So whenever possible I have to fold them up correctly. This is very difficult—not to do, but to keep that way—but I think the great thing is to keep them moving and not to get rigid. At about 3-4 weeks she is going to be strapped up and it will be interesting to see the result. This looks a nice litter so I do hope it will stay that way.

"She does bend the 'knee' at times when lying sideways feeding, but it is very hard to get her pad flat because of her claws being so tightly held. Still, I am obviously born to have trouble, and wonder what disaster is in store for Aphrodite's healthy-looking kits!

"I must stop now as I have to prepare supper. What fun when all 15 are running around! Let's hope the Siamese will go before then. Though I shall miss them—the one with the kink is so full of life and intelligence that I prefer him to the others, and shall really miss him, kink and all."

I was very amused to see my little Chinki Roimond in a show report as Roiki Chinmond, and Mrs. Macaulay's Kyneton Chabagi as Kyneton Cabbage. Well, well!

Life is never dull when one owns cats. I went out to collect Prinny, my young male, after his run. I called, as he usually comes running very obediently. I could hear him crying, but could not see him. I looked around and to my amazement he was perched right on the corner of the gable of the house. I talked to him and tried to coax him to a lower part of the roof, so that he could jump on to the annexe and so down, but he seemed afraid. Unfortunately the builder who was working here

Please turn to page 32

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

South Weald,
Essex.

Dear Editor,

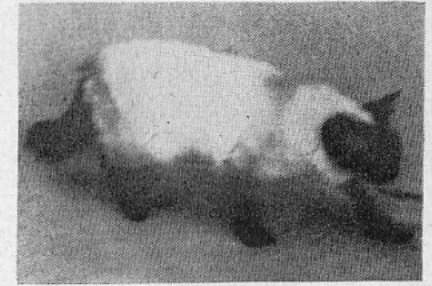
I am wondering if the following would be of interest. Having been given a pair of fantails, we were rather worried as to how our little cat would react to them. We housed the birds in a barrel-shaped cote on a long pole and netted them in for the time being. All this, however, did not deter Mistress Puss, and three times during the first day or two she was discovered on the top of the cote and trying to get through the netting. Each time she was well scolded and brought indoors. And then our gardener, the old-fashioned type and full of country lore, said that if a length of hose pipe is laid on the ground round the pole no cat will pass over it. This was done. Next time puss paid a visit that way we watched. She took a sniff at the hose and passed on. It has certainly worked. But why? There seems no rhyme nor reason. I'm wondering if any of your other readers have heard of anything like it.

Yours sincerely,
L. Gadd (Miss).

Gurutalawa.

Dear Editor,

I was very pleased to see my letter about Sappho in the last



Sappho

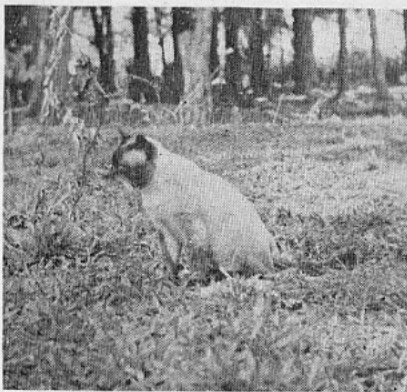
issue. I have some new snapshots of the three cats: Biji, aged 10; Birra or Bira, his son, aged 4; and Sappho, now 5.

I am very much enjoying staying with my brother and sister-in-law; it is lovely up here in the hills.

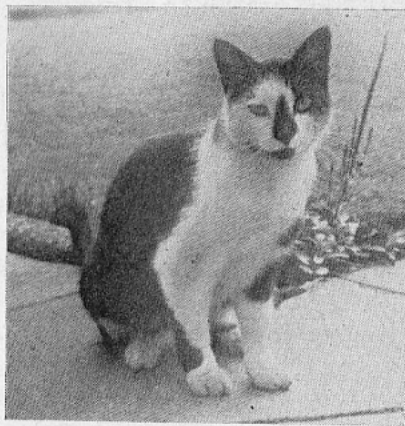
I found Biji smaller with age but still a roamer. Everybody spoils him and he loves having a fuss made of him, but he is off to the village at the first chance. He comes back sometimes with various troubles (bad paws and canker in the ear) but recovers from them with extra attention and rest.

Birra (or Bira), his son (aged 4), is a fine cat with a good short coat and a comically short tail. He has a big head and large blue eyes and a piratical expression. He can be affectionate, but is usually independent. Sappho is very well, and still temperamental, but very fond of Mrs. Hayman. She has a lovely semi-long cream coat with good Siamese mark-

LETTERS AND PICTURES



Biji



Whiskers

ings, and a rather fluffy tail. Sappho rules Biji very severely, but Birra sometimes fights her if she is too annoying. Sappho and Biji are very good friends really.

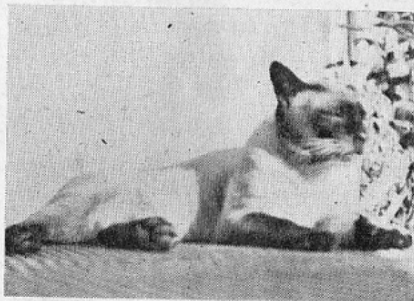
All three cats sleep in my brother and sister-in-law's room when they wish, and one or two of the Siamese usually share my sister-in-law's rest. Once she had all three, a rather anxious proceeding, as Biji sometimes fights his son and we have to keep them apart a good deal.

Birra often sleeps in my room in the daytime or in the sun in the garden.

All the cats are very difficult to photograph as they pose beautifully when they are indoors or if the light is very bad.

Yours sincerely,

M. Hayman.



Bira

Little Hulton,
Nr. Manchester.

Dear Editor,

I am a regular reader of your lovely magazine and you have kindly printed snaps of both my pets, Ginger and her tortoiseshell daughter Susie.

I wonder if you could find room for a friend's pet, Tiger, and his black and white friend from next door, Whiskers. They are both beautiful cats,

TO THE EDITOR

although to me *all* cats are just lovely.

I feed some strays every day in Manchester, and to see them waiting in the same spot for me to open my bag and produce their breakfast gives me no end of pleasure, and starts my day in a happy mood.

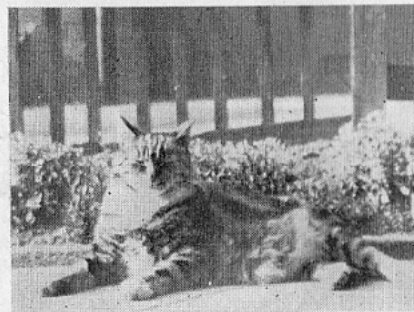
Yours sincerely,

Doris Norbury.

Littlehampton, Sussex.

Dear Editor,

I wonder if you can find room in your Features pages for the pictures of my two furry pets Sandy and Hibou ("Boo" for short); fast friends in spite of difference in age and type, and great characters. An amusing trick by Hibou (Sudanese for "sand") and one evidently inherited from his mother, is tearing up paper and throwing it in the air, "big brother" Sandy looking on with dignified benevolence. I call the line round Sandy's neck his "may-



Tiger



"Boo"

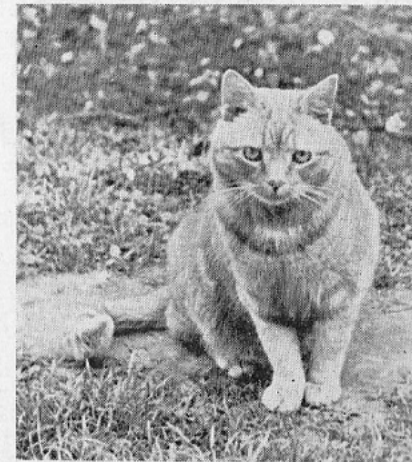
oral chain," and his tail has a perfect creamy tip, just as if he had dipped it in a cream jug.
Leonora Fry.

Cancell Road, S.W.9.

Dear Editor,

As a matter of interest, I should like to record our experience with our two Persian cats.

On account of my husband's acceptance of a benefice in the London area the family had to move from Buxton, in



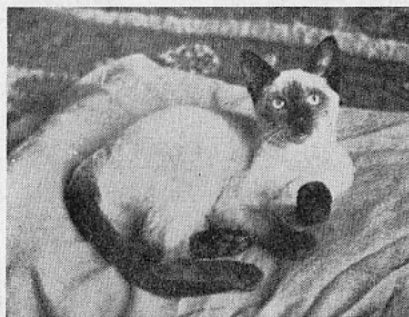
Sandy

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Derbyshire, to London. We had our Labrador dog and two Persian cats. Our friends commiserated with us over our precious pussies. Dogs, they said, were attached to people, whilst cats were very much attached to places and would never settle in a new home.

We tried to get homes for them in the town or on a farm, but without success. Our friends again told us we should get them put to sleep, but this did not appeal to us as a solution. To add to our worry, we were to leave Buxton, dump our goods and chattels in London, and go on holiday before returning to settle in our new parish.

In the end we decided to take dog and cats with us wherever we went and hope for the best. To our amazement all three animals settled with us, first for four days in London, then three weeks in Norfolk, and back again in London. The pussies never

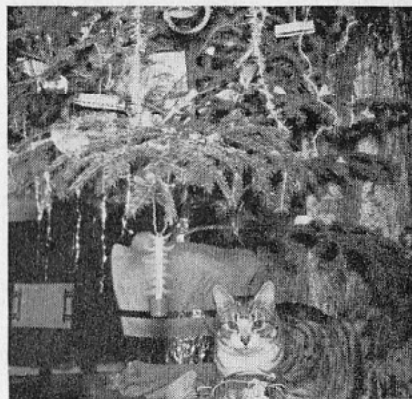


Tarden Tudorina, owned by Mrs. Guy

seemed to want to stray away from us or return to their old haunts.

I think our pussies have exploded the theory that cats always return to their former home and will not settle in a new one. They are happy and contented with us and their new surroundings.

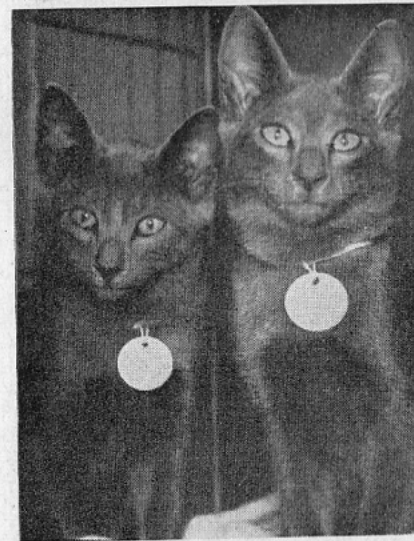
A. E. Wallace.



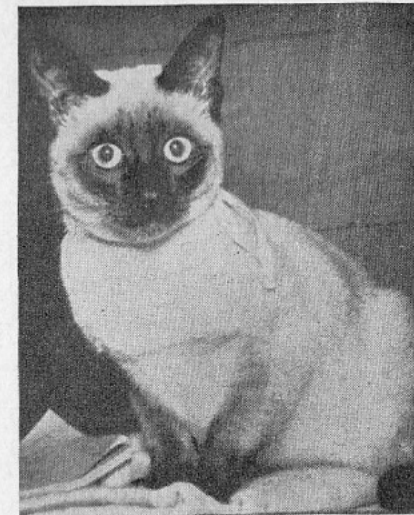
KITTY KEEPS GUARD

Kitty, pet of Pauline and Linda Young, of Windsor, Berks, keeps guard by the Christmas tree on the eve of the great day. The tree has been gaily decorated with tinsel, glass balls and silver bells, coloured lights and little presents, and Pauline and Linda have gone happily to bed. Kitty is known to them as Miss Kitty Paws, lover of water, and champion marble player. She catches every one, no matter how quickly you throw it.

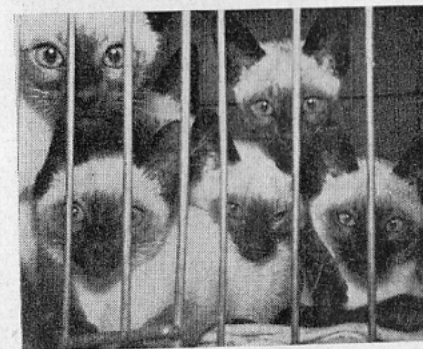
TO THE EDITOR



Two Russian Blues belonging to Mrs. Watson of Matlock



Seiga of the North
Owned by Madame Dolli



First Prize Litter at the Herts & Middlesex Cat Club Show, owned by Mrs. Taylor

Cowper, Shelley, Lamb, Swinburne, Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were all cat lovers who have written appreciatively about them.

Among the more modern poets, Harold Monro has described the ecstasy of the cat over a saucer of milk:

She nestles over the shining rim,
Buries her chin in the creamy sea;
Her tail hangs loose; each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee.

Richard Church presents an amusing picture of the obstinacy and heedlessness of the erring cat who, despite the frantic calls of his mistress, will not come in!

PUSS IN BOOKS—*from page 16*

scribed some of his favourites in the "History of the Cattery of Cat's Eden." Merrick,

MINNIE COME HOME

By RHONA DURHAM

IT is popularly considered that cats are creatures of habit, and that what applies to one applies equally to all. When, therefore, you have mastered a few basic rules, all is plain sailing and you are all set to become a successful cat owner. Such, however, is far from being the case, and the only certain thing about cats is that as a genus they are completely unpredictable.

One of the shibboleths is that cats prefer to stay out all night, hence the old joke about winding the cat and putting the clock out! Try leaving your kitchen window open, and I guarantee you will find even old Tom in your armchair when you come downstairs.

They must not be well fed or they will become lazy and catch no mice. This is sheer cruelty to the cat, because there may not be any mice to catch and even if there are they are not a very nourishing diet for a well-grown cat who likes her daily quarter pound of best English steak.

They are more attached to places than people. This is another myth regarding this already mystic animal. Certainly all cats love their homes,

with their favourite escape holes, scratching places and points of vantage for sleeping or surveying, but they can be equally attached to human beings.

I once had a cat named Minnie, a large tabby. We had just moved to Broadstairs from London, and discovered to our horror that we had brought a mouse along in one of the packing cases. We sent out a frantic S.O.S. for a kitten, but none were forthcoming. The only reply we had was from a near-by farmer, who offered us a full grown farm cat. He doubted, however, whether she would stay with us, especially as her own home was so near.

Well, Minnie arrived, was given a good meal, and introduced to a well-upholstered basket by the fireside. Surprisingly, she condescended to occupy it. The next two days elicited the fact that she would eat nothing but raw fish, with the exception of a little chicken when available. So every morning a fine fresh herring was procured for her.

By the end of three weeks we were really fond of Minnie, who was a most intelligent cat. She quickly learnt that a boiling kettle had a very fine feline habit of spitting, and

would hurry to tell us as soon as it started "purring." On one occasion my friend felt repeated little pats on her ankle, and looking down discovered that Minnie had somehow thrust her arm through her collar, which was too loose. Although she had then only been with us a few days, she knew where to go for help and how to ask for it. Then two days before Christmas Minnie disappeared. Of course, we concluded she had gone back to her home, as the farmer had prophesied she would—but no! and all enquiries failed to provide any clue as to where she might be. Our house was near the cliffs, and we could only suppose that she had met with some accident.

Only three weeks, yet our Christmas was saddened by the thought of her loss, and we missed her kind maternal presence on our hearth. From time to time we went to the door and called her, but the familiar reply never came. Sadly we put out her Christmas dinner of turkey and a saucer of milk. But no Minnie.

About midnight we opened the back door to fetch some coal from the shed, when sud-

denly a streak of black lightning shot past us, and in rushed Minnie—straight to her dining place, nearly choking in her effort to drink and eat at the same time. Only then was she able to turn her attention to us, overwhelming us with ecstatic purrs, bites and kisses. Not till she followed us into the lounge did we realise how terribly footsore she was, and all the next day she could do nothing but sleep. How far can a cat travel in three days and nights? It must have been a long, long way to make her pads so sore. And by what mysterious radar did she find her home?

Our theory is that she had been picked up by a cat stealer, popped in a bag, and when released had bitten him so that he had to let her go. For Minnie's only fault was that she was given to biting, and although she never really hurt us, she left us in no doubt that she both could and would if necessary.

But—and this is an interesting point—it was to us, her beloved family of a bare three weeks, that she returned, rather than to her former owner, who lived only a stone's throw away.

YOUR CATS AND MINE—*from page 24*

had just gone and I was alone. He had left his ladder, but I just could not negotiate this and without anyone to hold it. The light was going, so I decided to go in and prepare the cats' meals. When I went out with the first ones Prinny came jumping down off the annexe roof. I was very delighted, though I can't help wondering how he did it, and it must have been very cold up there, as there was a stiff breeze. I hope he has the sense not to repeat the performance.

The Midland Counties Show, managed by Mr. and Mrs. W. Lamb, was a very enjoyable event and attracted some lovely exhibits. I enjoyed judging the Siamese kittens and particularly liked Mrs. Watson's seal point male kitten, Milori Banzi. He was my best kit, a very typey boy, with lovely big ears, deep blue eye colour, long whip tail and fine bone. Another nice S.P. kit and First in his open class, was Mrs. Lowe's Tarden Tilly Tally. I particularly liked his lovely shade of violet blue eye colour. Miss Lant's Beaumanor Latimer also caught my eye and was First in her open class, as was Dr. Wilkinson's Biancha. Mr. Russell was exhibiting some very nice blue point kittens



Champion Spotlight Troubadour, owned and bred by Mr. Richard Warner, gained his third certificate at the Midland Counties Cat Club Show.

and I liked Ruselon Fernishena Zi, a male who was First in his open class. Mrs. Clarke showed a delightful chocolate point kitten with beautiful eye colour, lovely soft cream coat and excellent whip tail. He was First in his open class. Mrs. Matthewson showed a Burmese female in perfect condition, who was First and Ch. in her open class. Mrs. Roberts' beautiful Abyssinian female was Best S.H. Exhibit, and a really good specimen of the breed. Mrs. Budd's Nidderdale Bumble, a British Blue, was a really handsome and charming exhibit, with his close blue fur and lovely orange eyes. I liked Mrs. Lamb's S.P. male Causeway Pita very much. His coat was beautifully pale for an adult male and his eyes a lovely deep blue. The Best Long Hair adult was Mrs. Herod's Carrig Cymro, a white,

orange-eyed male. Best Long Hair kitten was Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Enchanting, a blue Persian. Best S.H. kit was Miss Portney's Silver-stripe Zebra, a silver tabby male. Best L.H. neuter was Mrs. Crickmore's Ch. Thiepval Snowcloud. Best S.H. neuter

was Mrs. Digney's Quantock's Petroc.

I am thoroughly enjoying the long evenings. The kittens are most interesting and a great joy. Their little ways are so pretty. It will soon be time for some of them to go to new homes, and I shall be sorry.

BLUE NOTES—*from page 9*

As an exhibitor this time, and up at 4 a.m. on October 22nd to drive to the Midland Counties Cat Club's Ch. Show held at Birmingham.

On our arrival at the hall we found the heating system had broken down, and it was bitterly cold. Fortunately all the exhibits had nice warm blankets and didn't seem to mind the cold. I had a field day with my Cream kitten Ronada Rondevous, who won First in his Open Class and won the honour of Best Cream Kitten. I only entered him in four classes, and he won three Firsts and a Second. His sister, a Blue-Cream, Ronada Prudence, won a First and two Seconds. Mrs. Edwards won another Premier with her Blue Ronada Misty Lavender, so it

was a field day for the Ronadas! Rondevous and Prudence were sired by my own stud Pennhome Pierre, dam Mayblossom of Pensford.

Best L.H. Kitten was again awarded to Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Enchanting. Best Blue Male Adult was Mrs. Bembow's Bayhorne Ajax. Best Female, Mrs. McVady's Gaydene Genevieve. Genevieve now becomes a full Champion.

Another very happy show, despite the cold. We stopped on our way home and had a tot of whiskey, which soon warmed us up!

On our arrival home Rondevous also indulged in a saucer of warm milk to which had been added a few drops of whiskey, and he seems none the worse for his day's outing.

BUCHI CATS—*from page 8*

Matisse; or by Henri Rousseau, who liked exotic and grotesque woods and patterns.

Caravaggio preferred to paint pictures worthy of the best brains in the Criminal Investigation Dept., of life in the rough and tumble quarters.

Equally skilled was Magnascio, who delighted in vivid and exaggerated characters of puppets and mime.

I have noticed people going round the fashionable art exhibitions, with hardly more than a fleeting glance at the story to be seen, and quite unable to detect the crime, or appreciate

the detailed brushwork on the cat's coat.

The other day I parked the Rover in a side street and asked a passer-by if she could tell me if there was a Continental cake shop in the town.

She thought for a moment and then said, "Och, Aye! The wee cafe housie."

When eventually I got there it chanced to be a "Vienna Haus," with a cat in a coat of assorted colours licking its lips in front of a window of delicatessens such as dreams are made of.

Just as I had selected my dream cake, it gave me a nod and moved on.

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CATS AT STUD—See separate announcement

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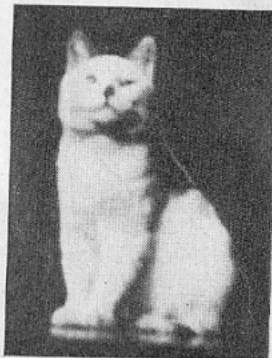
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