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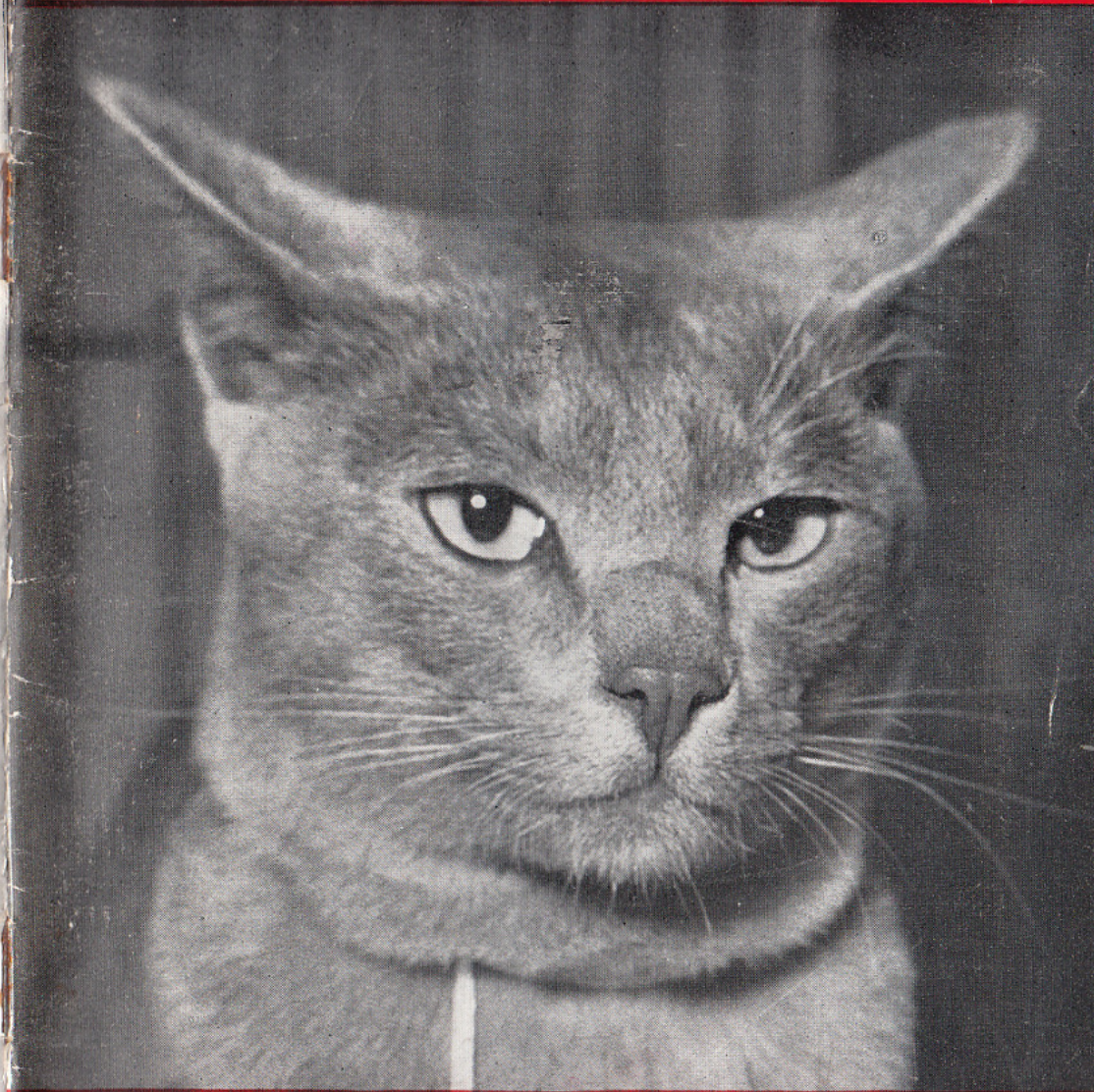
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# CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



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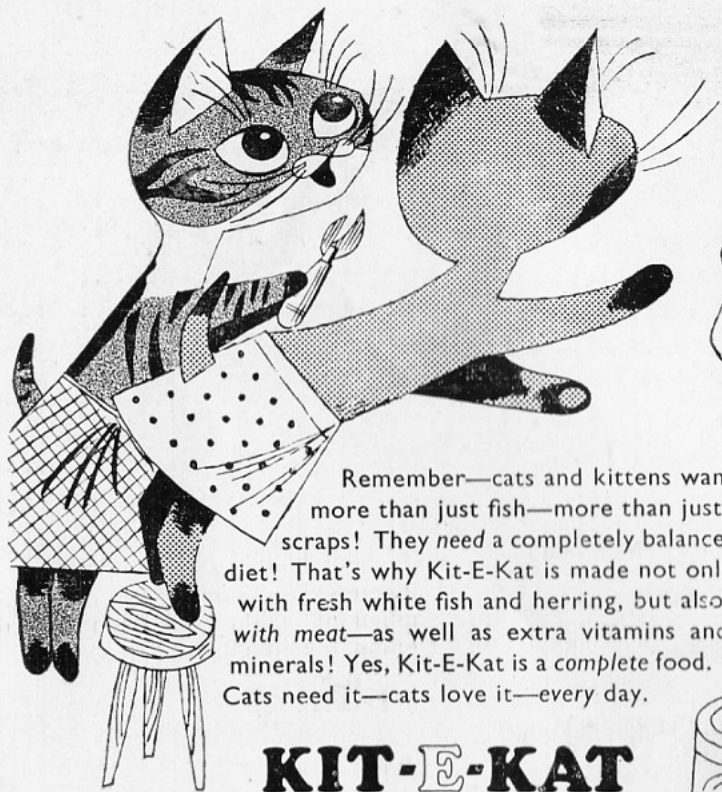
JANUARY

1956

MONTHLY



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# 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

JANUARY, 1956

## CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

THESE notes are being written two days before Christmas, 1955, and naturally our thoughts go out to our many readers, not only in this country, but in North America and many other countries throughout the world, where we have a splendid band of friends who take our magazine and who at this time of the year we like to regard as members of our own little family party.

But, looking ahead a little, we realise that this magazine will reach you in the New Year, so is it not a proper time to wish everyone of you, collectively and singularly, a very happy and prosperous New Year?

Not for the first time have we said that cats enrich our lives, and whether we own a humble little cat with no long pedigree or one of the aristocrats of the feline race, we all find, I am sure, that there is no difference in the fundamental bond of affection and understanding between all these cats and their owners. In this it is unique, dogs and their masters share much affection we feel sure, but notice the word masters. The cat owns to no master and the cat accepts our affection and understanding and returns it for no other reason than that it responds to the same cords as ourselves. Therein lies its uniqueness,

therein lies its charm and that charm is the explaining reason for the strange and important place which the cat holds in our household. For the damage, upset and inconvenience which we put up with, not always gladly, but about which we seldom complain.

Summing up and quoting from a Christmas card from one of our subscribers, Miss V. M. Riches of London, "Greetings from three cats and their mum." This is the kind of relation we have with our cats and that goes for all readers of "Cats and Kittens" we feel sure.

Ginger collects a feather. Our flick-strip at the foot of pages 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 is from a wonderful series of photographs by E. E. Steele of Lincoln.



## GUILTY or NOT GUILTY

By ANNE DAWSON

HOW still he sits at my feet, a black velvet silhouette; he might almost be asleep, yet his eyes are open, his green gaze tranquil and serene, at peace with himself and the world; truly an enviable state in this atomic age. Although a mere baby, his new placidness suggests the wisdom of a sage, yet he's been robbed of the great primeval urge called Sex.

The difference but a short week ago! He would cry to go

out, his body tense, a wild restless look in his eyes of green fire, and, on the door being opened, he would flee, as if possessed by ten devils, etched in moonlight over the walls and outbuildings. There would be no reply to my calls at bedtime, but if awake in the small hours, his pure tenor voice could often be heard rising plaintively from a cats' concert, in his role as the Vagabond Lover. Then, the

*Please turn to page 11*

## A Famous West Country Feline

By DORIS M. HODGES

THERE is a house in a residential area of the city of Bristol where the occupants, who are as houseproud as any could be, refuse to allow a single article of furniture to be moved, even by so little a margin as a thousandth of an inch.

The people in the house, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Swatton, have not had a holiday away from home for many years. They can never go out together at night, though there are no children, invalids, or elderly folk in this house. The postman regularly delivers letters bearing the stamps of countries far and wide all over the world, and in the dining-room of this particular house there is a striking, very handsome portrait in oils hanging, but this portrait is not of any human being.

Every week either Mr. or Mrs. Swatton buy quite large quantities of steak, eggs, liver, and glucose, but they do not consume them themselves, and surprisingly little of their money is spent, when necessities have been purchased, on special luxuries.

The portrait before mentioned can, so Mrs. Swatton mentioned in a recent newspaper article which appeared in a Bristol paper, be loaned

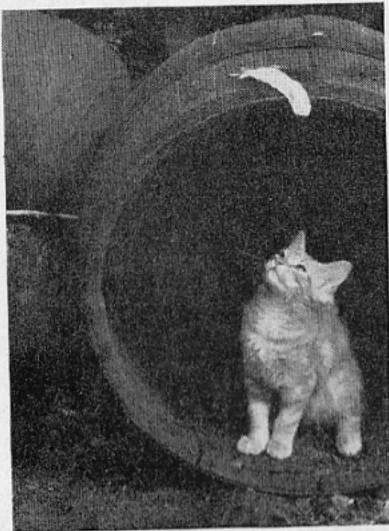
for exhibition to help local animal charities and appeals for funds. To her home also come small gifts of money. In fact, she paid to have the picture painted by a local artist and animal-lover out of the money she has collected from these latter gifts, with this very object in mind. For the money, sent to her from all over the world from those who love animals, come on behalf of a blind but loved and faithful friend of the Swattons—Whisky their black-and-white cat.

The Swattons have had Whisky for very many years, and though he is blind, he enjoys life very much. When Whisky's story first appeared in local newspapers, many people wrote in saying that they thought it was not quite kind to keep a blind cat, and that, from humanitarian motives, Whisky should be destroyed. Others suggested that it was perhaps a misspending of time and money to look after so faithfully, and at the cost of so much personal self-sacrifice, just—a cat!

But to kindly Mr. and Mrs. Swatton, and all who have ever given their heart to a feline friend, a cat is more than just an animal with four legs—it

is something which gives devotion, companionship, and fidelity to mankind, and which, on occasion, can display remarkable powers of self-sacrifice itself. Because Whisky is blind, and must, with his paws, feel his way around the house, that furniture in the Swatton home is always kept in place, and that, of course, is the reason why his owners never leave him alone in the house, since, lacking sight, he might injure himself. It is for him that the luxury foods are ordered each week, and his is the portrait which has pride of place in the drawing-room of their home.

Though he is now a big, healthy-looking cat, with a friendly, smiling countenance—Whisky, in the past, has had several severe illnesses, which Mrs. Swatton had nursed him



through with devoted attention. Several times he has nearly died, but Whisky evidently has a fighting spirit, despite his handicap. Concerning the point as to whether it is kind to keep an animal—especially such an animal as a cat, which by its very nature is extraordinarily independent and self-reliant—which is blind, Whisky's owner consulted the veterinary surgeon who has looked after the black-and-white feline. The surgeon assured her that there was no reason why Whisky should not continue to enjoy life, despite this handicap.

So Whisky, who from his photographs and portrait, certainly appears sleek and healthy, lives with his kindly owners, who look upon him, of course, as a very special pet, and are proud of the fame he has gathered unto himself. If, on account of his blindness and his many illnesses, he has used up many of the proverbial "Nine Lives" allotted to our feline friends, he is evidently determined to make the most of those which remain! In summer he basks in the garden in the sunshine; unlike others of his breed, he is not tormented by the cries of the sparrows and thrushes and other traditional enemies such as mice and rats, for, of course, he has no need to hunt and kill them for a living! And when he is carried

into the garden, who knows, probably they seeing him there, look upon Whisky as a friend whose claws will never be raised against them.

In winter he can sit beside the fire, or roam contentedly around this house, whose routine is so uniquely and lovingly planned around his welfare and happiness. If there are people—and there are indeed some, as Mr. and Mrs. Swatton know from the letters they receive

and the comment which was aroused when Whisky's story appeared in a local newspaper—who look with displeasure and even anger upon such care and concern lavished upon a cat, one who is herself a confirmed and ardent cat-lover can only reply that no love and protection bestowed upon our domestic creatures, who, in the lower scale of evolution, are those "Little Brothers" whom the great St. Francis bade us love, can ever be wasted.

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## CLUBLAND CATS

By DOROTHEA ST. HILL BOURNE

LIVING in the heart of Mayfair are two of London's most distinguished club-land cats. They are Timmy and Nigger, of the Sesame Club, Grosvenor Street.

Timmy has been a prominent member of the club staff for well nigh fifteen years. The number of his friends and acquaintances must run into thousands.

Until age and infirmity—not to mention a bad motor accident, after which he was unconscious for several days—put a brake on his activities, he used to take his daily constitutional in Hyde Park, crossing Park Lane with dignity while the constable on duty held up the traffic for him.



Now, although surprisingly active for his years, he spends the greater part of his time comfortably dozing in his quarters on the top floor of the club.

The office is his reception room, and the well heated linen room his bedroom.

There has been a slight contretemps recently. Up to now Timmy and Nigger have chosen whichever chairs they fancied, but, since an important member of the club committee rose from her seat wearing a tabby fur coat which she had definitely not been wearing before she sat down, a decree has gone forth that the cats are to have their own chairs and leave all others for their, so-called, betters.

Timmy, having no further use for part of his thick tabby coat, cannot see why any one should not be grateful for his cast-off furs, and is inclined to be huffy about it. He does not really approve of the comfortable basketwork chairs which, having been turned out of the cocktail bar recently when it was given a "new look," have now been installed in the office.

A card is fixed to the back of each bearing the name of its respective cat owner. The effect is that of chairs reserved for the director or stars on a

film set or of special seats on a platform for distinguished visitors. The cats, however, see through this plan and obviously resent not being allowed to pick their own seats as before.

A difficulty has also arisen over the reading of the name cards. Nigger insists that he is "no scholar" and can't read very well. Consequently he is apt to mistake Timmy's chair for his own and to appropriate it.

This is a further source of disgust to the Senior Cat, for Timmy has always been inclined to give himself airs and to remind Nigger that he was originally only a poor raid refugee, taken in out of kindness in the blitz. Timmy retires in high dudgeon to his bed in the linen room, scorning Nigger's vacant chair. Curling up, he forgets the perfidy of the human race and other upstart cats in deep and peaceful slumber.

The first qualification for a Club Secretary is, of course, according to the cats, that she should be thoroughly cat minded.

In this they are lucky, for Miss Dorothy Thompson, the present secretary, is, if possible, an even greater cat lover than her predecessor, Mrs. Blanche Turnbull, while Miss Taylor, the assistant secretary, is at all times their devoted slave.

The cats' meals are sent up from the club kitchens and served in their own apartments. No members are more particular about their food than the cats, who have their own individual preferences and insist on them being observed.

Timmy considers it his duty still to make periodic inspections of the whole club premises in case any invading mouse has crept in unobserved. He likes, too, to visit his friends the hall porters and other members of his staff and to nod patronisingly to acquaintances among the members.

The stairs are an ever increasing tax on his stiffening limbs and he mainly uses the lift when on his tours of inspection.

Unfortunately he cannot reach the brass buttons to work it for himself, or doubtless he would do so, for he seems to understand the mechanism; but what are members and staff for if not to do his behests?

Waiting by the gates until a likely slave appears, he indicates that he wishes to ascend or descend, as the case may be, steps in when the gates are opened, and calmly alights when his selected floor is reached.

It will be a sad day for the Club when the two old cats are not there to welcome visitors and to give an air of

*Please turn to page 25*

## LITTLE GREY PUSS

By JANET C. BUTLER, S.R.N.

WHEN I was doing relief Night Sister's duties, I met little Grey Puss. She is beautifully marked in light and dark grey stripes and she has a white dickie and paws.

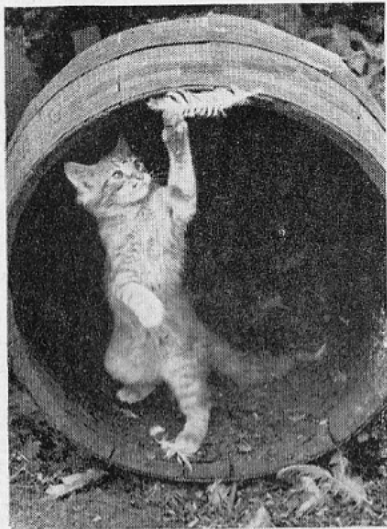
I don't know who told her that a woman who liked cats was in the building, but somehow she knew. I found her in my office one night, and after ignoring her and leaving a saucerful of milk around, she decided to allow me to stroke her.

After that I wrote my reports with her curled up on my chair behind me, or sometimes sitting on the desk purring like a small engine. Everyone was surprised, because she was a

wild little stray who lived in the hospital boilerhouses and outbuildings, and fed out of the dustbins. When the other Night Sister was on duty she was never seen indoors.

Every night when I started my first rounds on the ground-floor wards, I met her sliding along the corridor like a shadow, hiding under radiators and skipping the lighter patches. When she saw me coming she would come boldly out into the light and advance with her tail in the air and greet me with little cries of welcome.

The orderlies and night nurses could never get near her. She was suspicious and wary of them and my friendship with her made some of them determined they, too, would make friends with her, but they did not succeed. She was an accomplished thief and sometimes on the nights when I was on duty, sardines, or meat, would vanish off ward kitchen tables where the nurses prepared their supper. Some of them looked for the grey shadow with anything but good intentions, but when she was with me she knew she was safe; she took no notice of her other-time enemies but would walk in the light with quite a cocky air. Secretly I was often



amused by some of the looks she attracted.

One night I missed Grey Puss. I did my ground floor rounds with no sign of her, and I was worried in case some of her misdeeds had caught up with her. I went upstairs and did not use the lift in case she was waiting for me in some dark corner. At the top of the stairs I met a doctor, and stopped to talk to him. Suddenly we both heard a funny purry-miew yell repeated in an urgent sort of way several times, not very loud but quite definitely something important.

I went back downstairs and at the corner leading into the corridor I met Grey Puss. Behind her, walking on three legs was a black cat, large, dusty coated, broken eared. He turned to flee when he saw me and Grey Puss doubled back to him and purry-miewed again, then turned and ran towards me in her usual welcoming way.

I watched the old Tom out of the tail of my eye as I scratched her head and talked to her, and she purred and arched herself. He paused and looked over his shoulder. A nurse came along to see if I wanted anything and he prepared to run again. I told her to hide herself, and watched Grey Puss go back to him and persuade him towards me. He

came, still running, with a front paw in the air. As soon as I could I lifted him, and although he fuffed and opened his mouth in a fearsome way, he made no attempt to scratch, and I took no notice of his behaviour. He let me look at his paw, which had cinders embedded in it and some slight evidence of burns. Grey Puss sat and did her toilet in an unconcerned sort of way while I treated him.

Afterwards they both ran off down the corridor and out of a side door. Black Tom was walking on all fours and Grey Puss was in the lead.

---

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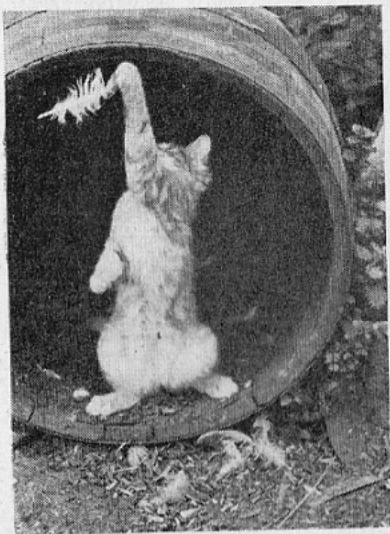
## MEET THE BREEDERS BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE  
BRICE-WEBB

INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

I HAVE received news from Mrs. Kay Nillson, now residing with her husband in Germany, that she exhibited at Dortmund in November. She exhibited Ronada Sunshine, a Blue-Cream bred by myself out of Mayblossom of Pensford, sire Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous. Westbridge Wamba, out of Westbridge Fay, sire Malmary Sonateff, bred by Mrs. Bastow. Also three blue kittens out of Ronada Scheherezade, by international Ch. Southway Wizard.

Sunshine was not shown in England before she went to Germany, but Wamba won



Best Blue Male Kitten at the Notts and Derby Ch. Show 1954.

Mrs. Nillson writes:—"You will be delighted to know that Sunshine won her first Championship Rosette and a gold medal. Will you tell Mrs. Bastow that Wamba came third in the Open Ch. Class and that Mrs. Thompson (judge) said that the first four cats were wonderful and all fit for a championship. My best male kitten came first and the girl came second, so I didn't do too badly. I came home with the C.A.C. Certificate, Rosette, and a gold medal for Sunshine, a silver spoon for Wamba, and a lovely crystal "Cat" ash tray for the kittens. The Press took photographs, and when I get them I'll naturally let you have copies."

It is always pleasing to hear of one's own stock doing so well on the Continent, and I sincerely wish Mrs. Nillson lots of good luck in the future.

Mrs. Robertson kindly sent me a marked catalogue of the Leeds Ch. Show held on November 26th, so I am able

to give you a list of the principal L.H. winners:—Black M. or F.: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Morland's Longovicus Bonnie Berris; Blue Male: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Crickmore's Ch. Thiepval Paragon. Blue Female: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Dugdale's Ch. Foxburrow Faery. Cream Male: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Wilkinson's Bramor Timothy. Chinchilla Male: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Lodge's Terry of Allington. Chinchilla Female: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Lamb's Ch. Finetta of Allington. Tortoiseshell: 1st and Ch., Mrs. Budd's Nidderdale Goldstone. Blue-Cream: 1st and Ch., Miss Palframan's Beamsley Moon Mist.

The L.H. kitten wins are:—Blue M. or F., 3-6 months: 1st, Mrs. Ford's Hazeldene Miranda. Blue M. or F., 6-9 months: 1st, Mrs. Brown's Brickall Venus. Smoke or Silver Tabby: 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Gurney's Doortan Denzil. Chinchilla M. or F.: 1st, Mrs. Murray's Quarrier Andromeda. Blue-Cream: 1st, Mrs. Budd's Nidderdale Passion Flower. Best L.H. Adult: Ch. Finetta of Allington. Best L.H. Kitten: Nidderdale Passion Flower. Best L.H. Exhibit: Ch. Finetta of Allington.

Mrs. Coply, of Lincoln, exhibited at her first cat show (Leeds) and was delighted with her two kittens' wins. Anchusa

Lavessa won two second prizes and Ronada Prunella won a first. I hope Mrs. Coply will continue to show, and win.

My little prize-winning Cream male sails for New Zealand on December 22nd on the S.S. "Ruahine." It will be a sad parting, as we love him very much; he is so gentle and affectionate and has such a sweet expression. My thoughts will be with him every day of his long journey, but I am sure everyone will love Rendezvous and will not want to part with him when he reaches his journey's end.

### GUILTY or NOT GUILTY—

*from page 2*

next day, or even two days later, he would return, long, lean and hungry, ready to use the house once more as a cafe, and rousing me to fury with his uncleanness and smells.

All that belongs to the past. He now browses as peacefully as a Trafalgar Square Lion. He couldn't care less whether he goes out or not. Life for him will henceforth be a series of regular meals, sleep, and affection bestowed by the family. His erotic dreams now centre round fish, and a woman's soft lap, preferably mine.

## YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

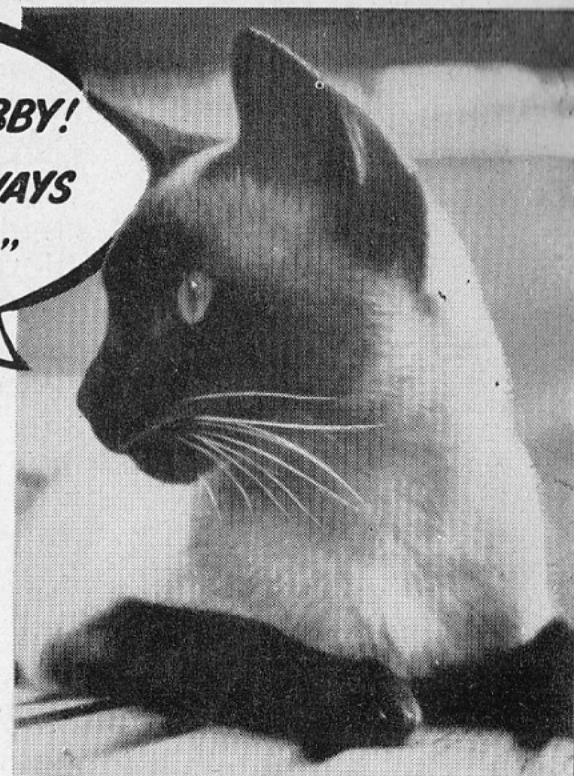
MISS JUNE WELLS kindly sent details of the wins at the Southsea Cat Club's Show. I am afraid I have them a bit out of sequence, but no doubt some of you will be interested to read about the winners. She says: I took both studs and the kitten to the Southsea Show, and it was a wonderful day for me, as Daybreak was again Best S.H. Kitten; but what pleased me most of all was that my chocolate point stud Sayam Zar Prak gained his final Challenge certificate to make him a full Champion. Ch. Killdown Sultan took the most prizes. In all, I had nine firsts, three seconds, two thirds and two V.H.C.'s. Mrs. Dodd

got her second Challenge certificate with Sabukia Sir Galahad. He was again Best S.H. Adult. Mrs. Hindley's Silken Jacaranda was 1st and Ch. in the S.P. females. This makes her a full Champion. Mrs. Todd's Blue point male, Kana-wana Kym, was 1st and Ch. The 1st and Ch. female B.P. was Lamentable Nebula. 1st open choc. point kitten was Mrs. K. R. Williams' Dee Brunetta; 2nd, Mrs. Keene's Killdown Rajah; 3rd, Mrs. Fisher's Blackland Ratsmee and R. Killdown Charmain. It was kind of Miss Wills to send me these details, especially as she arrived home from the show to find an intruder in the house. Fortunately she disturbed him and nothing was taken.

I judged Abyssinians at the Croydon Cat Club's Show in London on November 11, and a very well-run and happy show it was, ably managed by Mr. Towe. My 1st and Ch. Abyss. was Miss Bone's Ch. Heather-pine Juanita, a beautiful female, whose lovely colouring merged perfectly with her underparts. She posed perfectly on her warm blankets as if she knew how lovely she looked and was proud. My 1st Open Abyss. kitten was Mrs. Earnshaw's Nigella Yasmin, a lovely female



**"COME IN, TIBBY!  
YOU'RE ALWAYS  
WELCOME"**



*"I'm a very popular chap, even if I say so myself," said Tibby, the Tibs reporter. "All the cats I visit seem to like me, perhaps because I remind them of Tibs."*

Tibby saw His Feline Majesty Hillcross Cymbal in Wimbledon at the home of Mrs. Towe, Hon. Secretary of the Croydon Cat Club. Mrs. Towe is a great lover of Siamese cats and is a very busy person in the cat world generally. Hillcross Cymbal is the son of Hillcross

Picot who has won no less than 26 show awards.

Mrs. Towe wouldn't let her beautiful Siamese go through one Tib-less day. She believes that Tibs are an absolute necessity and recommends Tibs to all her cat friends and breeders.

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say:

**TIBS** KEEP CATS KITTENISH





of excellent type and colour. 1st and Ch. S.P. male was Mr. Lamb's Causeway Pita, a beautiful cat, with lovely close-lying pale coat, deep blue eyes and excellent whip tail. He was later made best Sh.H. Cat and Best Sh.H. exhibit. 1st and Ch. Female was Miss Jay's Sawat Angelina, a lovely cat with dainty bone and svelte lines and excellent whip tail. 1st open S.P. male kit, 3-6 months, was Miss Wells' Day-break, a kitten of lovely type. He was later Best Sh.H. kitten. In the 6-9 months S.P. male, Mrs. Watson's Milori Banzi was 1st. Mrs. Smith's Burmese male Sablesilk Bimbo was 1st and Ch.

The next results are from the Yorkshire C. Cat Club's championship show. Mr. Watson kindly sent these as I was not there. Burmese adult: 1st and Ch., Chinkie Golden Gay. 1st Open Burmese kitten: Mrs. Watson's Seal Coat Mingyi. Siamese S.P. Adult Male: Mr. Lamb's Causeway Pita. 1st and Ch. Female: Mrs. Biggs' Pristine Mapinwa. 1st (championship withheld) B.P. Male: Mr. Todd's Kanawana Kim. 1st (championship withheld) B.P. Female: Mr. Russell's Russelon Shena. 1st (championship withheld) Siamese kittens, 3-6 months: Mrs. Lowe's Tarden Tilly Tully. 1st, 6-9 months: Mrs. Watson's Milori Banzi. Also best Sh. H. Kit.

From Mrs. Dene comes a very nice letter telling about a Siamese kitten she bought from me. She says: "Just to let you know how Chinta Pearly Prince is getting on. He is the dearest little chap and still has his pale coat. I had him neutered at 5½ months. He is very healthy and strong. He often rushes out across the grass and straight to the top of a 50 ft. elm tree which is in my garden. The first time he did this he was quite a small kitten and I was worried for fear he could not get down, but he was quite at home, and came down with ease. His pet name is Chula, but he's more often called Naughtiness. He is a great favourite with the children down here as he attends all the picnics and bathing parties. He loves to be chased, and I have managed to stop him clawing the furniture. But he knows he has only to start clawing a chair to bring me rushing in and we have a chase all over the house. When I catch him, I intend to scold him, but he looks up to me with his lovely blue eyes, purring loudly, so I give him a cuddle instead. He is very clean, has a beautiful soft coat, and tucks himself into my bed every night. I feel I cannot find enough words to tell you what a dear little companion he is. He sends to you and his mother many happy purrs."

The National Cat Club held their 59th Ch. Show at the Horticultural New Hall in London on Wednesday, December 7th. Personally, I did not like the New Hall as much as the old one. Perhaps we have got used to it, and regard it as "home." Mrs. Grace Pond was the show manager, and in spite of what must have been an extremely busy day, I found her looking as fresh and cool as a cucumber at 4.30 p.m., when I spoke to her. There was a simply wonderful entry of about 450 cats of all breeds. I was especially pleased that Mrs. Waldo-Lamb's Burmese queen, Chinki Golden Goddess, bred by me, got her third Challenge certificate, making her a full champion. She also wins my Chinki Yong Cup for the first Burmese to become a champion in the show season. Mrs. Watson's S.P. male, Milori Oberon was 1st and Ch., and looked very nice. Miss Jay's female, Sawat Angelina, got her 2nd Ch. certificate, and was looking as beautiful as ever. 1st and Ch. Blue Point male was Major and Mrs. Rendall's Missfore Ryken. 1st and Ch. B.P. female was Mrs. Tancock's Chatwyn Silhouette, a most beautiful cat, with lovely long nose and very good eye shape and colour. A well deserved win. I believe this lady also got 1st and Ch. with her Abyssinian female, Blackthorn

Marsala, but I find I have not marked it in my catalogue, though I am sure this is correct. 1st and Ch. Choc. Pt. Siamese was Mrs. Greenaway's female Brenmor Sari. 1st and Premier was Mrs. Hooper's female Pr. Behenta Yu-Phin. 1st Open Male S.P. kitten, 3-5 months, was Mrs. G. Taylor's Tuesho Nai Lek. 1st Open Female S.P. kitten, 3-5 months, was Mrs. Boal's Freefolk Kumaree. 1st Open S.P. male kitten, 5-9 months, Miss D. Wells' Day-break, who has won so well this season. He has now been sold to Mrs. Montgomery and will join Pinland Som Thong and Thong and Thong as a pet. A pity this good kitten will never be used for breeding, as he has such good qualities.

I am afraid I have not marked the 1st female in the 5-9 months class. 1st Open Blue Pt. kitten, male or female, was Dr. and Mrs. Groom's male Nilgiris Blue Antonio. 1st Open Choc. Pt., male or female, was Flt.-Lt. Wilson's female Careless Chloe. These were all the classes I marked. There are so many, one could spend all day at the board. Miss Jay's Sawat Angelina was Best Short Hair Cat and Best Short Hair Exhibit.

We really have wintry weather with us now. It is not so bad when it is dry, but runs

## OUR JAPANESE CATS

By CONSTANCE FERGUSON

WITH sorrow I said good-bye to Woolfly Joe when we left England. He was black and sleek and elegant and did full justice to his start in life on a fountain pen filler (his mother had deserted him at the insufficient age of one week). I thought there was sadness in his long green eyes, too, but he had a good home, so I didn't fret, and said that as soon as I got to Japan I would have another black cat.

When we were settled I approached Cook-san on the subject. "Black cats very lucky in England," I said, thinking a little superstition would appeal to the Eastern mind. He replied that in Japan white cats were lucky and black cats very rare. This oddly seemed true in that contrariwise country where even door-handles turn the wrong way—so I accepted a smooth little white she-cat with one tabby ear and no tail. Most Eastern cats have no, or very little, tail, also they have the rather bony bodies and compelling miouw of the Siamese cats.

The white kitten was christened "Shira," which means white one, and no sooner had she settled down and washed her paws clean than Yasuko, one of the house-girls, proudly

arrived with a wild little ball of black fluff. He was quite irresistible, so we put him on the strength for fish rations and called him "Coura," or black one.

Time went by. Shira grew into a large white cat, and Coura to a size only a little less than a panther. Shira had several litters of kittens, though not so many as English cats. They seemed much weaker than the sturdy British variety and often died in the hot weather. We found enthusiastic homes for all of them, but two were so delightful that I succumbed to the children's pleas and they stayed: a tortoise-shell called by custom Miiko, and a tabby christened Fuji. Fuji means wistaria, but it is the usual name for tabby cats, and the Japanese like even their cats to conform to custom.

Fuji and Miiko never attained the character of their mother. Miiko was always a pretty little cat, with a soothing purr and dainty ways, but Fuji's character took a sad turn for the worse and he lived for his stomach. He was always first in the fish queue, and the last seen lovingly licking the plate, and as he hardly ever left

*Please turn to page 22*



# the Coat tells the Tale

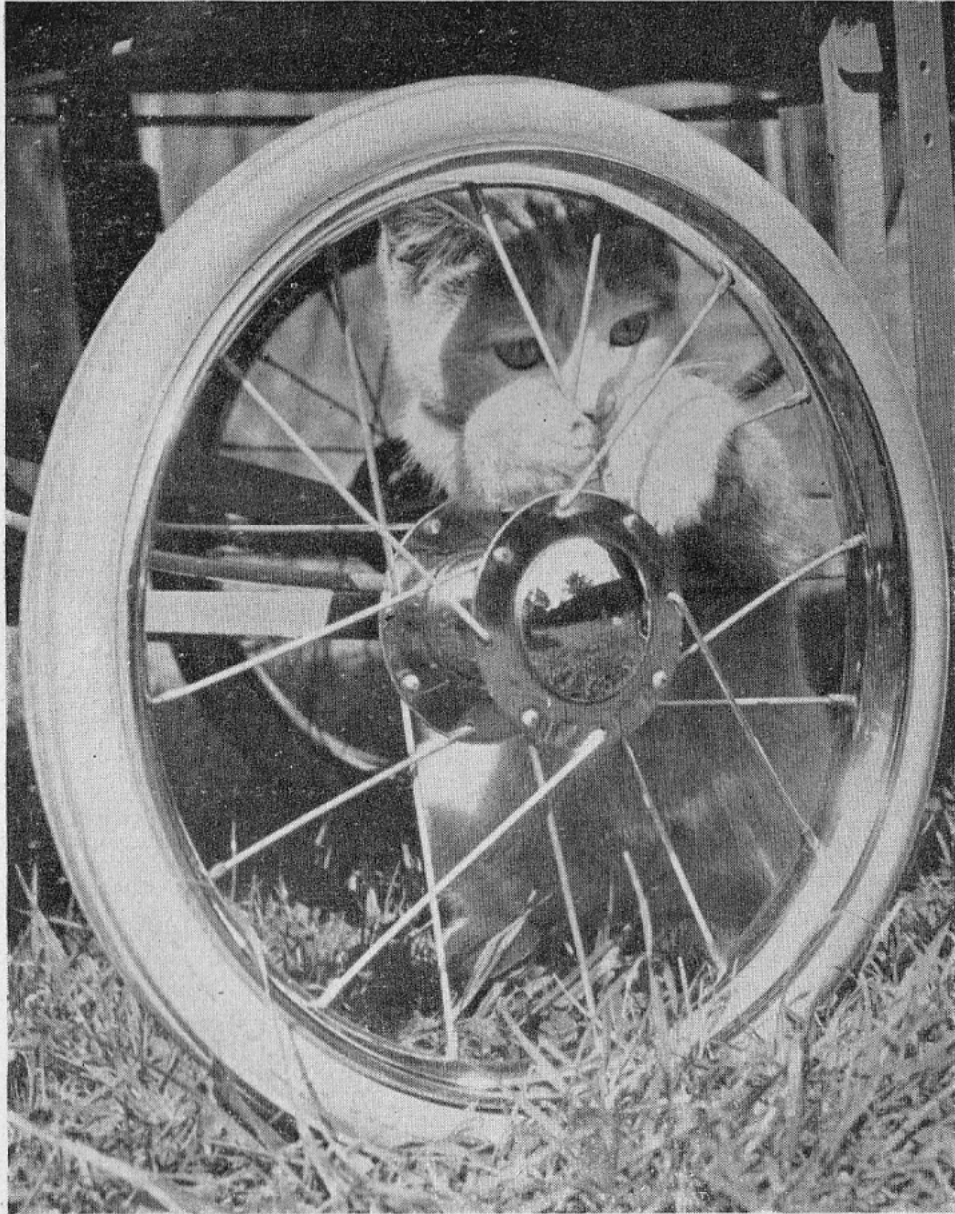
You can tell a properly fed cat by looking at it! Glossy coat, vigour and contentment, all tell the tale. Especially so when a cat is fed on Red Heart. Made from good fresh fish with liver and cod liver oil, Red Heart is a balanced and favourite diet, fed straight from the tin, or mixed with scraps to make its concentrated goodness go further still.



## RED HEART Cat Food

*If you are a Dog owner ask for "Red Heart" Dog Food*

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL 1



**The Mechanic !**

*Photo: B. Taylor*



**The Student of Nature**

*Photo: A. S. Greaves*

## A POT BOILER

By ROSSLYN H. ANDREWS

THE play of light on mirrors and the casting of reflections has always held a fascination for me . . . I know, for instance, that from the last step on the staircase I can look into the glass framing a Jacobean needlework picture in the hall off which I get a reflection of my writing desk in the far drawingroom . . . all of it quite invisible to natural vision from the stair.

I delight also in relaxing after lunch on the settee with my head pressed down where arm back and cushion meet, and gazing into the high lights on a brass flower holder.

This gives a neat miniature picture of the room invisible behind me, the door, an oval table with a Spode bowl, a Kang-Hi plate on the cream wall, and the gilt frame of a Dutch interior scene.

Frequently the cats enter the room and I can observe them at the scratching log on the carpet, before they cross the room and leap on the settee beside me.

I can never decide whether my Spode bowl, my Dutch picture, or my Siamese cat interests me most of all.

I had been dozing after my lunch, going over my morning

shopping in Windermere the previous day, and how, looking into an antique shop window, I had noticed an old Staffordshire dish, and on the lid a lobster, and between its ferocious claws the forepaw of a cat.

A girl beside me had said, "Well, I suppose they couldn't have made the pussy eat the lobster."

She had told me she came from Hawaii, and described the blue skies, flowers and care-free life.

"How do you like dreary weather like this?" I had enquired.

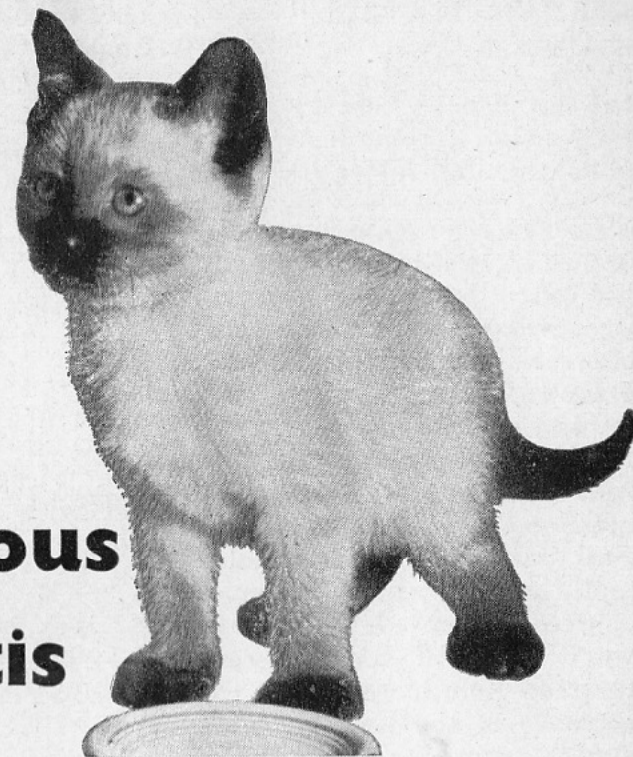
"You have something I have never experienced; how can I describe it?" she said, "like pushing your way through cobwebs of mist. Every now and then a shaft of light penetrates, and is slowly followed by showers, sun and rainbows, and then veils of mist fall again."

We parted and I had motored back past Derwentwater with Cat Bells a dark silhouette against a dramatic moonbeam sky.

Today was lovely, and my thoughts of the antique shop

*Please turn to page 25*

## 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**

**OUR JAPANESE CATS—***from page 16*

the kitchen in case an extra prawn should come his way he got fatter and fatter.

One day he completely disgraced himself by worrying my fur coat. I suppose he found it a pleasantly warm and unenergetic method of hunting. I found my most, in fact my only, elegant winter garment looking sadly moth-eaten and full of bare patches. "He must go," I said of the dejected Fuji, but the house-girls wailed and the children wept, so of course I relented. Cook-san went out and bought some puncture solution and with the patience of the East the girls stuck every hair in place. Once the smell of rubber wore off the repair was quite invisible and it lasted as long as the coat.

Shira was the undisputed leader of the cats. In Japan the mother-in-law has a matriarchal place and rules the household, and this system evidently went for cats, too. She was a really firm old Mamasan cat. One of her determinations was to sleep in my bed at night. Not curled up in a ball, like lesser cats, but stretched out with her head on the pillow, snuggling under the blankets or with the electric fan gently disturbing her whis-

kers, according to season. In England one could firmly shut the bedroom door, but in Japan there were only shojis, light-weight sliding doors of wood and paper which the clever white paw of a determined cat could easily move. There were little shutters in the complicated tiles of the roof; their purpose I never discovered, so the cats could always get in or out, and once in it was a matter of seconds before she was in my bed. Sleepily I would get up and with difficulty open the mosquito screens to push her out, but to no avail.

I was perhaps being insular to complain because one chilly evening I came across the chief house-girl, Merry Ueda, with Fuji, removed with reluctance from under the kitchen stove, and Coura in her arms, followed by Yasuko carrying Shira and Miiko. When I enquired the reason I was told, "Very cold tonight, cats keep children warm. I felt this was vaguely unhygienic, but hadn't the heart to complain of a custom which gave so many pleasure. Certainly the cats were clean. The house-girls collected them all once a week and washed them well with soap and water. This, they assured me, was always done in Japan, and though they looked naked and embarrassed when pushed out in the sun to dry they came to no harm.

Shira was not an affectionate cat, not the sort to curl in a ball and purr endearingly. Admittedly, she made a noise like a rusty vacuum cleaner a matter of inches from my ear once she attained the bed, but this, I thought, was indicative of satisfaction rather than affection. She did, however, in her tough old way, regard herself as my cat, with some embarrassing consequences. She was an enthusiastic ratter, and though we were very fussy about rats and had the exterminators in at the first sign she often found one somewhere, and always placed the bitten-off head carefully on my dressing table. I would find this gory trophy lying incongruously among the scent and powder bowls. I have never been very fond of mounted heads, but they might have looked well; they were certainly fierce enough.

All the cats were enthusiastic hunters. There seemed to be no mice in Japan, but apart from the odd rat they hunted cockroaches, which were enormous and most alarmingly flew, the outsize grasshoppers which the Japanese keep in cages to sing, and geckos, which I felt rather sorry about because they are attractive little things. They also hunted dogs. Shira would sit in ambush until a dog arrived, then she would bounce out of cover and chase it, fol-

lowed by the rest of her tribe in single file, always in order of precedence: Shira, Coura, Miiko and Fuji fatly in the rear. To be honest, I don't think they intended to catch the dogs, like all good sportsmen it was the run that mattered, but several of our canine neighbours were badly shaken.

One enormous friendly boxer who could have eaten any cat stood for a few seconds frozen with surprise, then he realized four fierce cats were determinedly advancing, and vanished with a yelp of indignant fear.

When we knew we were to leave Japan I commissioned a local artist to paint me a picture of the house and garden. "Cats," he said enthusiastically. "Pussy cats everywhere," and thin old lips parted on wonderful gold teeth. Every time he saw me he said "Pussy cats," and the nutmeg face wrinkled into a grin. I thought it must be the only English the old man knew, and smiled distantly, but when he finished the picture I found he was an Eastern Louis Wain. Cats cluttered it everywhere, peering from behind trees and clinging to the roof. "Very nice," I said, without enthusiasm. "But now paint me another, and this time NO CATS."

*Please turn to page 32*

## From the Garden of Dreams

By RHONA DURHAM

THERE was a strong tie between me and my little cat Monty. If she wanted anything, she would just gaze fixedly at me, and gradually the idea would penetrate my mind—water, food, out. When it was time for me to come home from business, she was always waiting for me.

She was very musical, and her favourite programme was Grand Hotel, which she hardly ever missed. She would sit on the end of the piano when I practised, and she particularly loved Brahms' Cradle Song. I always played it for her at the end, and she would wait for it. I used to sing: "Thou shalt play by the streams, In the Garden of Dreams." I associated it with her all the more, because she loved water so much.

But alas! the day came when Monty had to go to the vet., and what seemed only a very minor trouble developed into a serious illness. With what I am sure were the best intentions, the vet. refused to let me see her, saying it would upset her. I did not know what to do, for all the time I could feel a kind of telepathic pulling at me, and I *knew* that Monty was fretting for me. This feeling grew so

strong and distressing that I decided, no matter what happened, to see her the next morning, which was Sunday, even if I had to force my way in.

Now the friend who lives with me, and was equally devoted to Monty, is very hard to awaken in the morning. On Sundays, like most people, we stay in bed a little longer. But this time I was suddenly awakened by a loud and very clear voice saying: "Monty!" I sat bolt upright, to find my friend doing the same. We had both been awakened simultaneously by the voice. And on my right I saw, though faintly, a figure in a brown habit and rope girdle, with our little Monty in his arms. Even as I looked, it faded. But I knew that it was St. Francis, or one of his emissaries who had brought my little cat to say goodbye, and to tell me that she was safe, happy and cared for.

I looked at the clock—it was just eight. I rang the vet., who, before I could speak, said: "I'm afraid—" "Yes, I know," I broke in; "Monty died at eight this morning." It was so, but she could not understand how I could possibly have

*Please turn to page 34*

### A POT BOILER—*from page 20*

led me to wonder whether my old Triptolemus Vase was of any real value. He is seated on a car drawn by serpents on his mission to introduce the cultivation of corn in the land and prevent famine, passing a landscape where beside the river a cat has caught a bird . . . an old Greek story well known in art circles.

I gazed into the sunlit reflections in the brass pot beside me.

Suddenly my Siamese cat came into view, paused, and then sprang on to the settee beside me, his tail the size of a bottle brush with fright.

A stray cat, I assumed, and stroked him soothingly.

It is a curious fact that whenever anything exciting occurs, little things assume an importance, and one is sensitive to the play of lights and shadows, the echoes of sound, and the weaving together of facts.

Like the cat, I instinctively knew that something was unusual.

My eyes were again fixed to the brass pot, and my hidden view of the door into the room.

It all happened in a split second, the cowering cat beside me, the dim figure of a man entering the room through the door, moving along to the table, and before I could raise my head, out of the door again.

I sat up and looked in the direction of the oval table, but by chance my eye caught the reflection in the picture of the

small window panes behind me, and in it I saw a man's face.

No doubt it is a messenger boy, I thought, and went out through the door into the garden to follow in his footsteps.

When I reached the window through which he had glanced there was no sign of any one, so I re-entered the house by way of the kitchen door.

Quite by chance I found myself standing for a moment's thought beside the foot of the stair, and glancing into the Jacobean picture which reflected my writing desk.

I could hardly believe what I saw, for, if the reflection was accurate, the top of my desk was bare . . . Triptolemus had gone.

I went into the room, where the Siamese cat met me, his eyes glittering like twin stars.

"Pickles," I whispered, "it remains to be proved whether or not that was a cat burglar."

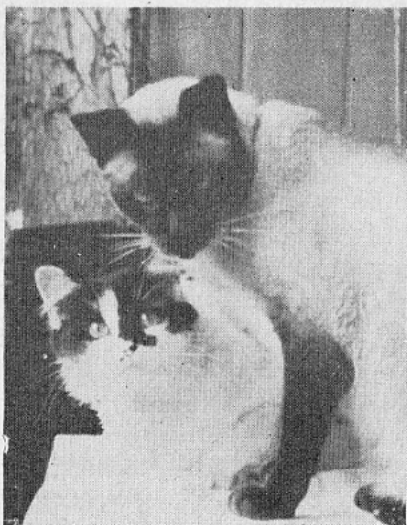
### CLUBLAND CATS—*from page 7*

homely comfort to the big Georgian house.

But what of members who may be allergic to cats? To my knowledge the situation has not arisen, or perhaps such members keep quiet about it, knowing how unpopular they would be.

I feel, somehow, that they would be blackballed or asked to resign from a Club which is so undoubtedly cat-minded, without being catty.

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Moses and Minno

Brighton.

Dear Editor,

Some time ago you were good enough to publish a photograph of my two cats, Moishe and Domino (Moses and Minno). We now have an addition to the family — Mose's girl friend Scrap. I enclose a picture of these two (again the work of M. Hay, of Southwick), which you may like to use. (The copyright is mine.) We should so much like to see our youngest in your grand little paper.

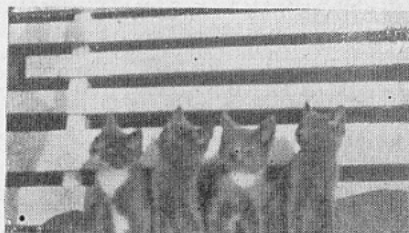
Yours truly,

Sylvia Jones.

St. Albans.

Dear Editor,

I enclose some snaps of my cats in the hope that some will be clear enough for the maga-



Griselda's Quads

zine—perhaps some in one issue and others later?

The British Blue male is Mithras of Broughton prefix parents—the sire and *both* grandsires (Broughtons) prize-winners, and one grandsire is Champion Bourneside Inky Bit.

The Siamese male is Serapis Aesculapius, son of Mrs. Price's Devoran Aristocrat ex a daughter of Sianna Annabelle. The little girl Siamese asleep between my two males is Starshine, daughter of Paynim Beau.

The proud little British Blue mother of quads is my Griselda—she was only a pet shop cat! I saw a neighbour's blue and white cat in the garden and purposely arranged the marriage between the pair of them, and these *lovely* quads—3 boys and a girl—are the result! They are such an even litter in size all within 1½ ozs. from highest weight to lowest! Mithras was too young then—a year old now.

Our latest addition, four

## TO THE EDITOR

weeks ago, is twin girls, an almost all white tortie baby and a *cream* one with blue on the back and white on face and feet and underneath. She is *most* unusual! I think she is a daughter of a lovely half persian creamy ginger and white cat along the road—these are his last babies as he is now neutered. They are by my ordinary black and white foster mother cat. One baby is “hot red,” but the cream baby is a lovely *pale* “pink” cream. I think she would be classified as a “Cream Blue and white.”

I also have a pedigree blue girl and blue cream girl (short hairs) and two whites (a present) and a black and white daughter of the new twins' mother. All the lot are *very* well and lively and I am doing everything in my power of known vitamins and halibut oil to prevent any winter illness. I heard this week that the white twins' mother was run over when her last babies were a few days old—a white one only has survived. Oh, yes, and I must



Serapis Aesculapius

tell you I have a *lovely* 3-month old son of Southwood Kuching with lovely eyes—he is not as dark a seal as Serapis (Seppi) and Starshine, so maybe he ought to be classified as a chocolate point. He has Penybryn Mont way back on his mother's side. Time will tell—anyway he should sire chocolate points, shouldn't he? He has a lovely long head and lovely eyes. His dam is by Pete Timoko—he has no kink.

Yours sincerely,

J. B. De Rayne.

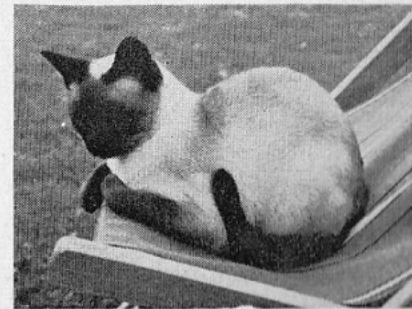
West Clandon, Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I enclose some photographs I have taken of my S.P. Siamese female spay, Proud Panda, commonly known as Suki. She is a daughter of Ch. Slades Cross Shahid and won several prizes as a kitten at the S.C.C. shows. She is now nearly 8, and I am considering showing her as a veteran.

Yours faithfully,

(Miss) Judith Brooks.



Suki

## LETTERS AND PICTURES



Tibs

Fulham,  
London, S.W.6.

Dear Editor,

As a reader of your excellent little magazine, I have taken the liberty of enclosing a photograph of our cat.

In view of his age I thought that both you and your readers would be interested. He is nearly 20 years old!

He answers to the name of Tibs, is ginger in colour, and has all his faculties. Strange to relate, in his younger days he drank very little—perhaps a little water occasionally.

He is a serious thinker, and when in the mood plays a little in the garden. During the war period Tibs never joined us in the A.R. shelter, but preferred to stay and look after the house.

Having suffered slight canker in his ears, he is quite well now, and during his next visit to the vet. he is due to be signed off!

(It may surprise you—his last visit for a medical was

16 years ago, when he had two teeth out.)

His coat is in lovely condition and makes a point of washing the tip of his tail with great energy when it is held for him. As to his personal habits, he is a gentleman—three flights of stairs daily only seems to add to his constitution.

By the way, that's his "mum" in the photograph, who feeds him on *cooked* fish, mince and rabbit.

Well, here's wishing *all* Cats & Kittens a Happy Christmas and a healthy New Year. (I nearly said "Mew"!)

Yours sincerely,

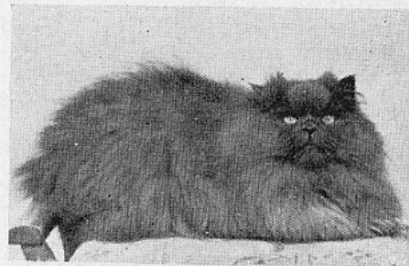
Edward R. Robbins.

Buckingham.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a photo of our Blue Persian Merricourt Chippy, hoping perhaps you may find a space for him in *Cats & Kittens*.

Bred by Mrs. Alexander, of Bracknell, Berks., sire being Ch. Dylan of Allington, dam Melody of Dunesk. Photo by Mr. E. Howes.



Merricourt Chippy

## TO THE EDITOR

Chippy is now two years old and a very lovable character. Other members of our pet family are Monty, an eight-year-old black boy; Nobby, a red tabby (7 years), all three cats being neutered. Our small terrier dog, Sally, is five years old.

Yours faithfully,

S. J. Staples.

Teignmouth,

Devon.

Dear Editor,

The enclosed may possibly be suitable as an illustration for your magazine. Suggested caption: "It's too cold to go out."

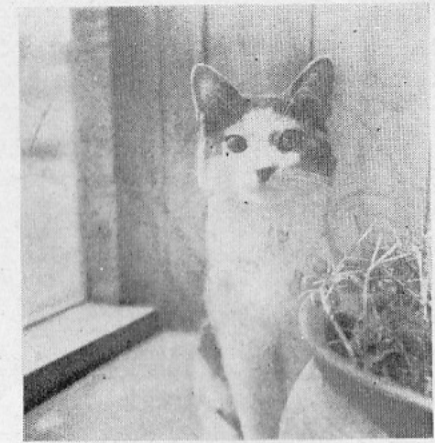
Anne Pennie (Mrs.).

Sheffield 10.

Dear Editor,

I enclose my home address, as we shall be returning to the U.K. on leave within the next few weeks.

I have just finished reading your book "Siamese Cats," for



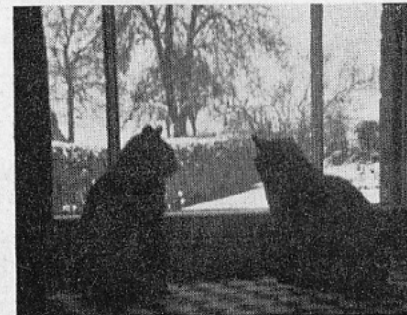
Boki

about the tenth time. We are living in the bush in the northern territories of the Gold Coast, and being 130 miles from the nearest town we are often without reading matter. It has been a great stand-by.

Two years ago I had a lovely Siamese kitten, a grandson of Mystic Dreamer. When he was 18 weeks old I took him to be neutered; he died 8 days later from enteritis. At the end of 6 months I intended buying another, but with coming out to Africa I decided it would be better to wait until we return home permanently in 1957.

I have at present a little blue and white bush cat, and his playmates are a dog, a little red monkey, and a young oribi deer.

I am enclosing a snapshot of him, which may be clear





## LETTERS AND PICTURES

enough for reproduction in your magazine. I had a regular order for it with my bookseller before coming out here, and always found it most interesting, so I am looking forward to becoming a regular reader once more.

Wishing your magazine every success,

Yours faithfully,  
Millicent Allison.

Worcester Park,  
Surrey.

Dear Editor,

I enclose a contact print, also a postcard enlargement, which was specially posed for Cats & Kittens.

Yours sincerely,  
M. C. Atkins.



Kim, owned by J. Douglas, Glasgow



Bath, Somerset

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a photo of my lilac short hair cat Prah-Allegro Agitato, who has won prizes at the recent shows. He is a beautiful pale grey cat with a lilac tinge. Very affectionate and sweet natured. He won many admiring glances at the Herts and Middlesex Show, and also at the Southsea Show. He will shortly be at stud to a few queens, preferably Blue Points. This will be a very exciting new breed when they become established.

I have now proved that my Havanas breed true. My Havana stud and queen have produced a litter of Havanas only.

I always look forward to your paper, it is so interesting. I have been wondering why you don't have a binder for all the volumes (yearly) so that one

## TO THE EDITOR

can keep the magazine together.

Will you please return my photo when you have finished with it, and if you would like to produce it for your magazine, I should be delighted.

Yours sincerely,  
E. Fisher (Mrs.).

(Prah-Allegro Agitato's photograph appears on our cover).

Ipswich, Suffolk.

Dear Editor,

It is just over two years since I wrote to you, enclosing photographs of our two cats, and you were good enough to print them; in fact, Tang, the Siamese, had pride of place on the cover, which gave us all a



Tim and Tang

great thrill. Recently I managed to take rather a good snap of them together, so I am sending it to you, hoping you will think it good enough to use.

Tim is now fifteen years old and is remarkably fit in every way except for his snuffles, which are very persistent. Tang the Siamese, is four and a half, and is still very keen on the car and we are unable to get away in the car without him as he hears it immediately.

We had a rather terrifying experience during one of his walks over a heath near here; he was a few yards from me when suddenly he pounced upon something, and this time he had taken on too much, for it was an adder; his immediate reaction was to spring into the air, and we saw the snake hanging from his nose; he sprang again (about 3 ft.) and this time he was free of the snake. He ran down the path as fast as he could go, and I



Miss C. A. Veldhuis sends us this charming photograph of Pi-Tau Bonita from Arnhem, Holland

## Letters and Pictures to the Editor

rushed after him, to find, on reaching him, that his nose was bleeding. We jumped into the car and dashed to the nearest telephone because my husband had made sure it was an adder, and we were terrified it would kill him before we could do anything.

As luck would have it, the vet. was out, but with her husband's help we managed to find her at one of her calls. In the meantime Tang's face had become very swollen, and I bathed it with hot tea, the only thing I had available. When we did track the vet. down, it was two hours after Tang had been bitten, and she said that as he was still O.K. she felt

he would be all right; mercifully she was right; he suffered absolutely no ill effects. We feel this must have been due to his quickness in springing up in the air, or, by so doing, the snake probably did not manage to bite him firmly enough to inject sufficient poison to kill him.

I am afraid this is a very long letter, but I thought our experience might be of interest to other cat lovers.

We so look forward to our Cats & Kittens each month and all the interesting stories and letters.

Yours faithfully,  
M. Green (Mrs.).

### YOUR CATS AND MINE—

*from page 15*  
were cut short today by persistent heavy rain. Our cottage seems to be full of cats. Jonta and four kittens—only one her's—live in the lounge and are great fun. Mistral and her half-brother Brillo live between the kitchen and dining room, with Penny, who, I believe, is again in kitten to Chinki Ranya. The outside queens, Brina, Merry, Antonia and Cleo, come in when convenient. None of the queens, except Penny, has called, so I shall not have any litters except hers for some

time. Her last kitten, Tessa, is a delightful little thing, and I hope the next ones will be like her.

### OUR JAPANESE CATS—

*from page 23*  
Nevertheless, it was sad to part with them all when we left Japan. Merry Ueda took Fuji, whom for some reason she greatly loved. Yasuko took Miiko, and Cook-san adopted Coura. Shira went to live in the kitchens of a nearby officers' mess, where, Cook-san said, they eat lots of fish.

Mrs. M. E. Beedell  
of 8 Angell Road,  
Brixton, S.W.9  
writes:—

"The photograph shows a lovely litter of five brown tabby Persian kittens which was awarded First Prize in keen competition at the Herts. and Middlesex Cat Show in September. An outstanding feature about these kits is that I have bred type into them. Unlike the usual long legs and noses, face etc., they are cobby with short noses and broad heads

—similar to Blue type, which the breeders have been trying for a long time.

The mother is my Champion Magyar Petyes (out of lovely Champion Magyar Yanos who went to America) and, when she had the kittens, she was so small I thought she would never rear them. Thanks to Kit-zyme, however, not only are the five babies bonny and fat, but so is she."



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### FROM THE GARDEN OF DREAMS—*from page 24*

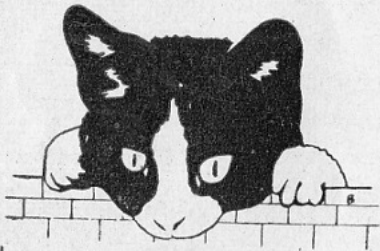
received the news, and I did not enlighten her.

That same evening we were listening very sadly to the introduction to Grand Hotel, when suddenly the door handle turned, and the door, which had been closed, was apparently pushed open—just far enough to let a little form come through. Then with a flurried little rush, which both my friend and I heard quite distinctly, something entered, for all the world as if afraid of being late, and

with a bound settled in my lap. I could feel the padding of tiny paws and the quiver of an ecstatic little body, and I gently stroked where I knew it to be, though I could not actually see it.

Monty had not missed her entry into Grand Hotel.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Not without considerable thought did we decide that we should print this contribution. We have the author's word that it is borne out by a friend. We ourselves feel that it is interesting enough to print, but that any opinion is one purely for the individual reader, and we ourselves pass no opinion on the subject matter.*



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FOR CAT LOVERS  
(Founded July, 1955)

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The object of the Club is to help provide the greatest possible aid for cats and kittens in distress.

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Membership is open to all who will undertake never to refuse a genuine emergency appeal from a cat owner for assistance, when it is within their ability to help.

### SUBSCRIPTION

The one subscription covers membership and badge (Seniors' badges are either stud or brooch type).

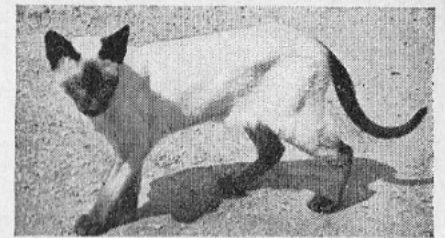
Seniors (Life Membership) . . . . 5s. 0d.  
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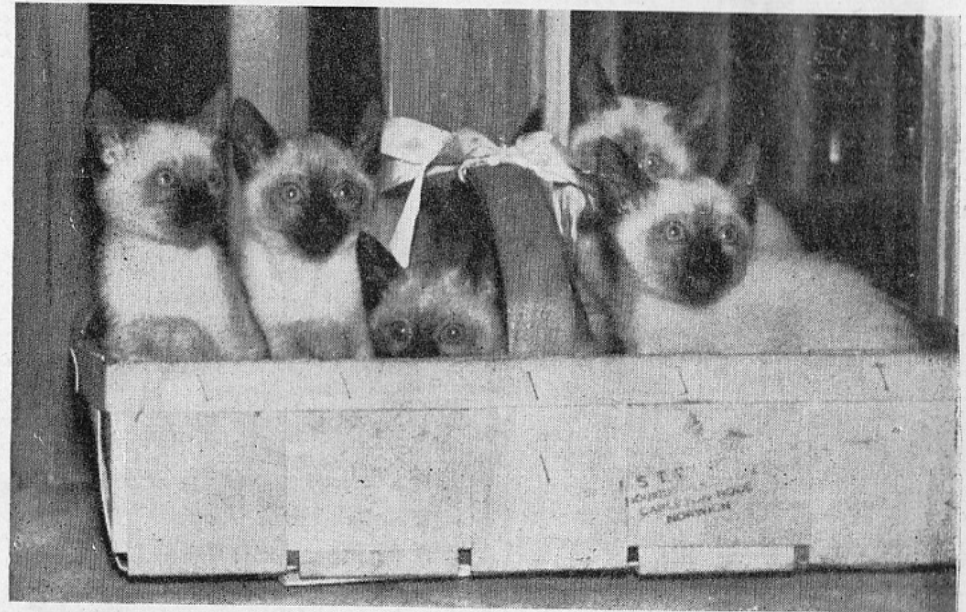


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1st and Ch. Blue Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954	1st Open Blue Point Kitten, Male or Female, Herts and Middlesex, Sept., 1955.
1st and Ch. Seal Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954	1st and Ch. Open S.P., Female, Siamese Show, Oct., 1955.
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