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CATS AND KITTENS MAGAZINE



1/3

FEBRUARY

1956

MONTHLY



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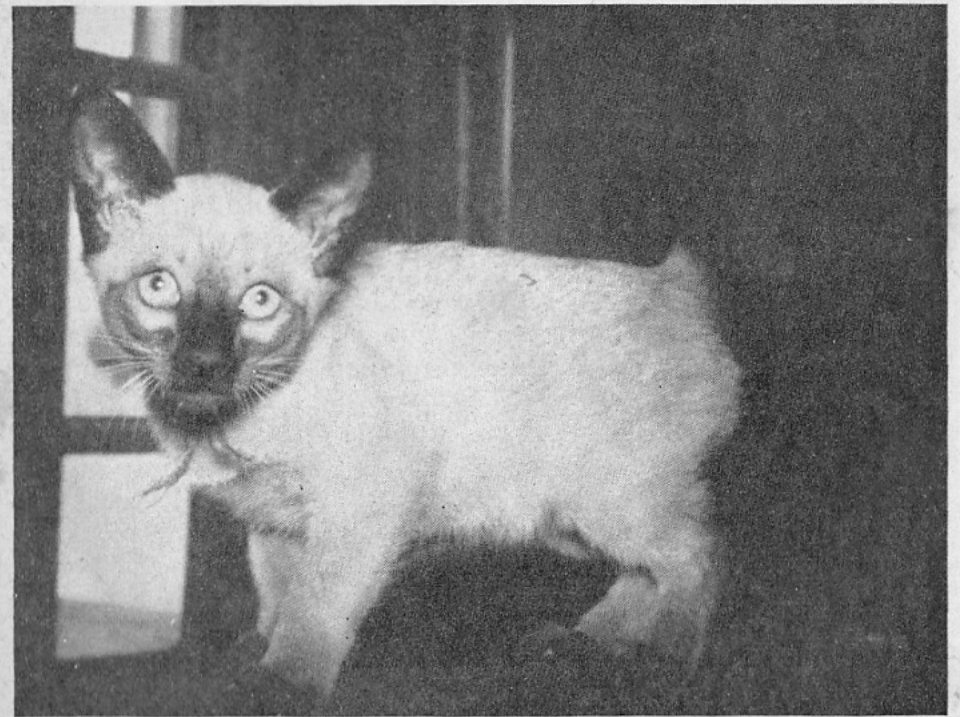
INCORPORATING THE CAT WORLD

Editor : SYDNEY W. FRANCE

General Offices: 25, QUEEN STREET, DERBY

Telephone: DERBY 45216

FEBRUARY, 1956



Chinki Choosey—Siamese Neuter
 Pet of Mrs. Moore, Minehead, Somerset

Photograph by Mrs. M. Smith, Leicester

Cover photo. by C. Frost, Ipswich

CANDID COMMENTS

By SYDNEY W. FRANCE

SOMETIMES we who love cats are appalled at the little news items concerning them which creep into our local daily papers from time to time. My own local paper the other day casually reported that the Chesterfield branch of one of the animal welfare societies had last year destroyed five hundred stray cats.

An official said that many were abandoned when people become tenants of Council houses. He also added that stray cats were liable to be carriers of disease.

Some readers of that news item would not give it a second thought, but I must say that I was upset, and wish that something could be done to alter this state of affairs. But what can one person do?

It is a problem which obviously exists wherever there are cats, because I have before me as I write a letter from Myriam Gramagnani Algisi, who is interested in a cat shelter in Milan, Italy. There there is so very much that Mrs. Algisi, a true cat-lover if ever there was one, could do; but their efforts are hampered because funds are terribly low and such a number of cats need help.

Concerning the welfare of cats, it doesn't seem a far step

to the treatment of them in illness, and only the other day I was thinking what great strides have been made in the last few years in cat treatment. So many of the modern wonder drugs used for humans are readily adaptable for our feline friends, and just as efficacious.

A case in point—eye trouble in cats sometimes complicated with conjunctivitis, could at one time be treated with bathing with a weak boracic lotion and then the application of one of the older forms of eye ointment. Today one still uses the boracic lotion to bathe the eye first, but a small squeeze of streptopen ointment in each eye miraculously clears up the trouble. This, as its name implies, is a mixture of streptomycin and penicillin. Then for "tummy" troubles, half a tablet for a kitten, the whole tablet for an adult cat, of Hewlett's Probiactol tablets for three days effects an amazingly quick cure in the most obstinate cases.

Then, who has not had a cat out of condition, with staring coat and poor appetite, sometimes with the coat even with bare patches and every appearance of ill health. A Cytaccon vitamin B 12 tablet every day together with a Roche Compound vitamin tablet taken for

a ten day treatment works wonders.

We had our annual show of the Notts. & Derby Cat Club at the King's Hall, Derby, this month, and when every day before the show was good, our day had to be one with the densest fog and impossible conditions. How the exhibitors arrived, goodness only knows, and despite all that the public rolled up and the show was a success. Who says the public are not interested in pedigree cats?

A final word. Thinking of cat clubs reminds me that Annual General Meetings of all cat clubs are likely to be held in February and March. Apathy on the part of members is deplorable. Only by attending meetings and having something to say about your club and taking an active interest in the election for officers and committee men can a club truly be said to be a happy one, run for the members by the members.

FUR BEFORE THE FIRE

By P. WHALEY

WHEN Fur lies before the fire with gentle rumbling purr, all four legs tucked under her and tail wrapped tightly round her comfortable body, one would say that her mind was a blank, that she was thinking of nothing, but was just a somnolent warmth-loving animal.

We would be wrong, however.

We know a dog has a very active mind, and anybody who owns dogs and studies them can testify that they dream. Watch a dog lying by the fire. Listen to him growl, bark and whine, watch his paws working frantically, his ears and whiskers twitching, his lips curling back

from his teeth. There is no doubt what he is doing.

The great psychologist Professor C. G. Jung has deigned to include the dog in what he calls "the Collective Unconscious," because of the fact that he dreams.

What Professor Jung has overlooked, as many others have also overlooked, is that our furry, purry friend of the hearth also dreams. She does so probably as often and as vividly as the dog, but with this difference, that she is a silent dreamer.

The difference between the two animals is, of course, their

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CATS ARE CARNIVORES?

By ANN L. STUBBS

CATS are carnivorous animals; so the dictionary tells us. It also tells us that a carnivorous animal is one who eats only flesh. Man is an omnivorous animal, so we are told, but what does the dictionary say about the word "omnivorous"? "Devouring all things: not fastidious." Obviously cats cannot be omnivorous, for nothing is more fastidious; they must be carnivores, as we had always been told, and yet, the things they eat!

Man is, of course, largely to blame for cats becoming more or less, in a general sense, omnivores, by bringing them into our homes and family circle and expecting them to adapt themselves to our food. Obviously, according to our old friend the dictionary, a lowering of standards for the felines. But, still, however Puss may adapt himself to life in a modern flat five storeys up, he is very much the primitive at heart. The carnivorous animal who will stalk his prey, play with it, sure of the ultimate kill, and finally eat while his victim is still warm. Hence the reason why cats much prefer all their meals to be just slightly warm.

Cats are the most fastidious of people, and also the most unfathomable, and therein is the essence of their fascination for so many. I have an old cat who is the most superlative hunter, she cracks up a nice young rat with the utmost relish, but offer her a piece of raw meat or liver, and she is quite offended. In fact, she will not eat anything, fish or meat, unless it is cooked, or freshly caught by herself! This same cat is passionately fond of tomato skins, cooked, of course, and if a plate containing breakfast scraps, bacon rinds and tomato skins, etc., is offered to her she carefully sorts out the skins and eats them before the rinds. One of her great passions in life is baked beans in tomato sauce; this, I find, is a love usually shared by all cats. She is also quite partial to a little boiled cabbage. Sweet things she is not so fond of, with the exception of almond paste. But perhaps her greatest love of all is cheese, and of that she ranks as a connoisseur. She divides cheeses into three categories: Excellent, all to be eaten, rind and cheese; Good, cheese only to be eaten, not rind; And definitely bad, not any part whatever to be touched. The family

taste is in line with Gussie's and my father actually took one batch of cheese back to the grocer, telling him we could not think of eating it as the cat had refused to touch it!

Perhaps Gussie's sensitive palate was an heirloom from her mother, a very sage old lady, also a wonderful hunter, but possessed of a very sweet tooth, with a great liking for cake, but it must be home made; never till the day of her death would she touch a bought cake. She lived to a ripe old age, and the last year or two much preferred something sweet to meat, consequently any scraps of custard or rice pudding were saved specially for her.

Odd taste does sometimes seem to be inherited. I knew an old blue tom cat, Monty by name, who just loved oranges, and was always offered a nice juicy quarter when any was going. Unfortunately, towards the end of his life he was run over, as the result of which he was completely blind, but he belonged to genuine cat-lovers, who kept him on rather than have him destroyed, and in an amazingly short time he was finding his way quite happily about the house, his love of oranges quite undiminished. As soon as anyone began to peel one his little nose twitched and, looking with sightless eyes at

the peeler, he begged, his one party trick, and miaowed hopefully.

We had a son of Monty, Smoky, who had inherited his father's fruity taste, though not for oranges. Tomatoes, cooked or raw, cooked beetroot and boiled vegetable marrow were his favourites, and I am ashamed to say he could never resist the temptation of pinching such delicacies when opportunity afforded. Some years later we had another cat of this same family, a dainty little blue and white lady, aptly called Dinky, a daughter of Smoky. She, too, had this taste, but in yet another direction, her passion was nuts, and how she loved them. The moment the nut-crackers were there, so was Dinky.

Many cats are fond of fruit cake, I have found, and one rather disreputable old tabby tom of ours, Timmy, actually climbed onto the highest shelf in the pantry once and ate through almost a whole pound of sultanas! On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion Timmy was tiddly. One of our other cats was ill and the vet had ordered brandy in milk. Unfortunately the invalid died, leaving behind him a large saucer of milk and brandy. Timmy came in from the cold night outside and to his amazement

and joy was offered this. He gulped it down at lightning speed, he always was a greedy cat, and within a very short time was staggering about with what can only be described as a besotted grin on his face, purring at three times normal sound. Normally a very undemonstrative cat, he attached

himself to my father, rubbing against him and gazing up with the nearest thing to a Cheshire Cat grin I have ever seen. It was some time before he could stand steadily.

Well, as I said before, cats are carnivores; they must be, for cats are so fastidious, aren't they?

"GHOST" WAS KITTEN ON THE KEYS

By A. E. DUNCOMBE

A RATHER amusing yet at the time mysterious incident occurred while visiting some friends, with whom I had arranged to photograph their new baby.

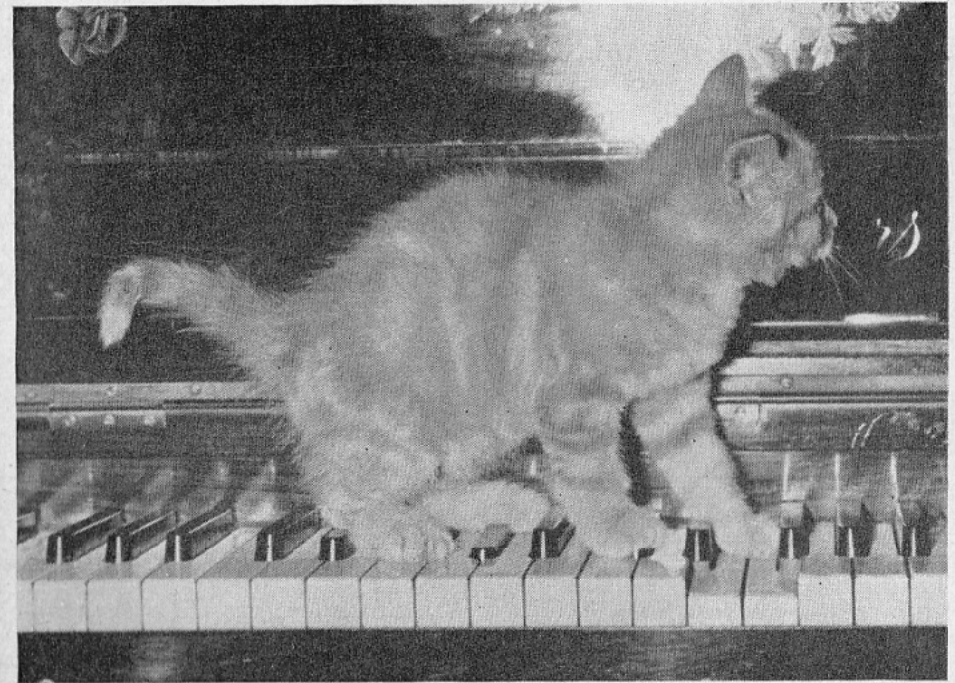
Having taken two shots indoors, we decided to take some outside with baby in the pram. While we were all outside making the necessary preparations, weird piano music came from the front room. My friends said: It sounds like the Dead March. This joke seemed to make us all realize at once that the piano ought

not to be playing at all. My friend's wife said: It wouldn't be a ghost, would it? Having my camera in my hand seemed to give me an idea. I said: Some say ghosts can be photographed. Then I crept into the kitchen, cautiously pushed my camera round the doorpost in the direction of where the piano stood and pressed the trigger. As the bulb flashed, the music suddenly stopped. Dashing into the doorway I stared into the room. No one at the piano, nothing unusual, and no visible reason why the piano

should have played at all. I said: Your ghost evidently doesn't like bright lights. When I develop the film perhaps we shall see what your ancestor was like. Several times during teatime my friend's wife mentioned the incident, and after a good deal of leg-pulling she had become a trifle nervous about it. Back home, I, too, was anxious to see if I had a vision on the film or not. After it was developed I was astonished to find I had a most beautiful picture of a kitten on the keys. My friends were

delighted with the extra picture I had taken. What a relief, said my friend's wife. We noticed how the hair on the kitten's back and tail stood up, as if in terrible fright at the sudden flash. Having been quickly scared, it must have gone into immediate hiding. Incidentally, my friends recognised the kitten from next door. It's disappearance after the fright made the ghost effect complete.

Had it not been for the photo my friends might have thought their home was haunted.



Photograph by the Author

GARDEN RIDDLE

By ROSSLYN A. ANDREWS

ONE warm June day I chanced to notice the garden cat sitting beside the bed of carnations and pinks, with its edging of nepeta, and gazing intently at something moving above the centre of the bed.

On coming closer, I was surprised to see a large pink-coloured moth hovering above the scented flowers, and consulting my book proved it to be a small elephant hawk moth.

This reminds me of the story of an enthusiast who discovered some elephant hawk caterpillars in, of all places, a bird sanctuary, on some nettle leaves.

He fed them and eventually put them away in a small box to await a Spring hatching.

After Xmas his mother-in-law said: "I really must do some tidying up for you, my dear."

When she had gone, he decided to take a peep at the hawks, only to discover the box neatly packed with cuff links, shoe laces and studs.

One day when I was standing on the lawn admiring a new pair of court shoes, I casually picked a tiny leaf straying against the toe of one of them, the kitten pawing the other.

Imagine my delight to find I had in my hand a four-leaf clover.

The incident evidently made me clover conscious, for within four months I collected a dozen in all from different districts, two in Sweden.

In most of them the fourth leaf was much smaller, but in one all four leaves were exactly equal.

Among them were two freaks, one a six-leaf, and one a five-leaf.

Children are delightful garden companions. "Tiger has just dug up a bone he buried two weeks ago. The blankets flapping on the clothes line made him bark—so I remember when."

"Alec has found a plant with rows of doll's teeth, inside an iris pod." "Pickles has his seventh mouse."

Children are more sensitive to sounds and often more observant than adults.

I remember one fifth of November when, after a screaming display of rockets, catherine wheels and jumping jacks, I heard a peculiar moan coming from an old nearby tree.

Fearing it might be one of the children scared away by all the fireworks, I strolled towards the tree.

Alone in the dark stood a four-year-old boy.

What was my surprise when he seized my hand and said: "How many can you count?"

I shone my torch in the direction indicated and saw a row of little bright green lights all along one of the branches of the tree.

We counted four cats, and one high up at the top. They had evidently all dashed to the same place for safety, for pedigree and pet were sharing the same branch.

So scared were they that only during a lull between the rockets did they dare to protest, and then only by a united camouflaged moan, like the groaning of the old tree itself.

Only after all the smoke in the neighbourhood had drifted past, and the last glow of the bonfire burnt in silence, did they steal forth along the garden fence, although had they run along the lawn it would have been quicker.

One day out motoring, I caught a glimpse of what looked like a garden. I got out of the car and leaned over the garden gate, to see an exotic riot of colour—dahlias, and among them two old ladies, followed by a tortoiseshell cat.

They came at once, as they could see I was admiring the blooms. "You know," they confessed, "we judge our success each year from the number

of people we count leaning over our gate."

During the 16th and 17th centuries Holland sent artists to Germany to make gardens. Le Notre was famed in France, and in the 18th century the British parks, rose gardens and herbaceous borders came into vogue.

The first theatre garden was at the Villa Marlia, the auditorium a semi-circle of clipped boxes, with a special conductor's box, and clipped boxes for important personages.

One associates the Italian garden with spouting fountains,

Please turn to page 16

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MEET THE BREEDERS

BLUE NOTES

BY DORRIE
BRICE-WEBB

INTERNATIONAL JUDGE

THE Notts. & Derby Ch. Show, held this year at the King's Hall, Derby, was very well organized by Mrs. Clare Prince. This was her first attempt as show manager, and I think she did very well indeed.

It turned out to be a dreadful day of thick fog, but despite this everything seemed to go with a swing, and there was quite a crowded hall during the afternoon.

Some lovely cats were exhibited, and the honour of Best Long-Haired Cat was awarded to Mrs. Langston's lovely Chinchilla Male Fidelio of Allington, truly a magnificent animal and well worthy of his win. Best Long-Haired Kitten was Mrs. Langston's Chinchilla kitten Marella of Allington.

In the Blue Adults, Mrs. Bembow won 1st and Ch. with Bayhorne Ajax, a lovely male, full of type and a wealth of palest lavender coat. In the females, Mrs. Bradley won 1st and Ch. with Ladybay Tina, a glorious little queen, with a sweet face and such a lovely top to her head and the neatest of well-placed ears.

The Blue Kitten wins were as follows:—Blue Kitten Male, 3-6 months: 1st, Mrs. Stephenson's Kirkgate Martin, sire Kirkgate Miracle. Blue Female, 3-6 months: 1st, Mrs. Clarke's Areley Rebecca, sire Harpur Romeo. Blue Male, 6-9 months: 1st, Mrs. Watts' Sitwell Michell, sire Ch. Thiepval Wanderer. Blue Female, 6-9 months: Mrs. Crickmore's Thiepval Enchantment, sire Ch. Foxburrow Frivolous.

Best L.H. Neuter in Show was Mrs. Molloy's lovely Blue Moonraker, sire Oxleys Smasher.

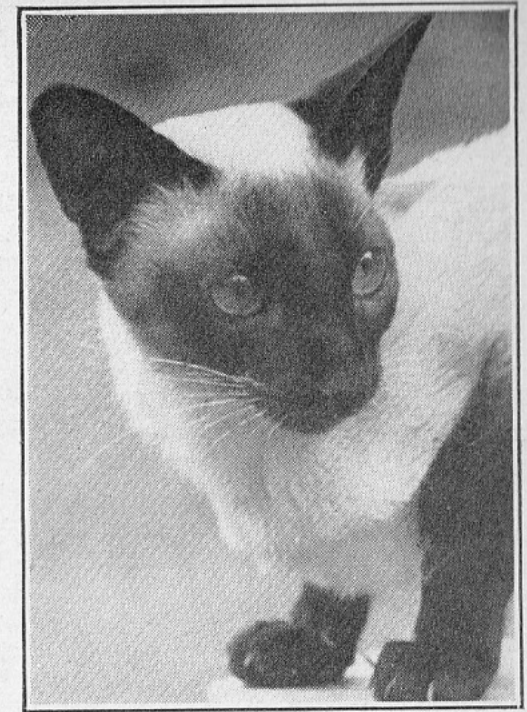
There was a very good class of Household Pets, and each one was worthy of a 1st prize as all were in such lovely condition. I awarded 1st Prize to Mrs. Matthews' Teddy, a really lovely black and white S.H. He was beautifully marked, and his coat shone like satin.

I was introduced to Viscountess Scarsdale, who had kindly consented to present the winning ribbons for the Best Cats in the Show. She was very interested in each cat as it

Please turn to page 34

Mrs. E. W. Wridgway of Paddock Hill, Mobberley, Cheshire, owner-breeder of the Salewheel Siamese, writes:—

"I enclose a head study of my home-bred champion Siamese cat, Salewheel Royal Rose, winner of four challenge certificates, twenty-eight firsts and eleven specials in five recent shows. I also own her sire and dame, Doneraile George and Gaylord Jezebel which, together with all the Salewheel cats, adore Kit-zyme and show wonderful results."



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YOUR CATS AND MINE

By LILIAN FRANCE

SO many people sent me lovely cards at Christmas. Some I was unable to send to as I lost an address book with the move here, and found I no longer have their addresses. This I much regret, for it is so heart warming to get a card and a nice message from friends one has perhaps not seen or heard from during the year. I thought it especially nice of the people who had bought kittens at one time or another and sent greetings to me in their names. Now Christmas and New Year are a thing of the past.

Queens are coming into season and the studs getting busy again. It is always an exciting time for breeders. During the show season they will have carefully selected the mates for their queens from the males they have seen on the show bench.

The Notts. & Derby Cat Club's eleventh Ch. Show was held at the King's Hall, Derby, this year, and was very ably managed for the first time by Mrs. Clare Prince. The day before was springlike, but show day dawned with Derby blanketed in a thick fog, the worst for over 50 years. Many pens were empty. It must have been quite impossible for some people

to travel to the show on the day, and how they got home I can't imagine, especially those who came by road. The hall is excellent and spacious, and, being a baths hall, one can choose the temperature. I thought it could have been warmer. The glass dome would make the lighting excellent on an ordinary day, but the fog made everywhere very gloomy.

The Viscountess Scarsdale opened the Show, and was very fascinated by the exhibits, especially the Burmese kitten which was Best S.H. Kitten. This was Mrs. Watson's Sealcoat Gay Binti. Best S.H. Cat was Mr. Lamb's S.P. Siamese male Causeway Pita. He won his third Challenge Certificate, to make him a full Champion, a well-deserved honour. He was certainly a lovely exhibit.

In S.P. females, Miss Jay's Sawat Angelina won her third Ch. Cert., to make her a full Champion.

Best L.H. adult was Miss Langston's Chinchilla male Ch. Fidelio of Allington, and the best L.H. kit her Chinchilla female Marella of Allington.

I judged Blue Points and Choc. Points. 1st and Ch. Blue Pt. Male was Mr. Todd's Kana-wana Kim, who became a full

Champion. 1st and Ch. B.P. Female was Mrs. Powell's lovely queen McKenell's Joy, who did so well as a kitten last season. She has the long, lithe lines so desirable in a Siamese, with very fine bones, excellent whip tail and a lovely head and most beautiful eyes and eye colour. 1st Open B.P. Kitten was Mrs. Murray's male Laurentide Cometes, a very promising exhibit, who will be an asset to breeding in Scotland, where he lives. 1st and Ch. Choc. Pt. Male was Mrs. Stayner's Craigie-hilloch Choliske. 1st Open Choc. Pt. Kitten, female, was Mrs. Welles' Adoree. The rest were side and Club classes.

Am writing under a great handicap. Three kittens, full of zest, insist on running over me, jumping on my legs, biting my pen, and all the time purring loudly. They are Tree Fairy (Tessa), Wild Nimrod and Rain. They are great fun and full of mischief and the joy of life.

Penny was not in kitten and called again, so she has been mated to Ranya. Jonta has been all the way to Sevenoaks to visit Mr. Warner's Ch. Clonlost Yo-Yo. This is the fifth time she has visited him and I'm sure she must be his most persistent girl friend.

Sealstream Mistral has been to Ch. Causeway Rita, and I

hope will have a nice litter by him.

My B.P. queen Merry has gone to Mrs. Margot Thompson, a new breeder, who has one Seal Pt. queen but wants to breed Blue Points. She may also have one of my Seal Pts. I am cutting down on stock as my foot, which I hoped would be quite better by now, is giving a great deal of trouble, and I find it difficult to wear shoes at all. The cats entail a great deal of walking about, and I feel I must have less to do.

Chinki Cleopatra, a daughter of Ch. Sabukia Sweet William, has stolen a march on us and appears to be in kitten. So far as I know, she has not called, but Sealstream Silent Steel (Brillo) has been here since November 7th, so I can only hope he is the culprit. If she has met a stray tom it seems strange, as she has never stayed out, and also I have not seen any cats around. It's quite a mystery. I really wanted to mate her to Ranya, but I shall be quite pleased if the kits are by Brillo, as he has such lovely eye colour and pale coat.

I have not entered for the Southern Counties or the Lancs. and N. Western shows. I always feel it is so very cold around the end of January.

THE VAGABOND

By PAMELA BINS

I SAW her first on a wet, drizzling November evening, when I was searching one of the deserted bomb sites in North London for my own cat, who had strayed farther than usual on one of her husband-hunting expeditions. I was scrambling over one of the low walls of rubble when I saw a small tabby cat a few feet in front of me, and for a moment I thought my search was over. Then, as she moved, I saw her white front and feet, and I did not trouble to follow her into the darkness. My own all-tortoiseshell cat returned later that night, and, imagining that the white-footed stranger had been making her way to her own comfortable home, I did not give her another thought—until I saw her again.

It was an even colder evening a few weeks later. She was standing on the pavement that ran past the bomb site, within the ring of golden light falling from the street lamp. A woman, hooded by a large umbrella, was standing near her. The cat was feeding delicately from a small square of paper, yet her coat gleamed, and she seemed too well rounded for a homeless stray. As I watched, she paused, and with a low purr and an unhurried rub against

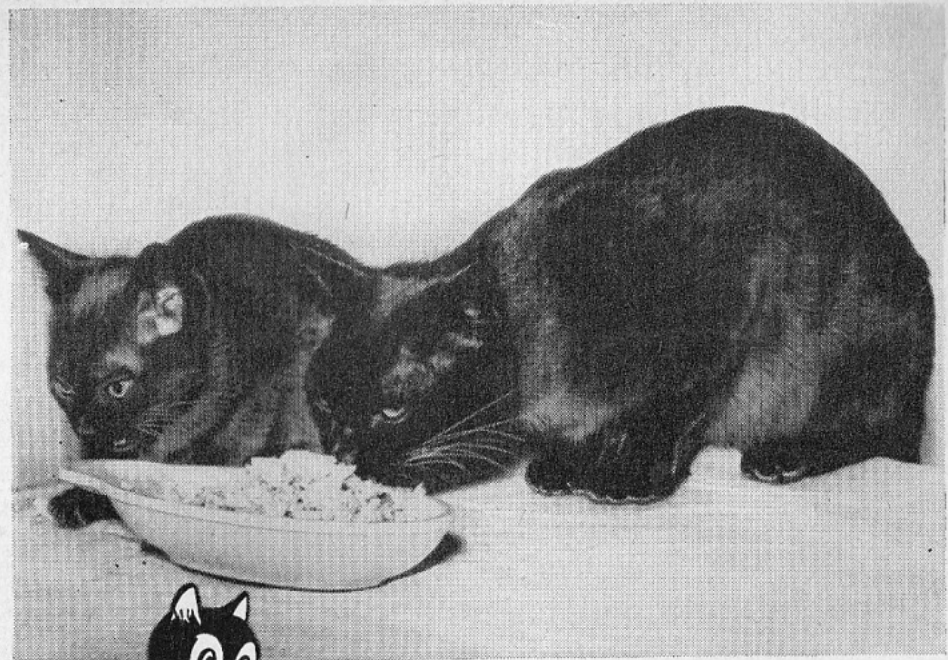
the woman's legs, gave her graceful "Thank you."

My curiosity was too great for me, and I started to ask the inevitable questions: "Was she really a stray? Surely a home could be found for her? And how long had she lived in this part of London?"

As the cat finished her meal her benefactor told me all she knew of her history. Apparently the cat, a doctored female, had lived in one of the houses on this site that were bombed and completely destroyed in 1942. Some weeks later the cat reappeared, but this part of her story is her own secret, and whether she was trapped under wreckage, or fled, completely unharmed, must remain a mystery. But for the last thirteen years she has been seen in this area, and must, by this time, have her own secret sleeping places and hiding holes. On several occasions people have tried to catch her, but she proved so wily, and fought so strongly at the sight of a cat basket that the efforts were not continued, although a good home had been found for her.

But she is not without friends—the lady I met takes her a warm meal every night,

Please turn to page 16



Mother knows best

"Young Peta is always on the look-out for fun, but Jetta is a wise mother and never lets her lovely daughter miss her daily Tibs," says Tibby, the Tibs Reporter. "She won't be a kitten forever," Jetta told him, "and I know how to make sure that she'll be as great a champion as I am."

Ch. Chinki Yong Jetta and her daughter Fernreig Ohpras Peta are perfect examples of the Burmese breed, with their shining brown sable coats and alert, intelligent faces. They belong to Mrs. Edna Matthewson, of Lindridge House, 917 Hagley Road West, Quinton, Birmingham 32, one of the many Burmese owners who are success-

fully bringing this breed into prominence.

Mrs. Matthewson also breeds champion Siamese cats, and attributes a great share of her success to the fact that she has given her cats Tibs for many years—in fact, she would never be without them.

10d. and 2/-.



Famous
breeders
say:

TIBS KEEP CATS KITTENISH

THE VAGABOND—from page 14

and other neighbours bring her breakfast and mid-day snacks. With them she is trustful, and obviously grateful for their attentions. Her coat is in excellent condition, and she appears to eat without difficulty, though she must be at least fourteen years old now. With her

sharpened instincts of self-preservation, she seems to prefer the life of a vagabond, showing an aloof and somewhat regal courtesy to those who tend her needs. I hope that she will be allowed to continue, unmolested, in her chosen way of life for several years to come.

GARDEN RIDDLE—from page 9

flights of steps, big pots of oleanders and azaleas, and marble loggias and statues.

On the Pincian Hill, once the Collis Hortuloram or Hill of Gardens, I remember the fine view over the Piazza del Popolo, with the Egyptian Obelisk which once stood before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis and was brought to Rome by Octavius to grace his triumph.

The fountains and the famous art centre, the Spanish Steps, where within three centuries famous names have been born within a stone's throw: Michael Angelo, Keats, and the modern American sculptor, Story.

I once heard it mentioned that in Siam the petals of flowers are re-designed overnight to form beautiful curtains ready to hang in the palace the following day in scented fragrance. An old Cretan jar, 1550 B.C., is decorated with crocuses.

There is a fascination in the names of flowers: Phormium, or New Zealand Flax, from Phormos, a basket made from fibre; and Linum, the lovely dark blue variety, from linon—flax.

The Germander Speedwell or cat's-eye, and the Prunella, self-heal, and the Chorzema—chorus—a dance, and Zena, a drink, which in New Holland caused a dance of joy from the finding of water beside it.

In my own garden I have the white "Crepe Paper" Californian Romneya Coulteri, and, if it survives, the dainty and rare Primula Scottice, and a lovely yellow iris, and giant warm velvet pansies which the cats pause to sniff in passing.

A garden belongs to the individuals who live in it, yet it links up memories, friends and countries, and helps to solve the riddles of daily life and thought.



the Coat tells the Tale

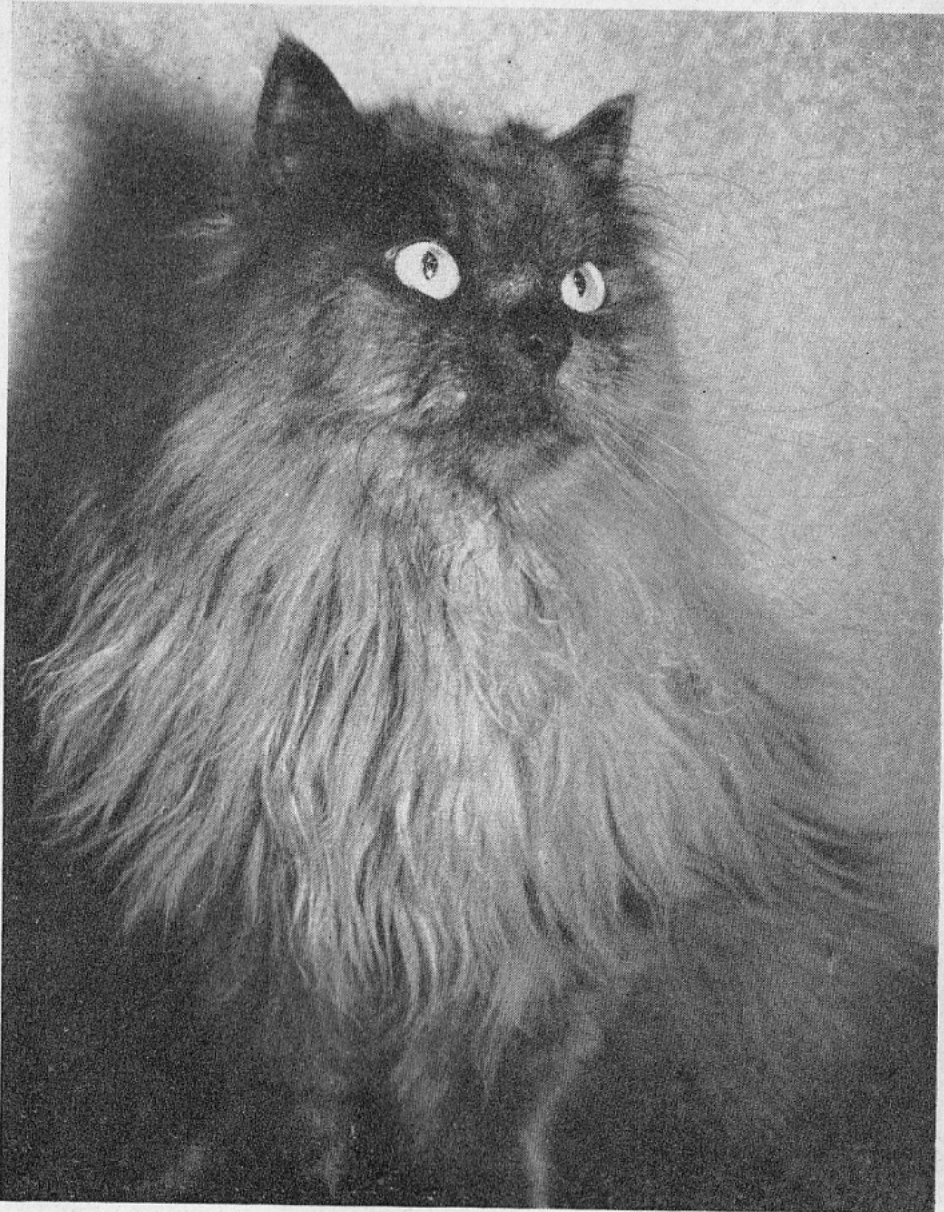
You can tell a properly fed cat by looking at it! Glossy coat, vigour and contentment, all tell the tale. Especially so when a cat is fed on Red Heart. Made from good fresh fish with liver and cod liver oil, Red Heart is a balanced and favourite diet, fed straight from the tin, or mixed with scraps to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



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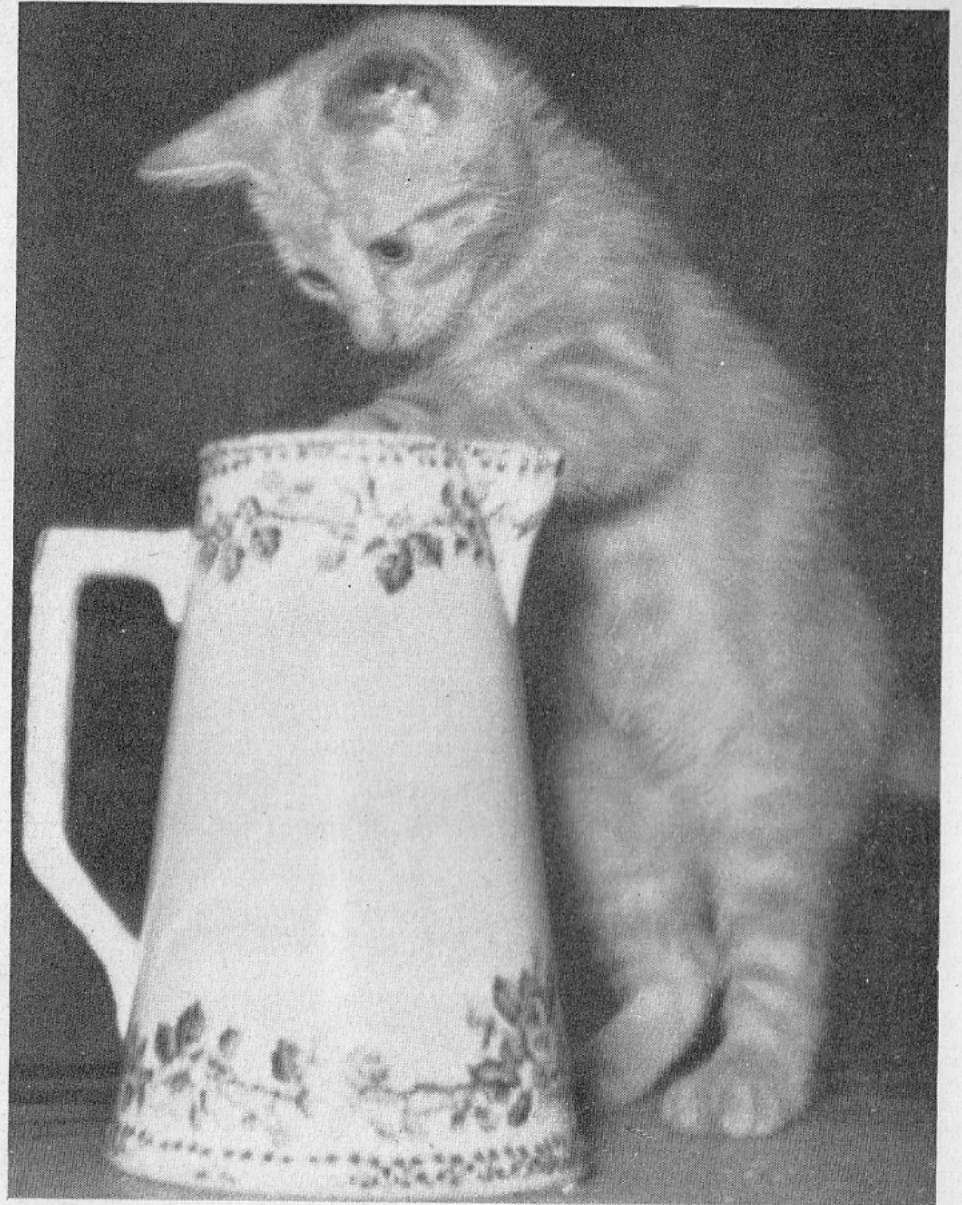
If you are a Dog owner ask for "Red Heart" Dog Food

JOHN MORRELL & CO. LTD., LIVERPOOL 1



Photo—Mrs. M. Smith, Leicester.

“Bo-Bo” Blue Smoke Persian
Belonging to Mrs. S. De Voy of Oakham

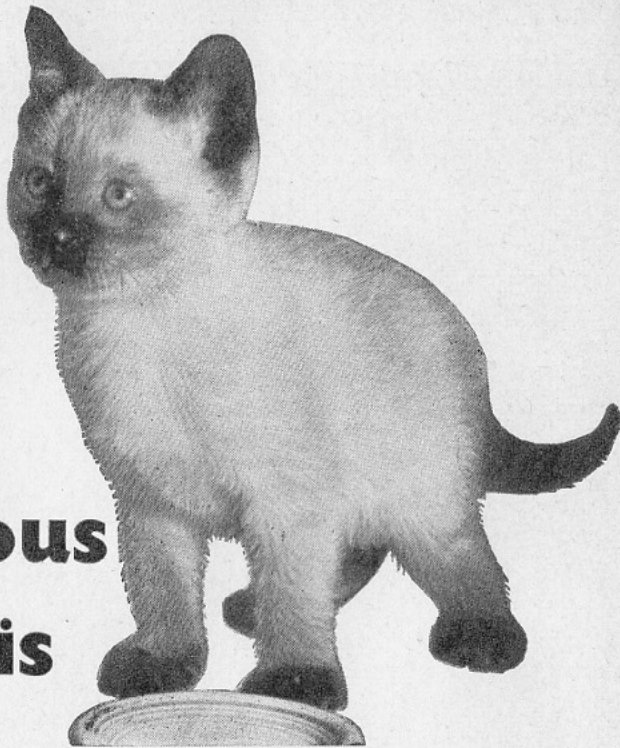


Photo—Dennis C. Hinds, Harrow

“Minno”

See “Letters and Pictures,” page 26

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

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ON CATS AND MORALS

WE may learn some useful lessons from cats, as, indeed, from all animals. Agur, in the book of Proverbs, refers to some; and all through Scripture we find animals used as types of human character. Cats may teach us patience and perseverance, and earnest concentration of mind on a desired object, as they watch for hours together by a mousehole, or in ambush for a bird. In their nicely calculated springs we are taught neither to come short through want of mercy, or go beyond the mark in excess. In their delicate walking amidst the fragile articles on a table or mantelpiece is illustrated the tact and discrimination by which we should thread rather than force our way; and, in pursuit of our own ends, avoid the injuring of others.

In their noiseless tread and stealthy movements, we are reminded of the frequent importance of secrecy and caution prior to action, while their promptitude at the right moment warns us, on the other hand, against the evils of irresolution and delay. The curiosity with which they spy into all places, and the thorough smelling which any new object invariably receives from them, commends to us the pursuit of knowledge, even under difficulties.

Cats, however, will never smell the same thing twice over, thereby showing a retentive as well as an acquiring faculty. Then to speak of what may be learned from their mere form and ordinary motions, so full of beauty and gracefulness. What cat was ever awkward or clumsy? Whether in play or in earnest, cats are the very embodiment of elegance.

As your cat rubs her head against something you offer her, which she either does not fancy or does not want, she instructs you that there is a gracious mode of refusing a thing; and as she sits up like a bear, on her hind legs, to ask for something (which cats will often do for a long time together), you may see the advantage of a winning and engaging way, as well when you are seeking a favour as when you think fit to decline one.

If true courtesy and considerateness should prevent you not merely from positively hurting another, but also from purposely clashing say, with another's fancies, peculiarities, or predilections, this too may be learned from the cat, who does not like to be rubbed the wrong way (who does like to be rubbed the wrong way?), and who objects to your treading on her tail.

Nor is the soft foot, with its skilfully sheathed and ever sharp claws, without a moral too; for whilst there is nothing commendable in anything approaching to spite, passion, or revenge, a character that is all softness is certainly defective. The velvety paw is very well, but it will be the better appreciated when it is known that it carries within it something that is not soft, and which can make itself felt on occasion. A cat rolled up into a ball or crouched with its paws underneath it, seems an emblem of repose and contentment. There is something soothing in the mere sight of it. It may remind one of the placid countenance and calm repose with which the sphinx seems to look forth from the shadow of the pyramids, on the changes and troubles of the world. This leads to the remark that cats, after all, are very enigmatical creatures. You never get to the bottom of cats. You will never find any two, well known to you, that do not offer marked diversities in ways and dispositions; and, in general, the combination they exhibit of activity and repose, and the rapidity with which they pass from one to the other,

their gentle aspects and fragile form, united with strength and pliancy, their sudden appearances and disappearances, their tenacity of life, and many escapes from dangers ("as many lives as a Cat"), their silent and rapid movements, their sometimes unaccountable gatherings and strange noises at night—all contribute to invest them with a superstitious fascination, which reaches its culminating point in the case of a completely black cat.

"ANON."

BEXHILL CAT CLUB

Annual

PICTURE SHOW

to be held at the

De La Warr Pavilion

on MAY 30th, 1956

Anyone with a picture of a cat can enter. Fair judging, prizes given

For full particulars please apply to the Secretary

Letters and Pictures to the Editor

Llandudno.

Dear Editor,

Many thanks for your letter saying that you will publish the photo of Minna in a forthcoming issue of your lovely magazine.

Now I wrote you about 18 months ago with regard to the difficulty I had with getting Minna to eat anything but rabbit—you replied in full about regular meal-times, etc. I followed your advice and all was well. (I'm afraid I'm always so concerned about cats being hungry that I probably gave her too much too often.)

However, for this last six months I have been unable to get rabbit, even the frozen Australian ones, and I'm at my wits' end to know what to do. I get best shin of beef, sheep's hearts, and she eats it now and then *under protest*. I alternate this with tinned crab, but now she won't eat that either.

Cooked fish of *any* kind she will *NOT* eat, nor any patented cat food, and I've tried them all. Most of them contain liver or fish, which she won't eat; and the one or two that do not she won't eat either. This week she's ate nothing except Felix and Marvex—she likes them out of the packet. This doesn't seem adequate, somehow. She

has plenty of exercise, having the run of the garden, and naturally plenty of fresh milk and water, and, of course, is greatly loved.

As you can see by the photograph, she is strong and healthy—bright eyes, lovely soft fur; our vet (a lady, who is very fond of small animals and has a way with cats) says she is in perfect condition, so I'm sure there is nothing the matter with her. In any case, she is so full of life and fun. But if only you could tell me what to do so that she will eat her food, which is all good and fresh (none of the table scraps); you will understand how it worries me. You see, I could ring the changes between meat, fish, liver, cat-food, crab, hearts, quite easily if only the little madam would eat it. My other cat, a Persian, eats anything, and enjoys it all. Needless to say, everything is given on clean saucers, and is freshly cooked. I wish you could see her, and I wish I could talk to you.

My husband and I were at the Siamese Cat Show—and thoroughly enjoyed it. Haven't been to one before, and to see those little kits eating all kinds of food with enjoyment made me positively exasperated! My parents look after my cats when we are away.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

By the way, can you tell me about three Siamese cats in one pen. One was a normal looking seal point, one was a gingery colour, points, and the other had a kind of tabby markings. Were these extra special ones or were they "accidents," or just faulty in colour?

I had a chat with Miss Rudd and expressed my sympathy to her over the loss of Mortimer.

Why is it that Siamese cats have that undefinable quality that, once being owned by one, one is "lost"?

Please can you tell me why some of the male Siamese, although not old (I know they darken with age) have such very dark coats? Their coats seemed very little lighter than the points.

I keep on asking questions, but I love cats, and I know you are such experts on Siamese. I, too, would love to breed and show them (though how I would ever bring myself to part with the kits I don't know), but I'm afraid it is impossible: running a guest house and a cattery would be too much. Yet all kinds of cats come to me, stray kits find their way to me—or me to them. I wish I could do more to help the little lost ones. Llandudno is not very catminded.



There was an excellent film on T.V. the other afternoon about cats, made for the R.S.P.C.A. I think more of this should be done, because so many people have cats and yet do not understand them. They *do* love you, when you understand them and respect their independence, and, as you know, they rely on us for comfort and companionship and love, and in return they give us so much. So much more than we can ever hope to get from other human beings.

The only thing the film lacked was that they never said a word on neutering, and to my mind if more pets were neutered (when not wanted for breeding) there would be far less strays, and much less cruel drowning

TO THE EDITOR

of kits (people *still* do that, don't they—they never think a new-born kit has any feelings) and much less general unkindness to the female cat.

One other thing I'd like to see abolished, and that is Fireworks. Organised displays all right, perhaps, but fireworks in the hands of small (and not so small) boys are a menace to cats. The deliberate cruelty some of them inflict upon little helpless animals worries me terribly. Now I'd better get off my "soap-box"!

This is a stray cat which came to me. I had it neutered and then found a good home for it with a lady who'd just lost her own pet.

Pleas try to think of something that my Minna *will* eat! (She doesn't like chicken, even.)

Yours very sincerely,

May Bowden.

P.S.—I've got books on Siamese cats, and my husband is buying me your book at Xmas.

And with all good wishes for your happiness in your new home.

Dear Mrs. Bowden,

I am glad we were able to help you before about your cat's diet, and sorry now that

you are temporarily unable to obtain rabbit, which seems to suit her very much. I think it suits most cats; in fact, I think if they had their choice they'd have rabbit for every meal, but, as you say, it is sometimes hard to get.

I'm afraid that I don't see that I can offer any advice about any other food as you seem to have done your best to have varied her diet in everything else except rabbit. There's only one thing I would observe, that if you are cooking meat for her, cats prefer it roasted in the oven and fairly well cooked. I don't know if you have tried it this way, but recommend that you do. Naturally, rabbit is boiled.

I'm glad you found your visit to the Siamese Cat Club Show interesting. There are several varieties of Siamese which have been bred from the original Seal Point ones, but I should imagine the ones you saw were probably Chocolate and Red Pointed ones.

Unfortunately some Siamese do go very dark and don't retain their earlier beautiful pale coat and dark mask. Not much can be done about it as all Siamese usually darken as they get older. It is a pity, but there it is.—Editor.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

Kenton, Harrow,
Middlesex.

Dear Editor,

I am forwarding the enclosed study as I feel it may be of interest to your magazine.

The kitten's name is Minno, and belongs to my cousin, who lives in Paris. It was given to her by a Breton farmer as a present for some small favour. It's main preoccupation is in doing all the things that a kitten should not do, such as climbing curtains and furniture to the highest possible point of no return, getting into everything especially those things that are impossible to escape from and spilling just everything that is spillable. A few seconds after this picture was taken Minno had found his way into the milk jug to a point of no return. His legs waving in the air, he was most surprised to find that the jug fell over, and as a reward for his curiosity a large table of milk.

Despite a quick pursuit by his mistress, he was first out of the door, thus avoiding, at least for the present, any uncomfortable consequences.

I hope you like the picture.

Yours faithfully,

Dennis C. Hinds.

"Minno's" photograph appears on page 19

Shaftesbury,
Dorset.

Dear Editor,

Timmy, who died last year from bronchitis, at the mature age of 16, belonged to my mother.

He was a beautiful black long-haired part Persian with lovely orange eyes, and a joy to behold always.

Tim had one characteristic which singled him out amongst our other cats: he used to press down the latch of the kitchen door with his paw and let himself in whenever he felt inclined to do so. Alas! this little action of his was so keenly missed when he passed over to the cat hunting-grounds a year ago.

My own cat, Snowflake, is absolutely pure white, and he also has some Persian blood, his dad being a pure white Persian and his mother a tortoiseshell.

During the last war years his mother cleared a Government department of numerous rats and mice and Snowflake has inherited his mother's hunting activities.

She, of course, was just a plain short-haired Tortie, and Snowflake has inherited his ma's yellow eye colour, but Snow carries a magnificent pure white long coat and tail, and he

TO THE EDITOR



Water Colour of Siamese

keeps himself beautifully clean and white.

He is great pals with the black short-haired cat Tinker who lives near, and Tinker will climb up on to a shed lower down and then on to our kitchen window on the second storey, as ours is a four-storied house.

There he sits and continues to scratch the window panes until let in, and when he has "filled up" he goes off again if Snowflake is occupying their most favourite spot on top of the large wireless set. If it is vacant, he will curl up and sleep for a while before going downstairs and out at the back door, as he never looks to go

out of the window, the way he comes in.

Another of the neighbour's cats, a long-haired ginger and white we call Marmalade, also comes to the grass verge under the kitchen window and mews for titbits every morning, as he hasn't the courage that Tinker has to climb up, although Tinker and Snowflake often come up that way to the kitchen window.

All these cats (the "boys") except for Snowflake's dad have been neutered.

B. D. M. Ware.

Boston.

Dear Editor,

Please will you kindly give me advice about my very old cat Yo-Yo, now 19 years 8 months old, but can still jump on the table, and has a good appetite. Of course, I mince all meat, and feed little and often, baked custard, light puddings, etc. He never could eat fish, it always makes him sick. Of course his teeth give him trouble at times, but cannot face the drastic treatment the vet recommends; and anyway several have come out.

Unfortunately he has what I suppose is dry eczema at the tail end of his back and has very little hair. Old as he is, I believe it would grow again if he had extra vitamins.

LETTERS AND PICTURES

A few years ago he was raw in patches, but made a complete recovery with the help of Tibs powders. He always has one tablet a day, but do not think they are as good as the powders when Bob Martin made them.

I bought a jar of Kit-zyme but so far have not used them as they smell so strong, I wondered if they had been too long in stock.

You wrote to me about Yo-Yo (Siamese neuter) a few years ago and his photo is in your magazine.

I have taken Cats and Kittens since the commencement, all but the first three numbers, which I have been unable to get. Are there any cat lovers in Boston or district?

Yours sincerely,
F. C. Brookes.

Dear Mrs. Brookes,

We ourselves had a Siamese male about twelve years old who was also troubled with his teeth, and the vet recommended that several should come out and we had this done, but later rather regretted that we allowed him to do this as we felt that the trouble that the cat had had was not worth the advantage that was gained.

The Kit-zyme tablets do have the smell you mention,

but it is one that seems to attract cats, and we find that cats will take them very readily—in fact, if given the opportunity, they would help themselves to them, and I feel they would be helpful to your cat.

However, owing to the advanced age of yours, which we see has reached the wonderful age of more than nineteen years, we wonder whether you would not secure much advantage by giving him one Cytogen vitamin B12, size 10 mg., tablet a day, continuing this for a fortnight, also one Roche compound vitamin tablet each day during the same period.

Regarding cat lovers round your way. The only ones we know are Mr. Tomlinson and Mr. Martin, both officers of the Notts. & Derby Cat Club, who live near Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.—Editor.

Southampton.

Dear Editor,

For some while now I have been a regular reader of your most delightful magazine Cats and Kittens, and should like to thank you most sincerely for all the help it has given me, also for the many interesting articles.

I am enclosing a photograph of my little blue Persian kitten, aged 4 months, in case you

TO THE EDITOR

should have room to publish this in a later issue. She is a perfect little darling and so good, and I should feel very proud to see her actually "in print."

Thanking you again for all the help you have given me in the past.

Yours sincerely,
Joan M. Hollands (Mrs.).

Cambridgeshire.

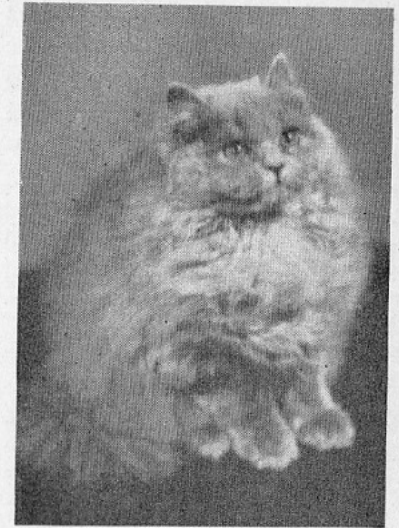
Dear Editor,

Having been a regular reader of Cats and Kittens for five years, I am sure you will help me if you can. My long-haired ginger neuter has developed a skin complaint which I am unable to cure. Places break out and bleed—the fur comes off and then they heal with a thin scab. They appear on legs, back and just outside both ears, above the eyes, and now one eye is oozing with a pinkish matter.

I have given him Ral Evapo tablets, because I thought his blood may be at fault. Also I give Kit-zyme daily. He licks these places vigorously as though they itch, so I apply Bob Martin's 92 ointment.

Could you please diagnose complaint and a possible cure. I would be most indebted to you.

Yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) I. Stocker.



Sheepfold Yvonne

Dear Mrs. Stocker,

I see that you are giving your ginger neuter Kit-zyme tablets, which should give him all the vitamins that he needs, and it is not completely easy to be sure what the trouble is without seeing the cat; but as he appears to have skin trouble of long standing I would suggest the following treatment:—

Obtain some sulphurated potash from your chemist, first taking a cocoa tin for the purpose, as it is very evil-smelling stuff, and place a piece as big as a walnut in a bowl sufficiently large to use as a bath for the cat. Pour boiling water over and then make up a shampoo with green soft soap of sufficient quantity for the

LETTERS AND PICTURES

bath, and smear vaseline round your cat's eyes to protect it from the bathing lotion, and then thoroughly bath the cat if possible, and dab it dry with an old towel. If you can have an old box with a wire netting front into which you can place the cat, and then put this in a warm place, such as in front of the fire, thus making sure the cat is thoroughly dry.

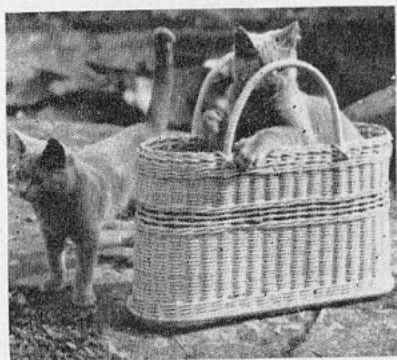
If you can repeat this every other day until the cat has had three baths, I feel sure that much good will result and that the trouble may be cleared.—
Editor.

Richmond.

Dear Editor,

Could you tell me of any treatment to cure a cat of dirty habits.

A black female cat, neutered, age about 5 years. Has three



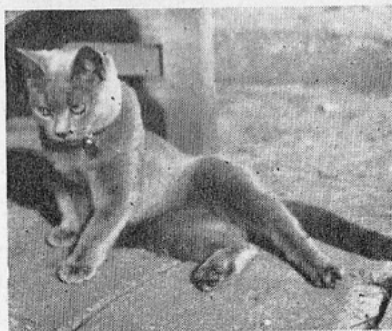
small meals a day, of fish, or rabbit; sometimes liver. We live in a first floor flat and have a garden. The cat goes out through a window over a roof and down to garden. Often we take her out to garden. She always has a walk in garden (on her own) at 10.30 at night. Is shut in kitchen till 7 a.m., and has a tray of sawdust. But now and then makes a mess on floor. She uses tray also.

Yours sincerely,

E. J. Chaloner.

Dear Mr. Chaloner,

Sawdust is by no means the ideal preparation to use for a sanitary tray for a cat, and it is often because of their clean habits that they will not use a sanitary tray which has become too wet or soiled. Sawdust is a medium which would do this very readily.



Miss Marie Rochford of Hampstead, N.W.3 has kindly sent these two charming photos.

TO THE EDITOR

If you change to peat moss, which is obtainable from seed stores or corn chandlers, you will find that it is inexpensive and admirable for the purpose. If the tray is emptied regularly

and any visit other than to the tray is pointed out with a word of admonition, I feel sure that you will have no further trouble in this direction.—
Editor.

FUR BEFORE THE FIRE—*from page 3*

former mode of life in the wild state.

The dog ran down his food and gave tongue while he did so. He is still a noisy hunter and a noisy dreamer.

The cat, on the other hand, hunts her prey by stealth, by lying in wait, invisible against her background, or by cautious stalking. Her one ambition is to be unobserved until the last deadly pounce. Unless she is yowling at her owners for food, or serenading on the tiles, no one could call the cat a noisy animal.

Consequently, she is a silent dreamer. But that she dreams is evident, if one takes the trouble to observe her while she is sleeping in the evening after a day's hunting or a heavy meal.

Usually she lies utterly relaxed, breathing slowly and

rhythmically. If you watch her long enough, however, you will see a change take place. Her breathing will quicken, her muscles tighten, her ears and whiskers will begin to twitch. Then her lips curl back from her teeth, and her paws, if she is lying on her side or her back, as some cats do, will move softly back and forth, the claws unsheathing a little. One can almost time the dream—it seems to last scarcely a minute—then her muscles become lax again, her breathing regular and slow, until the onset of another dream.

Like the dog, probably most of a cat's dreams are about hunting, fleeing from enemies or facing them, and one wonders, as one watches those moving paws and twitching whiskers, in what dim land of cat-fancy she is wandering.

CATS DESTROY SONG BIRDS? —BUNK!

By ROBERT LOTHAR KENDALL

(President of the American Feline Society Inc).

OF all God's lesser creatures hindered by fallacies, old wives' tales and misinformation, the Cat ranks first as a victim of man's thoughtless abuse, vilification and maltreatment.

It is always popular to believe that song birds, so highly valued for their insectivorous nature and musical attributes, are destroyed by cats.

This oft-repeated charge is not true. The facts, as gathered by the various wild life organizations, State highway department technicians and biologists and individual investigators, prove otherwise.

Here, for example, is a sample report, covering the dissection of 193 cats killed in highway accidents, describing their stomachs' contents:—

Mouse meat	38.1%
Young rabbit	25.6%
Rat	11.4%
Table scraps (including vegetables) ..	6.9%
Turtle and fish	2.7%
Pork	2.4%
Grasshoppers	2.4%

Chicken	1.5%
Bulk matter (including cat food fillers) ..	1.8%
Grass, herbs, hair and liquid	7.2%
	<hr/>
	100.0%

One notes the complete absence of bird meat or even feathers!

On the other hand, it is extremely unpopular to mention that the nation's sportsmen slaughter untold thousands of birds to increase their skill of marksmanship, seldom bothering to identify while aloft these tiny winged creatures. Later, when the evidence of such wanton destruction is discovered, tabby is blamed and, if he happens to be in sight, is subject to instant dispatch or horrible maiming, depending upon the degree of skill of the second gun-wielder.

Too, birds are decimated in considerable numbers by small boys who have developed unbelievable accuracy with slingshots, the more modern zip gun or the conventional air rifle.

Again, a factor seldom considered is that the general inroads of civilization, the gradual reduction of fruit trees, the paucity of safe nesting locations, and the lack of interest in nature and her wonders by a generation of T-V addicts and sports car enthusiasts, all have contributed enormously to reducing the number of birds in all categories.

During the past few years, numerous anti-cat measures have been introduced in municipal and state legislatures, in the guise of "bird-protection" or "tax" bills. The latter, of course, appealing to tax-hungry officials, always on the prowl for new forms of revenue with which to meet the ever-mounting costs of government.

It has been said that no matter where one's interest lies or even how obscure the activity might be, one is sure to find an organization to champion the cause. So it is with the Cat, too! While all humane and animal welfare groups protect the animal and all cat clubs (actually, chambers of commerce for the cat industry) add to his prestige and popularize him, none puts forth the enormous and widespread multi-faceted effort expended by The American Feline Society, Inc., New York 3.

This is indeed the world's largest cat organization and is manned exclusively by non-salaried people in all walks of life. It operates through 143 members societies and 43 field volunteers, spread from Massachusetts to Hawaii and from British Columbia to Costa Rica; also in Europe. It services and protects America's 21,000,000 cats and touches upon every possible non-commercial phase of catdom, both at home and abroad.

In its seventeen years of operation, the Society has moved the Cat from twelfth to second position as a pet. He has entered the theatre, motion pictures, T-V and radio; we see him looking at us from the pages of our magazines and newspapers and from billboards (usually with a startled expression upon his handsome, be-whiskered face!) and our librarians tell us that we can choose from some 300 cat book titles.

While the Cat in all probability is not destined to relive the glory he enjoyed as a deity in Ancient Egypt, and one hopes will never again sink to the depths he trod during the Middle Ages, he definitely is reaching for a place in the sun in the scheme of modern civilization IF man will cease sniping at him! Moreover, he'll be glad to help man create his purr-fect world.

BLUE NOTES—*from page 10*

came up to the platform, and I explained each breed to her.

I was interested to know that she has two neutered household pets, one an orange and white Long Hair, the other a Short Haired marmalade; both of these cats are full brothers.

Viscountess Scarsdale has now rescued a little female kitten, which when it is old enough is to be spayed.

Mrs. Prince exhibited a very nice Blue Male Kitten by my Pennhorne Pierre, Crowdecote Titchemo. I believe he won several 1st prizes under different judges. I hadn't seen this kitten since he was 7 weeks old. He was the smallest of the litter, but both Mrs. Prince and myself thought he would be good, and he has turned out to be all I thought of him.

Crowdecote Cleopatra is to visit Pierre again when she next comes into season, and I hope she will produce as lovely a litter as she did last time.

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Best Siamese Kitten in Show, Herts. and Middlesex, 1952

1st Blue Point Kitten, Midland Show, 1952

1st and Ch. Blue Point Male, Lancs. N.W. Show, 1953

1st and Ch., Coronation Show, London, 1953

1st and Ch. Blue Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954

1st and Ch. Seal Point, Notts. and Derby Show, 1954

1st Open Seal Point Female Kitten, Taunton Show, 1954

1st Open Seal Point Female Kitten, Midland Show, 1954

Best Short Hair Kitten in Show, Midland Show, 1954

1st and Ch. S.P. Male, National Show, London, 1954,

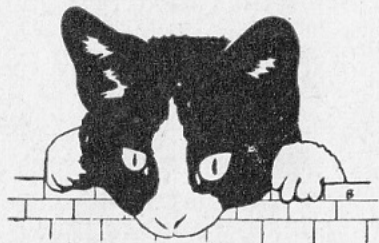
1st and Ch. S.P. Female, National Show London, 1954.

1st Siamese litter, Kensington Kitten Show July, 1955.

1st Open Blue Point Kitten, Male or Female, Herts and Middlesex, Sept., 1955.

1st and Ch. Open S.P., Female, Siamese Show, Oct., 1955.

1st and Ch. Seal Point Female, Midland Counties Show, 1955.



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(Founded July, 1955)

OBJECT

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

MEMBERSHIP

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.

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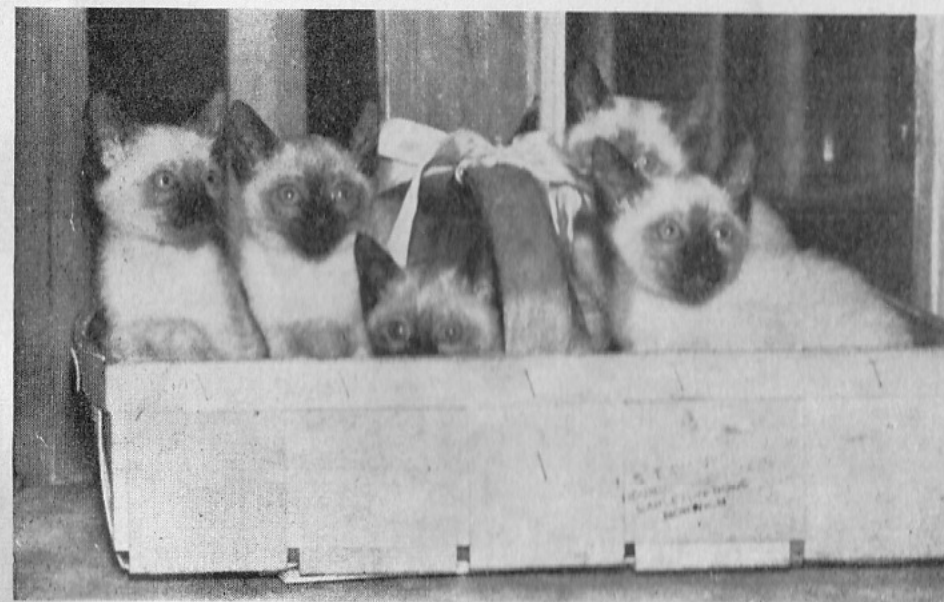
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